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SCENE—A Glade in the New Forest. Mr. PUNCH discovered seated under the spreading boughs of a tree, with only TOBY and a tankard for "the best of all good companie."

Mr. Punch (sings). "Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

A Voice. More, more, I pr'ythee, more!

Mr. Punch. What, my fine, fantastical, forest-haunting moraliser, my BURTON in trunk-hose, my well-beloved Melancholy JAQUES, is it you? Welcome, I say, welcome! Though surely you have lost your way, like other rambling ruminants, for this is the New Forest, not the Forest of Arden, and it is—or was lately—haunted, not by the gentle Duke and his comrades, but by the fat Knight—him of Malwood, not of Windsor or Eastcheap—and his Grand Old Guest.

Jaques. 'Tis a far cry from Arden to Hawarden, and he who would devote holiday hours in mid-June to railways, not ruminating, to perorating, not placidity, is scarce a man to my mind. "He is too disputable for my company."

Mr. Punch. Why, verily, your maxim, "'Tis good to be sad and say nothing," would hardly commend itself to WILLIAM the un-Silent. Now I am taking it easy, under the shade of boughs not melancholy in their beautiful June leafiness, but "far from the madding crowd," and from Parliament, Morning Papers, the Special Commission, Portland Weddings, and all other forms of modish plaguiness and palaver.

Jaques. The wiser you. You are the latter-day TOUCHSTONE of this bosky wilderness, "a rare fellow, good at anything, who uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that, shoots his wit."

Mr. Punch. Well, well, you need not be shot standing. Pr'ythee be seated, JAQUES, if—if you are not hindered, like MARLEY'S spectre, by circumstances beyond your control; and drink—if there's a passage in your ghostly throat.

Jaques. For this cool tippie—yes. Iced Champagne Cup was not known in Arden; 'tis one thing in which you have the better of us. Could the hungry and angry ORLANDO now rush in upon our feast, he might almost be excused for some "strong enforcement" in his resolve to share it.

Mr. Punch. We have our Orlandos yet, JAQUES.

"The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from them the show
Of smooth civility."

But they are to be found in City slums rather than in woodland glades, and would muster menacingly in Trafalgar Square rather than in a forest opening. Poor souls! they need my genial ministrations.

"Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

Dost remember the words, JAQUES?

Jaques. Ay, and the chiding which they earned me from the good Duke. Dukes do not chide *you*, meseems.

Mr. Punch. They durst not; though sometimes I chide them, when, *par exemple*, they snub our young Volunteers, block our City ways, or make mere impassable middens of our markets.

Jaques. Happy autocrat! You have that for which I yearned when I said—

“I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.”

Mr. Punch. Nay, not so happy either—always. I was thinking, when you appeared, of the myriads of misery-stricken creatures, “in populous city pent,” to whom one peep of this green, purple-pied glade would be as a glimpse of heaven, yet to whom callous capitalists, harpy-landlords, jerry-builders, and sweaters, aided half-consciously by selfish swells and lax legislators, would deny the breathing-room of a few “open spaces.”

Jaques. Is't so, indeed? There is matter in that for much musing.

Mr. Punch. And more action. You, mine ancient Motley-wearer, mused too much, and too much moralised. The fool in the forest, who sat and railed on Lady Fortune in good set terms, was perhaps hardly less wise, or less useful, than the mock-melancholy Court-Gentleman who flouted him.

Jaques. Well chidden, in faith. I hope the Dukes, and other peccant personages, relish the style of your chastening!

Mr. Punch. Sir, I am but lately back from the huge Paris Show, the sky-soaring Tower, the square miles of marvels, the ant-like myriads of swarming sight-seers. And now I am—save for your presence and my faithful Toby—alone in the forest. And there as here, here as there, my thoughts are with the toil-tied millions for whose bleared eyes are no “sights” whether of sweet Nature or wonder-working Art. The pent-up forces of grinding poverty are as the unseen lava underlying all this glad world of greenery, and all that social world of grandeur. There, *JAQUES*, is a theme after your own heart,—but which I must treat after mine own manner.

Jaques. Proceed! proceed! I do love melancholy better than laughing.

Mr. Punch. So do not I. Like *ROSALIND*, “I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad”—moonily and purposelessly sad. 'Tis not melancholy mooniness or aimless mordancy that will make the World patiently receive the medicine of the Motley Moralist, my *JAQUES*.

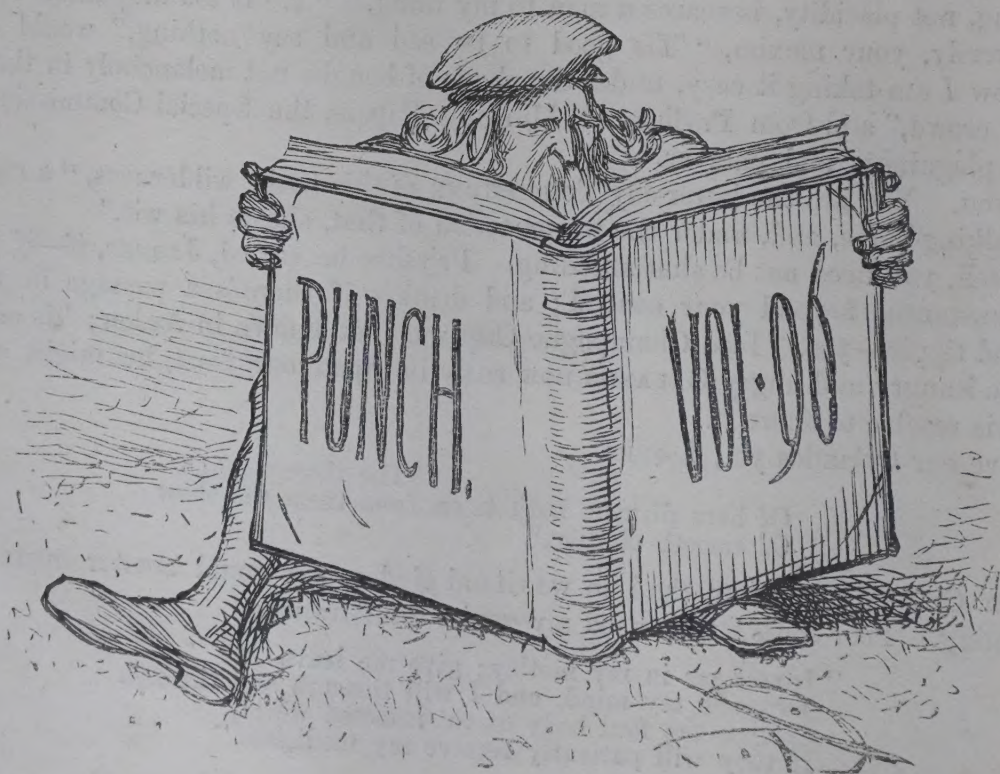
Jaques. How then, O rarer fellow than *TOUCHSTONE*, commend you the chalice of your wisdom to the lips of folly?

Mr. Punch. Not with infusion of rue or savour of sorrel. Like this “Cup,” which you seem so to appreciate, the tonic draught of the Motley teacher should be cool, not fiery, piquant indeed, but not all tarts and bitters.

Jaques. “I pr'ythee, pretty youth (for, in faith, despite years, you are both youthful and pretty), let me be better acquainted with thee,” I would know more of the greatest of Motley Moralists and his mode.

Mr. Punch. Verily? Then 'twere churlish to refuse you. I must now be off to London instanter. But I'll leave you my quintessential self for society in these sweet forest ways. You'll find it better worth ruminating upon than the dial-bearing fool, or even the poor wounded deer. It contains my wisdom and illustrates its modus. If ever you're tempted again into town ways, and care to turn up at my Fleet Street Sanctum, you shall be welcomed. Meanwhile, for cheering and edifying companionship, I leave you my

Ninety-Sixth Volume!



THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

"Monday, September 1.—Mr. Justice HANNEN, Mr. Justice DAY, and Mr. Justice SMITH, sitting in the Probate Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, met to-day to hear the matters at issue between the *Times* and Mr. PARNELL. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, M.P., Q.C., represented Mr. PARNELL and the other Irish Members concerned. Mr. GRAHAM appeared for Mr. WALTER and Another. TOBY, M.P., Q.C.* (instructed by Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, of Ely Place, Holborn, W.C.), watched the case for the Public."—*Morning Paper*.

Cut this out of morning paper; great deal more; columns of it; but don't suppose there'll be room to print it. Yet a most interesting case. My first brief. Fancy I have started pretty well. Feel the wig rather hot, and always blushing to find gown nearly slipping off. Observe that CHARLES RUSSELL keeps his gown well over his shoulders, whereas GRAHAM, when addressing Court, generally has the collar somewhere in neighbourhood of small of his back. Suppose they begin that way, working gown up to the shoulders as they advance towards CHARLES RUSSELL's status.



"Knocking at the door."

Everything very agreeable. Wondered, when I went in, what the Judges would say. "Is the old min friendly?" I said to myself, looking up at HANNEN. Found he was, very. When I said I appeared for the public, he made me a little bow, and observed, "The case of the public is in excellent hands." Very nice that. Felt quite encouraged. Determined to justify good opinion. Opening presented early in case. When GRAHAM was asked whom he represented, he replied, "My Lud, I appear, with my learned friend the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the defendants in the case of *O'Donnell v. Walter*."

Here was my chance. Seized it with alacrity.

"My Lud," I said, hitching my gown over left shoulder, and cocking back my wig, as I have observed another eminent Q.C. do, "interposing as *amicus curiæ*, I may observe that my learned friend is a little inaccurate. He says he appears *with* the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. May I point out, my Lud, that it would be more accurate to say 'he appears *without* the ATTORNEY-GENERAL?'"

"Silence!" shouted a person in gown, who, I subsequently ascertained, was called the Usher.

Have a good look at the Judges. HANNEN in the middle, sitting in the chair he usually fills as President of the Divorce Court. A plump pleasant-featured man.

"Looks," says CHARLES RUSSELL, "as if he was able to bear with equanimity the failure of other people's marriages."

On the left SMITH, a quiet keen-faced man, who says very little, but evidently thinks a good deal. On the right DAY. DAY simply delicious. Haven't seen anything so lovely for years. Never get tired of watching him. Splendid figure-head for a ship. Widely opened, stonily-staring eyes; uplifted eyebrows wrinkling the massive forehead; lips slightly parted; moves head slowly from side to side gazing round Court with air of perpetual surprise. Sometimes looks up at ceiling, as if wondering what it could be for. Then gaze slowly lowered to desk, marvelling how the doose it got there. Again, slowly surveys Court. Think I hear him whispering to himself, "Dear me! What a lot of reporters!" Looks as if he'd never attempted a joke in his life, or understood one. What a prize mute he'd make at a first-class funeral!

Case grows interesting as it goes on. CHARLES RUSSELL portentously bland. Never loses his temper for a moment. Is so amiable; must be winning hand over hand. Argues for disclosure of documents, specification of charges. "Let-us-know-what-we-have-to-meet," and all that sort of thing. Fancy I've heard all before in the House of Commons; nothing came of it there except occasional beating in Division Lobby. Now HANNEN gravely listens. SMITH (not OLD MORALITY) twinkles with attention. DAY solemnly nods his head with curious rhythmical action of the mechanical Mandarin. Seems to be something in it, after all. GRAHAM drops his gown half an inch lower down the length of his spine, and says the

* The Dog has taken silk, and never told his oldest and best friend!—*Punch*.

things the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and EDWARD CLARKE used to say in House of Commons. But HANNEN swoops down on him like a falcon; rather paralyses him. GRAHAM wriggles and wrestles, falters and stumbles. His face settles into stony pallor, pitiful to see. Quite sorry for him. Think I'll give him a lift. Nothing like a word of sympathy in times like this. Write on slip of paper,—

"Threaten to move for a writ of *fi. fa.*"

Haven't clear idea what writ of *fi. fa.* is. Fancy it's a sort of protest, as who should say, "*Fi. fa.* shame!" Pass the slip of paper on to GRAHAM. Eagerly opens it. Reads, and looks back at me. I nod to him cheerily.

"Try that, old fellow," I say.

GRAHAM evidently doesn't catch on. Paleness deepens. Stares at me angrily. Put open hand to side of mouth, and loudly whisper, "*Fieri facias!*"

"Silence!" says the Usher.

Presently GRAHAM cites at large from case of *Brown v. Watkin*, also case of *Dike v. Stephen*; drifts gently to *Shaw v. Smith*. Time seems opportune for creating little diversion.

"My Lud," I say, addressing President, "as our time is valuable, perhaps your Ludship, whilst my learned friend proceeds with his citations, would favour the Court with your views on the question, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' Your Ludship's remarkable opportunities for—"

The Usher. "Silence!"

I thought he'd say that.

At half-past one, adjourned for luncheon. A little late in returning to Court. Found the O'GORMAN MAHON, with *facias* nearly as *fieri* as GRAHAM'S. Seems he wanted to get in without ticket. Messenger declined to admit him.

"There's my cyard," said The MAHON, pressing pasteboard on acceptance of trembling minion. "A frind will call upon ye this evening."

Inside Court Judges got on a long way. In fact, a few minutes after, the whole thing seemed to come to an end. RUSSELL got all he asked for, and, there being nothing more to do, adjournment proposed.

The President. "We have all spent a very comfortable afternoon."

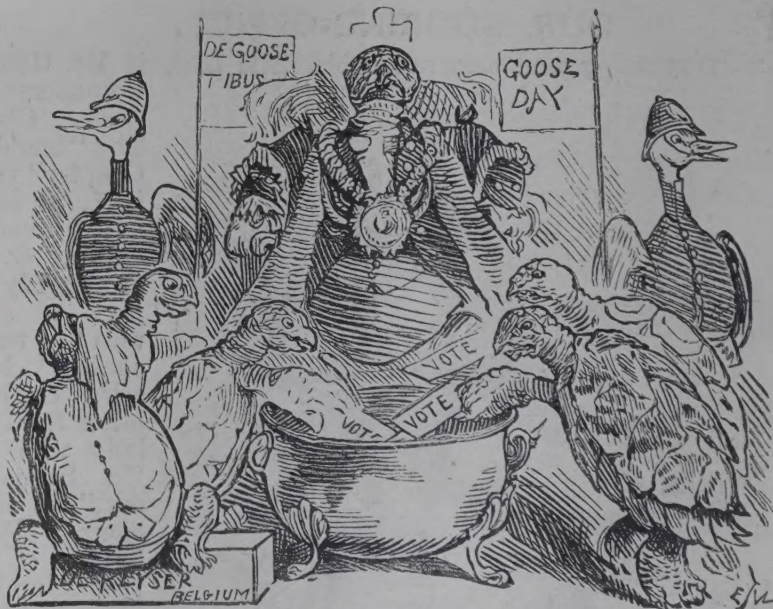
Toby, M.P., Q.C. (interposing as *amicus curiæ*). "As your Ludship pleases."

Usher. "Silence!"

Then we picked up our briefs and went out. My learned friend ASQUITH's brief lying close to mine, I picked that up too. Has an overwhelming effect in walking through the crowd, to carry from Court a good armful of papers.

A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO FOR THE CITY.

SATURDAY next, Michaelmas Day. Also City elects new Lord Mayor. Hail, JAMES WHITEHEAD, Alderman that is, Lord Mayor



Michaelmas Day in the City. Turtles electing a Lord Mayor.

that shall be! There is nothing suggestive of the Torpedo about him but his name. A capable, courtly man, who will do honour to the high position he is called to, and will, with peculiar fitness, inaugurate the new era of City administration in conjunction with the working of a Radical Local Government Act passed by a Conservative Ministry.

Morality at a Tennis-Match.

(By a Buffer.)

To prophesy our downfall is not rash, Now all our boys—and girls—seem "going to smash!"



"TELL-TALE TIT!"

(Middle o' September!)

Bagnidge (having made sure with both barrels). "ANOTHER BIR——"

The Keeper (aghast). "BIRD!—NOT A BIT OF IT! 'DON'T KNOW WHAT MASTER 'LL SAY WHEN I TELL HIM! WH' YOU 'VE SHOT A PHEASANT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A MOST amusing and companionable little book is Mr. GEORGE



The Clown in Society.

"Fine Old English Gentleman" — I joyously sing,—

I like to read GEORGE GROSSMITH'S tales of everywhere he goes,
Of Princes, Dukes, and Duchesses, and all the swells he knows.
I revel in the thought that I can see him on the stage,
And sit in front without a smile, and put him in a rage.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

I like to read the in-vi-ta-tion sent him by the Prince,
To dine with H.R.H. abroad,—but has he had one since?

is Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S *Society Clown*. The "Snobbish Chapter" is, in idea, at least, quite Thackerayan. "G.G." thoroughly enjoys a story that tells against himself. The love-letter from the lady who had "a Sunday out," is delicious. What became of this poor Columbine our gay Clown doesn't tell us. Inspired to drop into poetry,—to the air of "The

I like to think that I can go into the Gallereee,
And chuck an apple at his head,—which he can't do to me.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

To call himself "a clown," I think, is hard—on HARRY PAYNE,
Who always comes at Christmas Time with "Here we are again!"
Who 'll soon bring out his memoirs of tip-top Societee,
Where he never had the pleasure of encountering G. G.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

If you're going a long journey by train, buy *The Society Clown*. The time will pass so quickly with this book in your hands, that the station where you ought to have got out will have escaped your notice, and you'll wake up at the terminus with the prospect of having the book still to amuse you on the return journey.

From gay to grave, I am still going quietly, very quietly, through Mr. HAWKINS'S most carefully compiled and entertainingly written two Volumes, entitled, *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*. He has stated the case of the disabilities of the French Comedians, on the whole, very fairly, considering that he candidly avows himself a warm partisan, whose bias has prevented him from admitting that the other side has any case at all. His book, as far as I am able to judge from the first volume, ought to be a standard work of reference for students of the French stage in the Eighteenth Century.

Several Correspondents write to me, asking, where can we procure those *Weird Tales* which you have twice recommended? Well, unfortunately, there was a rush upon them by friends who promised faithfully to return them; but instead of keeping their word, they've kept my books. In the meantime I can only say that they are pocket volumes, adapted to anybody's pocket,—evidently, by the disappearance of my little lot,—consisting of a collection of very old ghost stories, English, Scotch, American, Irish, familiar, it may be, to most readers over fifty, but refreshing even to them, and accepted with delight by the second and third generation. I am fond of old friends, and was delighted to welcome them again. Some of them, however, I had never read before. They are published by PATERSON, Edinburgh, and are so portable that I wish they weren't, as I shall never see them more.

BRITISH STANDARD



"THESE ENGLISH ARE SHREWDLY OUT OF BEEF!"

Henry the Fifth, Act III., Sc. 7.

Lord Wolseley (to Tommy Atkins). "WHY, BLESS ME! YOU LOOK HALF STARVED! WHAT'LL YOU TAKE?"

A propos of "refreshing," I have just dipped into Dr. HUEFFER'S Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Letter-writing is to some of us nuisance enough: letter-reading is worse. But in this case—

"RICHARD and FRANCIS were two clever men; Clever at music and clever with pen."

These two geniuses wrote their thoughts impulsively to each other. Their letters are really the conversation of two earnest men, at one in Art, but at issue over the great problems of life. Here and there, as naturally as possible, crop up business and domesticity. Of the two "Special Correspondents," I prefer LISZT, who writes in a tone of conviction, which, except as regards music, is absent from the

letters of RICHARD WAGNER.—*Strange Story of a Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder.* Ought to have been left there. It is advertised as a Jules-Verne-like story, might be called a Verne-and-Vater story. It is childish: and its improbabilities are rendered still more improbable by some of the pantomimic illustrations. Long way down-hill after VERNE. "*Fucilis descensus a Verne-o*," says the ever classical and always happily grammatical

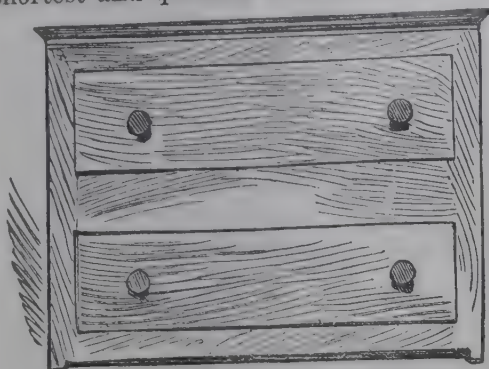
LEARNED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"FINE weather," said Mrs. RAM; "but these East winds are very dangerous. My Nephew is laid up with an influential cold."

DUE NORTH.

Other Climbs—Night—Lodgers—Early Rising—First Meal—Contraction—Expansion—Arrival—Separation—Balmorality—Anticipation—Alteration—“Strangers yet.”

HOBSON, with the agility of a Harlequin, has disappeared by the shortest and quickest route over the washing-stand into his berth.



The Cabin Berth chest of drawers.



Economy of space in a small House.

arranging my plan of campaign, I find myself humming involuntarily the air from the *Bohemian Girl*, “My berth is noble, and unstained my crest.” But, if I come a cropper over this attempt, my crest won’t be unstained.

One struggle for life . . . a clutch . . . a kick (if there were any one in the berth beneath, how wild he would be—and very naturally—with my toe within an inch of his nose—but, thank goodness, there’s nobody there) . . . a gasp . . . a momentary spasm, as if a sinew had cracked somewhere—(didn’t *Hamlet’s* sinews crack, or didn’t he appeal to them to “Bear him up?”—yes—that’s what I say now, “And you, my sinews, bear me strongly up!”)—whoop!—and I sink breathless, a confused heap of “dishably,” on the jam-cupboard shelf, the bed-clothes disarranged, and the floor littered with bags and campstools, which the next man who comes in will have to clear away.

As to re-arranging the pocket-handkerchief which does duty for a sheet, or doing anything with the strip of flannel meant to represent a blanket, I give it up in despair. Stretching is impossible; so is sitting up: even turning requires the most careful attention.

No—certainly a berth on board a steamer is *not* the place where “the weary are at rest,” nor am I at all sure that it is the place “where the wicked cease from troubling,” as one of our fellow-passengers, entering in the dark, and, stumbling over the campstools and bags, swears horribly.

Happy Thought.—Pretend to be fast asleep. No connection with bags and campstools. Oh no! “Confound them! Who could have put them there? Infernally idiotic!” Quite so. Good night!

Fellow lodger, who subsequently occupies what I may term the ground floor under HOBSON’S apartment, switches on the electric light, not altogether, as I fancy from his manner, unmaliciously, though it produces no effect on either myself or HOBSON, who are both, like Brer Fox, “layin’ low and sayin’ nuffin’.” After some puffing and wrestling with luggage,—his own, I hope,—our Fellow-lodger switches off the light, crawls into his hole, and subsides. We are all quiet,—playing at being asleep,—when the fourth lodger enters, and uses more

With his back turned to me, he murmurs, drowsily, but consoling to the last,—

“You’ll like your berth. It’s deliciously comfortable,—tip top! It’s the height of luxury.” Then he adds, in a gradually descending scale,—*tonus peregrinus*—as he snuggles into his pillow, “Good night, dear friend!”

“Good night!” I return, as I stand dubiously looking up towards the elevated jam-cupboard shelf in which I have to repose, if I can.

“The height of luxury!—tip-top!” I mutter to myself. “It is. How can I get there?”

Happy Thought.—Necessity, being the mother of invention, ought to give me a tip about a berth. Necessity’s tip is the employment of travelling-bags and campstools as aids towards getting into this berth. Necessity may have an extra tip in store for me—a tip over. While



How did this Lady manage to get into any berth, specially a top one?

bad language in the dark. The effect of the darkness is demoralising. Then he makes grabs at everybody’s luggage, tumbling about as if he were playing Blind-man’s Buff, until the first fellow lodger (on the ground floor at HOBSON’S) growls out, “Why don’t you switch on the electric light?” Whereupon the latest arrival, who has brought into the cabin a curiously blended aroma of tobacco and whisky, guides himself up to the switch by laying hold of the side of my berth, which causes me to give a warning kick in the direction of where I think either his nose or his eye may be, just as a quiet hint that he had better not rouse the sleeping lion in the jam-cupboard. “Switch-back” amusement. Once more the full electric light is switched on, and our friend commences his preparations for retiring, humming the “*Boulanger March*,” with variations from other sources, and interrupted by occasional ejaculatory anathemas on everybody else’s luggage, and especially on the bags and campstools, which latter, after barking his shins severely with them, he chucks violently into the saloon, exclaiming, “Out you go, dash you!” and I feel that the campstools so addressed are myself in effigy. At last he, too, crawls, like a wounded rabbit, into the hole in the tree (as it were) underneath my nest, where I distinctly hear him groaning and rubbing his ankle. Then, as he has forgotten to switch off the light, in a few minutes’ time a deep voice from below—it is the voice of HOBSON’S ground-floor lodger—asks me, if I “won’t mind switching it off, as it’s nearest me.” My first idea is to continue my pretence of being asleep; but, on second thoughts, as there is less chance than ever of getting any sleep with this light glaring right in my eye, I uncurl myself very cautiously, somehow, lift myself up without hitting my head, and extend my arm without falling out, and once more we are in comparative darkness, and I am having a final struggle with the bed-clothes.

Morning.—Dear friend HOBSON up very early. Wish Dear Friend would stop in bed. He says he wants to see the sun rise. Evidently he has never seen it before. He is delighted



The First Day.

that I have slept so well. I am obliged to admit that I have slept. Gradually fellow-passengers reappear. The majority look as if they had slept in their clothes. With many of them a penknife is a substitute for the particularities of the toilette.

How the ladies must regret their curling-irons! I quite understand the objection of some ladies to a voyage by steamboat.



The same, next morning, after a night at Sea.

Breakfast.—Marvellous solo performances on fish, eggs, chops, bread and butter, toast, coffee, marmalade. Poor Steward! HOBSON beams on me when I take a chop. “It’s doing you good,” he says cheerily. I hope so, I’m sure. All the contractors being in great form at breakfast, take twice and even three times of everything.

Happy Thought (except for Steward).—They contract, but they also expand.

We disembark at Granton. I part with dear friend HOBSON, whom I thank heartily for the pleasant trip, giving him the credit for the fine weather and everything, whereat he repeats, “I told you it would be all right,” and is uncommonly pleased that I am pleased. Off he goes to his destination, and as the boat has just conveniently missed the only train that would have taken me to Lochglennie, I am in Edinbro’ alone. Title for novel, *Alone in Edinbro’!* Remember to have heard of an eight o’clock *table d’hôte* at the Balmoral Hotel.

At the Balmoral.—I like the name of Balmoral. So proper. A Balmasky Hotel would attract a class of customers who preferred a “Bal” without the “moral.” Willing and obliging Hall Porter, with beaming smile, as if he had been expecting me ever so long and is so glad to see me at last, fetches my luggage out of fly. Pleasant and affable young ladies at the *bureau*. None of your stuck-up minxes with somebody else’s hair piled up on the top of their heads. Oh, no! nothing of that sort. Agreeable, affable; probably “Scotch lassies.” Old gentleman of florid complexion, with fierce white moustache, and of an upright carriage suggestive of retired Indian Colonel (on the stage in a farce with Mr. TOOLE), or the Master of a Ring, and wearing a peculiar hat with a brim so crisply curled up at the sides that, with a few strings and a rosette, it might suit a Junior Dean, is standing in hall. Know his face: recognise his ferocious white moustache. He is the *beau idéal* of *Sergeant Bouncer* in *Cox and Box*. Being alone in the world just now, I am glad to initiate a conversation with the Veteran. I am commencing when pleasant young lady, beaming gracefully across counter of *bureau*, informs me in her pleasantest manner, with just a flattering tinge of regret in her tone—(and without any brogue, so she isn’t “a Scotch lassie,”)—that the hotel is full; whereupon, the Hall Porter, still with



THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

beaming smile which has not yet faded away, promptly picks up my luggage, and is off with it to the fly. His rule is, "Welcome the coming 'Guest,'" and "speed the parting." The "parting" guest, to him as a rule, must be the more valuable, and more to be smiled at. Where am I to go? More alone in Edinbro' than ever! On the chance of some suggestion being made, I address the gallant Bouncer.

The Veteran replies cheerily in broad Scotch,—The McBouncer,—and I gather his meaning to be, that, if they haven't a bedroom here, they (the Balmoral Hotel, that is) can get me one elsewhere.

"Ye'll just taylaphone," says the McBouncer, turning to one of the pleasant young ladies, and, on hearing this, she at once sounds a bell to bespeak somebody's attention. The Veteran evidently possesses some local influence. The Hall Porter pauses, and the smile, which had almost died out with the removal of the third bag, begins to beam again gradually. Song to Hall Porter, "O smile as thou wert wont to smile Before that weight of care," &c. Substitute "luggage" for "care," and there's the ballad complete so far. Shining "Boots"—quite an "Upper leather"—assists cheerfully.

The McTaylaphone replies that he places the best bedroom at my disposal, and I accept. I am "bedded out" like a plant, but return to the Balmoral at feeding time, 8 P.M.

Balmorality Dinner.—Large room. Small tables, so that one can dine quietly alone, or with three strangers at most. It being just the end of August, of course Grouse will be on the menu, and of course, this being Scotland, we shall have dishes peculiar to the country. I don't know what the dishes are, except Scotch broth, collops, and haggis—"The Midnight haggis" mentioned by *Macbeth*,—but every country has its *spécialités*. Let's see. Here's the McMenu. "Potage"—that's French, not Scotch; perhaps they mean "Porridge"—no—"Consommé au Profitrol" (what on earth's that?) and "Purée aux Navets." "Navets" not Scotch. I read on: all French, nothing Scotch:—"Sole au gratin, Merlan frit sauce Tartare—Croquettes—Compôte—Bœuf Rôti—Agneau, Salade,"—excellent dinner, but no Grouse!

I protest to German Waiter, who doesn't clearly comprehend. English Waiter, lively and attentive, recognises the justice of the protest. He, too, is Alone in Edinbro', for the other Waiters are foreigners. He returns, delighted to be able to inform me that I can have Grouse, "instead of" Beef. I think the stipulation somewhat severe, but I accept the terms, though I am not treated precisely on "the most favoured nation" (or ration) principle, as I have to pay half-a-crown extra. The Grouse being excellent, and the whole dinner good, I am content. Everything satisfactory at the Balmoral Hotel on this occasion, but, on my return visit, only the following week, when I am leaving Scotland, I couldn't imagine that it was the same Hotel.

I entered with a smile of recognition for everyone, as it seemed only yesterday since I had quitted the place. But "a change had come over the spirit of their dream." There was no beaming Hall Porter, only a McSulky, who growled out something, and disappeared. The genial and courteous Veteran McBouncer was nowhere to be seen. The affable and sympathetic Fairies of the *bureau* were no longer there, though I fancy I spied one of them with her pleasant face bent over the ledger, not daring to look up and smile, for fear of the other three, who, I remark, are severe, stiff, and unapproachable. Here was I, once more "Alone in Edinbro'," with a bag and great-coat.

"Can I leave my things here?" I ask of a Boots, who, instead of answering, dives head-foremost down a dark passage, and is lost to view. Not the Boots of a week ago,—New Boots; never did like New Boots; no longer the polished Boots.

One of the young ladies from the *bureau* has come out into the Hall, and is standing with her back to me. I repeat my question, timidly, I admit, but if I am wrong in addressing her on the subject, she will, I trust, graciously correct me. Not a bit of it. "Can I leave my things here?" I ask, with the utmost deference.

The unapproachable young lady deigns no response, but walks slowly towards the other side of the Hall. Her distant manner chills and repels me. It seems to me as if I had proposed to her and been indignantly rejected. I cannot, I dare not ask her another question. I fancy I catch a sympathetic glance from the eye of the pleasant girl at the ledger. I feel that, with all the will in the world to be affable and nice-spoken, she can't do it as at present situated.

The Head Waiter comes down the stairs. I try him. "Can I leave my—" ; but before the words are out of my mouth he too has vanished with a whisk of the napkin, and is seen no more.

At last, by going up-stairs to the *salle à manger*, I procure some attention from a startled chambermaid, who eyes me suspiciously, but who kindly allows me the use of soap and water and a jack-towel in a bath-room, there being, apparently, no properly appointed lavatory. What has come over them all? Is this a bad day with the Balmoralities?

The dinner at 8 is good enough (no Grouse), but the Waiters bring and take away the dishes in a violent hurry, as if they had backed themselves against time to make so many people swallow five or six courses and have everything cleared away in half an hour from the moment of starting. So swiftly do the dishes come and go that when I am at the second course two undersized German Waiters are hovering about me with the pudding.

Not out of greediness, nor from any inordinate craving of the appetite, but simply to show them that I will not be bullied, and that I positively refuse to do a serious injury to my digestion merely because they have a match against time, I determine to take or at least, to order, twice of everything except the soup.

"*Saumon sauce Genevoise*, or *Merlan frit*?" asks a German Waiter, bending over me insinuatingly, giving me the choice of two platefuls. I reply sternly, I will take *Saumon* first, AND the *Merlan frit* afterwards.

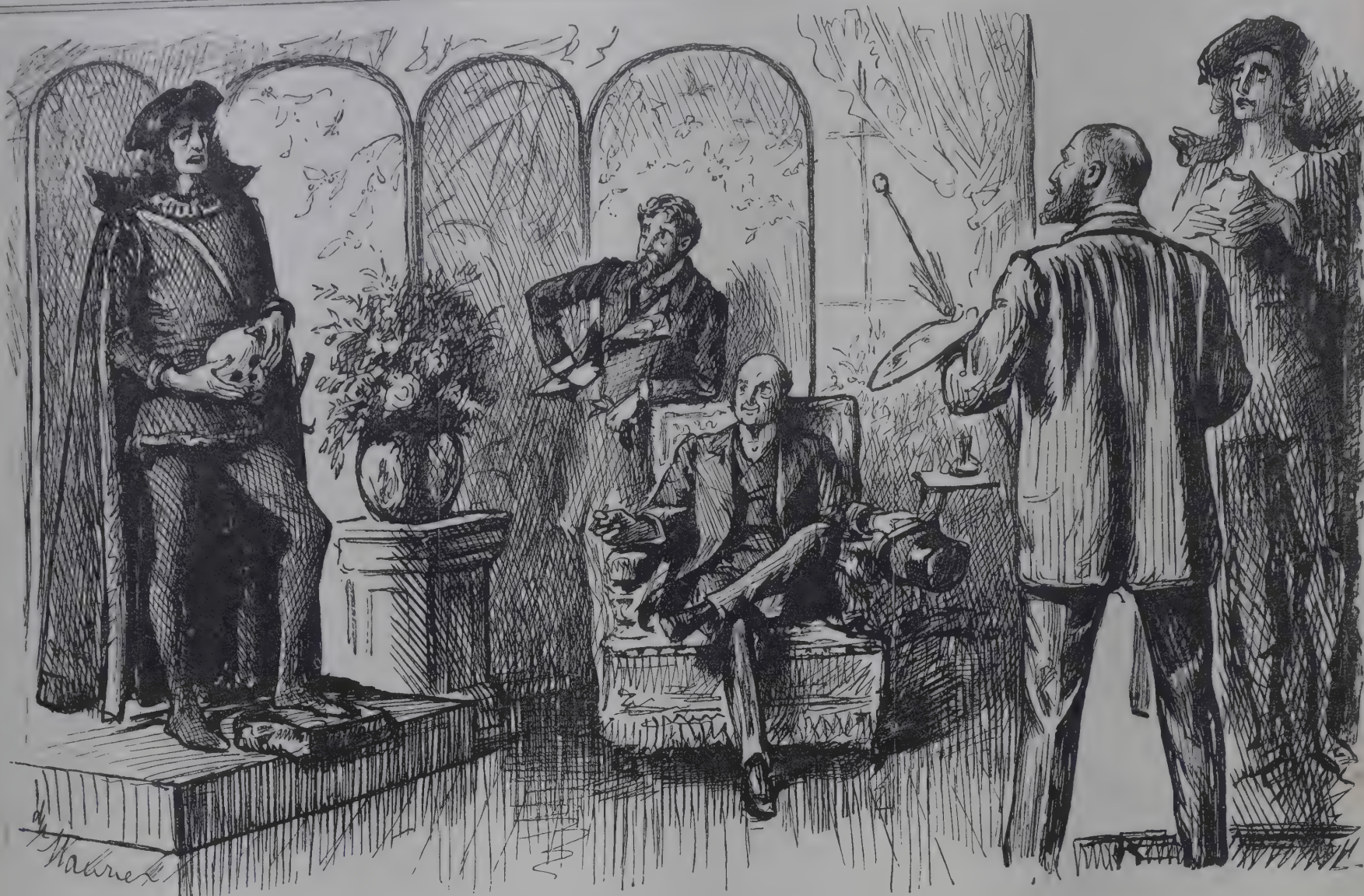
The German Waiter almost collapses. He cannot believe his ears. But I mean what I say; and I do take both. This happens with all the other courses. I pull up at the *Entremets*, of which there are four varieties.

Long before I have finished, all the unprotesting *table d'hôte*s, who yield in a spiritless manner to the tyranny of their oppressors, have stuffed themselves in a hurry and been cleared away.

I have anticipated my journey back so as to avoid a second visit to Edinbro'. At present I am intending to start to-morrow morning, having wired to that effect to "D. B.," at Lochglennie.

APPROPRIATE LOCALITY FOR MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—In Styria, where the Chamois shooting is going on. [See? *Sham War*. Aha! Yours ever, The Hanlam of Bedwell. Locked up again! Under Colney Hatches.]

WHAT WOULD BE LEFT OF IT?—If one of ZOLA's latest works—say, for example, *La Terre*—were Bowdlerised for the English public, the book would probably come out in the form of a clearly printed four-paged pamphlet.



A CHAPTER ON FAME.

The Actor. "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU FELLOWS TO TALK ABOUT MY BEING THE PET OF THE PUBLIC, THE IDOL OF THE ARISTOCRACY, THE SPOILT CHILD OF ROYALTY ITSELF! I ADMIT ALL THAT; BUT REMEMBER THAT MY ART DIES WITH ME—WHEREAS YOUR PICTURES, YOUR POEMS, YOUR SPEECHES REMAIN TO SHOW THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WHAT—A—WHAT——"

The Painter. "WHAT OVERRATED DUFFERS WE WERE IN THE NINETEENTH, EH? WHEREAS YOU'LL NEVER BE FOUND OUT, OLD MAN. SO YOU SCORE AGAIN!" *The Statesman and the Poet.* "HEAR! HEAR!"

THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"Just as long as the dwellings of this race continue in their present condition, their whole surroundings a sort of warren of foul alleys garnished with the flaring lamps of the gin-shops, and offering to all sorts of lodgers, for all conceivable wicked purposes, every possible accommodation to further brutalise, we shall have still to go on—affecting astonishment that in such a state of things we have outbreaks, from time to time, of the horrors of the present day."—"S. G. O.," in *Times* of 18th September, in his Letter entitled, "At Last."

THERE is no light along those winding ways
Other than lurid gleams like marsh-fires
fleeing;

Thither the sunniest of summer days
Sends scarce one golden shaft of gladsome
greeting.

June noonday has no power upon its gloom
More than the murky fog-flare of December;
A Stygian darkness seems its settled doom;

Life, like a flickering ember,
There smoulders dimly on in deathly wise,
Like sleep-dulled glitter in a serpent's eyes.

Yet as that sullen sinister cold gleam
At sight of prey to a fierce flame shall
quicken,

So the dull life that lurks in this dread scene,
By the sharp goad of greed or hatred
stricken,

Flares into hideous force and fierceness foul,
Swift as the snake to spring and strong to
capture.

Here the sole joys are those of the man-ghoul.
Thirst-thrill and ravin-rapture.
Held DANTE'S Circles such a dwelling-place?
Did primal sludge e'er harbour such a race?

It is not Hades, nor that world of slime
Where dragons tare and man-shaped mon-
sters fought.

Civilisation's festering heart of crime
Is here, and here some loathly glimpse is
caught

Of its barbaric beating, pulsing through
Fair limbs and flaunting garb wherewith
'tis hidden.

Mere human sewage? True, O Sage! most
true!

Society's kitchen-midden!
But hither crowd the ills which are our bane:
And thence in viler shape creep forth again.

Whence? Foulness filters here from honest
homes

And thievish dens, town-rookery, rural
village.

Vice to be nursed to violence hither comes,
Nurture unnatural, abhorrent tillage!
What sin soever amidst luxury springs,
Here amidst poverty finds full fruition.

There is no name for the unsexed foul things
Plunged to their last perdition
In this dark Malebolge, ours—which yet
We build, and populate, and then—forget!

It will not be forgotten; it will find
A voice, like the volcano, and will scatter

Such hideous wreck among us, deaf and
blind, [shatter.

As all our sheltering shams shall rend and
The den is dark, secluded, it may yield
To Belial a haunt, to Mammon profit;
But we shall reap the tillage of that field
In harvest meet for Tophet.

Slum-farming knaves suck shameful wealth
from sin,
But a dread Nemesis abides therein.

Dank roofs, dark entries, closely-clustered
walls,

Murder-inviting nooks, death-reeking
gutters,

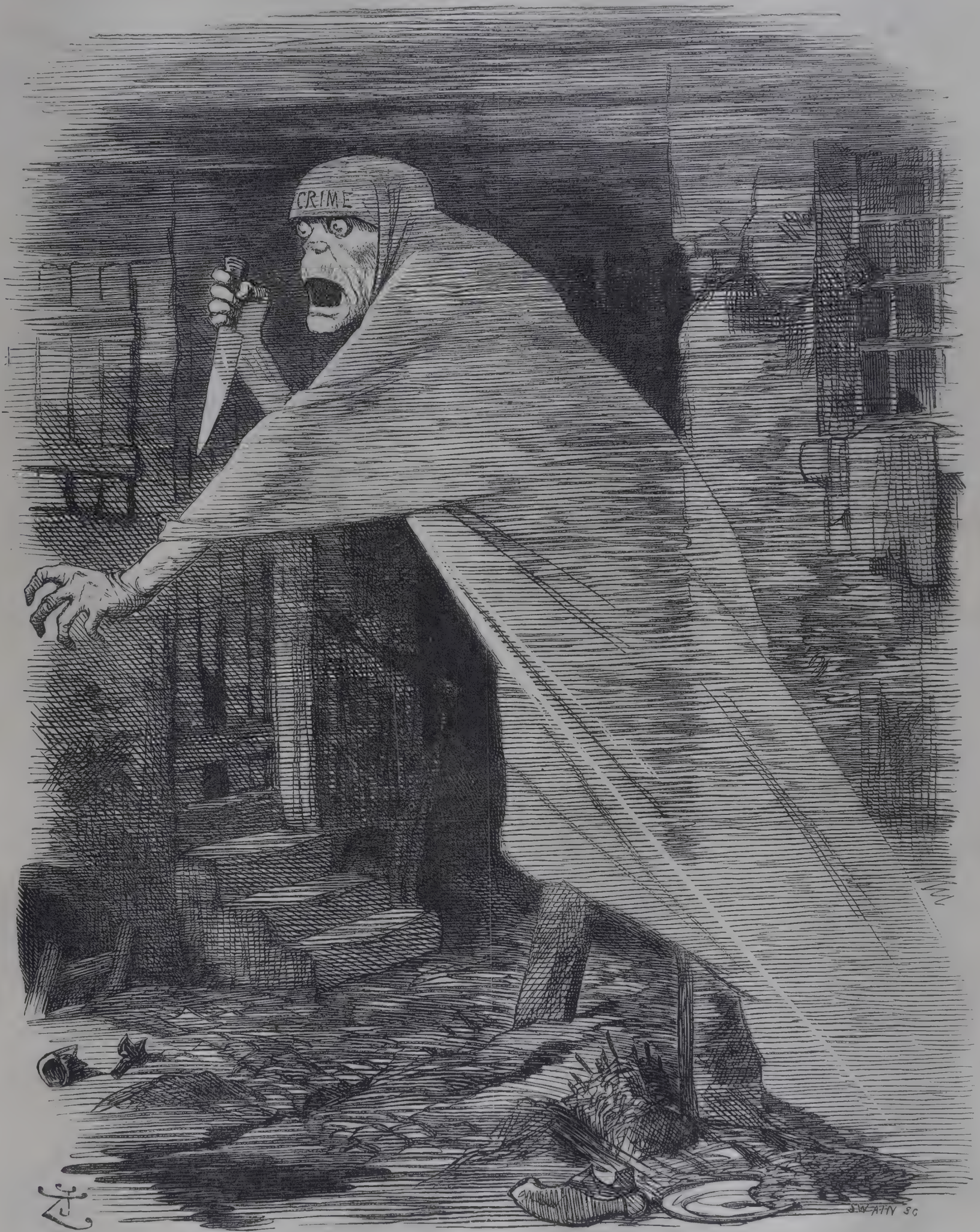
A boding voice from your foul chaos calls,
When will men heed the warning that it
utters?

There floats a phantom on the slum's foul air,
Shaping, to eyes which have the gift of
seeing,

Into the Spectre of that loathly lair.
Face it—for vain is fleeing!

Red-handed, ruthless, furtive, unerect,
'Tis murderous Crime—the Nemesis of
Neglect!

THE STRIKES IN PARIS.—This Tower of
Eiffel being built by an Eiffel-utin' gentle-
man seems to be productive of nearly as
much discord as its prototype of Babel. A
lunatic project, at best, but the only sensible
person to appeal to in the present difficulties
is, luckily, "The Sane Prefect."



THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"THERE FLOATS A PHANTOM ON THE SLUM'S FOUL AIR,
SHAPING, TO EYES WHICH HAVE THE GIFT OF SEEING,
INTO THE SPECTRE OF THAT LOATHLY LAIR.
FACE IT—FOR VAIN IS FLEEING!
RED-HANDED, RUTHLESS, FURTIVE, UNERECT,
'TIS MURDEROUS CRIME—THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT!"

THE (POLITICAL) PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

WE want, indeed, another SAMUEL ROGERS,
(The dullest, sure, of all poetic codgers!)
To sing in sounding verse, as once did he,
The *Pleasures of (Political) Memory*.
Oh, joy—if you're a Statesman—just to cast
A retrospective glance upon the past,
The pamphlets written in your fiery youth,
And then be told you are not speaking truth;
To chat about the Cabinets you have known,
And then to have this charge against you
thrown,

That your remarks are disingenuous riddles,
In fact, that you are telling taradiddles!
O Memory, friend of philosophic age!
You seem to put our Statesmen in a rage.
Memory, of course, may be a boon, but
then

There seem as many memories as men;
And no two of those memories accord
More than their owners do, which seems
absurd.

They won't agree in style at all exact
About the shortest speech or simplest fact,
Be't yesterday, or twenty years ago;
One vows 'twas thus, another swears
'twas so, [briar,
And, though in speech as bland as a sweet-
Each calls the other an egregious—story-
teller.

Pleasures of Memory? At the phrase one
smiles;

Pleasures of wrangling tabbies on the tiles,
Of scuffling crows over some carrion scrap!
No, ROGERS, you need *not* return, old chap!

"Is Marriage a Failure?"

AH me, my dear, my dear Mr. Punch,
I am afraid it is! I've done my best;
but no, the Thanes fly from me, and I am,
in the language of Lawn Tennis,

"LOVE FIFTY"—alias CAN'T-MARI-ANY
IN THE MOATED GRANGE.

DEAR SIR,—Marriage is a failure, at
least in my case. I've been rejected again
to-day. "This is the third time of asking."

TIM IDLEIGH.



HAPPY HAWARDEN.

Mr. Gladstone sings to the Mahdi Ali, at Hawarden, to the Air of "Marlbrook."

AND SO YOU HAVE COME FROM THE NIZAM?
PRAY TELL HIM HOW I GOOD AND WISE AM,
THOUGH AT TIMES TROUBLED MUCH I BY FLIES
I STILL AM THE GRAND OLD MAN. [AM,
SAY, I LOVE THE MA-HOM-ME-DAN—

(Aside.) TELL ANOTHER LIKE THAT I CAN.
(Aloud.) NOW SIT YE BENEATH MY UMBRELLA,
AND CHUCKLE LIKE OLD MISTER WELLER,
WHEN AXE'D IF YOU E'ER SAW A FELLAH
LIKE ME. I'M THE GRAND OLD MAN!

THE LONDON BLACKS.

MOORE's Melodies at the St. James's Hall are nowadays those played
by the evergreen and ever black-faced Moore and Burgess Min-
strels. The Minstrel Boy never



Professor Blackie who never performs
out of St. James's Hall.

goes to the wars, as he never per-
forms out of St. James's Hall,—
at least such was once the tradi-
tion. It is now exploded. They
have, we believe, played out of the
Hall, and a cataclysm has not
arrived. On their programme the
title "Christy Minstrels" is not to
be found. Why is this thus?
Are they no longer Christy'uns?
Perish the thought!

On the inauguration of their
Twenty-fourth consecutive Season,
Mr. EUGENE STRATTON sang "*The
Whistling Coon*" for the 1135th
time, and the audience, who had
not heard it one thousand one
hundred and thirty-five times,
encored vociferously, but the strict
rules of the primitive Christy'uns
do not admit of encores being taken.
Excellent rule. They should call

themselves "*The Burgess and No-More Minstrels*." *A propos*, where
was BURGESS on this memorable occasion? Does Mr. MOORE sing for
self and partner? Perhaps BURGESS is keeping himself in reserve, and
will burst forth upon us all when the Entertainment achieves its
quarter of a century. Still there must ever be a slight cloud of
sadness passing over the happy faces of the audience at the thought,

that while MOORE is working like a Nigger, BURGESS is—doing what?
Careering about, enjoying himself? Or also working? Where is
BURGESS? Tell me, Shepherds, have you seen my BURGESS pass this
way? Depend upon it that when they want a real novelty to
attract all London, they'll announce

GREAT NIGHT WITH THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS!

FIRST APPEARANCE OF BURGESS!!!

They are welcome to this suggestion; but the curiosity of the
public is aroused, and will not be satisfied, except by BURGESS.
"Plenty of Burgesses in the City of London," Mr. MOORE will reply;
but this won't do for us. Loud calls for BURGESS! BURGESS! and
No MOORE at present from

Yours truly,
BLACK JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A LITTLE "CUTTING."

HERE is an advertisement from the first sheet of the *Times*, Sep-
tember 21, which will please Mrs. LYNN LINTON, who, "touched
with the spirit of Christianity," is so hard in the *Fortnightly Review*
on the dear "*petits abbés*" of the Eighteenth Century:—

TO NOBLEMEN and others.—A young Clergyman, fond of riding, driving,
shooting, hunting, cricket, and all outdoor sports, would be glad to hear
of a good LIVING.

Quite the sort of cleric for a Rural Deanery. There's life—sporting
life, at all events—in the old Established Church yet. We hope the
Rev. Yoicks Tallyho won't be long without a living in a good-going
grass country. We drink to him a Stirrup Cup.

"A SERIOUS CHARGE."

SIR,—Three-and-threepence for one dozen of the best natives at
my Club!! I've backed my bill, and sign myself,
Grotto Club.

SOLVITUR DANDO.



MR. SLIBLOTES WAS THINKING HE WANTED A LITTLE CHANGE, AND WHETHER HE AND FLARROP MIGHTN'T RUN OVER FOR A COUPLE O' DAYS TO SPA OR WIESBAD—

Mrs. S. (who had been reading "the Papers" too). "OH, AH! AND THERE'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTY SHOW THERE! OH, I SHOULD SO LIKE—I'LL GO WITH YOU, DEAR!"

[But he didn't go, and the Beauty Show was a failure.]

VOCES POPULI.

AT A HIGHLAND CATTLE AUCTION.

SCENE—A Yard. In the open space between the rows of pens the Auctioneer is trying to dispose of some horses which are trotted out one by one in the usual fashion.

The Auctioneer (spectacled, red-bearded, canny, slightly Arcadian touch imparted by straw hat, and a sprig of heather in his button-hole). What'll I say for this noo? (A horse of a meditative mien is just brought in.) Here's a beast, and a very good beast, from Lochaber! (The bystanders remain unmoved.) He was bred by Meester MACFARLANE, o' Drumtappit, and ye'll all ha' haird on him as the biggest breeder in these pairts. (Heads are shaken, so much as to intimate that this particular animal does not do Mr. MACFARLANE justice.) Trot him up an' doon a bit, boy, and show his action—stan' away back there! (With affected concern.) Don't curb him so tight—be careful now, or ye'll do meeschief to yourself an' others! (As the horse trots past them, several critics slap it disrespectfully on the hind-quarters—a liberty which it bears with meekness.) There's a pace for ye—he's a guid woorker, a gran' beast—hoo much shall we say for him? (Nobody seems able to express his appreciation of the grand beast in figures.) Just to stairt ye then—twenty poon! (Even the animal himself appears slightly staggered by this sum; bystanders are quietly derisive; Auctioneer climbs rapidly down without interruption till he reaches six pounds, when he receives his first bid.) Sex poon is bed for 'm—is there any advance on sex poon? (Someone in the background:—"Fifteen shellin'!") Sex-fifteen—noo, Meester McROBBIE, wull ye no luik this way? (Mr. McR. responds by a decided negative.) Ye won't? Ah, I never got ony guid from ye—cept when I didn't meet ye. (This piece of Scotch "wut" raises a laugh at Mr. McR.'s expense, but does not affect the bidding, which still languishes.) Then, he's going at sex-fifteen—for the last time. Whaur's my bedder at sex-fifteen? (Repentance or modesty prevents the bidder from coming forward, and the Auctioneer continues, more in grief than

anger.) Eh, this is too bad noo—I'll thank no man for making me a bed, 'cept those that are meant in airnest. No one bed onything for a beast like this! Then I hae to tell ye ye've not bed near up to the resairve price on it. (Suddenly becomes weary of the animal.) Tak' it awa'. (The next horse is led in.) Now, here's a beast that's well-known, I'm thenkin'. (The general expression signifies that its reputation is not altogether to its credit.) There's a well-bred mare—open up, and let her show hersel'. (The mare is shown, but fails to excite competition.) Ah, ye'll ony buy screws to-day, an' not the nice things at a—tak' her away. (The mare is taken out ignominiously; Auctioneer, followed by crowd, leads the way to where a pony and trap are standing harnessed.) Noo, I'm gaun to pit up the pony an van—just show them hoo she goes in hairness, boy. (To intrusive collie.) Out of the way, dug, in case ye get your feet smashed. (Trap starts off, and is driven out of sight.) Whaur's the laddie gaun ta? Thanks he'll show himsel' at Nairn, maybe! Ah, here she comes. (Trap returns at a modest pace.) Stan' back noo, all of ye; give her room. I'll sell the mare first, and a beauty she is—what shall we say? Ten poons—and she's a nice one! Well, stairt her at five, she may get up. (Bidding gets up to ten pounds, where it stops.) Then she goes at ten, and I'm very glad she's gaun to a gude auld friend o' mine—Meester MCKENZIE, o' Glenbannock. Wull ye say five mair, and take the hairness, Meester MCKENZIE? It's richt hairness! (Mr. McK. declines to be tempted.) Well, I'm sorry ye wull na, I'd ha liked (sentimentally, as if it had been the dream of his life) for the mare an' the hairness to go together and no to pairt them—but as 'tis, it canna be helped. We'll pass on to the pegs, if you please. (Passes to a row of pens containing pigs, and mounts some planks placed along the top.) Now, these are some proper pegs. (A rush is made for the rails enclosing the pigs, which instantly become self-conscious and redouble their grunts.) Noo, laddies, laddies, it's no fair o' ye taking up a' the room i' that way. I'm quite sure there's a lot o' ye in front that's no buying pegs—ye hanna the luik o' pairsons that buy pegs. Stan' by for shame, and don't keep them that comes to buy, where they canna see sae much as a tail. Hoo much apiece for these palefaced pegs? Ye've an awfu' guid view o' them then, Meester FERGUSON—luik this way once again for forrtty an' threepence. (Persuasively.) It'll soun' better wi' the threepence. Gaun' for forty an' three. (The owner of the pigs calls out "No!") I thoct I made a law here that people having pegs should gie me the resairve at the time—see what ye do now, PETER MACPHAIRSON, make a fule of the buyers and a fule o' mysel'!—but (with tolerant contempt) PETER is not a strong man, we must no be haird on PETER. (Roar from crowd; disappearance of Mr. MacPh.) I'll cancel no more sales that way, however, as I eentimate to ye once for a'.

'Arry (on tour from Town—to his admiring friend). I say, CHARLEY, what d'yer bet I don't talk to some of these chaps in their own lingo?

Charley. What a fellow you are! Mind what you are about, that's all.

'Arry (going up to an elderly person in the only Scotch cap visible). Hech, Sair, but yon's a braw bonnie wee bit piggie fur a body to tak' a richt gude wullie waucht wi' gin ye meet him comin' thro' the rye!

The Person in the Scotch cap (who happens to be a retired Colonel in a Highland Regiment, who is somewhat careless in his attire). I think you will find that sort of thing better appreciated after you've got home.

[ARRY returns to CHARLEY, feeling much smaller than he allows his friend to perceive.]

A LIBERAL-UNIONIST BIRD.

THE writer of an interesting article on "Birds of London," in last week's *Saturday Review*, quoting the late FRANK BUCKLAND, says that the thrush "does actually sing the following words,—'Knee deep, knee deep, knee deep; cherry du, cherry du, cherry du, cherry du; white hat, white hat; pretty Joey, pretty Joey, pretty Joey.'" Is this bird to be heard in the neighbourhood of Prince's Gardens, South Kensington? or, if he ever performs out of London, was he down at Bradford the other day, singing, with very slight variation, "Knee deep, cheery too, cheery too, white hat, pretty Joey!" If the London Thrush did this, wasn't it a Lark!

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 17.



LIKA JOKO'S PIC-NIC.

The Plaint of a Patriot.

"The great majority of London Waiters are foreigners."—*Globe*.
We licked 'em all in the tented field,
And now at the tablecloth are we to yield?
If so it is clear—and a thundering shame—
That foreigners win by "a waiting game."

"MERRY WIVES" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The second appearance of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as *False-stuff* has not yet been announced.

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—Q. What is double as good a game as Fives?—A. (evident.) Tennis.

Thought for the Close of the Cricket Season.

'TWIXT *belle* and batsman there's some difference small;
One likes, the other doesn't, "a good ball."
Belle hopes for, batsman doesn't, "a rare catch."
With her 'twill win, with him 't may lose the "Match."

"FROM what I hear of Mister ZOLA's works," observed Mrs. RAM, indignantly, "I wouldn't read five lines of his cleverest writings unless all the horrible disgusting stuff were first illuminated out of them."

SHAKSPEARE FOR SENSATIONAL ADVERTISERS.

HANG out our horrors on the City walls;
The cry is, still "They come!"

'ARRY ON MARRIAGE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

YOUR larst *wos* a lark; gave me fits and no error, old pal.
You've 'eard 'ARRY was 'ooked after all, and engaged to old SUDDLEWIG's gal?
Come now! who are yer gettin' at, carnt yer? *Me*
make up to Carroty MEG?
Are you on the mug-lumbering lay, or has someone
bin pulling *your* leg?



Who give you *that* orfice, dear boy? It is wonderful
rum, swelp me bob,
'Ow these ere sort o' things get about. Fact is,
CHARLIE, I'm fair on the job,
As you know, with the ladies all round; carnt resist
me, the sweet little dears;
But 'ook on to one? Not me, CHARLIE; leastways,
I should 'ope not for years.

Run in blinkers at my time of life? Try the tandem
with *me* in the shafts?

Not likely! I likes a short run with the trimmest of
tight little crafts;

But one consort all over the course like, is not
'ARRY's form by a lump;

'Ow could you imagine, dear boy, as yours truly 'ad gone off his chump?

Is Marriage a failure, my pippin? "Oh, ask me another," sez you;
"That kibosh 'as 'ad a long innings, and wants yorking out." Werry true!
The *D. T.* is a regular mug-trap, there isn't a doubt about that,
But you must ha' bin reading it, CHARLIE, to go and book *me* for a flat.

"Is Marriage a failure?" old mivvies are asking. Of course that depends;
But a dashing young feller like me, with good looks, and good 'ealth, and good
friends, [and nice,
Knows a trick that's worth two on it, CHARLIE. While life goes on nutty
And the ochre slings in pooty slick, it is blooming bad bizness to splice.

Look at swells! *They* ain't in no dashed 'urry to church themselves out of
good fun;

And wy? Clear as mud, my dear feller! The cash keeps 'em fair on the run.
When they do get stone-broke prematoor like, as 'appen it may to the best,
Then they looks for a Missus with money, and rucks in along o' the rest.

But the ruck is no place for a racer as hasn't yet parted with pace,
Ain't aged, nor yet turned a roarer, but still 'as a chance of the race.
While a hoss can find backers, dear boy, it will run if it's got any blood,
And when *no* 'andicapping won't land it, it's time then to go to the stud.

I mean 'aving a run for my money; no 'arness and nosebag for me;
Leastways not at present, my pippin; I like to feel rorty and free,
And the gals likes it too, I can tell yer; lor' bless yer, if I did a splice
D'yer think I should be so much sought for, or found arf as jolly and nice?

Wot mucks me, old man, is the manner in which a chap gets the off-shunt
As soon as he's labelled "engaged," and so 'eld to be out of the 'unt.
He may be jest as nice as Jemimer, all flare-up, and everythink fly,
But when once he gits wot's called *feconsay*, the gals jolly soon do a guy!

If this 'ere tommy-rot got about, mate—I mean my engagement to MEG,—
It 'ud spile 'ARRY's game with the gals wus than fits or a dashed wooden leg.
No; it's "I'd be a butterfly," CHARLIE, with me, for a long time to come;
Married life may be ticketed honey, but I know it's more of a hum.

"Spoons" is proper; the best barney out, mate; but marriage—that brings
knife-and-fork.

Fancy carving for five, plus the Missus! I tell you, old pal, it means *work*.
You remember BOB BINKS—a rare dasher! fair filberts he wos on a spree,
Now he 'as to grub seven, all told, and he ain't five year older than me.

Met him yesterday, CHARLIE. "Well BOBBIE, 'ow trots it, my topper?" sez I.
"Trot, 'ARRY," sez he, "ain't the word; 'ardly runs to the crawl of a fly."
He'd a *hapron* on, CHARLIE, and kicksies as must ha' been cut by his wife,
Him as used to sport KINO's best dittos *on week days*! And that's married life!

"Wot, is Marriage a failure?" I chuckles. "Oh, cheese it, old feller!"
sez BOB,

And—he swore 'twas a cold in the 'ead, but I'm blowed if it wasn't a sob.
"Seven months, and six weeks out of work, mate! In Queer Street, and cleared
of the quids!

I should just make a 'ole in the water, if 'tworn't for the wife and the kids."

I stood him a lotion, poor beggar; he'd stood me a lot in his time,
For I was jest fresh on the war-path when BOBBIE was fair in his prime.
Great Scott, wot a patter he 'ad, and a mouth on 'im, ah! like the doose;
And now he wears old 'ome-made bags, and can 'ardly say bo to a goose.

"The kids is the *cruz* of the question," says Mrs. LYNN LINTON. In course!
BOBBIE BINKS could ha' told her that, CHARLIE, and put it with dollops more
She's a-teaching 'er grandmother, she is, although she's a littery swell, [force.
And as to "the State" steppin' in, yah! the State knows its book fur too well.

If the country took care of the kids, and diworce was
made easy all round,
Wy, I'd marry, mate, early and often, and so would lots
more, I'll be bound.
But, oh my, wot a mix, my dear CHARLIE! Free Love
and Free Contract? Oh, yus!
The Guvment as Grandmother's dear, mate, but wot
would it cost as a Nuss?

In one thing, old pal, I go pairs, with this Mrs. LYNN
LINTON exact.

She sez it's a—let's see, wot is it?—a "physiological
fact"

That some chaps who're fair flamers as lovers, are
failures as 'usbands. That's me!

So I mean spooning round like permiskus, and Mrs. L. L.
would agree.

Whether man's poly—wot's it?—by nature, I'm blowed
if I know, my dear boy,

But a man, if he isn't a juggins, makes fair for one
mark—to *enjoy*.

If I was a Toff and 'ad tin, I should do as the Toffs do,
no doubt.

Yank on to one gal, a fair screamer, and yet keep my
ogles about.

That's wot I call genuine yum-yum, fair rations all
round, and no kid;

But it's doosed expensive, dear boy, and not done on a
couple of quid.

Ah! a lot of highflyers is spiked for the want of the
ochre, wus luck!

Wot's the good of a way with the women all round,
when a cove's got the chuck?

No, CHARLIE, the dowdy-domestic, pap-bowls, p'ramber-
lators, and that

Is not *my* idea of the rosy, so MEG don't 'ook *me* for
a flat.

If it ever *should* run to a Wife, and—well, trimmings,
perhaps I may marry,

But till I can splice *ah lah* Toff, CHARLIE, no double-
'arness for 'ARRY.

"THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA REVIVED" AT THE CRI-
TERION.—See Mr. MALTBY as the Tutor. First-rate
acting. Also LOTTIE VENN's *Betsy*. All good: rattling
through three Acts in two hours in splendid fashion.
The Author, being present one night, thought he would
take a leaf out of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's latest book, and
mark his approbation of the performance in a speech
from his private box. Fortunately he only thought.

AN ADMIRALTY BALLAD.

(*Lately Sung, with far too much success, by the First Lord.*)

You tell me that the lately gathered fleet
Reflects no credit on the British Navy,—
That, formed of ships of types grown obsolete,
It well may set alarmists crying "*Cave!*"
You point to bursting guns, defective speed,
To priming boilers, and insist 'tis funny
That I of all these things should take no heed.
"No heed," forsooth! 'Tis that I have no money!
For, let the angered country fume or frown,
You see, I'm bound to *keep expenses down*.

So if to-morrow, by some grave mischance,
These piping times of peace should know infraction,
And war declared with our good neighbour, France,
Should see us worsted in some naval action,
And if our food-supply should halt,—then cease,
And famine force us in capitulation
To sue upon our bended knees for peace,
And bite the dust in our humiliation,
I still should glory, though they sacked the town,
That in my day I *kept expenses down!*

WELL BEFORE THE TIME.—No, no! We cannot stand
this! Just as the summer is beginning—September 18,—
but better late than never, I find, placed on my study
table, with the compiler's compliments, a copy of LETTS'S
Diary of 1889!!! Out, LETTS!

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in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule
there will be no exception.

PLAY-TIME IN COURT AND LANE.

The Court.—To start her new Court Theatre, Mrs. JOHN WOOD has achieved a fair success with *Mamma*. To this success

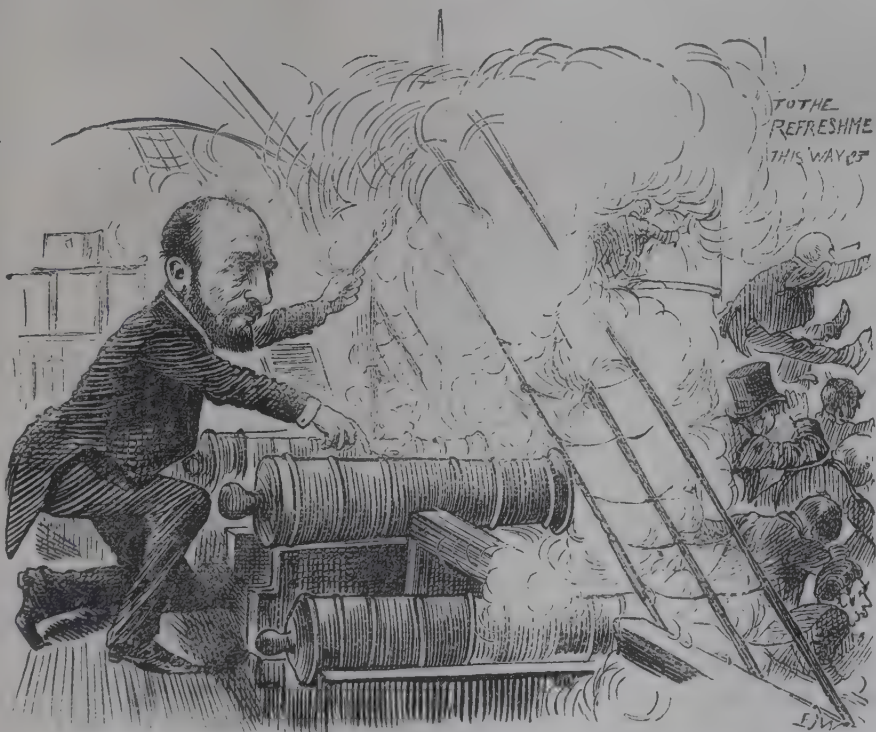


"Is Marriage a Failure?" Ask Mamma at the Court Theatre.

Mr. GRUNDY, the ingenuous but not obtrusively brilliant translator, has contributed very little, as it is obtained by a combination of conscientious acting with a cleverly-contrived farcical plot, the construction of which, however, is not without its faults. The First Act is disappointing. The fun of the Second Act is rapidly developed by scene after scene of ingenious *équivoque*. No one could play the odious, unprincipled Mother-in-law with greater humour than Mrs. WOOD, but she has scarcely a good line to say, and the part is against the sympathies of the audience; and indeed this is true of all the characters in the piece.

Mr. HARE is not well suited, but his exhibition of abject terror on unexpectedly encountering his terrible Mother-in-law is absurdly, though painfully, real. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's friends will be pleased to see him "taking his whack" with the same gusto he used to exhibit at the breakfast-table in *Friends or Foes*, only in different way. Mr. GROVES, with his genial manner, is the embodiment of The Groves of Blarney. The scene between Mr. ERIC LEWIS and Mr. HARE, in the last Act, is one of the best played in the piece. The climax of each Act is unsatisfactory,—more markedly so in the translation than in the original. A gentleman striking a lady is unpleasant, and besides this there is another smack, a smack of stale Divorce Court garlick; and this, if only as a mere *soupsçon* breathed over the farcical ingredients of the comic salad, is just enough to impair the thorough heartiness of the merriment with which a piece of genuine though extravagant fun should be received. It is the irony of fate that anyone bearing the proverbial name of GRUNDY should be responsible for the English *rechauffé* of this essentially French dish.

The Lane.—The Armada is a difficult subject to tackle dramatically. DRURIOLANUS and HAMILTONIUS have tackled it. The play is a series of stirring pictures of life and character in the sixteenth century,



Druriolanus blowing away his Audience to the Refreshment-Rooms. Entr'acte for a few bars' rest.

and Queen BESS was never so correct as is Miss ADA NELSON in her impersonation of her. I am sorry we did not see the elderly Virgin Queen—vergin' on fifty-eight—riding, like the Old Lady of Banbury, on a white horse at Tilbury Fort.

Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is gay and gallant as the naval hero, though the authors have made a grave mistake in not giving to him the line spoken by Lord Burleigh or Sir Francis Walsingham, who in reply

to a patriotic speech from Elizabeth, exclaims, "'Tis yourself that speaks!" This with "Sure," to begin with, and "bedad" to finish

with, would have brought down the house. Mr. BOYNE's speech at Old Cheering Cross is capitally given.

That thorough Elizabethan Actor, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who is never so much at home as in Shakspearian characters, perfectly revels in the part of a Cockney of the sixteenth century. His song on board ship is a specimen of real racy Elizabethan humour. I regret he did not give us a solo version of the duet in the Pantomime, "Marry come up! Forsooth!"



Mr. Leonard Boyne asserts the right of public meeting at Cheering Cross, close to Trafalgar Square.

Go to!" which he might have sung in the presence of the Grand Inquisitor. There is a good Servant in Act II., who intrudes upon his master, Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, as Don Somebody or other (Don QUI?) at an awkward moment, and announces pleasantly enough, as a couple of ordinary visitors, "Two Familiars of the Holy Inquisition," all in black—quite "the wholly Inky-sition"—who have just dropped in, in quite a friendly way, to make a morning call. However, as their arrival is the signal for the Scene to finish, they are welcome.

If I were DRURIOLANUS, I should cut out the lines concerning "Sons of burnt fathers"—(I didn't quite catch it, and I've mislaid the playbill)—written in Shakspearian blank verse and spoken by MILTON; I should say, well spoken by Miss MILTON. The lines go for very little, and as to the *tableau* representing SEYMOUR LUCAS's picture, I do not know what the original went for, but the *replica* goes for nothing. Instead of SEYMOUR LUCAS, see less LUCAS.

Altogether a splendid spectacle. Ships wonderful. Sorry HARRY NICHOLLS isn't in the sea-fight. When the fireships appear, he might have come down to the flote, and recited "The Boy stood on the burning Deck," after which, quick Curtain.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY is a charming Actress, creating a great effect on everybody except the Black Ink-quisitor, who orders her off to be cremated; from which shocking fate she is rescued by British Tars, who rob the Spanish Stake-and-Onionists of their choice morsel just when "they'd made their little pile." Miss EMERY sometimes becomes quite Terry-fied in action and utterance, as, for example, when she jerks out with a pause between each syllable. "Not—the—tears—of—all—the—An—gels" would do something or other, I forget what, but, *à propos* of this sentence, I feel pretty certain that, if the Recording Angel, whose tear blotted out *Uncle Toby's* warm-hearted, impulsive oath, were to visit our theatres just now, he would find his charitable sympathy considerably exercised, and might possibly refuse to obliterate the score against some actors who commit a breach of the Third Commandment every night, *emphasis gratiâ*, that is merely for the sake of intensifying the reality of a dramatic situation. If only as a matter of questionable taste, this growing habit, which is about on a par with Mr. MANSFIELD's using a line from St. Paul's Epistles as an attractive advertisement for his recent nightmare Drama at the Lyceum, should be corrected. This is not a case of the Frenchman's "*Mon Dieu!*" which is simply equivalent to our "Heavens!" or "Goodness me!" I am inclined to neither Puritanism nor Profanity. *Odi profanum*, says everyone's truly,



A Familiar of "The Wholly Inky-sition."

JACK IN THE BOX.



MONU-MENTAL SUFFERING.

Poor Old Mon. "OH DEAR, I DO FEEL SO CHIPPY! I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY HEAD! IT'S ON FIRE!"

[Sings dolefully, "Ah che la Mortar."]

Dr. Stonemason (aside). "AH, VERY CRACKY!"

VOCES POPULI.

ON A TRIP TO STAFFA AND IONA.

SCENE—Oban Pier. Deck of the "Grenadier." Time, 7:50 A.M. Excursionists embark, wearing the air of chilly depression or unnatural liveliness common to people who have got up too early in the morning. The knowing ones select chairs in comfortable corners.

The Timid Tourist (to Hearty Ditto). I suppose we shall not have much more motion than this anywhere to-day, Sir?

Hearty T. Oh, this? This is nothing; we're shut in here, you see. When we get out of the Sound of Mull, and meet the Atlantic, we shall get shaken up a bit, and a good thing too! We don't want a mill-pond, eh?

The Timid T. (who would much prefer a mill-pond). No, no—of course not.

[Considers seriously whether he cares so very much about going to Iona after all. Steamer starts. The knowing Passengers discover that they have chosen seats facing the wind, and change. Well-read Tourists quote the "Lord of the Isles," out of their guide-books, to people who have none. After rounding Ardmore Point, the steamer becomes decidedly lively.]

The Hearty T. Now for it—here it comes!—Now she catches it! There's a beauty!

[Repeats this before and after each wave, until a silence falls upon him. Attentive Husband (to Wife, who is "enjoying it immensely," but does not seem inclined to talk). Now do notice the play of light and shade on the mountains over there, darling.]

Now do notice the play of light and

The Wife (faintly). Lovely, dear, lovely!

Att. Husb. But you're not looking—you really oughtn't to miss this, it's magnificent! Turn round and look; it's exactly behind you.

Wife (with feeble irritation). I know, dear—but I can see it quite well where I am, really I can!

NEARING STAFFA.

Excursionist (with his hat tied round his ears by a handkerchief—to a *Haughty Tourist*). Can you tell me, Mister, if that's the Dutchman's 'At over there?

The Haughty T. Can't say, I'm sure—you'd better ask him.

An Enthusiastic Excursionist (in a tall hat secured under his chin with string). To think of landing on Staffa and seeing those wonderful caves with our own eyes—it seems like a dream, Sir, a beautiful dream! I suppose the jetty's at the back of the island, eh?

Well-informed Person. Oh, there's no jetty—we shall be landed in boats; and roughish landing it is, as a rule.

The E. E. (cooling). Is that so? Well, I'm not sure, after all, that one doesn't get a better idea of things by not going too near them.

The Wife (who has come entirely to oblige her Husband). Oh, don't mind me, don't stay behind on my account—there's no reason why you shouldn't go on the island, if you want to. Only, don't ask me to come with you—because I shan't. I've done enough in coming as far as I have, I think.

Her Husb. Yes, you stay quietly on the steamer; that'll be the best thing for you.

The Wife. If you go, I shall go. I'm not going to be left all alone here, so don't think it, though why you can't be contented to see Staffa from where you are, without going poking your nose into every hole on the island, I'm sure I don't know!

ON STAFFA.

In Fingal's Cave.

Excursionist with an eye to effect. Fine big place, you see; but they don't make 'arf enough of it. They ought to light it up with coloured fires, ready for when we come.

Another Exc. Did the 'Arp and Concertina come ashore, d'ye know? Because we might get them to give us a tune inside here if they have.

On the Boulders.

A Young Wife (who has been prostrate for the greater part of the trip). HARRY, I can't go back on board that horrid steamer again. You mustn't ask me; promise me you won't!

Harry. But, my dear love, what are we to do?

His Wife. Why, live at Staffa. You always say you hate fashionable places and (persuasively) I'm sure this is nice and quiet, HARRY!

ON RETURNING TO THE STEAMER.

A Tourist who has stayed behind (to a *Tourist who has gone*). Well, was it worth it? [Rather patronisingly.]

The Tourist who has gone. Oh, marvellous—grand!

[Gives an elaborate description.]

The T. who has stayed behind. Well, I had half a mind to go myself—thing you don't see twice in a lifetime, and all that—but (candidly) the fact is, the ship seemed steadier, and it struck me as a good opportunity to go below and get some lunch—and a capital lunch I had—there was roast beef, corned beef—

[Describes lunch vividly.]

ON IONA.

The Tourists land, and are welcomed by a chorus of Native Children, chanting, "Shells a penni, necklace twopence, seaweed a penni, sea archid twopence." Tourists follow the Guide with the sheeplike submission peculiar to them; one *Excursionist* observes that it is "hallowed ground," to which his neighbour, without exactly knowing why, assents, and becomes depressed. Gradually, however, the modern spirit begins to assert itself in the majority.

A Sceptical T. (gazing at the Tomb of the Kings). For anything we know, they may be all bogus, every one of them, eh? Fancy us staring solemnly, as if they were perfectly genuine—that's a good joke, that is!

Frivolous T. (turning to the tombs of the MACLEANS). 'Ullo, 'ere's a fine old feller with his sword be'ind 'im!



"NOUVELLES COUCHES SOCIALES!"

"I SAY, UNCLE, THAT WAS YOUNG BALDOCK THAT WENT BY,—WILMINGTON BALDOCK, YOU KNOW——!"

"WHO THE DICKENS IS HE?"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF HIM? HANG IT! HE'S MAKING HIMSELF A VERY FIRST-RATE POSITION IN THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Guide (long-sufferingly). That is MACLEAN of Duart.

Friv. T. (pointing to effigy of armed Chieftain). And is that his good lady next him?

[Spirits of party revive; the inevitable Funny Man comes out with great success, and a little Tourist of comic exterior who trots up breathless at every halt, and asks a serious question, is hailed with delight, and treated as a Humorist of the finest water.]

LEAVING IONA.

Young Lady. Oh, do you know, it was such a pity! I was down in the Saloon, reading up all about Iona in the Guide-book, and I never noticed we were there till it was too late to land. Still I can say I've seen it, you know—can't I?

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Officious T. (to a Lady, who is beginning to think she has got over the worst of it now). You'll excuse me, Ma'am, but wouldn't you feel more comfortable if you had your chair the other way? You see, where you are is just in front of the Cook's Galley, and there's a warm smell of burnt mutton-chops coming up that—

[The Lady moves, and—much to the surprise and indignation of the Officious T.—"does not say so much as thank you."]

Steamer nears Oban; the Comic T. illustrates the steps of the Highland Fling, till he falls over a campstool. Small stout men, who have been invisible till now, emerge, and point out scenery. The man who plays the Concertina collects subscriptions in a saucer, being careful to weed out every copper coin as it is contributed.

Final Verdict (by a Lady who has passed the entire day on a deck-chair, with her head in a shawl). Well, there was less to see than I expected!

"THE FOUR GEORGES."—GEORGE RANGER (of the Parks), GEORGE JOKIN' (of the Exchequer), GEORGE GROSSMITH (of the House of Savoy), GEORGE LEWIS (of Ely Place).

NEW VERSION.—Call no man happy until you know he has not written a diary.

DUE NORTH.

Arrival—Welcome—Introductions.

FOUR hours from Edinbro' to Lochglennie, changing several times, and stopping at Dunblane for the sole purpose, apparently, of listening to a pertinacious fiddler. "Trains may come and trains may go, but he fiddles on for ever." Twenty minutes with a deaf Scotch fiddler! Away! Farewell, Dunblane!

Lochglennie Station.—In answer to a porter at the gist of whose question I can only hazard a guess, I say, "Yes, I'm going to Mr. BUDD." Whereupon he immediately returns—

"Eh, then the mash-sheen's here."

The "mash-sheen" (which sounds as if I had come all the way



"The Mash-sheen."

down here to bathe on the sands) is an open car, outside the station, guarded by a small sprightly man in a respectable Sunday suit, top-hat included, who might be anything from a small bootmaker's assistant to a sheriff's officer in good country practice. Not in the least like an ideal stalwart Highlander in the national costume. Odd. Nowhere do I see, or have I seen, the national costume. All trousers, or knickerbockers, and gaiters. *Happy Thought.*—The national costume is evidently "more honoured in the breech than in the observance." Self and bags bestowed in car, which is, I should say, set on what may be called "*Very-rough-Sea-springs.*" *Happy Thought.*—Capital exercise for one of the Livery of the City of London.

At last! *Lochglennie Lodge.* Little (!) Shooting-Box. Big Shooting Portmanteau, Grand Shooting Trunk! Little! It may have been little once—as we all were—but it has grown, and the population of visitors has overflowed into an *Annexe* about a hundred yards from the house.

It has been raining all the morning. It has been raining ever since I arrived yesterday in Edinburgh, but at this moment there is a cloudless blue sky. A beautiful view of plain, valley, river, and heather-covered hills. Not a soul about. Driver is down taking out bags, and an elderly servant has appeared (no stalwart Highlander in kilt as yet. Where are they?—all "kilt entirely?"), a bell has sounded, and as if this were a cue on the stage, or a preconcerted signal, as I have reason subsequently for believing that it is, JOHNNIE BUDD appears out of a small side-door, a stately Lady walks on to the chief doorstep, somebody passes her and descends to the garden, one man with a gun comes out of the *Annexe*, a third with a fishing-rod from out of a shrubbery (why in a shrubbery with a fishing-rod?), and lastly, before I have time to take it all in, or they all to take me in, DAVID BAIRD, D. B., suddenly looks out of a top window, and, clapping his hands, cries "Now, boys! One—two—three—all together!"... and all together they shout out, "How are you?"

Then they all disappear (including startled horse with cart at a gallop and little man running after it) as suddenly as they have appeared, like mechanical figures, except D. B., who romps down an outside staircase (such as are common to Swiss chalets), jumps on to the path, and delighted beyond measure at the success of this well-rehearsed *coup de théâtre*, grasps me by the hand, and once more exclaims, "How are you?" Then, in an earnest tone, as if for one moment he would drop joking, and exhibit the deepest interest in the state of my health, he says, "But—" he pauses, and no other way of framing his inquiry suggesting itself, he is compelled to repeat, only slightly varying the emphasis to suit the seriousness of the occasion, "How are you? But really,"—here he taps me with two fingers of his right hand on my chest—a mode of salutation, he explains, customary between "The Two Macs" before the row begins," and once more he inquires—"How are you?"

Before I have time to reply, he continues pleasantly, "You know my uncle, the Laird," and therewith D. B., introduces me to my host,

a square-built broad-shouldered man of middle height, with healthy brown complexion, and good working shooting-suit of same colour to match, with leather over the shoulders, which is more suggestive to the Cockney mind (my own at the moment) of a Metropolitan Turncock than a Scotch sportsman. JOHNNIE BUDD has an encouraging smile, but a somewhat nervous manner, as if a trifle uncertain as to how the new arrival would take this kind of hearty reception improvised by "D. B."

Finding that I quite enter into the spirit of the thing—(it's safest for a comparative stranger to do this at once, as if the "way of the house," whatever it may be, is just exactly what you had expected all along, and what you wouldn't have had altered, *no*, not on any account)—he shakes hands, a second time, warmly.

"Delightful place you have here, Mr. BUDD," I say.

"He's not Mr. BUDD here—he's 'the Laird,'" cries D. B. "Everything here is 'by order of the Laird.'" And as he says this, he strikes an attitude, and takes off his cap reverentially, as I have seen a Russian official do (on the stage) whenever he has had to bring in the Czar's name authoritatively.

"The air of Scotland agrees with your nephew," I observe.

The Laird smiles. D. B. chuckles. I look from one to the other. What is the matter with both of them?

"How are you?" exclaims D. B. He can't help it. He must start any communication of importance with this preface, and finish with it too. "How are you?" Then confidentially, "The Laird's not my uncle, and I'm not his nephew. See?" Here he taps my chest in "The Two Macs" fashion—"I call him Uncle, but he doesn't call me Nephew. At least he does sometimes. He's only an uncle on the mother's great first cousin's grandmother's side. See?" Two Macs entertainment again—"No real relation." Then he turns to JOHNNIE BUDD, as if for corroboration—"Are you, Laird?" To which the Laird, who has been nervously smiling all the time, and is still rather uncertain as to how I am going to take it all, replies hesitatingly, as if he hadn't quite made up his mind on the subject of D. B.'s affinity to him, "No,—we're not near relations. And he impresses the fact on me by adding, "No, we're really not."

"No," continues D. B., seriously. "You see I never had any uncles and aunts to speak of, and so I—your little D. B.—got 'em as he wanted 'em. When I found someone I liked, I made him an Uncle, or an Aunt, as the case may be. See?" Two Macs again. "Hullo!" he exclaims—"here's another of 'em!" And, as the very handsome upright Lady, with powdered grey hair, and a mantilla gracefully thrown over her head, whom I have already seen at the door, advances towards us, D. B. says, "Here's the Good Aunt. Allow me to present you. Laird's guest, Good Aunt!" and he bows between us much as the Clown does when he is apologising for having run full tilt into the Swell's lowest waistcoat button, and swears he "didn't mean it, 'pon his word of honour!" Whereupon the stately Lady, with the sweetest smile imaginable, welcomes me to Lochglennie, and is about to ask me some question, when a quiet, very thin, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with grey whiskers, greyish face, and grey suit to match (very odd: all the men, I subsequently notice, have suits to match their complexions, or complexions to match their suits,—*Happy Thought*—so as not to frighten the grouse with too much colour), walks out, with the puzzled air of a man who has come suddenly out of a cellar into the broad light of day, blinking like one of the prisoners released from the Bastille. Before the grey Man from the Bastille has quite grasped the meaning of the scene before him, D. B. shouts out,—

"Here's another of 'em! How are you?" Whereupon the grey thin man rubs his eyes,—he must have been shut up in a cupboard—(Can it be the skeleton brought out to meet me?),—and not being prepared with an immediate and telling repartee, which, I admit, is difficult to find, smiles good-naturedly at me, and putting out his hand, as if he were feeling his way along, but really intending me to shake it, which I do, he says, "Ah! delighted to see you—um—how dee do?"

"This," says D. B., holding the skeleton from the cupboard by the elbow, and explaining him as if he were a figure in a show; "this is the Wicked Uncle, husband of the Good Aunt. His name is Norval on the Grampian Hills, and one of his ancestors, the McCOLLOP of Collop, had something to do with the murder of MARY Queen of Scots, and he's never been the same man since." All this in a breath; then he shakes hands with the Wicked Uncle, kisses the Good Aunt's hand ("Or the hand of the Good Aunt," he says, winking at me aside, "OLLENDORFF!"), and beaming on everyone all round, he votes that "the question be now put," which is—"How are you?"



The Laird.





A WISE WARNING.

(Founded on the first part of an old Fable, the Sequel of which Mr. Punch trusts may never apply.)

DÆDALUS BISMARCK (*Political Parent of WILHELM ICARUS*).

• "MY SON, OBSERVE THE MIDDLE PATH TO FLY,
AND FEAR TO SINK TOO LOW, OR RISE TOO HIGH.
HERE THE SUN MELTS, THERE VAPOURS DAMP YOUR FORCE,
BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES DIRECT YOUR COURSE.

"NOR ON THE BEAR, NOR ON BOÖTES GAZE,
NOR ON SWORD-ARM'D ORION'S DANGEROUS RAYS:
BUT FOLLOW ME, THY GUIDE, WITH WATCHFUL SIGHT,
AND AS I STEER, DIRECT THY CAUTIOUS FLIGHT."

OVID, "*Metamorphoses*," Book VIII., Fable III.

It now strikes the Good Aunt that I must be hungry, and simultaneously it occurs to the Laird that luncheon will be ready in ten minutes, and that he will show me to my room in the *Annexe*, where I am to be chummed with two other sportsmen. Evidently large party.

"Where's DOLLY?" asks the Good Aunt.

"DOLLY?" replies the Wicked Uncle, trying to wake himself up by taking off his Scotch cap and gently stirring his hair, which is what theatrical wig-makers term 'sparse,' "DOLLY's out with the Baron, shooting." DOLLY and the Baron! Then there are young ladies here, and a foreign nobleman. Large party. Fashionable one too. Thought I was coming to a rough-and-ready little shooting-box.

"I haven't seen Nell all the morning," says the Laird, in a tone of regret.

"She went with DUNCAN," D. B. answers, "when he was off to see to the pits."

Aha! all sporting—the young ladies evidently. DOLLY has gone out shooting, NELL has gone to see about the pits.

"Shall we wait for GRANNIE to come in to lunch?" asks the Laird of the Good Aunt, with an air of hesitation.

"I don't think it's much use," replies the Good Aunt. "GRANNIE went out driving—"

"Oh, no!" interposes the Laird, anxiously; "surely they never were going to drive this morning—I told MALCOLM—"

"Ah!" interrupts D. B., "then GRANNIE's gone out fishing a long way down the stream."

"Alone?" asks the Laird, who, as I see, is naturally anxious about the old lady—his grandmother, I presume—who must be a more determined sporting character than "Mr. MANTON."

"Alone?" returns D. B. "Oh no,—I saw the boy and Ross carrying the nets and lines."

"Oh, that's all right," says the Laird, quite satisfied as to his elderly relative's safety. "I'm glad GRANNIE didn't take the canoe. It's not safe to fish out of."

"Safe! A canoe for an old lady!" I cannot help exclaiming.

This remark of mine causes considerable amusement. Even the Laird's quiet smile develops into a genuine laugh. The Skeleton from the cupboard is tickled too, and repeats to himself, "Old lady! Aha! that's good!" W. B.'s hand comes down with a slap on my shoulder as he gives his war-cry of "How are you?"

It is uttered in such a tone of triumph, and the laughter is so genuine, that I perceive I've made a mistake as to Grannie. At this moment a herculean young fellow, six feet two if he's an inch, with a comparatively small head—quite in keeping with the herculean character—on the top of which is a deer-stalker stuck all over with flies, hooks, and bits of line, as if he had just escaped from a Lunatic Fishing Asylum, where they would put hooks and flies in the hair instead of straws, joins our party. He wears large melodramatic piratical boots, carries a huge fishing-rod, and is hung about with straps, leather cases, and baskets, as if he were a pedlar with a lot of things to sell, and is introduced by D. B. to me as GRANVILLE BLUNT, known as "Grannie." Then D. B. surveys the circle formed by the Good Aunt, the Wicked Uncle, the Laird, Grannie, D. B. himself, and the boy; and as if it were the cue for curtain and end of First Act, he laughs all over his face, and exclaims, "How are you?" which at once disperses the group.

The Laird shows me a deliciously comfortable bed-room and a sitting-room in the *Annexe* which are at my disposal, "commanding," as the advertisements say, "beautiful and extensive views." Then the Laird departs to see about the lunch.

Happy Thought.—Put myself *au courant* with the company in the house. "Who are the girls?" I ask. "Girls?" repeats D. B., surprised, "what girls?" Then, with an air of mistrust, "You're joking—you're trying to get at me—oh, yes"—and he puts himself on the defensive by resorting to his magic phrase, "How are you?" He is just off when I stop him, and assure him I'm serious. "Who is 'Nell,' they were talking of, who has gone out with DUNCAN to the pits." More laughter. D. B. nearly has a fit, but relieves his feelings by snapping his fingers, crying "Who-whoop!" and dancing a few more steps of the Highland Fling; after which performance he stops to explain that "Nell's the Retriever, and DUNCAN's the Keeper."

"And what's Dolly? A dog or a cat?" I ask.

"DOLLY? Oh, don't you know him? Capital chap—he has the next room to you. DOLLY WHITE, in the Guards. How are you, DOLLY?" he cries, out, rapping at the partition; to which summons the immediate response, in a defiant tone, comes back, "How are you?" "The other chap," he continues—"he's not in now—is the Baron." Why Baron? "Don't know—always call him 'The Baron.' Rather think it's because he once went down a coal mine. There's the luncheon-bell." He pauses at the door, however, as if he has forgotten to say something of the utmost importance, and then exclaims, "How are you!"

"QUITE WELL, THANK YOU!" I roar back at him, and he disappears as if I had broken the spell by this happy and truly original repartee. But somehow, the air is full of, "How are you?" and as, brush in hand, I survey myself in the glass, I stop myself in the act of saying to my own reflection, "How are you?" This is catching.

ROBERT'S LONG WACATION.

SUTTEN suckumstances, incloodin a most unnessessary abundance of rain, combined with a rayther onusual defishency of the currant coins of the realm—as the loryers terms what I should call a werry



near approach to stumptupedness—indooed me and my fare Partner to give up our ushal long wacation, this here yeer, of a hole week at the See Side, or on the River, and spend it in jolly old London, the land of my Birth and the 'ome of my blooming manhood.

And upon the hole, I don't reelly think as either me nor my Partner has werry much regretted it. In fact there's so many wunderfool things to be seen here, if one only has the time, without

not nothink to pay, and so many bewtiful plaices to wisit, on the same werry libberal terms, that a week dewoted to 'em flies away like one a clock, which, as we all knows, don't take so werry long to do; besides, if one's bound to be wet thru for a hole week, it's far better to have it at ome than a broad. Fust and foremost, then, I wisited High Park, and with the xception as there wasn't not nobody there xcept me and three other gennelmen and one man on a horse, it was jest as bewtiful as ever, and the flower-gardens was that splendid and tidy as did great credit to Feeld Marshall "GEORGE" as has the care on 'em, and sines his onered name on all the boards as is stuck up at all the gates.

It was a bewtiful morning when I started, after a rayther late Brek-fest, and I had jest got to about the werry middle of the Park, when, without the werry least notice or warning, down came sitch a storm of rain as I has werry seldom bin drensched by. I stood up under a littel tree as was near me; but tho' I bleeve as it tried its werry best to keep me a dry place under its bows, it was all in wane, and by the time as the storm was over, and the sun cum out agane, I was wet through to my werry skin, and the heat of the sun shining on my wet close had the singler affect of making 'em all smoke, and a rayther imperent-looking boy aeshally arsked me weather I knowed as all my steam was a blowing off, and weather I was afeard of busting my Biler! Oh, them London Boys! What little respec they has ewen for an Hed Waiter! In coorse I allers treats 'em with the most horthy content.

Well, my fust day's holliday being rayther a failure, I spent the nex one, which was one long down pore, in the buzzum of my family; and though I bort no less than three halfpenny Papers, and red 'em all rite through, yet I must confess that it was about the werry longest day as I amost ewer remembers. Praps the two singler suckemstances that my fare Partner had a bad tooth ake, and gave me nothink but the cold sholder for lunch, and dinner, and supper, may have had sumthink to do with it. But so it was, and I sort my downy couch at a most unnateral hurly our.

What append next day I'll tell you next week.

ROBERT.

'AVE A NEW CHAPLAIN.—We knew Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS had not been in London for some time, having, as we believed, marched with the Avenue *Old Guard* to take the provinces by storm; but certainly we were not prepared for an announcement, in a daily paper, occurring in the course of a short paragraph, to the effect that "the Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A.," did something or other as "Chaplain to the Prince of WALES." "A loss to the Stage," we said to ourselves, resignedly, "but a gain to the Church. And then what an entertaining Chaplain he will be for H.R.H., if he is only anything like as amusing as he was as *The Vicar of Wideawakefield*." But our train of thought on this line was rudely run off the rails by the almost immediate discovery, on comparing this paragraph with similar ones in other contemporaries, that the "Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS" was a misprint for "the Rev. ARTHUR ROBINS." Really printers should not trifle with our tenderest feelings in this flippant manner; but, on reconsideration, we congratulate H.R.H., the Church, and the Stage, on things being *in statu quo* Avenue.



NEW ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD ÆSOP'S FABLE.—On the first night of the successful Opera *Carina* at the Opéra Comique, the audience cried "WOOLF!" so often, that when a young lady appeared in answer to this summons for the Composer, they wouldn't believe that she was really the WOOLF in question.



First City Man. "EDUCATION, OH, RUBBISH! THERE—I'VE ONLY 'AD 'ALF A YEAR'S SCHOOLIN' ALL MY LIFE!"

Second City Man. "OH, I SAY! YOU MUST 'A' WASTED THAT TIME MOST AWFULLY, OLD FELLOW. HE-HE-HE!"

THE TOAD'S DIARY.

COMMENCED B.C. 20,000.

NOT half a bad sort of place this Prehistoric World. Rather too much commotion going on, though, to please me. Don't care about these "Periods." Precious cold, too, this *Glacial* one. Shouldn't wonder if there wasn't a change coming. One never knows what to expect next. Halloo! what on earth's this? Just what I said. Blest if there isn't a great big bed of clay let loose, and swooping down on me. No escape. Smothered! Well, this is pleasant! Goodness only knows when I shall get out again. And what can a toad do with himself, buried away like this? Ruminates? Yes—but how long? 'Pon my word, I'm afraid this will be precious slow.

I said once I thought this would be "slow." That must have been ever so many thousand years ago, and here I am still. "Slow" isn't the word for it. It's *deadly dull*, that's what it is. Then it's so horribly damp. Wish I had got boxed up in a bed of coal. Those Mastodons seem to have stopped thundering about up above. Kept it up no end of a time, but they're quiet at last, so I suppose they've become extinct. Made room for an inferior animal. As I'm alive, it's *Primæval Man*! I can hear him loafing about all over the place. Well, I don't think he's good for much. Does nothing but hang about his caves. Then he's such an uninventive beggar, he'll never dig me out. Dare say he'll last though five or six thousand years. What a prospect! And I feel I'm getting limp. Bother *Primæval Man*,—and the clay!

Thank goodness, that awful fraud, *Primæval Man*, has disappeared at last. World seems waking up a bit, though nothing very much going on. Great Pyramid just finished. Babylon going it. Troy taken. The Chinese inventing gunpowder. Wish they would blow up this clay bed. Feel I'm getting awfully weak in the legs. Nothing going on here but savages walking about in blue paint. Wonder how many more thousand years I'm to be smothered up here. Really it gets slower and slower every century.

THE COMING DOG.

(By a Comfort-loving Cynic.)

A NEW Dog is coming! the more, Ma'am, the merrier, You think. The new tyke is a "Tartar fox-terrier." He's silky and splendidly smooth, so 'tis said; His manners are mild and his colour is red. A lady's dog quite! How your heart will be struck. Well, well, my dear Madam, here's wishing him luck! But permit me to hope, when he reaches your lap, That the new dog won't whimper, or snivel, or yap; Not, like the Toy-terrier, shiver with dread, Nor, Pug-fashion, grunt with a cold in his head; Nor look, like the Dogs of that queer Dachshund breed, As though two additional legs were his need: Nor, like the Fox-terrier, chevy the cat, Nor, like a King Charles, get abnormally fat: [them?] Nor like shaggy Skyes (Ma'am, what is there to pet in Have very weak eyes and long hair that *will* get in them. Whatsoever his colour, red, yellow, or green, I'm sure if he's quiet and decently clean, Not given too greatly to pant, snort, and snuffle, Nor always involving your guests in a scuffle; If he isn't unpleasant to any one sense, And *doesn't want worshipping*; then, Ma'am, immense The relief of your friends will, I'm sure, be all round, To think that *one* bearable pet you have found!

FORTHCOMING INTERESTING PUBLICATION.—Mrs. RAM is informed that the next book of Aristocratic Reminiscences will be by Lord HOWARD, of Gossip. "This," the old lady thinks, "ought to be most entertaining."

Lucifer's Latest.

[Another explosive, called "Ekrasite," has been invented in Austria. Its effect is expected to be "something unprecedented."]

SATAN, in Milton, flamed at Heaven defiance,
And railed at earth with rhetoric corrosive.
Now, posing as mild friend of Man and Science,
He'd probably invent a new explosive!
To verbally "blow up" mankind's mere pother;
Far better help them to blow up each other.

NEW WORK BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.—*The Vegetarians of the Fourth Century.*

Things brightened up considerably since my last entry. Roman Invasion. WILLIAM the Conqueror over. CHARLES THE FIRST's head cut off. Battle of Waterloo. Exhibition of '51. Jubilee. Jot these down as occurring to me as happening in the course of the last eighteen hundred years. Not that they've affected me. I'm still bedded up. Believe my memory's going. If I don't soon get out of this, feel I shall end up by being fossilised.

Halloo! Surely that must be the sound of a pick. And they are coming this way. Yes, it is! Hooray! Liberty at last! Bless the Railway Cutting, and the Contractor! They've dug me out. I'm free! That is, comparatively speaking, for I've fallen into the hands of Mr. T. L. PATTERSON, of Greenock, and have been mentioned in the *Times*. He says, I "seem to have no bones," and my legs "bend any way," and that I have "two beautiful eyes," but don't "seem to see." Perhaps not. I should like to know what his eyes would feel like, or, for the matter of that, his legs either, after being clayed up for twenty thousand years. However, give me time, and I shall soon pull together again. Meanwhile, all I ask is, that he won't send me off anywhere by Parcels Post.

Impromptu at a Theatre.

(By a Victim of the Prevailing Fashion of Feminine Head-gear.)

THIS pile before me—I know not its *nomen*—
Hides all the actors, and half the flats.
"The higher Education of Women,"
Applies not so much to their heads as their hats!

THE TEUTON OLIVER TWIST.—BISMARCK asking for Samoa. (Mem. Kindly pronounce it as much like *Some more* as possible.)

Shakspeare Applied.

(By a Stout Gentleman who objects to foreign climes and climbing.)

BETTER bear the hills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.



FINIS!

(THE END OF THE SEASON.)

THE LAST (JURY) MAN.

(A Long way after Campbell.)

*The British Constitution's doom
Is Chaos and Old Nox,
When you can't get twelve honest men
Into the Jury Box!*

I HAD a vision in my sleep,
My fancy took a tidy sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw Old England, and behold,
Owing to idleness and gold,
'Twas given up to Crime!

The Judge's eyes did wildly glare
Where, white with age and wan,
There stood within the Box, else bare,
A lonely Jury Man.
Some were exempt by "tips"—the brand
Of bribery stained the Briton's hand,—
From "urgent business" some;
Some swore they couldn't leave their bed,
Some that their Mothers-in-law were dead,
And so they could not come.

Yet, martyr-like, that lone one stood
Before the Beak's dread eye.
He said, "My Lud, it ain't no good;
There's only you and I.
Men don't find Jurying good fun;
They're all 'exempt'; I'm the last one
To turn up, dontcher know.
A thousand 'cases' wait us here—
'Twill take us all our time, I fear.
I'm game—so on we go!

"What though the officer go forth?
Britons have now such skill

In 'getting off,' that 't isn't worth
His while to hunt 'em still;
We'll have to do it; fire away!
A dozen cases in a day
Will be enough for us.
It's no use getting in a fury!
At least, you're certain that the Jury
Will be unanimous.

"You will not fill this Box—'tis small—
With the old dozen men.
No; those who've once escaped its thrall
Will not return again.
Lor', do you fancy they'll come back
To these hard seats, that cramp and rack,
In these chill draughts to writhe?
You made the Jury-Box abhorred
By dull discomfort, good, my Lord,
I once was brisk and lithe;

"Now you perceive my erst bright eyes
Have lost their ancient fire,
I've suffered untold agonies.
To shiver or perspire,
To faint with heat, to gasp for breath,
Are not nice things, but till my death
It shall be my one boast,
That I ne'er slunk at Duty's call.
I've but one fear, 'tis that I shall
Return here—as a ghost!

"Oh, should my spirit, by fate's whim,
Or destiny's last lark,
Come back unto this Court so dim
Into this Box so dark!
No! I should then evade the summons
By such excuses—they are rum 'uns—
As "City Magnates" use,
And brothers of the brush or pen,
And lots of selfish idle men,
Who Duty's task refuse.

"Go on! Whilst pluck can hold me up
In this void Box's waste,
I'll sit, although the bitter cup
Is little to my taste;
When to the wall I turn my face,
The last of the old Jury race,
Our Senators, who nod
Over our laws, and fog, and twist 'em,
May *modify the Jury system*;
Or, if they don't, it's odd."

THE CORRECT CARDIFF.

At the Autumn Meeting of the Associated Chamber of Commerce at Cardiff, Sir JACOB BEHREN spoke in favour of the formation of a Commercial Party, independent of party politics, in the House of Commons. The President opposed the proposal, the Resolution was negatived, and subsequently Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, in expressing his agreement with the dissentient majority, declared that there was already a superabundance of such parties. We should think so, indeed! The multiplication of "parties," ostensibly "independent of party," will make the House as parti-coloured (or, which is much the same thing, party-coloured), as JOSEPH'S coat itself. Why, every interest, opinion, or fad, might organise its own knot of supporters into an "independent party," and Parliament become, indeed, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," without cohesion, which means Chaos come again. The Cardiff assembly was quite right in refusing to be a party to this party-proposal.

The world's a stage, where each man plays his part,
But "companies" must combine in union hearty.
'Twill be, as old dames say, "a pretty start,"
When "person" (as in Cockneyese) means "party."

SUMMONED FOR RATES.

(Notes from a Diary in the Recess.)

Tuesday.—Spent a pleasant morning in Sessions House, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. Outside, summer suddenly returned; Raining in torrents. Inside, a collection of men and women—chiefly women—all steaming wet. Behind a desk, two Magistrates and a clerk; in front, the Rate Collector. The rest, ratepayers—or to be more precise, people who hadn't paid their rates. Summoned to show cause why. Cause varied; result the same; can't pay. Out of work some; sick others; sad all. A pitiful story, and a purposeless gathering. Magistrates apparently can do nothing.

"We are machines!" said the Chairman, smiling genially upon depressed elderly gentleman, whose rates are horribly in arrear. "You must pay by the 8th of October. Next case!"

Depressed elderly gentleman falls into the rear without word of protest. Always been falling into the rear since he was born. Movement quite natural to him.

Middle-aged lady in an apron and seething mental condition comes up next. Has prepared for Magistrate some autobiographical data. Her story graphic, rather than succinct. Magistrate tries to get in his formula about "Adjourned-till-9th-of-October-must-pay-on-the-8th." Middle-aged lady branches out into statement of her troubles prior to last year but one, when MARY ANN was run over by a 'bus.

"Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," says the Magistrate, as if it were an incantation warranted to shut any woman up.

Twelve years she's lived in the house; always paid rates up to two years ago. (Watching opportunity, machine grinds out refrain,

"Must-pay-on-the-8th-of-October.")

MARY ANN was in hospital for six weeks; hardly been of any use since; Mrs. MOGGINS would bear testimony to extraordinary expenses consequent upon calamity.

"Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," the machine wearily warbles. "Call-the-next-case."

Next case is that of ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF. "ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF!" loudly called. No response. Old gentleman with wonderful waste of woollen comforter round his neck stares steadily into space. He is the party who came in just now; tried to get point of his dripping umbrella into my boot; only partially succeeded.

"This is him," said

a faded woman in a shawl, thrusting him forward by the shoulder; "he lives in our street and is stone-deaf."

This said with smile of pride. ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF, by his supernatural deafness, evidently sheds lustre on his immediate neighbourhood. In pride of association faded woman in shawl momentarily forgets the unpaid rates. ARTHUR WILLIAM with difficulty brought up to the Bench, making dashes with his dripping umbrella at other people's boots. Magistrate, lifting up his voice, asks his name. ARTHUR WILLIAM makes no responsive sign. Rate Collector, standing by, bellows in his right ear,

"Are you ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF?" That seems to be wrong ear. Old gentleman obligingly turns round the other. Rate Collector shouts down it. ARTHUR WILLIAM, catching the whisper, nods assent.

"Have you paid your rates?" Collector, prompted by Magistrate, halloas. ARTHUR WILLIAM frankly admits he hasn't.

"Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," says the Magistrate.

"Adjourned till the 9th of October," reiterates Collector, standing on tip-toe, the better to command ARTHUR WILLIAM's accessory ear. ARTHUR WILLIAM raises no objection to that, but does not seem to see relevancy of remark.

"Tell him he must pay on the 8th of October," says the Magistrate, bellowing at the Rate Collector as if he, too, were deaf.

"You must pay on the 8th," the Collector, goaded to desperation, roars with all his might.

"Well, I will, if I can," says ARTHUR WILLIAM, with a cheer-

fulness that suffused itself all over the damp Court. His umbrella having now dripped itself dry over Rate Collector's boots, ARTHUR WILLIAM goes out to get it wet again. Cases by the score, and the dozen. Doesn't seem money anywhere to pay the rates. But it does seem that the rates must be paid, and by the 8th of October, too.

The forlorn, damp, and penniless crowd having cleared out, each comforted with the inevitable prospect of the "9th of October," our turn comes. Half-a-dozen of us. Not here on account of rates, but in connection with jury lists. A blow struck at British Constitution by attempt to include name of TOBY, M.P., upon jury list. Peers and Members of Parliament always exempted. Why should Berkshire suffer in its privileges? Not if its senior Member can, at whatever personal inconvenience, assert them. Proceedings not unduly extended. Considerable list of exemptions settled by Act of Parliament. List worth considering by anxious parents about to select avocations for promising sons. You can't, for example, be summoned on a jury if you're a coroner, or an apothecary, or a Member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, or a pilot, or a bailiff. Also exempted if you happen to be a gaoler, or if you keep a public lunatic asylum. Moreover, if you've been attainted of any treason or felony, or are an outlaw, you can snap your fingers at "Church Wardens and overseers of the parish, when preparing the jury lists." That's how it came to pass that *Friar Tuck* was never on a jury, and how *Robin Hood* always avoided this peremptory interruption of his avocations. Members of Parliament bracketted for jury-list purposes with outlaws and keepers of lunatic asylums. TOBY, M.P. for Barks, was, of course, exempted, and left the Sessions Court without a stain on his character.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is certain that *Thoth, A Romance* (W. BLACKWOOD AND SON), would never have been written if Mr. RIDER HAGGARD had not published his most famous book. *Thoth* is a sort of male *She*, and might as well have been called *He*. Unlike *She*, who lived continuously through a couple of thousand years, *Thoth's* forefathers come to life only occasionally. But that is quite enough when there are a good many of them. *Thoth* himself is a remarkable personage, with a touch of Professor BALDWIN in his character. He improves on the Professor's machinery, since he dispenses with the parachute, and, when he goes up in a balloon fashioned in the shape of a bird, is able to bring the whole boiling down wherever he pleases. The kingdom *Thoth* rules is an island in some unnamed sea, where the residents are brought up deeply rooted in

the heresy of woman-hatred. This being carried to extremes, the consequences are natural and inevitable. Part of the population is drowned in the sea, and the remainder are buried in the sands of the desert. The book makes encouraging reading for members of the Women's Rights Association, only I hope it won't be dramatised.

Number 4 of *Our Celebrities* (SWAN, SONNENSCHN & Co.) is just out. Excellent portrait of Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, and LOUIS ENGEL's list of the numerous orders Sir PHILIP has received from the Crowned Heads of Europe, is astonishing. Theatrical Orders are not included in the collection. Sir PHILIP's appearance at a foreign Court seems to have been the signal for decorating him at once; the cue was, "Give your orders—Sir PHILIP's in the room." The second portrait represents Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, apparently trying on a new Q. C.'s wig, and trying to look as unlike himself as possible. The striped trousers quite out of character with the dignity of the upper portion of the forensic costume, and must have offended the artistic eye of Count WALERY, the eminent Photographer, who should have induced him to put on knee breeches and buckles for the occasion. But it is difficult to induce any man of Sir CHARLES's determination of character to change his habits at a moment's notice; still, as "Standing Counsel to the Jockey Club," he might, at least, have worn breeches and boots, and have a whip in his hand. But where is his most characteristic snuff-box? Capital monograph about him by L. E.

Lastly there is the living presentment of Mr. EDMUND YATES, "*Edmundus Ed. Mundi*," whom "L. E." naturally treats with respectful admiration. The likeness is excellent. But what could WALERY have been about to pose EDMUNDUS thus? He has a book in one hand with his finger marking a place for reference, and having decided what he is going to say in his criticism on it, he is evidently thinking what on earth has become of his own writing-table, his editorial seat, his pens, ink, and paper, and why these obtrusively theatrical "stage properties," including the chair in which he is seated, have been substituted for the real articles? He should have been up-standing, self-supporting, for he surely has no need of "props." It is a speaking likeness, not a writing one.



Stone-Deaf.



"You Thothy Perthon!"

A SHOW OF 'SAVOY FARE.'

IF SHAKSPEARE as *librettist*, and MOZART as composer, had both come to life again and written the most marvellous opera ever heard



by mortal ears, the Press generally, with the solitary exception of the musical critic of the *Times*, could not have gushed more rapturously, in larger type, and at greater length over such a work, than they did over the latest comic opera by GILBERT and SULLIVAN at the Savoy. Judging by the crisp and epigrammatic title, *The Yeomen of the Guard*; or, *The Merryman and his Maid* (you pay your money, and you take your choice of alternative titles) the *librettist* seems, up to the last moment, to have been undecided as to what he should call his new and original infant. In "the book of the words" he does not describe it as either serious or comic, simply as an opera, which is wise. I have always contended that "new and original" need not mean new to everybody, and quite original, and I am pleased to see that at last the critics, in dealing with this *libretto*, are inclined to favour my opinion. But had the opera been at the Savoy Theatre instead of the Savoy Theatre, and written by two unknown *collaborateurs*, say SULBERT and GILLIVAN, instead of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, wouldn't the virtuously-indignant critics have been down on the *librettist* for not informing the public that the plot was founded on that of *Maritana*? The timid novice SULBERT might, perhaps, have attempted to disarm criticism by calling his new and original opera *The Beefeater's Bride*; or, *The Merryman and his Maritana*, and would have humbly admitted his indebtedness to Mr. W. S. GILBERT for the use he had made of the latter's genuinely humorous Bab Ballad *Jester James*. The stern critics would promptly have pointed out that in good old FITZBALL-and-WALLACE's *Maritana*, Don César is in prison and condemned to die, and so is Colonel Fairfax in *The Beefeater's Bride*; that the Don is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Maritana*, and, the Colonel is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Elsie Maynard*. "*Maynard*," the critics would have bitterly exclaimed, "is but a poor English rendering of *Maritana*!" With scathing irony they would have shown how, in the old opera, Don César escapes being shot, and returns "all alive O;" while in the new and original work Colonel Fairfax escapes being decapitated, and also reappears on the scene. Don César enters disguised as a monk; Colonel Fairfax comes in as a Beefeater. Don César and *Maritana* subsequently fall in love with each other: so do Colonel Fairfax and *Elsie Maynard*. Don César is pardoned by the King for a very good reason: the Colonel is reprieved for no reason at all, except to finish the opera, "a reason," the satirical critic would have added, "sufficiently satisfactory to the audience."

Then some erudite critic would have pointed out to the unfortunate SULBERT that an unknown *librettist* must not rashly tamper with history in a work intended to be serious, and would have lectured him on the utter improbability of a gipsy girl in all the bravery of an Esmeralda costume (whether accompanied by Point as *Gringoire* or not) daring to come rattling her tambourine and singing, within the precincts of the terrible Tower in the reign of Bluff King HAL, when Gipsies were harassed, persecuted, hunted out of the kingdom, or strung up on the readiest made gibbet; and directly it was known that the gallant officer who, as a sorcerer, had been languishing in gaol, on being liberated, had married a heathen gipsy (supposing a priest had been found rash enough to commit such a sacrilege), the pair of them would have had short shrift and been burnt as witches; and as Colonel Fairfax, had already escaped decapitation, the professional Merryman might then have observed, "Mark you, the Colonel did but exchange his chop for a stake. A pretty conceit."

Beyond the above points, there is absolutely no resemblance between the two plots, and though poor SULBERT (without GILLIVAN) would thus have suffered at the hands of the Critical Faculty for daring to claim novelty and originality for his story, yet for Mr. GILBERT, of the firm of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, the critics have nothing but obsequious compliments and good-natured excuses. As to the music, even the sharpest and most hostile ear could not detect a trace of WALLACE in the latest composition of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. He, at all events, is guiltless of any intrigue with *Maritana*. It is genuine SULLIVAN, and charming throughout, though not, at first hearing, very catching,—which must always be the public test,—with the exception of the duet, repeated with chorus as *finale*, "*I have a*

song to sing, O," the first phrase of which I did manage to carry away with me, but while humming it on my road home, I found myself imperceptibly wandering into the "*Lullaby*" in *Cox and Box*, where I very nearly lost it altogether.

Dame Carruthers' first song, "*When our gallant Norman Foes*" is most effective, and might be in serious opera, were it not for the chorus of Beefeaters. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS is a simpering effeminate *Fairfax*, but sings prettily a ballad about "Moon" and "June," after the Yeomen in a previous "number" have already chorussed about "Noon" and "June." But of course the subject of the weather is inexhaustible, and there are plenty of rhymes still left to "Joon." The part of the *Jester* is a capital skit upon *Touchstone* and the Shakspearian clowns generally, and, with subtle cynicism, Mr. W. S. GILBERT shows how wearisome is the most excellent fooling of these mediæval drolls to the playgoer of to-day. The notion of the *Jester* in search of a place, and being examined by an intending employer as to his capabilities ("My caper-bilities" he would say, and might have executed a short dance as a specimen), struck me as exquisitely humorous when I first read it some years ago (Was it among a second series of *Bab Ballads* in a magazine, or was it a short Christmas story by the same author?), but the idea seems to lose something of its humour on the Stage.

In a week or two, no doubt, *Jester* GEORGE will introduce some of his gaggery-waggery, and when, *à propos* of Colonel Fairfax making love to *Elsie*, he has to say something about "lying close as a maggot in a nut," he will add, "But, ifakins, what careth she for a 'nut,' now that she hath the 'Kernel'?" A pretty wit!"

Mr. DENNY, as the Gaoler, is very much Mr. DENNY as the rural Policeman in *Dandy Dick*, only with music, and without the dialect. When *Phæbe* (Miss JESSIE BOND, who is, before all, the life and soul of the opera) introduces to him first her lover as her brother, and then afterwards her real brother, and Mr. DENNY exclaims, "Another brother! Are there any more of them?" one really expects him to add, "It's a nice lot of ac-quain-tances you're inter-doosing me to," or something much to that effect, which he used, in similar circumstances, to say to his wife in PINERO's Comedy.

In the book, Mr. GILBERT has carefully pointed out, using capital letters for the purpose, that the first stanza of his *finale* is written in "ELEGIACS." This is very considerate, as it directs the critics' attention to a fact that might otherwise have escaped their notice. In old days, the jokes in the books of every Burlesque used to be printed in italics. There was no possibility of anybody passing over a pun. The motive in both cases is much the same.

The fault in the representation is that, with the occasional exception of Miss JESSIE BOND and Miss BRANDRAM—none of the actors play with conviction. They seem uncertain as to the character of the piece,—is it serious, or isn't it? And if it isn't, are they to keep the joke to themselves, or to let the audience into the secret? Mr. GROSSMITH, with an occasional sly wink at the house, seems to incline to the latter view, and no doubt when he has exaggerated his dances, developed his comic business, and made the part quite his own, it will go with roars, especially his contradictory duet with Mr. DENNY, which is clearly founded on the model of the well-known comic song, where the wife pertinaciously insists that something can only be cut with scissors, when the husband obstinately sticks to it that a knife must be used:—

"Cut it with a knife,
Said he.
Cut it with the scissors,
Said she.

(He) Knife, (She) scissors, (He) knife, (She) scissors, &c., &c."

Only that, in this duet, the quarrel is between Mr. DENNY and Mr. GROSSMITH first as to whether somebody was creeping or crawling.

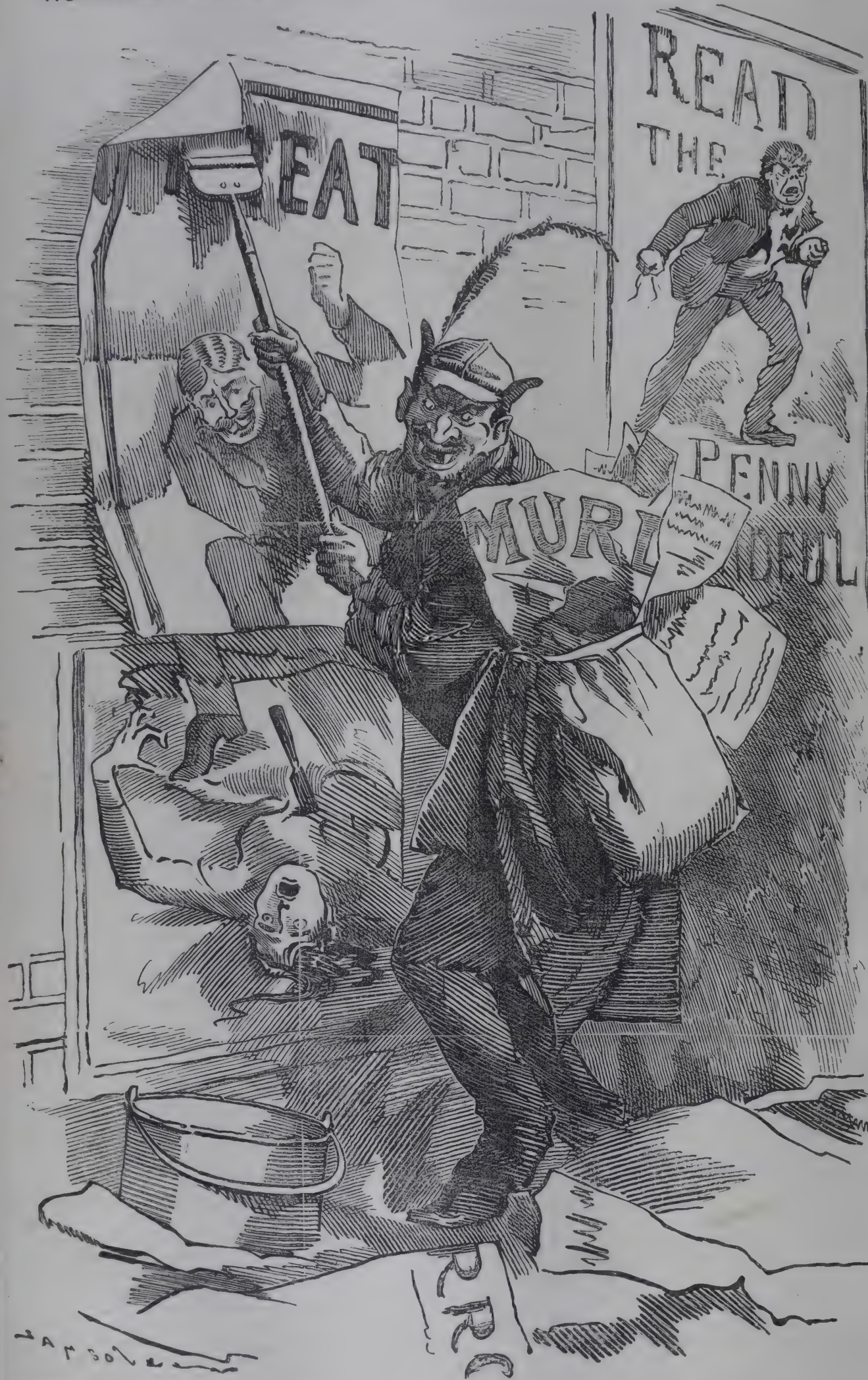
"He was creeping,
He was crawling,
(D.) Creeping, (G.) crawling, &c., &c., &c."

And then they differ as to how the man sank in the moat,—Mr. DENNY says, "like a stone;" Mr. GROSSMITH says, "like a heavy lump of lead;" and then they alternate "lead," "stone," and so forth, which will work up, with comic business, into something very funny, and probably be the hit of the piece. The best serio-comic song, as far as words go, is, to my thinking, the first one sung by the *Jester*. The scenery and the costumes are excellent.

My summary is this:—Cut at least twenty minutes out of the First Act; take a quarter of an hour out of the Second Act, so as to finish by eleven; never let the Beefeaters go off without a dance; induce Mr. TEMPLE to abandon all attempt at playing his part seriously; in fact give every one of them *carte blanche* ("a very D'Oyly-Carte task," as the *Jester* would say) to go in for the old larks of *Mikado* & Co., and the Savoyards will feel themselves once more at home, and their kind friends in front will be satisfied with everybody generally at the House of Savoy.

JACK IN THE STALL.

HORRIBLE LONDON; OR, THE PANDEMONIUM OF POSTERS.



THE Demon set forth in a novel disguise
(All methods of mischief the master-fiend tries)
Quoth he, "There's much ill to be wrought through
the eyes."

I think, without being a boaster,
I can give their most 'cute Advertisers a start,

And beat them all round at the Bill-sticker's art.
I will set up in business in Babylon's mart,
As the new Pandemonium Poster!"
So he roved the huge city with wallet at waist,
With a brush, and a stick, and a pot full of paste,
And there wasn't a wall or a hoarding,

A space in a slum, or a blank
on a fence,
A spare square of brick in a
neighbourhood dense,
Or a bit of unoccupied
boarding,
But there the new poster, who
didn't much care
For the menacing legend,
"Bill-stickers beware!"
Right soon was tremen-
dously busy
With placards portentous in
purple and blue, [hue,
Of horrible subject and hideous
Enough to bemuddle an aëro-
naut's view,
And turn the best steeple-
Jack dizzy.
Oh, the flamboyant flare of
those fiendish designs,
With their sanguine paint-
splashes and sinister lines!
Gehenna seemed visibly
glaring
In paint from those villanous
daubs. There were men
At murderous work in mal-
odorous den,
And ghoul-woman grue-
somesly staring.
The whole sordid drama of
murder and guilt,
The steel that strikes home, and
the blood that is spilt,
Was pictured in realist
colours,
With emphasis strong on the
black and the red,
The fear of the stricken, the
glare of the dead;
All dreads and disasters and
dolours
That haunt poor Humanity's
dismallest state,
The horrors of crime and the
terrors of fate,
As conceived by the crudest
of fancies,
Were limned on these posters
in terrible tints,
In the style of the vilest sen-
sational prints
Or the vulgarest [penny
romances.

That Bill-sticker paused in his
work with a look
Which betrayed the black de-
mon, and gleefully shook
His sides in a spasm of
laughter.
Quoth he, with a sinister wag
of his head,
"By my horns, the good artist
has lavished the red!
This home of coarse horror—
this house of the dead
Looks crimson from base-
ment to rafter.
How strange that a civilised
City—ho! ho!
Tis their fatuous dream to
consider it so!—
Which is nothing too lovely at
best, should bestow
Such a liberal licence on
spoilors!
These mural monstrosities,
reeking of crime,
Flaring horridly forth amidst
squalor and grime,
Must have an effect which will
tell in good time
Upon legions of dull-witted
toilers.

Taken in through the eyes such suggestions of sin
A sympathy morbid and monstrous must win
From the grovelling victims of gloom and bad gin,
Who gapingly gaze on them daily;
A fine picture-gallery this for the People!
Oh, while this endures, spite of School Board and Steeple,
My work must be going on gaily!"

A ROYAL APPARITION.

LAST Friday the *Times* Correspondent at Bucharest, writing about the entertainments given in honour of the Prince of WALES, said—

"In the evening there will be a series of *tableaux vivants* representing scenes from SHAKESPEARE'S works. These have been carefully rehearsed under the superintendence of Queen ELIZABETH."

What better person could they have had as an authority except SHAKESPEARE himself? But how did they get her? Were Spiritualists employed? If this be possible, then it is not unlikely that DRURIOLANUS is already shaking in his shoes lest Her Majesty, more ruffled than ever, should pay him an unexpected visit at Drury Lane, and insist on superintending a night revival of the *Armada*, with ghostly scenery, costumes, and appointments, and a phantom cast. Only thus would her *manes* be satisfied, and then she herself might be re-hearsed, and conveyed in state to Westminster Abbey, DRURIOLANUS superintending.

In Statu Pupillari.

YOUNG Master BALFOUR, without an apology,
Speaks on philosophy, also theology.
To listen his Grandmother will not be loth,
When ARTHUR has learnt just a little of both.

"OLD TOM."—HOLMES at Home, the HOLMES of our Ancestors, in last week's *World*, must have been to a considerable number of persons one of the most interesting of the series. A person, whom the veteran octogenarian TOM HOLMES knew, was acquainted with another person who had received an account of the Great Fire of London from an eye-witness! Fancy that! Such evidence at hand would simplify a large portion of the Historian's labour! A cordial welcome to Old Tom. Plenty of spirit in him yet. His health!



A NEW AND AGREEABLE TOY.—THE PARACHUTE.

YOU TIE A BIG STONE TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, AND FLING IT AS HIGH AS YOU CAN. SOMETIMES THE HANDKERCHIEF EXPANDS AND RETARDS THE FALL OF THE STONE—SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T.

GOOD-BYE TO THE (CRICKETING) SEASON.

(A Fond Farewell, something in the style of Praed, composed at the Oval in October by our Own Old Enthusiast.)

GOOD-BYE to the Season!—'Tis over!
Pavilions no longer are gay;
Bat, bowler, and leal Cricket-lover,
Are scattered like M.P.'s away.



The Last Ball of the Season.

WALTER READ bobs no longer his brown end
At point, watching BANNERMAN'S "shape;"
GILBERT GRACE has gone home to dear
Downend,

BOB ABEL is bound for the Cape.
For want of a fuller enjoyment,
Till Bat, Ball, and Stumps, can come out,
At Football a few find employment,
But Cricket is done, beyond doubt.

Good-bye to the Season!—The weather
Has bowed at the shrine of St. Gamp;

Wet wickets have sodden the leather,
And stumps have been pitched in a swamp.
Chill deluges, varied with thunders,
The Cricket-crack's "average" queer.
Bad hits and bad misses are blunders
Scarce blamed in so beastly a year.
There are all sorts of excellent reasons
All round for the prevalent "duck;"
So, Good-bye to this wettest of Seasons!
Its memories are mainly of muck.

Good-bye to the Season!—The chances
That filled even champions with gloom;
The rascally tricks and rare dances
Devised by the demon of doom.
The "bad hits" that should have been
"beauties,"
The good ones so palpably "flukes";
The fielders so slack in their duties,
The Captains so tart in rebukes;
The cocksures who dropped bobs and tanners
On matches like Surrey v. Notts;
The consequent breaches of manners;
The subsequent downfall of "pots."

Good-bye to the Season!—the rages
When second-rate teams came out strong;
When ABEL—for one—stayed in ages,
Or READ missed his tip and went wrong;
When clever and "champion" Surrey
The Cornstalks thrice tackled in vain—
Lost twice by bad fortune and flurry,
And missed winning once through the rain;
Whilst Gloucester, whom Surrey could
swallow,
And Leicester whom Gloucester could eat,
Both licked the Australians hollow.
"Good old Surrey" wound up with defeat.

Good-bye to the Season!—the "Terror"
Who put such a break on the ball;
Yes, TURNER can bowl, "and no error,"
And FERRIS makes many sing small.
But England has no need to fluster;
She is not deficient in "stars";
Still, when her best men she can muster,
She wins in these willowy wars. [killing!
There's LOHMANN, how straight and how
He'll "hold up our end," please the pigs;
And slashing McDONNELL's scarce willing
To stand many overs of BRIGGS!

Good-bye to the Season!—A wetter 'un
Seldom spoiled "place," "pitch," and
But here's to our evergreen veteran ["pace";
Still to the front—GILBERT GRACE!
"The Doctor" stands nominal second,
But who plays so often as he?
Still W. G. must be reckoned
As virtual top of the tree.
The theme of all Cricket-feed speeches,
The pet of pavilion and field,
His pre-eminence no one impeaches,
To none need our "Champion" yield.

Good-bye to the Season!—Another
Will come with the coming of May;
Though the new county boundaries bother,
The cry of the boys will be "Play!"
Will it come like this terrible "tryer?"
Or come very much the reverse?
Will its scorings be lower or higher?
Will its weather be better or worse?
Will it favour the bowler or batter?
Will it come with dry turf and clear sky,
Or washy and squashy?—No matter:—
Good-bye to the Season—good-bye!

DUE NORTH.

Shakspearian—Household—Luncheon—Family Party—Mysterious—Pony—Another—Perilous—Down again—Rest—Thankful.

FROM what I hear of the names of the servants inside and outside the house, such as DUNCAN, DONALD, ROSS, DONALD BLAIN, it appears that, with the exception of *Macduff*, *Banquo*, and the Three Witches, we have pretty nearly the entire cast of *Macbeth*. The part of *Macbeth* is filled by the chief housemaid and housekeeper, whose name is MACBETH. Whether she is MARY, or JENNIE, or EFFIE, I do not know,—and, by the way, what was *Lady Macbeth's* Christian name? Her husband never mentions it, and the only term of endearment by which he addresses her is, "dearest chuck." Why "chuck"? Our MACBETH at the shooting-lodge—a tall, good-looking lass, about thirty or so, a strapping wench with an elegant figure,—would forcibly resent being called a "chuck" by anyone, even if there were a male MACBETH on the premises who had acquired a right to do so. She can walk with the swing of a man, pull stroke or bow in a boat, or scull it single-handed across the lake, if need be; is a good shot with a rifle, can do tailoring or cobbling to perfection,—"odd jobs executed at the shortest possible notice,"—and has a ready eye to the wants and comforts of all the visitors in both departments—the House and the Annexe—of the establishment over which she presides. She is invaluable: and though in the Annexe we do not see much of her, yet it is to her that we have to make known our wants, which, once mentioned, are immediately supplied. In the House itself, on a busy evening, when the sportsmen have come in late, and everybody is, more or less, hurrying up in their dressing for dinner, and everybody has mislaid something, and no one can find anything, then down the passages, from the bachelors' quarters, and from the rooms where the young ladies are, come the reiterated cries, as if they were uttered by the Apparitions that rise out of the Witches' cauldron, of "MACBETH! MACBETH!! MACBETH!!!" And instead of losing her presence of mind, and exclaiming, flurriedly, "Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!" she pleasantly replies, in her strong Scotch brogue, "All right, Sir, I'm coming directly!"—and come she does to everybody in turn, and everybody in turn is more than satisfied. A wonderful woman.

There are three young ladies under the care, apparently, of the Good Aunt. I am not introduced, but they all say, as the Wicked Uncle did, "How dee do" to me, at lunch time, and address one another by their Christian names, MILLIE, EVELYN, and the youngest and smallest is MADGE. Who they are, what their surnames may be, whether they are sisters, wives, or cousins belonging to the other guests, I haven't the slightest idea. It seems to be taken for granted in this present company, which is, to all intents and purposes, a family party, that there is no such being as a stranger in existence within these four walls.

"You should have gone out fishing this morning, MILLIE," says the Baron to the young lady.

"She couldn't," replies EVELYN, "as I wanted her to walk out with me."

"Good Aunt," says D. B., "how are you? MADGE, you'll have to march out with the five o'clock tea, if we drive."

"If you're going to drive, I'd rather walk, if I may," says Miss MADGE, appealing to the Laird, "the trap shakes so!"

Whereat there's a laugh all round, and the very young lady colours up and looks frightened. The Laird hastens to the rescue.

"It's not 'driving' in a trap," he explains, smilingly, "the grouse are driven by beaters, while we stand behind butts. I'll show you the butts; you can see them from the window with a good glass."

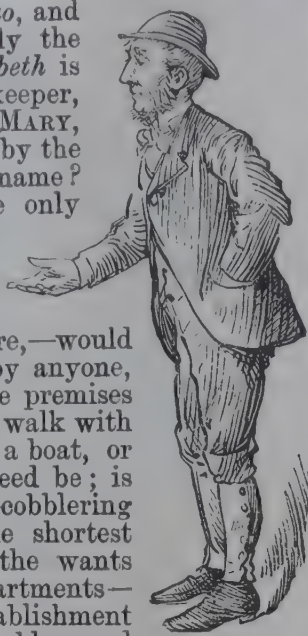
"How on earth should MADGE know your sporting terms?" says the Good Aunt interposing. "It's her first day up here!"

On careful and separate inquiry, I find that none of the party have ever met one another before last week, and the young ladies only arrived yesterday. The people who brought them went away at once. They are "left here till called for."

The talk is all sport: either shooting or fishing. Everyone explains to everyone else why some particularly easy shot "didn't come off," and some one is always saying, "Ah, I oughtn't to have missed *that*!"

GRANNIE, the fisherman, who, out-of-doors walks about with flies and hooks stuck all over his head, has seen fish rising in every direction. But it appears that, unfortunately, the fish have seen him, and so, though he kept on changing his flies every half hour, and waded up to his middle, yet,

"He did not catch that trout,
Brave Boys
He did not catch that trout!"



"How dee do?"

And so he will give the trout a holiday, and go out shooting this afternoon.

It has been pouring with rain. It is pouring now, "And," says the Laird, "we shall have showers all the afternoon."

"Showers" here are, I find, pelting storms which wet you through in a couple of minutes.

"In this rain," says the Baron, walking to the window, "we're sure to put up something on that hill yonder."

Happy Thought.—If I go with them, I'm sure to "put up something,"—my umbrella.

"You can have the pony, if you like to ride up to where we're driving," says the Laird to me. On consideration, being fond of air and exercise, I accept. The pony is ordered, and I anticipate a good gallop over the hills and far away, two or three hours' exercise, happy return home, rub down, bath, change, and splendid appetite for dinner.

They start, all the party, except the ladies, and disappear. The ladies melt away and become invisible. I am to join the sportsmen as soon as I like. Of course mounted, I shall easily catch up the infantry, so I tell the youthful gillie, DUNCAN, who comes to inform me "the pony's ready saddled," that I'll start in a quarter of an hour.

I follow the boy to where the pony is. Pony! it is a rough-looking sort of cart-horse, over fifteen hands, with an old saddle, loose girths, and a single snaffle rein that looks as if it would break with the slightest strain. However, I said I would go: and perhaps the "pony" is better than he looks.

In less than five minutes I find he isn't. His pace is a quick slouching walk with rather a nautical roll in it. His head droops heavily, as if he were sadly weary of this sort of life. He is led by the lad DUNCAN, who carries a switch, as if he were a donkey-boy and I was having sixpennorth on the sands: and we are ignominiously following another "pony," which is being personally conducted by an elder gillie. This other pony is also over fifteen hands, and across its back are swung panniers for game, baskets holding five o'clock tea and other provisions, and such a lot of wraps and waterproofs as to suggest the idea of the baggage pony being a "clothes horse." I have no one to say this to, so keep it to myself and appreciate it dismally. It is just as if the sportsmen were the army on active service, and I had been classed among the *impedimenta*. Perhaps, I think to myself, things will be better presently as we go uphill.

Happy Thought.—"Speculate for the rise."

Nothing of the sort. The ground gets worse and worse. Each fresh bog is bogger than the last, and the higher we get, the steeper is the climbing, and the more perilous my situation. The elder gillie plods on his way, morose and taciturn. The younger, my Donkey-boy, blithe, but silent. It is a melancholy party; quite funereal. The coats and wraps, slung across first horse, are suggestive of the lifeless body of some one whom we have shot, and whom we are going to bury up in the hills, and I, mounted, am either a prisoner or chief mourner, it doesn't much matter which. The boy gives up leading the cart-horse-pony, and strolls on with the taciturn gillie. I try to engage the elder gillie, from a distance, in conversation, but he won't be engaged. I want to interest him in my own personal safety, so that if anything happened, by which I mean if my horse fell head-foremost into a bog or tumbled down sideways over a narrow ledge,—my knees shudder at the thought,—he, being on friendly terms with me, and living in dim hopes of half-a-crown, would rush to my assistance.

Happy Thought (of the gillie). "Speculating for the fall." (*My fall.*) But gillie senior refuses to be interested; he won't talk, not even of the weather. The youthful gillie, DUNCAN, follows his example so closely that he won't be communicative even to the extent of informing me what sort of day it was yesterday, and what amount of sport they had had the day before that. WILSON BARRETT, with his favourite "How long!" flashes across my mind at several critical moments. "How long" will this saddle remain on the horse? and "How long" shall I remain on the saddle? Till accident us do part.

Elder and younger gillie silent, as if overcome by some great grief, or groaning in spirit against their Saxon oppressors, trudge on, jumping without effort from rock to rock, the elder one jerking the horse's leading-rein, encouraging it to land on sharp projections, and to founder desperately through morasses. I watch the proceedings with fearful interest, knowing that whatever happens to the horse in front of me must, it is ten to one, happen to mine. But the horse in front carries only waterproofs, empty bags, and materials for five o'clock tea, while mine carries me. As we cross a torrent, my horse balancing itself on the pointed tops of rocks which just peep out of the damp moss, and where a slip from any given point must precipitate us into the depths below, I am inclined to whisper nervously in the horse's ear, with a view to inspiring him with confidence, "Remember you carry CÆSAR and his fortunes!" and I heartily wish CÆSAR were anywhere else at this moment.

It is no sort of use attempting to guide the beast. I try to comfort

myself with the reflection that the horse knows the country, and must have been up here any number of times. The circumstances on former occasions may have been totally different, and one circumstance certainly is quite different now, and that is, that *this is the first time he has ever travelled across these hills with me on his back,—and, I add to myself most fervently,—it will be the last!*

I rode up here for exercise, anticipating an increase of temperature, skin-acting, and everything beneficial for a person with certain gouty tendencies. But here we are, creeping up the mountain's side ("We wandered up the mountain's side"), and I am feeling colder and colder. I would get off and walk if my boots were not too thin for the slosh, and I foresee catching a severe cold. After an hour and a half of this amusement, and catching sight of the shooters only for a moment when they were all too occupied to talk—especially the Wicked Uncle, who is craftily lying in wait for a grouse behind a butt built of peat, like a brigand looking out for the solitary traveller,—I come to the determination that, directly I see anything resembling a road, I will descend and run down it as hard as I can, at the risk of dislocating my ankles, in order to circulate my blood, which must have gone down nearly to zero.

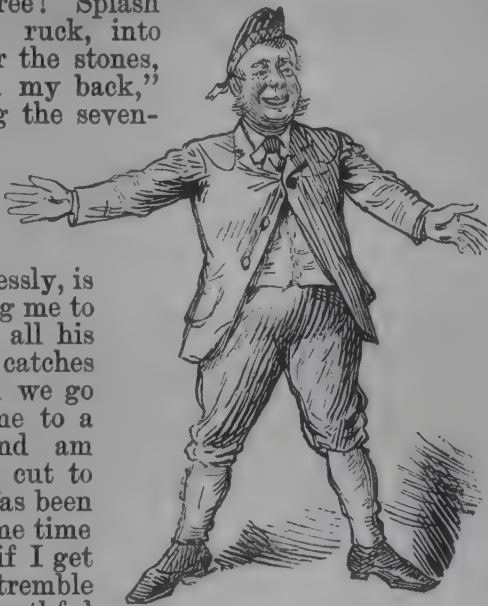
Hoorah! "*Thalatta! Thalatta!*" I mean The Road! The Road! "Let us take to the Road, Boys!" Highwayman's song in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is not exactly a road, but, when the winter is over, and it is no longer a water-course, it is evidently used as a road by the natives, who must be very easily satisfied. Small rates ought to have been charged for mending this road, and the biggest rate ever known on it is the pace at which I am going down when once fairly started.

To the astonishment of the taciturn gillie and the dismay of DUNCAN the Donkey-boy who had charge of me, I slide off the horse on to the ground, and run. They halloo to me. No—not back again—I wave my hand. They are dumfounded. I feel like a prisoner escaping; and they, as I glance back at them, look as the guardians must have looked, to whose care the historical Royal Personage was entrusted, when he said, "Good-day, Gentlemen!" and their horses being blown, galloped away in the direction of England, Home, and Beauty!

Free! Free! Free! Never again on the fifteen-hand cart-horse-pony for me. Free! Free! Free! Splash—dash—dash—into the ruck, into the muck, into the water, over the stones, whack, crack, not "down on my back," but going as if I were wearing the seven-leagued boots, until the grand perspiration effect is produced. I hear the Donkey-boy pursuing. He has been sent after me by the Laird, who, he shouts to me, breathlessly, is very angry with him for leaving me to find my way alone. But, for all his holloaing, I won't stop, and he catches me up by a short cut, and on we go together, panting, until I come to a dead stop in the valley, and am anxious to know the shortest cut to the Lodge, as the rain, which has been threatening proceedings for some time past, is beginning to fall, and, if I get wet in this fever-heat, I tremble for the consequences. The youthful gillie points out the road,—over the meadow, round by the swing-bridge. He will go there by another and a shorter route. *Allez!* On we goes again! He his way, I mine. The big rain-drops become bigger. "Speed thee on, my bonnie Shanks's mare, I have trusted thee many a time before, and will again!"

The last mile is always the longest. Then the swing-bridge—a narrow plank hung on wires—a miniature suspension Hammer-smith, swaying like a slack rope as I cross it cautiously. BLONDIN for ever! The opposite bank of the river is gained! Saved! saved! The rain! "Let it come down." And, as I quote *Macbeth*, MACBETH herself, the ever-vigilant housekeeper, sees me flying past the front-door ("You should see my coat-tails flying!"), and calls out, "Ye'll just be soaked through. I'll send you your hot water,"—and so she does; and in another half-hour I am comfortably seated in an arm-chair before the fire in the smoking-room, with a pipe and the first book I can lay my hand on, just to enjoy a quiet read and rest in the two hours that remain to me before dinner. The library here is not a large one. There are two shilling novels, *Jorrocks's Jaunts*, BRADSHAW's latest publication, and *The New Newgate Calendar*, illustrated, in two volumes. It is one of these last-mentioned that is now in my hand; and it is this that, an hour afterwards, drops with a bang on the floor, as I wake up and see D. B.'s face at the window, as he cries out,

"Here we are again! How are you?"



"Here we are again!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just finished *Mapleson's Memoirs*. Poor dear Colonel! An "old soldier" of course and yet how ill-used he must have been

by everyone. His stories are told with touching simplicity, and many would be highly amusing if the reader could only get rid of the feeling that he is listening to the lamb bleating out how he was shorn, and how the wind, always so difficult to raise, was rarely if ever tempered to his poor back.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Manager, whom Opera brought down to the floor,

Who means to come up smiling when he can, And is but looking for just one chance more.

It's a wicked and ungrateful world with which the guileless Colonel has had to deal. He cherishes the tenderest memories of his collaborator and whilom principal, the late E. T. SMITH, who was not Policeman X., but an ex-policeman, afterwards Operatic Manager, and perfectly adores the generous and sym-



Skipping over several Pages.

pathetic *Diva*, formerly La Marquise DE CAUX, now Mme. NICOLINI, and known to all the world as PATTI. If her agreements with other Managers are similar to the one published in Vol. II. of the shorn *Impresario's Memoirs*, then I pity the Operatic Managers. Of course a *Diva* has a natural and inalienable right to do the best for herself she can. There will always be somebody to take up a *Diva* like PATTI, as long as the public, generally but not always, as has been recently proved, will pay high prices to hear a brilliant singer unsupported, in preference to giving a reasonable amount for a good all-round performance. It would be worth while to compare with the Maplesonian Memoirs WILLERT BEALE's recollections, published, I think, some years ago, which told of a time when Operatic artists were a trifle more Bohemian, but infinitely more genial and obliging to their employers.

The Fourth Volume of the MARSHALL and IRVING *Shakspeare* is out. Messrs. MARSHALL and IRVING have constituted themselves

into a sort of Editorial Committee, "with power to add to their number;" and consequently several collaborators now appear on the scene whose names were not in the original cast. The notes are useful and interesting, as far as I've been able to dip into them. I anticipate much amusement from the two volumes of *Edmund Kean*, by FITZGERALD MOLLOY; also from the Autobiography of SIMS REEVES, compiled by him from his own notes. (Sitting down as Author! This is full change for a Tenor! I've another Music-Book on my desk, *Musical Memories*, by Dr. SPARK. This ought to be very light reading. I shall leave the gay SPARK for a while. If the SPARK flickers, he may be revived by a slight puff.

The *Emperor's Diary*, edited by H. W. LUCY, is just out, price one shilling, which isn't much for the Diary of an Emperor. Not

the least interesting part of this pocket-volume is the Editor's introductory remarks on the policy of Prince BISMARCK, at the same time that he sympathises with Dr. GEFFKEN, the literary and journalistic gentleman who is now in prison on the charge of having brought the Diary to light. There is a similarity between Herr Won LUCY and Prince BISMARCK, inasmuch as both have taken up a German subject, but in very different style. As BISMARCK has his spies everywhere, I should recommend Herr Won LUCY "to lay low and say nuffin" for some little time, never to go out after dusk, and in the daytime to be carefully and artistically disguised as somebody else, as LIKA JOKO for example. BISMARCK is reckless and resolute, and would think nothing of kidnapping Herr Won LUCY and incarcerating him in a dungeon quite near to Dr. GEFFKEN, beneath the Castle Moat.

So Mote-n't it
Be, says the Potentate

Who now has the honour of subscribing himself everybody's most sincerely, the Musical-Political-Artistic-and-Literary

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



Eye Opener.



Littery and Artistic.



A FLAGRANT INJUSTICE.

(The "United Service Unemployed" Club Smoking-Room. Noon.)

BEHOLD A DOZEN HONEST, ENLIGHTENED, AND ABLE-BODIED BRITONS—RETIRED GENERALS AND ADMIRALS, HALF-PAY COLONELS, SUPERANNUATED MAJORS AND CAPTAINS, NOT TO MENTION LEISURED YOUNG GUARDSMEN, ALL IN THE FULL POSSESSION OF THEIR FACULTIES—ALL BORED TO EXTINCTION (EXCEPT THOSE WHO ARE SO FORTUNATE AS TO BE FAST ASLEEP), AND ALL CRUELLY DEBARRED FROM THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING ON A JURY OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN! WHY?

LITTLE JEM'S DOOM;

OR, THE PROVIDENT PARENTS' RESOURCE.

(Brief Low-Life Tragedy, produced lately with only too much success on the stage of the Great Metropolitan Theatre.)

ACT I.—A London Slum. Rival Insurance Touts discovered, recommending the advantages of their respective enterprises to the notice of two Provident Parents.

First Rival Tout (summing up). Well, there you are. You pays a mere pittance monthly; and, if anything happens to the little one, why you has him buried respectable, with a regular first-class funeral, as should be a comfort to the feelings of a decent couple of parents like you, and quite reconcile you, so to speak, to the loss of him.

Second Rival Tout. And if you put into our concern, mind you, the money you gets more than covers the expenses. When all's paid, you'll find you've got a tidy bit over for yourselves. You might make about two pound out of it, and that ought to console you. It does most of 'em.

First Rival Tout. But we don't ask no nasty questions, you know, if so happens you have to put in your claim.

Second Rival Tout. No. If you pays your first premium to-day, and comes next week for the burial-money, we stumps up like men, we do, and don't make no fuss.

First Rival Tout. I tell you what: our concern has been a real blessin' to thousands, that it has.

Provident Male Parent (convinced). Well, there's summat in what you chaps say, and I don't mind tryin' it on Little JEM here. (*Addressing Provident Female Parent.*) What do you say, Missus? JEM has been a ailin' lately, and if he means goin', I'd like to see him shoved away proper; 'specially when there's that two pound over to be got out of the job. (*His "Missus" nods assent.*) All right, Mate, then. I'm game. Make out the ticket.

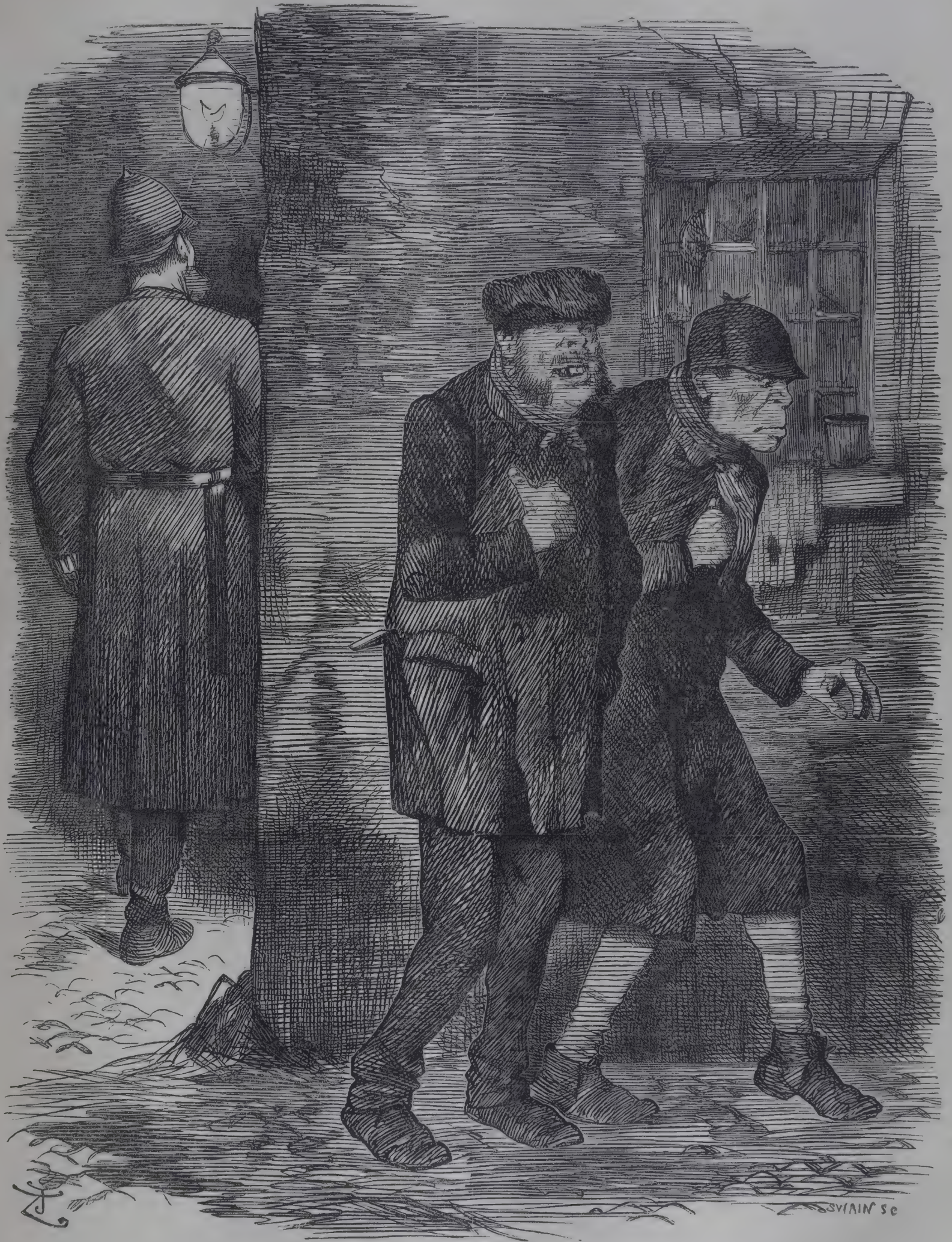
[First Rival Tout "makes out the ticket," and Little JEM's life is forthwith insured in the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association" as Act-drop descends.

ACT II.—A Coroner's Court. An Inquest has just been held on the body of Little JEM, who has recently died under somewhat suspicious circumstances. The fact that he has for some time past been gradually sinking in an ill-ventilated back room, purposely neglected by his Provident Parents, has not come out in evidence; nor has it transpired that they have familiarised themselves with the idea of his decease, and, seeing it will not only relieve them of the cost of his maintenance, but also put some ready-money into their pockets, have come to regard it as a consummation devoutly to be desired. So it has come about that though Little JEM has been deliberately done to death by his businesslike natural protectors, the verdict has not been one of Murder, or even of Manslaughter, but of "Death from Natural causes." The Coroner, however, assuring the Jury that he will see that their recommendation, that the Government should take some steps to legislate for the protection of infant life from the baneful influence of such Societies as the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association," shall be forwarded to the proper quarter, the Scene closes.

Provident Male Parent (who has received the burial-money, and is returning from the funeral, addressing his "Missus.") Well, that's done, though we ain't made quite two pound by it. Still one pound sixteen ain't bad, with little JEM out of the way, and all. (*Confidentially.*) I tell you what it is, Missus, I votes we take out a ticket for our SAL and lanky JOE. When times is black, it ain't half a bad resource. I'll just look up that Insurance chap again.

[Is left meditating "murder" as Curtain descends.

"A 'PLEASURE-HORSE' used to do double duty in former days," observed Mrs. RAM; "and for my part I regret that Wives no longer ride on pillories behind their Husbands."



WHITECHAPEL, 1888.

FIRST MEMBER OF "CRIMINAL CLASS." "FINE BODY O' MEN, THE PER-LEECE!"

SECOND DITTO. "UNCOMMON FINE!—IT'S LUCKY FOR HUS AS THERE'S SECH A BLOOMIN' FEW ON 'EM!!!"

"I have to observe that the Metropolitan Police have not large reserves doing nothing and ready to meet emergencies; but every man has his duty assigned to him, and I can only strengthen the Whitechapel district by drawing men from duty in other parts of the Metropolis."—*Sir Charles Warren's Statement.* "There is one Policeman to every seven hundred persons."—*Vide Recent Statistics.*



OUR NEW M.F.H.

Kennel Huntsman. "A MAN BROUGHT THIS HERE LAST NIGHT, BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO MESSAGE TO SAY IF IT WERE FOR RIDIN' OR BILIN'."

[Delight of our new M.F.H., Mr. Popple, who has given £40 for it to carry a Whip.]

ROBERT'S LONG WACATION.

LARST weak I told you I'd kontinuew in my nex. This is my nex and I rekummense. The nex day, it looking rayther inclined to be fine, as if the rain was beginning to get rayther ashamed of itself for doing its werry best to spile all the crops, and all surten peepel's tempers, and other peepel's best close, I perswaded my wife to go with me for a wark on the bewtiful Tems Embankment, and there we strolled about in the lovely gardins for a nour or two, and I wentured to say, as the tooth ake was much better, that the nice looking surroundins, with the River a flowing by, reminded me of that appy day in Grinnidge Park, when I arsked her to share my umbel fortunes for wheel or for wo. She was evidently pleased, and a smile lited up her ample feeters, when, as ill-luck woud have it, jest at that werry moment, down came one of them orful downpores as seems to have bin trying all this summer to beat the record, and allers succeeding.

Well, after that day's xperience, I must confess that, bewtiful as is the well kep Gardens, and the floing River, and the nice cumferal seats, the Tems Embankment is not a convenient plaice to select to be cort with your best Beloved, with jest the remanes of a bad tooth-ake, in a drenching storm of rain and thunder and litening, and with her best dress on. So we have not repeated that xperiment. The nex day we spent at the Great British Mewseum, and we both agreed that it seemed a great pittty that the Country was so werry pore that they couldn't afford to have the Stattys mended. There was several of the most bewtifullest of 'em all as had either a harm, or a leg, or an and or two, broke rite off, and one of 'em had his nose nocked rite off, and, aperiently, no attemp being maid to mend any on 'em. Them as is without heds of coarse represents peepel as was beheded afore their wariuous deaths, so the same fault cannot farely be found with them. We couldn't, neether on us, at all hunderstand why so many on 'em was not allowed to dress theirselves properly afore they had their stattys taken. Mrs. ROBERT ewen going so far as to say as she thort as sum on 'em, speshally the ladies, ort to have bin ashamed of thereselves, let alone the chance of catching werry bad colds.

Of course it rained pretty hard before we got home; but we had not werry far to go, so we did not git so werry wet this time, fort-nitly. The day after was much like the day afore, so, as I couldn't go out, I purtended to be a reading, and slep a good deal of the

time; but, when night came, we went to the Theater, so as to have a nice evening's emusement, to cheer us both hup. Ah, that was a nice evening's emusement that was!

I went carefully through the wariuous statements in the Noose-papers, and picked out a Play that as the *Times* said "thrilled the House!" and, as the *Advertiser* said, "would attract all play-goers;" and, as the *Daily Noose* said, "held the audience breathless." So off we went to the "Liesee' em," and there we sat for a hole hower a seeing sitch a xhibishun of disgusting orrers as we neether of us never seed afore and fondly opes as we shall never see no more. We couldn't stand no more of it, but went out in the middel of the werry wust part, feeling quite hill, and warked home a grumbling and a growling all the way at being so shamefoolly deseaved by the jockular papers, and wundring how any man could have taken sitch a lot of trubbel to both look and hact more like a wild beest than a man.

However, a nice little bankwet that my partner had prepaired as a surprise, and a partickler nice glass of ot Rum and water, enabled us to sup full of hoysters insted of "full of orrers," as sumbody says, and we was abel to bannish 'em from our thorts and to sleep the sleep of the hinnercent.

ROBERT.

THE COLD WEATHER HAS SET IN!—How to warm yourself. Sit near our FURNISS, when he is giving his lecture on Portrait-painting. As suitable to a wintry entertainment, the lecture is illustrated by "Slides." In spite of being near the FURNISS, the views are not dissolving; in fact our artist has positively declared that he sees no reason for changing his views.

AN IRISH DELICACY.—The Parnellite Members are declared by a contemporary to give themselves the airs of exceptional education, and delicacy of constitution. Let them, then, be so careful of their constitution, as closely to confine the pursuit of their aims and ends to constitutional methods.

INTERESTING TO GEOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL STUDENTS.—In future, no one will be eligible for the Swiney Lectureship who has not gone through a regular course of BACON.



REALISTIC.

Amateur Stage Manager (in black hat). "WE'VE SETTLED IT. WE'RE GOING TO PLAY 'THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN,' AND I'VE CAST YOU FOR MELTER MOSS—YOU KNOW, THE OLD JEW. SPLENDID PART!"

Second Amateur (in white hat). "OH, I COULDN'T DO IT, MY BOY—I SHOULD HAVE TO WEAR A FALSE NOSE!"

TWO VIEWS OF BOULOGNE.

(A Page from a Diary kept at Monte Carlo Minor.)

Monday.—Arrived by the *Mary Beatrice*, one of the best boats of the South-Eastern Railway Company. Really delightful. Breakfast in London at 8'30, catch the 9'40 Express, and be in Boulogne in time for luncheon! Everything so fresh and foreign. Glad to see the red trousers of the soldiers; and the place itself so cheery. The Casino admirable. Capital Band. Theatre, too, very amusing. Light Opera, nicely sung. Remarkably good. Seen worse things in Paris. And then the *Chemin de fer*! Of course object to gambling, on principle; but what possible harm can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and won ten by embarking my fortunes on the *blanc*.

Tuesday.—Greatly disappointed. Boulogne is not at all like what it used to be. "So English, you know." Too English, in fact, and not good English either. More like bad Bayswater. The French soldiers, too, are all undersized, and the place itself desolation in its most desolate form. Hotels closed, and houses to be let or sold everywhere. The Casino has certainly deteriorated. Band small, and not particularly skilful. Theatre pitiful. Saw some dreadful piece, in five Acts, that apparently was being played by amateurs. Most feeble performance I have ever witnessed. And then the *Chemin de fer*! I repeat, I object to gambling on principle; but granted that it is *not* wrong, what possible good can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and lost twenty by embarking my fortunes on the *rouge*.

Wednesday.—Really Boulogne improves on acquaintance. I am not surprised that some people call it "Beautiful Boulogne," the air is certainly delightful—I think finer than Brighton or Folkestone. I know others say that the place has fallen off terribly since the establishment of the so-called gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I can recall no prettier sight than the toy engine, with its model carriages, running round the track, with its piece of spring wire striking against

the brass bars, and stopping now at Brussels, now at Vienna—at one moment near the red, at the next close to the white. It is so simple, that even a child might play at it. So different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There fortunes are really lost, and suicides are of common occurrence. But at Boulogne it is merely an amusing distraction. I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly won five francs by showing a partiality to "*Londres*."

Thursday.—I am not at all surprised that some people call this place "Beastly Boulogne." It certainly deserves the name. The port at low tide is absolutely awful. No; if you want bracing air, go to Brighton or Folkestone. I am told that interested persons declare that Boulogne is growing, and owes much of its prosperity to the establishment of gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I know of no more painful sight than to watch the eager faces of the players as the monotonous model train clicks with its wire against the brass rails. The time has arrived for writing plainly. The gambling is the curse of the place. Stories are heard on all sides of money squandered and lost. The mode of playing is so simple that even a poor innocent child can risk and lose as high a stake as five francs. It is so different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There you can avoid playing if you wish, and may enjoy life at one of the loveliest watering-places in the world. But Boulogne is vastly different. A two-penny-halfpenny place, that only a few years ago was the refuge of the fraudulent bankrupt! Boulogne, indeed! And the gambling too is a hard business. It is no idle distraction. You see, day after day, men, women and children standing round the baize table losing all they have! It is a dreadful sight! A really dreadful sight! I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly lost five-and-twenty francs by plunging blindly on "*Bruzelles*."

Friday.—Most amusing. Spent a day in looking about. Went up to the Mairie to see a civil marriage. Very fine affair. Carriages and carpets. The bride a good-looking young lady, and the bridegroom decidedly *distingué*. Evidently persons of good position. People lunching at the hotel also interesting. One gentleman's face I recognised. Sure I have seen him somewhere before and under pleasant circumstances. I do not think he can be a parson, and yet he would adorn a pulpit; and that reminds me,—I wonder why the clergy fight shy of the Casino. They might do much good, I think, if they visited it more frequently. Now, for instance, they might dance occasionally at a *Bal de Famille*. Quite a nice set, some people in evening dress, and one or two wearing gloves. Had heard that the riff-raff from the fast hotels congregated at these gatherings. Not at all. I don't think so. And the games of chance. Really nothing at all. Merely a pretence at baccarat. Could not hurt anyone. As for the *Chemin de fer*, well, I can only say that I have cleared thirty francs from first to last. I am thinking of taking a deck-cabin on the *Louise Dagmar* (excellent boat, always punctual) for my passage back.

Saturday.—Well, really it is too much! Just discovered that the bride at whose civil marriage I assisted yesterday was a scullery-maid from a local restaurant! And the gentleman of prepossessing appearance who lunched at the same table with me, and who I at a first glance took for a parson, turns out to be a *croupier*! I should not have been in the least surprised to have seen him dancing at the *Bal de Famille*, if his duties had not required his attendance elsewhere. Such a *Bal de Famille*! Fishermen dancing with fisherwomen; and on my word they seemed the "best set." The rest of the company reminded me of a dull evening at the Hall-by-the-Sea. And the gambling! People writing to the papers about Monte Carlo when Boulogne is ten times as bad! Baccarat played every night and ruining scores, hundreds! As for the *Chemin de fer*, well—I can only say that I lost three hundred francs at a single sitting! I am going home at once by that nightmare of my childhood, the all-the-way-by-sea-and-river London Boat!

French Rosycrucians.

UNDER the exalted patronage of the Comtesse DE PARIS, the "Rose of France" has been adopted by the Royalists as their distinctive flower, and they have instituted among themselves a new Society, entitled, the "League of the Rose." An apt addition of the rose to the *fleur-de-lys*—a new alliance of lilies and roses. The "League of the Rose" may be considered the French counterpart of the British Primrose League. Revolutions, we know, are not made with rose-water; but the rose appears to have been appropriated to serve the purpose of a Legitimist reaction. By wearing it in their button-holes and displaying it on their banners, the confederates of the Rose League appear to have persuaded themselves that their prospects are *couleur-de-rose*.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 18.



ON THE STUMP.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Strictly speaking, the word "Mummer" cannot be applied to an Actor, and both in the title *Mummer's Wife* and in the recent article "Mummer Worship," with which Mr. IRVING "did well," though perhaps not wisely, "to be angry," the word "Mummer" is used contemptuously of the regular professional Actor. But such application shows ignorance. "*Momerie*" is defined in the best French theatrical dictionary as, "*Mascarade, bouffonnerie, déguisement de gens masqués pour aller danser, jouer, se réjouir.*" And the first Mummer was Momus, the professional jester, the Merry Andrew, the Tom Fool of the Court of King Jove "in the air, Of the skies Lord Mayor." Let those whom the Mummer's cap fits, wear it, but most certainly neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. WYNDHAM need be

hurt by anything written against Mummery and mumming. Can it be true that HENRY IRVING refused to speak at the Church Congress simply because he would have been brought in contact with Momerie in any shape? If so, it is a pity, as Momerie in his own shape at the Congress was in excellent form; and though with Momerie "Mum's the word," yet on this occasion he spoke out strongly, and did his best with "Pessimism." The Church Congress, owing to the abstention of the leading Tragedian (his health in a glass of "Pommery," which rhymes to "Momerie!"), felt some delicacy in dealing with the subject of IRVING and the Irvingites, and so let it alone. But—aha!—a time will come!

ODE TO THAT TOAD.

[A letter in the *Times* gave an account of a Toad found in a bed of clay, and supposed to have lived there since the Glacial period.]



"Owed to a Creditor."

Leave thee alone a bit, refrain from ranking
Thee with the frog-shower, fish-fall, huge sea-serpent,
And great gooseberry?

Thirty thousand years in clay? Ridiculous!
Fie on the fudge about times prehistoric!
You a survival faint from epochs glacial?
Credat Judæus!

Bet them a bob that you are no Toad-TANNER,
Foolish enough to practise secular fasting,
Cramped in a clay-cleft without worms, or nourishment
Entomological!

Man is a clayey creature, O Batrachian!
He it is who, caved in his crass credulity,
Lives through the ages a purblind existence—
Toad-in-the-hole-y!

VOCES POPULI.

AT TABLE D'HÔTE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SCENE—A long dinner-table, garnished with spiky plants languishing in their native pots. Visitors discovered consulting Wine-list, which they do with knitted brows for some minutes, and then order whiskey and soda. German Waiters get in one another's way, and quarrel in whispers. Late comers enter, either sneakingly, as if inclined to apologise to the Head-waiter, or swaggering, as if they didn't care particularly about dining, but had just looked in. Conversation is conducted in a low and decorous tone.

The Diffident Diner (to Neighbour, politely). Might I trouble you for the—ah—Mennu?

The Neighbour. Eh?

The D. D. Would you kindly pass the—er—(changes his mind about the pronunciation)—May-nu?

The Neighbour (blankly). I'm not seein' ony of it aboot here.

The D. D. I was only asking you if you could reach the—(decides to alter it once more)—M'noo?

The Neighbour. Will I rax ye the hwhat?

The D. D. (meekly). The Bill of Fare, please.

The Old Maid (to Elderly Bachelor). And what have you been doing to-day?

The Elderly Bachelor. Well, I took the train to Tay—Tay something or other—and on by coach through Glen—Glen—(gives it up)—foozle-um, to Loch—bless my soul, I shall forget my own name next!—and by the Falls of Glare? falls of Bower? (I can't remember all their confounded names!), and back by the Pass at the other end of the loch, y' know.

The O. M. A charming trip! I'm quite longing to do it myself!
Provincial Paterfamilias (across the table, to Friend). Oh, yes, I've got all my youngsters here; they like the knocking about from coach to steamer and that. I dunno that they notice the scenery much, but (tolerantly) it does 'em no 'arm!

A Pretty Sister (to Plain Ditto). JENNY, don't look that way—there's that man who sat next to us at Oban, don't you remember? I don't want to have to bow to him!

The Plain Sister. Why, FLORRIE, I thought you rather liked him! I'm sure you talked ever so much to him that evening.

The Pretty S. I know; but I shouldn't have if I'd known he was going to turn up again in this ridiculous way.

The Grumbler (who dines early when he is at home—generally on

BLAMELESS
Batrachian,
whompoeitic
fancy
Dowers with
evil gifts
and powers
sinister,
Optics of
glance ma-
lefic, labial
orifice,
Sputtering
poison!
Could not thy
kindred go-
bemouches
(far less
sensible)

chops). I give you my word I've not tasted salmon, grouse, or venison, not once all the time I've been in Scotland!

A Stout Man (sympathetically). Nor have I, Sir! That is—at the Skinfint Hotel they did give us what they were pleased to call a "Salmi of Grouse"; but what d'ye think it was, Sir?—four backs as bare as my hand—and the rest of it rabbit!

German Waiter. Vill you dake frite fish or whide fish?

The Grumbler. Oh, whichever you like! (To the Stout Man.) They put it down as "Whiting," and "Fillet of Sole," and all that—but it's never anything but fried 'adcock all the time!

The Stout Man. I'll tell you a thing that happened to me at the Haggisburgh Hotel—I asked for some marmalade at breakfast, and—you'll never guess what they brought me—treacle, Sir—as I'm a living man, they brought me treacle! [And so on ad. lib.]

The Gushing Visitor. What charming Menus—with pictures on them, too! And see, what's printed on the top: "A Gift to the Guest." I do call that so nice of them, GEORGE, don't you?

George. I do indeed, my dear. I should feel uneasy at profiting by such reckless and almost oriental hospitality, if I was not reassured by observing an advertisement of somebody's beef-tea on the back.

The Newly-Married Wife (to Husband). JACK!

Jack. Well?

N. M. W. Wasn't it idiotic of me to go and leave my umbrella behind like that?

Jack (tenderly). Not a bit.

N. M. W. JACK, I won't have you saying I'm not idiotic when I know I was. Now say I was idiotic, like a good boy.

Jack. Shan't!

The N. M. W. Then you shan't have any melted butter till you do! [Dispute lasts throughout meal, and is in danger of culminating in a serious misunderstanding, until JACK finally admits, in a very handsome manner, that perhaps she had acted rather idiotically.]

An Impressionable Tourist (to himself). What a lovely girl that is next to me—how superior she seems to all these other people! No wonder she is so silent! I must speak to her, if only to hear her voice. I'll try it—she can but snub me. (Aloud, to Fair Neighbour.) What a wonderful view you get here of—

Waiter (suddenly interposing with dishes). Gudlet or Hash Muddon?

[The Divinity appears, in the business of choosing, to have forgotten that she has been addressed; the Impressionable Tourist feels that the golden moment has flown for the present, and bides his time till the sweets appear, when she opens her lips for the first time.]

The Divinity (to her Mother, a Glasgow lady). Mammaw, aw'm say'n—they've pit tae much sugar in th' Semolina pudd'n!

[The dream fades; Impressionable Tourist decides to spend his evening in the Billiard Room as usual.]

PICTURE-GALLERIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Pictura idiotarum libri sunt; but there are idiots and idiots—the simply illiterate and the imbecile. The latter have been provided with an abundance of pictures, which, adapted to their capacities, serve them instead of books; namely, the numberless pictorial advertisements on the walls and hoardings which they can run and read. Most of these posters are calculated merely to catch the idiots' pence, but many appeal to their propensities, particularly cartoons representing scenes from revolting stories and execrable dramas. Go where they will, creatures of vile impulses and weak intellect are gratified by figures, chiefly female, falling stabbed or shot, or the victims of savage and brutal assaults and outrages, sprawling on the ground.

Is it really true that the works of High Art collected in National Galleries, and other pictorial Exhibitions of the better class, exercise an elevating influence on the minds of the people who contemplate them? Because, then it may reasonably be supposed to follow that a degrading influence is exerted by illustrations of robbery with violence, and ferocious homicide, upon beholders of the baser sort. Idiots of that description need give themselves no trouble whatever to go and see those hideous productions of the pot-boiler's paint-brush, the puffs of abominable novels and atrocious plays. The peculiar picture-galleries established to attract the multitude, stare them everywhere in the face—exhibitions on view from morning to night every day of the week, and all of them open on Sundays, when the others credited with improving the minds and cultivating the taste of the masses, are mostly closed. Supplied as the idiots are with a profusion of pictures which cannot fail to afford them diabolical suggestions, what wonder when some of them are occasioned to reduce those horrible imaginings to practice?

TO THE CITY OF LONDON (AFTER THE RECENT ACCIDENT).—"Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice!" Free translation—"If you still want the Monument, look out!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THROUGH HIS PACES.

Small Talk from Scotland Yard.

Chief Commissioner (blandly). So you want to enter the Detective Department. Well, what are your qualifications. (*Briskly, as if springing a mine on him.*) What can you do?



Brought to book.

[*Eyes him attentively.*]

Candidate (*taken aback*). Well, I can do almost anything. (*Considering.*) Leastways—anything that ain't much out of the common. (*Tentatively.*) I can ventriloquise a bit.

Chief Commissioner (*impressed*). Ha! What can you imitate?

Candidate. Well, I can do a man's voice up a chimbley, and cocks and hens, and a cove a-sawing of a beam—(*with increasing confidence*) and I can do JOE in the Copper.

Chief Commissioner (*encouragingly*). I see—a character part; and I suppose you have had some experience at Private Theatricals?

Candidate (*feeling he is getting on*). Bless you, yes, Sir, I should rather think I had. I've played *Box*, the Armed Head in *Macbeth*, and the Third Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and (*generalising vaguely*) a lot more of that kind. I'm a splendid hand at "making up," I am.

Chief Commissioner. And could no doubt undertake a Variety Entertainment. You know what I mean, don't you? You bob down behind a table every minute, change your costume, and come up as somebody else. You think you could embody various characters?

Candidate (*reflectively*). Well, Sir, I think I could,—most of 'em. Anyhow I'd try.

Chief Commissioner. Just so. (*Pauses a minute—then suddenly, as if just struck with the idea.*) By the way, are you accustomed to the management of bloodhounds?

Candidate (*hesitating*). Well, I can't say as how I've ever had much to do with them. But (*with confidence*), I knows all about beagles. But, bless you, Sir (*smiling as if at the Commissioner's fears*), I ain't afraid of the 'ounds. I'm very fond of dogs, and should soon get into their ways.

Chief Commissioner. Quite so. (*Summing up.*) Well, I don't think there's anything else. (*Struck by an afterthought.*) Wait a moment, though, I forgot. You are able to march? Know your drill, eh?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Have served in the Force?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Are well known to all the Constables?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. And (*coming anxiously to the point*) to all the thieves, pickpockets, and burglars?

Candidate (*with alacrity*). To every man Jack of 'em, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (*eagerly*). Are you sure?

Candidate (*triumphantly*). Cock sure, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (*with enthusiasm*). Then that settles it. You'll do. [*Passes him, rejoicing, into Detective Department, as scene closes.*]

VOCES POPULI.

AT SOME HIGHLAND SPORTS.

SCENE—A Glen in the North. On a rock above, the non-paying Public are perched, as a Poet present remarks, "like sea-birds." Below, an enclosure surrounded by rough seats, Local Magnates in waggonettes and dog-carts, &c. On a platform a Piper is seen strutting round, performing, with infinite satisfaction to himself, upon his instrument, while a Jury of three take notes solemnly in a tent. In an adjoining field a small party are playing football, with an ostentatious unconsciousness of any rival attraction, that is possibly due to some private pique. The Piper ceases with the weird suddenness with which he began, and marches off; a Rival Piper, in the dead silence that ensues, calls out, "Very well played, LACHLAN MACKINNON!" At which Mr. MACKINNON seems to be inwardly confounding his friend's impudence. Another Piper mounts the platform, and performs apparently the same air. Other Pipers criticise, and compare notes.

First Piper. JOHN MACPHEAIRSON played that "Shaoil a Bhodh" ferry well, but he was mekking one or two slips. He went wrong here and there—he did that.

Second Piper. Aye, he didna bring out the drone eno', to my thinking. Hoo d'ye play the "Masther o' Mar o' Shean," KENNETH MACRAE?

First P. Oo, ah, I must be thinking. (*After a silence.*) I begin it this way (*hums in Second Piper's ear, confidentially*): "Dum-

dee-ee-eee-ah-ee; ah-oo, di-doo, di-de-ee." That is how I play "The Masther," ANGUS.

Second P. I do not tek it the same way—this is mine. (*Buzzes in First Piper's ear.*) "Dee-ee, eeee, ee-ah, a-a-ah, di-doo."

First P. (*after giving the buzz careful consideration*). Yes, that iss a good way, but I wass thinking there will be more of the music in mine.

Third P. At Tobbermorry I gained first prize—I do not care who hears me—though it was only the second medal I wass getting whateffer!

Fourth P. It iss true—I was quite ashamed of the chudging myself.

Third P. Mirover, they told me I was to play anything but "Gnailibh a chéile," my favourite tune.

Fourth P. It is ill chudging when the Pipers will no be playing all the sem tune.

A Chronic Cockney (*patronising one of the Pipers*). So you 'aven't got your great man down 'ere this time—the Champion Piper, you know!

Piper (*who considers himself second to none on his instrument*). And who wass he?

The C. C. Why, SHAMUS McRANNOCH—they tell me he got all the medals at Inverness last year.

Piper (*loftily*). Did SHAMUS play the pipes? I wass not hearing of it; he puts the stone, yes, a little—and the caber, he can toss the caber, too; but I wass not effier hearing that he played the pipes.

The C. C. D'yer know 'oo's winnin' now among you pipers, eh? I suppose they give the medal to the feller who kills the most old cows. Shouldn't care about being on the Jury myself, yer know. I'd rather be set down to class the tom-cats in my back-garden at 'ome.

Piper (*politely*). You will be understanding more about the tom-cats and such things.

The C. C. I've 'eard, though, that the sound of the bag-pipes will call a dead 'Ighlander back to life—either that or the smell of whiskey—whusky, you call it, you know. But, between you and me now, you don't call that beastly row you make music, do yer—honour bright now? (*Finds the Piper has turned away; the C. C. tells a friend that he has* "Just 'ad a very pleasant conversation with one of these fellows—very intelligent chap—I like going among the natives yer know, and gettin' to understand them and that.")

The Sports proceed; the Hammer is hurled, and on one occasion causes infinite amusement to the "Sea-birds," by just missing one of the Judges. The Spectators nearest the Enclosure show a less keen sense of humour. The Caber—a rough fir-trunk, 21 feet long—is tossed, that is, is lifted by six men, set on end, and placed in the hands of the Athlete, who, after looking at it doubtfully for a time, poises it, raises it a foot or two, and runs several yards with it, after which he jerks it forward by a mighty effort so as to pitch on the thicker end, and fall over in the direction furthest from him.

A Lady Spectator (*disappointed, after a Competitor has at length succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat*). Don't they toss it any further than that?

A Native. Oh, aye, Mem. I hef tossed it three hundred feet and more myself.

The Lady. Have you, indeed—and where was that?

Native (*modestly*). Over a cliff—from the top right down to the bottom.

The "Egg and Spoon race"—a contest peculiarly characteristic of the Hardy North—is about to be run; the Competitors assemble in line, each dauntless youth holding a spoon in which an egg reposes.

Simple Little Wife. But tell me, ALFRED, what happens if one of them drops the egg?

Alfred (*readily*). Oh, he has to sit down and eat it instantly with the spoon.

Simple Little W. How curious these old Highland customs are!

The Athletic part of the Sports are over by about 4'30 P.M., and the reels and sword-dances begin. Four reels have been danced, and six sword-dances.

Mrs. Campbell, of Loch Gorrie (to Mr. SENTERBORD, who, finding that it is nearly six, and there are eight more people waiting to dance the sword-dance in turn—is retreating quietly). You really ought not to miss the Highland Fling—it comes next on the programme.

Mr. Senterbord (*departing*). Oh, I won't—I'll drop in to-morrow, after the Regatta.

Dancing continues; fourteen separate sword-dances and fifteen entries for the Fling. Local Magnates, who are not compelled by their position to remain, drive off yawning, and commending the quality of the bag-pipe playing. Magnates whose Pipers have won a medal receive congratulations suspiciously from London friends. Outside the grounds, other fine old Highland Sports "Putting the Cocoa-Nut," "Glass bottle and Steamed Egg stalking," and "Trying the Weight," are now in full swing. Highlanders "left Sporting."

AGRICULTURE'S LATEST RÔLE.

(A Buxclie Ballad, with a Borrowed Refrain, Dedicated to the British Dairy Farmers' Association.)

LINLEY SAMBOURNE

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty Maid?"
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I'm going a-milking, Sir;" she said;
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "For times are bad, and the farm don't pay.
 'Tis Pasture v. Arable, so men say,
 If still I'd be prosperous this is the way.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I'm tired of corn-growing that brings little
 cash,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

The old business of Ceres seems going to smash.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Free Trade and the Yankee have finished her
 clean.
 From furrow and sheaf there seems little to
 glean,
 From ploughed land to pasture I'm changing
 the scene.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I hope you'll allow I look fetching like this,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

A Dairymaid's dress suits me sweetly, I wis.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Just twig my short petticoats, look at my pail!
 The bards are all ready a Milkmaid to hail!
 I mean making prettiness pay,—shall I fail?
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "You've been to the Dairy Show, Sir, have
 you not?
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Those churners competitive were a sweet lot.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)



IS DETECTION A FAILURE?

In the interests of the Gutter Gazette and of the Criminal Classes, the Sensational Interviewer dogs the Detective's footsteps, and throws the strong light of publicity on his work. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Detection should prove a failure.

Miss HOLMES, and Miss KEEL, and Miss BARRON, who won,
Seemed not a bit fagged when the business was done.

I'm sure Butter-making looks capital fun.

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

"Then Cheese! Good old Cheshire and Cheddar, I hope,

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

With Gruyère and Camembert shortly will cope,

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

Why, why should the foreigner be all the go?

No, Cheshire and Wiltshire will struggle, I know;

I'll back them to beat GORGONZOLA & Co.!

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

"In addition to these, there be poultry and eggs;

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

They will set Agriculture again on her legs;

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

But "Milk from the Cow" is the thing that will pay

(Ask the Marquis of BRISTOL, and Earl GALLOWAY),

And that's why I'm going a-milking to-day."

(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.—From *The Musical World* (whose critic by the way politely observes that it would be "ungracious to quarrel" with the Savoy librettist for calling his plot "new and original" after taking its essence from *Maritana*,—but would it have been "ungracious to quarrel" with SULBERT had the Opera been by two writers called SULBERT and GILLIVAN?) we learn that SULLIVAN's *Mikado* is now being performed daily at a Danish Circus at Stockholm. "No words are given," but it is "acted and danced." Of course it is unprecedentedly successful. Why not try this plan on alternate nights with the *Beefeater's Bride*; or *W. S. Merryman and his Merrytana*? The arrangement would draw enormous houses, consisting of those who, having once heard the words and music together, would like to hear again and again Sir ARTHUR's charming melodies alone, and see the pretty dresses and the *mise en scène*.

PLAY-TIME IN THREE PLACES.

BEFORE this appears, M. MAYER will have commenced his season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre. Those who know HALÉVY's delightful book *L'Abbé Constantin*, will be curious to see what kind of a play it makes. Certainly, if closely adapted, and if the actors enter into the spirit of the original work, it should be an exception to the majority of French pieces, which are forbidden fruit to the "young person," and can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who can honestly adopt CHARLES LAMB's view of the Comic dramatists and the actors of the Restoration. M. HALÉVY has done much to atone for the brutal materialism of Zola-esque literature with his perfectly pure and thoroughly natural characters in the story of *L'Abbé Constantin*. The best specimen of M. HALÉVY's cynical humour is his *M. et Mme. Cardinal*. In his tenderness, his human sympathies, his searching analysis of character, his sarcasm, and his cynicism, M. HALÉVY seems to me to approach nearer to THACKERAY than any other French author I can call to mind. He has the advantage over THACKERAY in being also a dramatic author, though I think his most successful pieces have been in collaboration with M. MEILHAC and others, as it usually takes from two to five French authors to make a play of any sort, even an ordinary farce. In this instance, M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY's story has been dramatised by MM. CRÉMIEUX et P. DECOURCELLES.

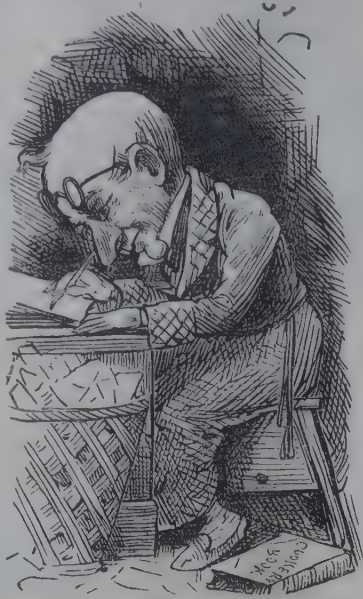
"*The Jodrell (late Novelty) Theatre*" was announced to open this evening. *The Jodrell (late Novelty)* is not a good title for a Theatre. When a Novelty is late, it is no longer a novelty. This theatre ought soon to be in vogue as curiosity may at first be aroused by some one at a dinner-party inquiring of a friend across the table, "Are you going to *The Jodrell* to-night?" or "Come to *The Jodrell*!" or "Shall we *Jodrell* together this evening?" *Jodrell* is a good word, and may be used as a verb, as the Germans use "jodel."

Fancy a theatre called after the excellent Earl of SHAFTESBURY! A new meeting-house, a novel Exeter Hall, yes;—but a theatre! I should as readily have imagined a French Theatre called after BOSSUET, or an English one after JEREMY COLLIER. But as some one has somewhere said before, and more than once, I believe, "What's in a name?"

JACK IN THE BOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At a time when more or less nonsense is talked and written about the status of the Actor,—recently rather MOORE than less,—Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY'S *Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean* will interest a large number of readers on and off the stage. I should be inclined to say that EDMUND KEAN was the greatest histrionic genius the English Stage ever saw, not excepting DAVID GARRICK. There seems to have been no single department of his art in which he did not excel. He had a strong sense of humour (in which the KEMBLEs were deficient), he could execute acrobatic feats, was an excellent mimic, could play pantomime, could burlesque tragedy, could sing, play, dance, fence, excite laughter, inspire terror, draw tears, and extort enthusiastic applause from most unsympathetic and occasionally antagonistic audiences. He conquered all along the line. As for "social status," he could have been whatever he liked to be, a peer among peers, had that been his desire; but he was what he chose to be, and what at last he despised himself for being.



"Social Status," forsooth! What is "Status"? The answer will be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*, where you will learn the status of everybody, from the highest rank down to a cab-rank. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus." Conventionality is the sworn foe of genius. Real genius cannot rest satisfied with humdrum middle-class respectability. Poor KEAN! A staunch loyal friend, a wilful man of generous impulses, lavish with boon companions, but mean where love and duty demanded generosity, the self-indulgent victim of a designing woman and her highly respectable husband, pelted, hooted, broken by disease and intemperance,—what a finish to a brilliant career!

Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY is an impartial biographer, neither uselessly blaming, nor needlessly moralising, but writing with charitable sympathy for the human errors of the man, and with honest scorn for the Pecksniffian Pharisee, who cannot understand genius, and is quite as unable to imagine, as he is unwilling to make allowances for, the dangers which beset the path of any public favourite, especially that of an extraordinary histrionic genius. "Alas, poor King of shreds and patches!"

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

DUE NORTH.

Excursion to a Waterfall—The Wicked Uncle's Strange Story.

Next Morning.—Rain, and occasionally half-hours with the best sunshine. Good Aunt and young ladies have driven off to pay a few neighbourly calls within a radius of fifteen miles or so, do a little shopping,—no matter how bare the village, where there are ladies there is always shopping—and lunch out. Wicked Uncle feeling a bit rheumatic, says that as I am not accompanying the shooters, he will show me a beautiful Waterfall, not a very great distance off. It is so damp and cold that I propose taking the least drop possible of whiskey before we start. Wicked Uncle negatives the proposal with prompt decision. I agree with him, and totally abstain. We start, carrying macintoshes and umbrellas. From talking about sport we get to scenery: from scenery to the extent of the Laird's property: from this to a comparison with other big properties: and finally, by a very easy and natural transition, we arrive at the vast estates of which the Wicked Uncle would now be the proud possessor, as I understand him, but for the machinations of the Machiavelli in petticoats, whom I have heard "D. B." irreverently term "MARY Queen of Squats." For this unfortunate sovereign the Wicked Uncle cannot find epithets sufficiently insulting. Hitherto I have imagined myself pretty well posted up in the history of this ill-used lady, whom I have always championed as a victim, if not a martyr. But the Wicked Uncle throws an entirely new side-light on MARY's character. He speaks with the conviction of a contemporary who had known her personally, and who had suffered a great wrong at her hands, which he is in a position to prove up to the hilt. It is curious too, that in his narrative he brings in scarcely one well-known historical name. I listen with momentarily increasing interest to the commencement of his story when the Wicked Uncle suddenly stops near a small inn, and observes that he is not quite sure if there isn't a shorter cut to the Waterfall than the road we are taking. He will "inquire within." We enter.

"Mornin'," he says, addressing a very youthful bar-maiden, who smilingly returns, "Good morning, Mr. FRASER," and immediately

pours out a small measure of whiskey, empties it into a tumbler, and pushes the water towards the Wicked Uncle. "Will you?" he asks, hesitatingly. It is my turn to decline with thanks. He drinks it off, observes that this will make him feel a little less chilly, and adds that he was wrong to have refused it at starting. Then as he is leaving I remind him that he hasn't asked the shortest way to the Waterfall.

"Oh," he replies, "I think I remember it."

And as we resume our walk, I ask him to go on with his narrative, in which I am already deeply interested, not so much on his behalf, as for the sake of the good name and reputation of MARY Queen of Squats.

"My ancestor," the Wicked Uncle recommences in a gloomily-confidential manner, his countenance flushing slightly with the air and exercise; "my ancestor was Sir WERDIE FRASER, of Kantork, the Master of the Sentences in the Scotch Chancellerie, you know—he was the FRASER, you may remember, who threw himself across the doormat, and declared that if they wanted to get at the Queen, it must be over his body—you recollect, of course—"

I have a vague recollection of some incident of this sort, and so reply, "Yes, yes," and he continues, "Well, he was the descendant of WERDIE of the Whirlpool."

"Why Whirlpool?" I ask.

"Because," answers the Wicked Uncle, somewhat testily, as if annoyed at my ignorance, "he lived in a castle where no one could get at him without crossing a whirlpool"—(I am satisfied)—"and he refused to pay the Queen a road collop."

I do not like to irritate him by inquiring what a "road collop" may be, and so nod my head as a sign of intelligent assent which seems to relieve his mind of some considerable load as he quickens his step, and proceeds with his narrative in a more cheerful tone.

"A road collop, to which she was no more entitled than you are. So from that minute she hated him. MARY never forgave, you know"—(I was not aware of this, but I think it safer not to dispute the assertion)—"and she was determined to take it out of him somehow; and, by Jove, she did. And," he adds, bitterly, "our family lost about a hundred thousand pounds by it."

"How?" I ask, stopping to put on my macintosh, as the rain is beginning again.

"How!" returns the Wicked Uncle, sarcastically; and then, suddenly changing his tone, he says, "It's such a nuisance walking in macintoshes. We'd better take shelter in here." And I follow him up a narrow path to a small cottage, over which there is a board with the intimation that Mrs. M'CLEAN is licensed to sell spirits. "Mornin', Ma'am," says the Uncle, politely.

"It's a wee bit moist," observes the dame, returning his salutation, and forthwith produces a whiskey-bottle, two glasses, and a jug of water. I sip mine. The Uncle, complaining of rheumatism in the left arm, which he can scarcely lift, he says, and which is evidently quite different to the other, which he can lift easily, disposes of his "wee drappit" at a draught; and, as I walk to the window to watch the weather, I fancy he repeats the dose. The rain ceases, and once more we are on our road.

"Are we near the Waterfall?" I ask him.

"The Waterfowl?" he asks; and for the moment he appears quite oblivious of the main object of our walk. Then, as if suddenly recalling it, he answers somewhat indistinctly, "Oh, yes,—we're quite near now,—there's a short cut somewhere off this road."

"Good," I return, not feeling such perfect confidence in the Wicked Uncle's topographical knowledge as I did at starting. "And now, what had MARY Queen of Scots to do with your losing the property?"

He walks a little slower, and regards me fixedly, as if failing to comprehend the exact bearing of my question. I repeat it, and remind him at the same time at what point of his story he had arrived.

"Ah!" he says, "Yes!"—as if the whole narrative were once more coming back to him more vividly than ever. Then he mutters vindictively, "MARY was a bad 'un,—a regular right down bad 'un."

"But," I ask, being unwilling to contradict him until I have heard what ground he has for the assertion, "what did she do to WERDIE of the Whirlpool?"

"What!" he exclaims, hotly. "She fascinated him. He fell in love with her, deserted his wife and children, made over all his estates to her. She gammoned him into a marriage. They were privately married in Scoop Castle—"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" I cannot help protesting, "what proof can there be of this?"

"Proof!" he exclaims, stopping still. "Proofs! We have the documents in our family. There are whole roomfuls of old papers. When the wretched creature had got all she wanted out of him, she was afraid of his betraying her, and so she had the poor devil stabbed in several places at once, and when he was on his death-bed some old abbot or monk wrote down the story as it came from the dying man's lips, when the whole truth came out."

"What became of the document?" I ask, intensely interested.

"We've got it somewhere. I remember my father and grandfather talking about it. It's in an old house belonging to our family—" Here he stops and stretches out his stick as if making a point. "The Waterfall's up there," and he indicates a path through the garden of a pretty little hostelry which calls itself "The Falls Hotel."

A tidy landlady appears at the door.

"Mornin', Mrs. BRAITHWAITE!" says the Wicked Uncle.

"We've still got some of that old whiskey you used to be so fond of, Sir," says the tidy landlady, by way of reply.

"Have you?" he returns. "Ah—well," he says, looking at me, "we must taste that. It's no use trying to get to the Waterfall to-day," he says, looking at his watch; "Must back t' Lunch," and he takes down the nip with real relish. We bid the tidy landlady good-bye. When we are about a hundred yards down the road the Uncle discovers that he has left his umbrella behind. He won't be a minute; only just back to Mrs. BRAITHWAITE'S. In something under a quarter of an hour he returns. He seems to walk with some difficulty. This he attributes to rheumatism.

On our way home he is less communicative than he was. He seems to regret having confided to me his family grievance. I ask him why he doesn't publish the family documents? I remind him of the existence of the Old Manuscripts Commission, and point out how valuable these documents in the possession of his family would be. "Think," I say to him, "of the new light these papers would throw on the controversy as to the truth about MARY Queen of Scots." But the Wicked Uncle preserves a dogged silence. Once he mutters bitterly, "What's—doose—use—now?" After a time he uses strong language about MARY Queen of Scots, then he relapses into silence, and, with his head bent, he either seems to be carefully watching his feet, or to be walking in his sleep.

We walk on, but our pace is delayed by the Wicked Uncle, who insists on carefully picking his way so as to avoid the slosh and mud, in which, however, he is not signally successful, as any effort to keep clear of a puddle on his right sends him into another on his left. On every occasion he exclaims, in the most good-natured tone possible, "Bless the Queen!" a formula which he uses as a substitute for more forcible language. Whether he is blessing MARY Queen of Scots, or our own Gracious Sovereign, I haven't an idea, but he is no longer stern and vindictive; and when I try to introduce afresh the subject of "road collops," WERDIE'S last dying speech and confession, the Old Manuscript Commission, and the search into his historical papers, he only stares at me with a blank expression, shuts his eyes, opens them, and says in a tone of helpless resignation, "What's—doose—use?"

We reach the house. Long after luncheon time. The Wicked Uncle begs me to "'scuse him a minute as must write a port'nt ler." Neither ladies nor shooters have returned. The attentive butler has kept luncheon hot for anyone who may come in. No sign of Wicked Uncle. I finish lunch. In the library (not the bookshelves in the smoking-room where the literature is limited to the *New Newgate Calendar*, *Illustrated*, and one or two other books already specified), I find *Robertson's Scotland* in ten volumes. I examine the index, and retire to our bachelors' quarters in the Annexe with several of them. Now I will read up the subject, and refute the story I've heard this morning. I sit down with note-book, pens, ink, and paper. Light pipe. Storm. Afternoon becoming darker. Candles necessary: I am still at work on the subject (not having yet come across any mention, even in the earliest history, of WERDIE of the Whirlpool), when I hear a loud shout, much laughter, then the watch-cry of the Lochglennie Clan, "How are you?" and my door is opened by D. B., who exclaims:

"How are you? What have you been doing with the Wicked Uncle?"

"Nothing," I protest. "Why?"

"Because," says the Laird, with a quiet chuckle, "when the housemaid went to light the fire in the smoking-room, she found him fast asleep in the waste-paper basket."

"I know," says D. B. to me, "he's been telling you all about WERDIE and MARY Queen of Scots, and he always finishes like that. He's all right now. How are you?" and off they go to their dressing-rooms.

I read no more of *Robertson's Scotland*, and shall not write to the Secretary of the Old Manuscripts Commission.

"OH, MY DEAR MUMMY!"—In last September's Number of *The Universal Review* there was an article on "Mummer Worship," and in the October issue there is a graceful and witty poem by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, which might be called *Mummy Worship*, as it is addressed to a pair of old slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition. Perhaps they were CLEOPATRA'S. Certes, Sir EDWIN, that female sarpint was a slippery sort of person. The pictures, signed "J. B. P.," possess more than artistic merit, as they exactly illustrate the poem without departing one iota—or rather one "Delta"—from this dream of Old Nile.

IMMORTALITY INDEED!!

LORD RONALD GOWER, it is said, "has been at work for twelve years" on a statue of SHAKSPEARE, which has now been presented to



Lika Joko's idea of the Gower Shakspearian statue after reading the *Times* report.

the town of Stratford-on-Avon. SHAKSPEARE, says the description of it in the *Times*, "is here represented as seated, with a quill in his right hand." How original! how clever! in his right hand! not behind his ear, or in his mouth, but absolutely in his right hand, as he must have actually used it, unless he were left-handed. And to think that the renowned sculptor was only twelve years over this great design!! Well, well!! Wonders of genius will never cease.

The description goes on—"his left carelessly thrown over the back of a chair"—how graceful! how natural! "Care-

lessly," you'll observe—"and holding a roll of manuscript." Now who but a born genius would ever have dreamt of representing SHAKSPEARE in such an attitude, and with these properties, "a pen in his right hand," and a "roll of manuscript in his left." What perfect symbolism! "Beneath him," continues the description—but there, what matters what is "beneath him?" Suffice it that there are figures of *Lady Macbeth*, *Falstaff*, *Hamlet*, and *Prince Hal*. Then there are "comic and tragic masks"—here's original symbolism for you!—and there are "pilaster angles," and "astragal entablature." We wouldn't have had it without these last not for worlds. Then there are "emblematical plants, fruit, and flowers cast in bronze."

"The monument," says the reporter, proudly, "has been presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Association by Lord RONALD GOWER, and its value is estimated at several thousand pounds." Crafty reporter! "Estimated," indeed! By whom? By Lord RONALD? At how much? "Several thousand pounds." Nonsense!—much under the mark—say "millions." But then, why millions? "A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever"—and is priceless. After the luncheon, that Past Master of post-prandial oratory, and himself no mean sculptor, Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, in his happiest vein, proposed "The Immortal Memory of SHAKSPEARE," but not (at least according to the report), "coupled with the name of the eminent Sculptor, Lord RONALD GOWER." As Parisians now possess a statue of the "Divine WILLIAMS," can anything more be done to prevent Englishmen forgetting SHAKSPEARE? No. The Bard has been chiselled by Lord RONALD GOWER, and his Immortality is at last assured.

TO THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM.

You've come then, brother Mao-
At us to have a shy, [ris,
And if we'd guard our glories,
We'll have to mind our eye.
Our camp you seem to flurry,
And stir its calm content;
You've flabbergasted Surrey,
And scrumpled Kent!

Your kicking, brother Maoris,
Has given us the kick;
You're well matched all, well
"on the ball," [quick.
And strong, and straight, and

By Jove, this is a rum age,
When a New Zealand team
Licks BULL at goal and scrum-
mage!
It beats MACAULAY'S dream.

You're welcome, brother Maoris,
Here's wishing you good luck!
With you there pace and power is,
And skill, and lots of pluck.
A trifle "rough." Why, just so!
But that you'll mend, no doubt,
And win, all Sportsmen trust so,
In many a friendly bout.



WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

THE REASON JONES DOESN'T MARRY (SO HE SAYS) IS NOT THAT HE LACKS EITHER THE MEANS OR THE OPPORTUNITY—IT IS BECAUSE HE IS OF AN EXTREMELY DOMESTICATED NATURE, AND LIKES TO SPEND HIS EVENINGS AT HOME.

WAITING HIS "TURN."

Bou langer, the "Café Chantant St. Arnaud," at the wings, loquitur:—

ALL very well, *mon vieux*! Congratulations
Shower upon you from the house all round.
You fancy this the finest of ovations,
And feel a thrill of triumph, I'll be bound.
But stay awhile! I dog you like grim fate;
And all things come to him who will but wait.

Bow! bow! The *bouquets* and "*Bis! bis!*" seem glorious,
E'en when they come from rustic hands and throats:
Your well-drilled *claque* is getting quite uproarious;
Vociferations though are not quite votes.
This hurricane of *bravas*! wild and windy,
What is it but what coarse JOHN BULL calls "*shindy*."

Mere *charivari*, very little meaning,
Cher "*Faute-de-mieux*"! A truly happy *nomen*,
In which, though your conceit is overweening,
You must, methinks, detect a fateful omen.
You're but a stop-gap Star, man, after all;
And when I rise upon them, you will fall.

Your Song! Mere clap-trap smooth and noisy clatter;
In a good house it scarce would get a hand.
And as for your stale "*business*" and poor "*patter*,"
Those who applaud them do not understand.
Oh yes, bow, smirk, my CARNOT, swallow praise
Whilst you can get it; 'tis a passing craze.

My "*turn*" will come, and my new song, "*Revision*,"
Will bring the house down in a sort of style
Shall make you a mere memory of derision;
So at your fleeting triumph I can smile.
Why, in its fullest flush my presence stings;
I caught that furtive look towards the wings!

I am your *atra cura*, and you know it.

Ask FLOQUET! Such tame trash invites its doom.

You want a *chic* composer and a poet,

Whose verse can make the People thrill—Bim! Boom!

I know the trick of it, I'll make them burn,

Flare, flame, explode! I only wait my "*turn*"!

MOST UNWARRENTABLE!

THE attack on Sir CHARLES WARREN. Those who join in blood-hounding him down must be interested in renewing the scenes of riot and disorder in Trafalgar Square with which Sir CHARLES dealt most effectively. The Police Force requires strengthening, and Sir CHARLES is perfectly alive to the fact. What on earth can it matter if, in number, our Police compare favourably with the Police force at Constantinople, or St. Petersburg, or Vienna, or Jericho, if we have not sufficient Police to protect life and property in the Metropolis? The Londoner may say,—

"What care I what force there be
In Jerusalem or Amerikee,
If there aren't enough for me

In London?"

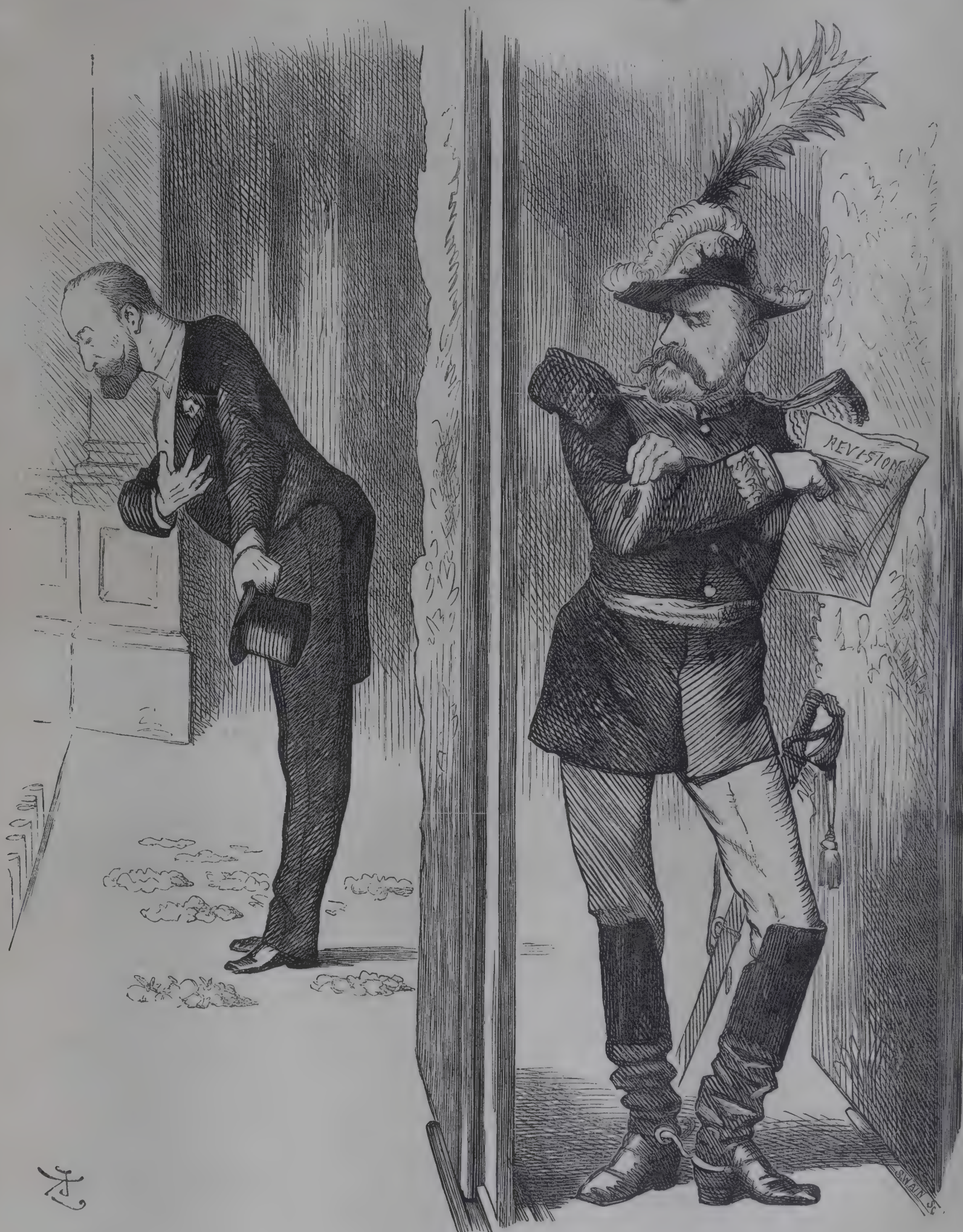
Socialistic sensational Journalists and rowdy demagogues would like to see the Police Force reduced to one in every two thousand, until they fell to fighting among themselves, when they would be the first to yell out "*Police!*" and scream for the intervention of the enfeebled arm of the law.

Nursery Rhyme for Young Italy, Oct. 12.

THE King in the Quirinal,
Feeling very funny;
The Kaiser in a parlour,
Tired after journey.

The Pope was in the Vatican,
Looking at his shoe;
Up comes the Emperor,
And says, "*How d'ye do?*"

"SAVOY FARE."—Couplets à la Gilbert sauce Sullivan. N. B.—At this House of Call for the Public, the dinners are always à la Carte.



WAITING HIS "TURN."

THE "CAFÉ CHANTANT ST. ARNAUD." "ALL VERY WELL—'FAUTE DE MIEUX'!—BUT WAIT TILL THEY HEAR
MY NEW TOPICAL SONG, 'REVISION' THAT'LL FETCH 'EM!!"

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.



A SHORT ACT OF PARLIAMENT IS PASSED, PROVIDING THAT NO MAN SHALL BE ALLOWED TO OCCUPY THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS UNTIL EVERY LADY IS SEATED.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, in his "Reply," has performed an eminently successful operation on the German "Doctor Wasps." He has taken the sting out of their tales.

CALLING TO MIND AN OMISSION.

AN evening paper, last week, filled several columns of its pages with a list of the robberies that have taken place of late in various parts of London. One entry was to the effect that twelve months back, a bottle of lozenges was stolen from the shop of a chemist, and there were other announcements of equally startling importance. Strange to say there was no reference to the disappearance of brains some years ago from the office of the paper in question—from the Editor's room—brains that seemingly have not since been recovered.

Conundrums.

No. 1.—Of what use was VINCENT HOWARD in the Detective Department?

No. 2.—Of what use is he anywhere?

* * A prize will be given for a moderately satisfactory solution of either of the above conundrums.

HEIGHO, BACCHE!—In the *Times*, last Friday, its Correspondent at Vienna wrote, under the heading, "AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:"—

"The vintage has begun all over the Empire, but the wine will be everywhere poor in quality, and not much in quantity. There never was within living memory such a bad year for vines."

This is bad for Austria-Hung'ry, but it's worse for Austria-Thirsty.

"WHAT IS WORN" is the title of an article on Fashion in the *Daily News*. "I can answer the question, 'What is Worn,'" writes a Constant Non-subscriber, signing "IMPY Q-NIOUS." "My last two winters' overcoat is worn—very much worn. So much so, that I can't wear it out."

THE DETECTIVE'S RESCUE.

Brief Libretto of the Day, recently set to Popular Music.

The Scene represents an Enchanted Hall in the Palace of the Demon of Sensationalism. A Dismayed Detective discovered, hotly pursued by a miscellaneous crowd of Sensation-mongers, Prominent Members of the Criminal Classes, Sub-Editors of Daily Papers, Anonymous Correspondents, Loafers, Idlers, and others. On the Curtain rising he covers before them, as they crowd round him, threateningly singing the following chorus—

CHORUS.

MISCREANT! Caitiff! thus around thee
Closing, glibly we confound thee!
Thou must feed the morbid hunger
Of the grim Sensation-monger.
Tell us then what thou art doing,
What and whom art thou pursuing?
Quick! Give details! No delay!
Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

Good people, surely you'll reflect
My work is simply to detect.
And how can I my object gain
If I my methods must explain?
It certainly would not be wise
To tell my plans,—drop my disguise.

A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASSES (*con fuoco*).

What! Would you gag the Daily Papers,
That tip us your Detective capers?
Why! how could coves like us find out,
Without 'em, just what you're about?

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.

And how could I my fancies air,
And help to feed the daily scare?

How pen my rubbish without stint,
And see myself set up in print?

A SUB-EDITOR OF A DAILY PAPER.
And how could I material waste
Which tickles so the public taste?
(*Advancing on Dismayed Detective.*)
So tell me what you mean to do,
What course you purpose to pursue.
I care not how the wind I raise
So that I feed the public craze!

CHORUS (*threateningly*):

Answer! Give the information
We are craving for sensation.
Quick! The details! No delay!
Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

And they would force me to reveal
The very facts I should conceal!
There's no escape. Else would I fly!
Will no one give me help?

[*Enter a Chief Commissioner.*]

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Yes, I?

CHORUS (*falling back*).

Sir CHARLES himself! What can he have
to say?

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Attend! I'll sing you my official lay.

Song.

When tracking some terrible crime,
For a moment the force seems at fault,
And Justice appears for a time
To be baffled, and beaten, and halt.
When no clue on the surface is seen,
And the trail is obscure and effaced,
Do you think the Detective's so green
As to let you know all he has traced?
Surely, goodness alone knows what next
you'll expect!

You forget a Detective is meant to detect.

So it isn't by showing his hand,
Or supplying the needs of the Press
With a sketch of the scheme he has plann'd,
That his efforts he'll crown with success;
But by keeping the threads that he's got
To himself, careful no chance to miss.
Well, he tracked out the dynamite plot—
Ten to one he'll make something of this!
But that you'll share his confidence, pray
don't expect.

Bear in mind a Detective is meant to detect!

CHORUS.

We like not your official lay,
And heed no word of what you say.
Fit but, with your blockhead Force,
Crowds to drive from Charing Cross.
Military Martinet,
We'll be even with you yet!
Thus your dictum we oppose.
(*They seize the Dismayed Detective.*)
What you're up to, quick, disclose!

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Release him! (*Waves truncheon.*) For I
summon thus a power [cower!
Beneath whose gaze a crew like you will
[*The Scene opens at back, and reveals the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion surrounded by a halo of moderate light. She extends her wand, when all the Chorus shrink back dazed, leaving the Dismayed Detective, who approaches her gratefully, in the centre of the Stage.*]

CHORUS (*shuddering as they retreat*).

Baffled! who will feed the hunger
Of the balked Sensation-monger?
Still, whate'er the world may say,
We'll keep up our blatant bray!

[*They cower lower and lower, slinking away, while the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion smiles faintly on the Chief Commissioner and the Dismayed Detective as the Curtain slowly descends.*]

ANTICIPATIONS OF NEXT LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



["The Lord Mayor Elect wishes the Procession to be worthy of the occasion, and the Corporation of London. He is opposed to the introduction of the Circus element and allegorical display, which accord neither with his own taste, nor, in his opinion, with the dignity of the City."—*Vide the Papers.*]

THE Fathers of the City were seated in the Council Chamber, engaged in a deep consultation. It was within measurable distance of the Ninth of November, and consequently the Lord Mayor shortly was to proceed in state from London to Westminster.

"This is a more than usually interesting occasion," observed one of the Fathers, gravely. "It is possible that we may never have another Lord Mayor,—leastways, not the likes of them as we have had."

"'Ear, 'ear!" murmured an Alderman of the old school, who had passed the chair.

"And this being so," continued the other, "I hope, I do hope, that the Show will be worthy of the event. For instance, I trust, I do trust, that the City Marshal will be seen a-riding in front of it all, a-mounted on horseback?"

"My objection to the Circus element has become historical," returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with considerable dignity.

"And I do beg," continued the Alderman, ignoring the interruption, "that we shall have the men-in-armour. I may say that without the men-in-armour the day would go for nothing. The Missus—I should say my Lady wife—and the young 'uns like to see the ancient knights, and without them the day would go for nothing."

"Don't say that," remonstrated an Alderman, thin and smart, with a *pince-nez*, of the new school. "You are forgetting the banquet. You can't say a day which gives you a fair *menu* goes for nothing. *C'est blague, mon cher*; or, as we used to say at the dear old 'Varsity, *garrula lingua nocet*!"

Then came a chorus of the discontented. They followed one another like a chime of bells.

"Yes, but how about the ancient knights—are we to have any men-in-armour?"

"And surely we are not to be cut out of our banners?"

"And the fire-engines—ain't we to have any of them?"

"And I do like to see a Life-boat. It gives such a benevolent air to it all, you know."

"And the Rangers—them with the guns—what about them?"

"The procession will worthily represent the dignity of the City of London," replied the Lord Mayor Elect, evasively.

"Yes, we know all that," observed another Alderman, rather coarsely, "and that the surplus saved out of the Show is to be given to a charity. But what is the Show to be like? Ain't we going to have any gals in tights seated on globes as Britannia, and all that sort of thing?"

"I am not very fond of the allegorical."

"Oh, gammon!" continued the critical Corporationist. "Let the young 'uns have a chance. If it ain't too late, why not have a giraffe or a couple of elephants from the Zoological Gardens?"

"Gentlemen," returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with dignity, "believe me, I am not unmindful of the importance of the Metropolis of the World. I believe you will find that the Procession will uphold by its magnificence the best traditions of this great centre of civilisation."

And amidst some sounds of dissatisfaction, the meeting dissolved.

When he was alone, the future Chief Magistrate of the City of London knitted his brow in the profoundest thought.

"What shall I do?" he murmured. "They are never satisfied! Have I not selected a West-End Coachmaker? Have I not contrived a card of invitation that should provoke the admiration of the whole of the civilised world? What more would they have? May I not give up the cumbersome Beadles, the useless Commissionnaires? And forsooth, the Procession—the real Procession—with myself in a brougham, and the City Marshal on the box—is not sufficiently ornate for them! Well, I must contrive something better—something that by its splendour shall catch the fancy of the ground-lings."

And so late into the night and far into the early morning the Lord Mayor Elect pondered. Day was breaking when, with a shout of triumphant joy, he jumped to his feet.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, "I have it! Splendour without vulgarity! Comfort and dignity! I have found the happy mean."

A fortnight later all London was anxiously waiting the approach of the annual Procession. It came. But to describe it the pen fails. And that being the case (as will be seen by the sketch above) resort has been had to the Artist's pencil.



"NUMBER ONE!"

The Squire (to Northern Farmer). "THE DAY DOESN'T LOOK VERY PROMISING, HUTCHINSON. WHAT DOES YOUR WEATHER-GLASS SAY THIS MORNING?" *Mr. H.* "I'VE NO LOOKIT AT THE GLASS TO-DAY, SIR. I GOT ALL MY HAY IN YESTERDAY!"

CAVE CANEM!

(A Page from a Diary kept in the Neighbourhood of Whitehall.)

8 A.M.—Up early to visit Hyde Park, where I want to test the value of some bloodhounds as applied to the discovery of crime. Make the acquaintance of two full-grown brutes, who examine my boots with suspicion. I am glad on the whole that they are under restraint. It is suggested that they should hunt me. Cannot very well refuse, but would far rather have left that sort of thing to an Assistant-Commissioner. However, not to be done. Half of them recently resigned, remainder (lazy people!) no doubt still comfortable in bed. Never can teach my subordinates the value of early rising!

9 A.M.—Just reached the Powder Magazine. Had to run for my life. For the moment have distanced the bloodhounds. Inspected the sentry, and got him to give me over his orders. Quite right; no smoking to be allowed within ten yards of the gunpowder—very proper precaution. A careless smoker, throwing away a lighted lucifer, might set the place on fire. Bricks and stones ignite so very easily. Obligated to be off again at the double, as I can hear the snarls of the bloodhounds, who are once more on my track. Hope they will spend a few minutes with the sentry before they follow me.

10. A.M.—Brutes still pursuing me. Concealed myself in the Park-keeper's Lodge, and was nearly arrested on suspicion of being a distant relative of "Leather Apron." That's the worst of offering a reward! It causes so many innocent people to be taken up for nothing. No time for more. Just squared Park-keeper, and am off again. Trust the brutes will have a bad quarter of an hour with the custodian of the gardens before they resume their pursuit of me.

11 A.M.—Just escaped. Not a moment too soon. Hadn't reached the Marble Arch a minute before the hounds sighted me, and made for my boots. Only time to jump into a Hansom, and drive to my Club.

12, Noon.—Finished my lunch, and enjoying a few minutes' rest in the smoking-room. Early edition (2nd) of the evening newspapers, just arrived. Why won't they leave me alone? Several suggestions that I should resign. Half a mind to—would if those

horrid beasts, who I can hear barking outside, would only understand that I had given up the Police. Committee just sent polite note, presenting their compliments, and calling my attention to the rule forbidding the admission of dogs into the Club-house. Appears that the bloodhounds have rushed into the hall and eaten my hat and umbrella. Committee are under the impression that the hounds belong to me!

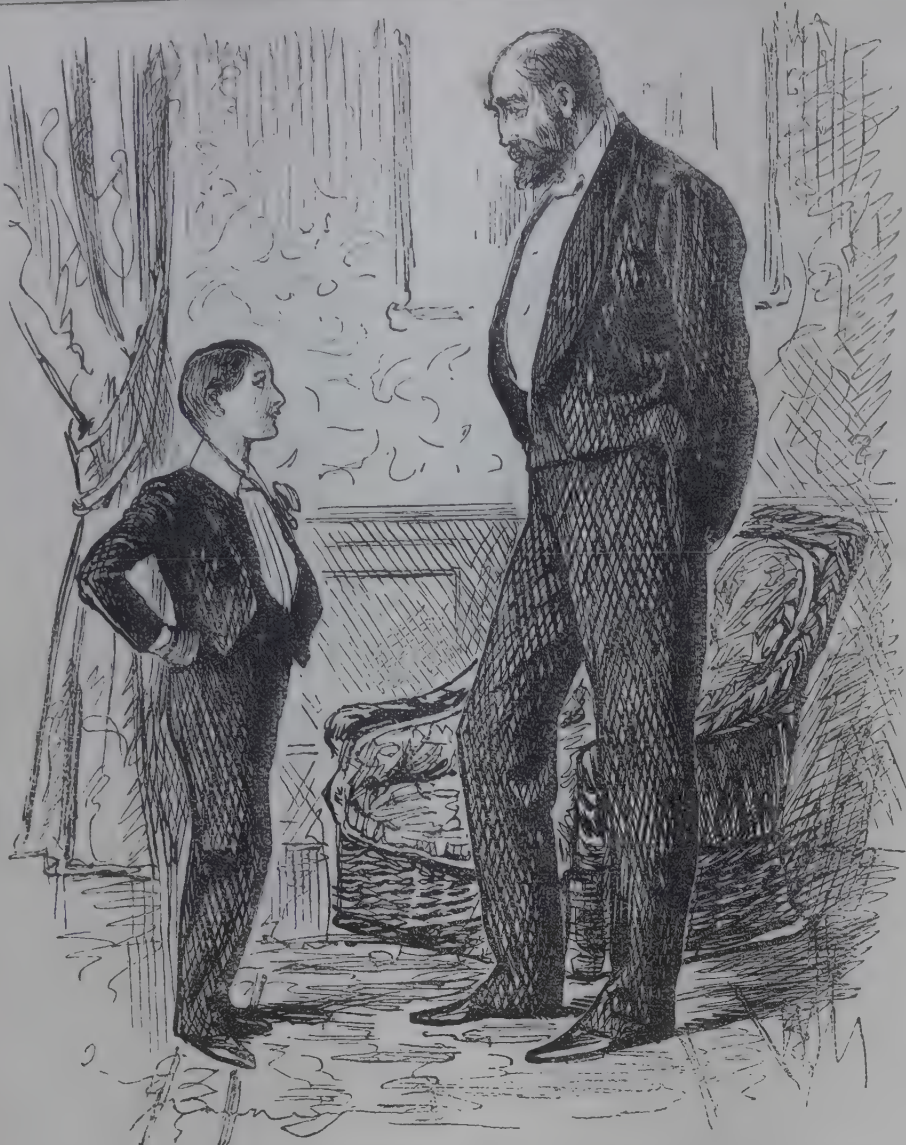
1 P.M.—Occupying my room in Whitehall Place. Got away from the Club, without my hat and umbrella, by a back entrance. Will give strict orders that I am not to be disturbed. Have called down the tube, and can get no answer. Have just remembered that I have sent the entire Staff (disguised as washerwomen) to Whitechapel, to look about them. Don't much like to be alone with those brutes on my track.

2 P.M.—Just as I expected! They have traced me, and I can hear them on the staircase. Wish I had a revolver. Great nuisance that the lock of my door is out of repair. They are sure to come in! As I am a man of ready resource, have hidden myself on a shelf over a water-bottle. Have always heard that water destroys the scent. I can hear the bloodhounds sniffing outside! Most annoying to be all alone. Wish I was back at the Soudan!

3 A.M.—Have been for the last hour on the shelf. The dogs have made my room their own. Have watched them from under a pile of newspapers. Fortunately, they have preferred devouring my despatches to searching for me. Boy just brought in my tea. Before I could speak to him they had begun to hunt him! For a moment I am alone.

4 P.M.—Back again on my shelf. The intelligent beasts (far too intelligent!) after disposing of the tea and muffin-boy, have returned to hunt me. I am safe for the moment, as they are devouring my cocked hat, sword, and top-boots. A great nuisance as they (the cocked hat, &c.), form an effective portion of my favourite costume. Cat's-meat man outside. Can hear his cry. The bloodhounds have heard it too, and have disappeared to hunt him. Saved for the present!

5 P.M.—Brutes back again. They have discovered me! I am keeping them off with a poker and a bag of biscuits. My shouts should be heard. Really, these people obey my orders too literally.



A STRAIGHT TIP.

"CAN'T SAY I QUITE LIKE THE CUT OF THAT SUIT OF YOURS, GOVERNOR!"

"WHAT! WHY, CONFOUND IT, SIR, MY TAILOR'S THE BEST IN LONDON!"

"AH, DESSAY; BUT YOU SHOULD TRY OUR CHAP DOWN AT ETON—HE'S THE MAN! AND YOU MIGHT JUST MENTION MY NAME, YOU KNOW!"

When I said that everybody was to be off to Whitechapel, I did not mean, of course, that Whitehall Place was to be deserted. Wish I could induce the bloodhounds to go opposite to pay a visit to the Commissioners in Lunacy. Not that they would find *them* (as they are always 'from town inspecting outlying asylums), but they might have a little fun with the Secretary, who is a fixture.

6 P.M.—Still on my shelf. The bloodhounds are engaged at this moment in eating some dog-muzzles and my box of decorations. And now they are ready for a spring! Well, I will make a good fight of it!

7 P.M.—Saved! Six perfect strangers have rushed into the room. The brutes are seized and handed over to the proprietor. The bloodhounds in handcuffs (applied to their legs) are now being carried off in triumph. Very grateful to my rescuers. It appears that the six perfect strangers are prisoners who have been arrested on suspicion. As they have done me such a signal service, I can but release them. I have less compunction in giving them their freedom, as I find that they have all been staying for the last three months in a boarding-house at Margate. From this I fancy it is improbable that they could have been concerned in the sad affair at Whitechapel.

8 P.M.—The staff of the office have just come back. They have returned, having arrested, by mistake, one another. This is most satisfactory, as it is proof that they must have been admirably disguised. Am on the eve of leaving the office for home, having just issued an order that the use of bloodhounds by the Police will be suspended until further orders.

TRANSYLVANIAN SPORT.

(From Our Special Sportsman with their H.R.H.'s.)

LAST week the Prince of WALES and the CROWN PRINCE went out to shoot bears. The bears behaved in their usual bearish manner—they are regular beasts—and refused to meet their Royal Highnesses. Beaters—in their beautiful old gold-beater-skin costume, still worn here (and by the bye, the Court Plasterers also stick to their ancient dress in this Conservative State)—went into the woods and forests with the Gold Sticks in Waiting, and made noise enough to wake the sleepest grizzly. But Bruin wouldn't show himself, and though we waited in the plains below for hours, yet we saw nothing. The scouts came up, and in broken English, which they've learnt out of compliment to our Prince, reported, "All bear!" so, thinking they meant that "All the

bears were coming," or that "the bears were everywhere," we got ready, presented, but didn't fire. *L'Ours—voilà l'ennemi!* But there was no *Ours*.

One of the Half-Crown Princes out with us (any number of them about—plenty of change), tried to make an international joke about "waiting *hours* for an *ours*," but he was hushed down by both the Princes, and I had to tell him afterwards, that as he really couldn't pronounce either French or English properly, he had better keep his jokes in those languages to himself. Poor dear Half-Crown! he was so sorry, but he soon laughed it off when I called him "Young Two-and-Sixpence," which set the whole party in a roar just when the only bear that had been seen all day showed its nose round a corner.

If we hadn't been convulsed, that bear would never have lived to tell the tale, but as it was, bang went all our barrels, and when the smoke cleared off, all I saw was the Half-Crown Prince going head over heels backwards down the rocks, owing to the violent recoil of the gun when he was laughing, and three of the *chasseurs* jumping about, chucking their plumed hats in the air, and shrieking with pain, though, being courtiers, they had to pretend it was their way of expressing excessive annoyance at the disappointment their Royal Master and his distinguished guest had suffered. "Mark, Bear!" shouted a Styrian Count in pink tights, green and gold coat, and leather boots with spurs. But it was a false alarm.

No more at present, as the Royal Currier is just leaving, and he'll have nothing to curry if I don't send this despatch. We're all well. Don't talk of making a place "a regular Bear-garden." This is one, and as quiet as the Great Desert on a Sunday night.

* * * * *

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I've hit on a plan which has met with the approbation of everyone. I kept it dark till now! My fortune's made!! *I brought out a bag of buns from England, the very same sort that they give to the bears at the Zoological.* I am now going out baiting traps and tops of trees * * * * * Sure of sport!!! I expect nothing less than a Marquisate for this, with a *château*, and any number of thousands a year, to keep up the Bears in this district. . . . Expect more by wire, road, or rail, from

Your own Noble Sportsman,
RUDOLPH THE RIFLEMAN.

THE DUEL OF DIGESTION.

[M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS describes French duels as a mere appetite-provoking preliminary to a good breakfast, enjoyed by principals and seconds together.]

WHEN ALPHONSE and JACQUES

Go out to attack

Each other, and try the *duello*,

Their friends gather round,

With emotion profound,

Admiring each daring young fellow.

And both look so fierce,

In "*carte*" and in "*tierce*,"

They posture and lunge, 'tis quite thrilling;

You'd think that a life

Must be ta'en in the strife,

And each man is bent upon killing.

But, bless your heart, no;

It never is so:

A scratch or a touch, and it's ended.

No man comes to harm

With a prick on his arm—

Thus honour and safety are blended.

They go back to town,

They win cheap renown

In *cafés* where friends are assembled;

As heroes to-day

They describe all the fray,

As if e'en the solid earth trembled.

The *déjeuner*'s there;

The bloodthirsty pair,

With seconds, go back and do credit

To dishes and wine:

So DUMAS doth opine

Such duels are shams, and has said it!

WOMEN AS POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.—Guardian Angels.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

A BEAR IDEA.

AIR—"The Whale." To be set and sung to an Accompaniment of Hungarian Gipsy Music, to be composed by Archduke Joseph, and Dedicated to H.R.H. the P. of W.

'Twas in October's month,
 Brave Boys,
 With RUDOLPH we did repair,
 And we all went away
 To Transyl-va-ni-a,
 We went for to shoot a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 We went for to shoot a bear.

I took three guns,
 My deadliest ones,
 For partridge, grouse, or hare,
 With cartridge and ball,
 Both great and small,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear.

When H.R.H.
 Was making a spache
 At luncheon—(sumpshus fare!)—
 A Keeper so cute
 Says, with a salute,
 "I think as I've tracked a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I think as I've tracked a bear!"

I was showing RUDOLPH
 The rules of golf,
 For which he doesn't care,
 When up comes ELLIS,
 And what he's got to tell is,
 That "someone has heard a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 That someone has heard a
 bear!"



An Aide-de-camp
 Was singing a song, [air,
 And I was joining in the
 When RUDOLPH cries out,
 With a very loud shout,

"My eyes! there is such
 a bear,
 Brave Boys.
 My eyes! there is such a
 bear!"

Trim ESZTERHAZY,
 Who was getting rather lazy,
 Jumped up, and cried out,
 "Where?"
 And gay Count BREDÁ,
 As bold as a Crusader,
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys!"
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear!"

Says I, "Crown Prince,
 I'll never wince,
 And on my head my hair
 Will not with fright
 Stand bolt upright,
 Whenever I see that bear,
 Brave Boy,
 Whenever I see that bear!"

I seized my gun,
 With a bound and a run,
 The danger I longed to share;
 When just behind a tree,
 A-looking at me,
 I saw that grisly bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I saw that grisly bear!

He was rubbing his eyes
 With some surprise—
 He'd just awoke from his lair.
 I aimed—he ran—
 Bang! flash!—in the pan!
 So I did not kill that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I did not kill that bear!

TALKING IT OVER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"On the occasion of the Emperor WILLIAM's visit to the Vatican, his Majesty evaded the repeated attempts of the POPE to discuss the question of the temporal power of the Papacy."—*Daily Paper*.

IN the absence of any more direct information on the subject, the following brief dramatic version may be confidently regarded as an authentic account of the termination of the rather embarrassing interview to which the above paragraph refers:—

SCENE—An Audience Chamber in the Vatican. The POPE discovered according a private interview to the Emperor of GERMANY, in the course of which he has made several attempts to introduce the question of the "Temporal Power," but has been successfully foiled by his Imperial visitor, who, by keeping up a rattling fire of conversation on any and every subject, from the weather downwards, has managed, during the fifteen minutes the interview has already lasted, as yet completely to evade the introduction of the, to him, unwelcome topic. The POPE, feeling that the time is slipping away, and that it is no good beating about the bush any longer, at length determines, at all hazards, to take the bull by the horns, and bring matters to an issue.

The Pope (cutting the EMPEROR short in a humorous account of the failure of the Prince of WALES, in his recent expedition, to get a shot at a single bear). Ah! very droll, your Majesty; very droll. But I wish to speak to you about a very different matter (coming to the point)—the Temporal Power, you know—

The Emperor (quickly). Ah! The Temporal Power. Just so. Of course (airily changing the subject as he approaches the window). Dear me! (looking out) I had no idea, your Holiness was so well off here. What a capital garden!

The Pope (continuing). You know, it is necessary—

The Emperor (brightly, misunderstanding him). Of course, it is necessary. Pegged up, as you are, here, it must be quite a resource to you (again looking out), and there seems a good lot of it.

The Pope (ignoring his misinterpretation). I mean it is necessary to the exercise—

The Emperor (cutting in briskly). Of course it is necessary for exercise; and, I'm sure, I'm very glad your Holiness is able to get it. I doubt if you would be able to get on without it.

The Pope (still holding on). To the exercise of my spiritual functions, and so its restoration—

The Emperor (catching at the word glibly). Restoration! To be sure. That's going on everywhere. All over the place, in fact. Quite a rage for it. Such lots of new Boulevards. I'm sure I don't know what they won't restore next.

The Pope (determined to get it out). And its restoration is the only sure guarantee for the security of European Peace.

The Emperor (flying off at a tangent gaily). Peace! Ha! Of course—The League of Peace. Just been cementing that over the way at the Quirinal. Fancy, too, it looks like certain success.

The Pope (still sticking to his guns). Your Majesty, there is only one thing certain, and that is that Rome must come back.

The Emperor (merrily). Come back? From what I have seen, I should say it was more inclined to go forward. (With a good-humoured wink.) But, of course, your Holiness knows best.

The Pope (nothing daunted). It must become Papal Rome once more.

The Emperor. Ha! hum! exactly. Quite so. (Feeling things are getting hot and changing front, with sudden effusion.) But, by the way, what a delightful afternoon it seems to be turning out. Quite pleasant, I declare. And that reminds me. (Jumping at Happy Thought.) I really must be going.

The Pope. What, going without settling anything?

The Emperor. Settling anything? Why, yes, everything is rather unsettled, isn't it? (Beating a retreat.) Hum! Yes! Precisely. Just so. Of course! (Taking his leave respectfully.) Anyhow, it is so kind of your Holiness to have received me. Enjoyed our talk so much, you know. 'Pon my word, I have.

[Bows himself out, and joining his suite with "evident signs of deep emotion" depicted on his countenance, leaves the POPE shaking his head, conscious that he has had a not very satisfactory interview with a remarkably unmanageable and troublesome young man.]

ROYAL VISIT TO HIS OWN CAPITAL.

ON Wednesday last London was brilliantly lighted to honour the arrival of King FOG, who paid his first state visit of the season to his own capital. He entered the City on the East, and proceeded in triumphal procession towards the West. On reaching Kensington he returned. His Majesty also visited the suburbs. The royal progress was celebrated by grand fantasias on A Thousand Respiratory Organs, Baron BRONCHITIS was out with his Bandannas borne by four hoarse-men. The Actors of London, with bad colds, were represented by Mr. HERMANN WHEEZIN, and in the train of King FOG followed the celebrated General DE PRESSON, with deputations from the various states of Ill-health and Indi-gestion. The rear was brought up by bands of Roughs, Burglars, and Policemen at a respectful distance. His Majesty has been taking a slight rest during the last few days but he has no intention of quitting the Metropolis for some time to come.

OLD KING COAL.
SONG OF AN ANTI-SCIENTIST.



V. P. BOURNE.

King Coal (roused out of his slumber). "OH, WHAT A BORE!"
*London (to Science). "TAKE MY ADVICE, AND DON'T HAVE ANY-
THING TO DO WITH HIM. HE'S A GREAT DEAL TOO DEEP FOR US."*

"'Is there Coal under London?' We sincerely trust there is not, and
'that, if there is, it will never be discovered. The prospect of a colliery
district at Streatham, with an eventual revival of the iron industries of Surrey,
Kent, and Sussex, is enough to make every Londoner despair.'"—*Times*.

Yes, Old King Coal is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he;
But we shall all be undone
If they find him under London;
So we trust *that* is fiddlededee.
O! the plague and the pother, Oh! the shindy and the smother

That in all suburban districts we should see!

So Old King Coal we'll trouble you
To disturb not the S.W.,
And let us live on easy in E.C.

For though Old King Coal is a useful old soul
Whom generally men are glad to see,
Yet we all shall be despondent,
If the "Thunderer's" Correspondent
Correct in this affair should prove to be.
Fancy carrying the drill to the foot of Streat-
ham Hill,
Or filling Hampstead Heath with reek and
roar!
No, prithee, Madam Science,
Stay your hand with this appliance,
For a "bore" at Richmond Hill *would* be
a bore.

It may be as you say, that below the London
Clay,
At Tottenham and eke at Kentish Town,
You, by boring a big hole,
May arrive at last at Coal,
That is if you dig very deeply down.
Yet spite of any treasures that might come
from the Coal Measures,
And the "Wealden denudations," and all
that,
The Metropolitan zone
You had better leave alone,
The game's not worth the candle, Ma'am,
that's flat!

Punch's heart is hard as steel against
WHITAKER's appeal.
For sub-Jurassic borings and such stuff.
Wealth-grabbing is our time's tone,
But below the London limestone
Is no place for Dives' delving,—that's
enough.
Cut your scientific cackle, bring no more
Contractor's tackle
To mar our grim Metropolis still more:
For though Old King Coal
Is a merry old soul,
We do not want his mirth near Thames's
shore.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

For those whose musical memories are well stored, Dr. SPARK'S *Musical Memories* have not much novelty to offer. All the professional people of his acquaintance seem to have been as nearly morally and socially perfect as may be. He is quite a "good GRIFFITH," (not the safe man with an "s," but the oral biographer of Cardinal WOLSEY) in his reminiscences, and thereon is much to be commended. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But how interpret "bonum?" I should say in a biography let us translate it as "a good thing" about so-and-so. Well, he has some "good things" in this sense, and he tells them in a sufficiently lively manner to warrant me in alluding to him as "The Vital Spark." He tells very naively of dinner-parties at PATTI's on "off nights"—which seem to have been rather "On' nights"—when "at the invitation of STRAKOSCH he had an opportunity of dining with the family party"—he means the family PATTI—"sometimes strengthened," he goes on, whispering in brackets, "by two or three influential critics) at their charming house, Rossini Villa, Clapham Park. These indeed, were delightful times," &c., &c. Clapham rather discounts the "Rossini" of the Villa. On the whole, very nearly, Vital SPARK'S book is chatty and amusing for any half-hour unoccupied.

The Autobiography of SIMS REEVES is a thrilling Romance. It opens with a sensa-



"'ANDICAPPED!"

Gaol-Bird (having just picked "Landlord's" pocket). "AMERIKIN WATCH! SHABBY OLD 'UMBUG!—AND 'IM A MAN O' PROPERTY TOO! UGH! WHAT 'ITH DOWNRIGHT FRAUD LIKE THIS 'ERE, AN' COERCION, AN' WHAT NOT, A POOR MAN HA'N'T GOT A CHANCE!!"

tional murder, and the book, like *Prospero's Island*, is "full of strange noises." There is not enough about SIMS REEVES himself, details of his studies, and so forth.

People are going about laughing—all business is suspended—chuckling and nudging is the order of the day. No more coughs and colds. Try *Toole's Reminiscences*. The Booksellers are all making jokes over the sale of BOSWELL HATTON'S TOOLE'S Reminiscences. A person went to one in Hatton Garden, and asked if he had one of TOOLE'S reminiscences. "No, he Hatton't," was the reply. And then the office-boys danced and cheered, and one who had previously rushed out with five-and-twenty copies under his arm, returned with, "Sold again!" I read bits of it here and there in the *Sunday Times*, but must sit down to it quietly, and be strapped into my arm-chair. A Physician will be at hand, to prevent me dyin' o' larfin'.

One MOORE book, called *Spring Days*. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes it as "a nasty dish," and can find scarcely a chapter without some "flagrantly bad taste." This being so, perhaps its author will change its title to *Spring Onions*. This is a matter of taste for perfumery. Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring! Loveliest Onion of the Year! sings the Lady of Shalot (at a distance) to her own
BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

CHURCH AND STAGE; OR, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The Dean's Daughter is an unwholesome, unpleasant, poorly-constructed play, with here and there some sharp, flashy writing, which is more acrimonious than amusing. As novel-readers know, *The Dean's*



M. Lafontaine in the street of the Dean, Soho. "Perfectly Abbé!"

Daughter is by the author of *Ariane* and *As in a Looking Glass*, which last was the novel that made Mr. PHILIPS'S reputation.

Ariane dramatised was a repulsively realistic, but decidedly powerful drama. In it virtue was not rewarded, as there was none to reward; but vice was punished, and the existence of all the unprincipled, godless



The Very Rev. Rutland Barrington in the dress of the Dean of St. James's. "J'y dine; J'y reste!"

shown to be thoroughly miserable. But in this play at the St. James's the Divorce Court, like "the Waverley Pen," comes "like a boon and a blessing to men," and women, too, and such small virtue as there is in the piece, or what the authors would have us accept as a substitute for virtue, is rewarded by Messrs. GRUNDY and PHILIPS by giving the divorced woman in marriage to the nominal co-respondent (after he has shot another would-be co-respondent, his rival), who clasps her to his manly breast in the presence of her former husband (whom the divorce has freed in order to continue a *liaison* with somebody else), and of a third lover—a mere boy who might as well have been in Eton jacket and turn-down collars, with apples and sweets in his pocket,—whose hand and fortune this injured innocent, introduced into Society under an assumed name, has just accepted. On this "heroine of the Divorce Court," before or after her marriage, an audience cannot waste its sympathy, as before marriage she is not in love with anybody,—though she foresees the probability of her being so with somebody after marrying the wrong person,—and, with her eyes open very wide indeed, she allows herself to be induced by her reprobate father, whom she despises, and her odious companion, *Mrs. Fortescue*, to marry a fortune and a title.

Miriam St. Aubyn is an ungrateful part, prettily and cleverly, if not brilliantly, played by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE, who is possessed of considerable emotional power, can rise to dignity of action, and has the true touch of pathos in her voice. She comes from the Adelphi to play the daughter of the Dean, and her place in *The Union Jack* is taken by another of the DEAN family,—DOROTHY DENE. Another coincidence is, that the Christian name of *Lady Ashwell* in the piece is DOROTHEA, and as she is to marry the *Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn*, she also will be a DOROTHY DEAN.

I suppose the somewhat scrappy dialogue is mainly taken from the novel, and of this Miss HILL has all the telling lines, which, intended to be the comic relief of the piece, she delivers as though she were once more *Cynisca*, in modern costume, impersonating a sort of vixenish chorus, making a running commentary on the action. Does Miss HILL correctly interpret the Authors?

Sir Henry Craven is one of the line of old diplomatists that commenced, I fancy, with *Baron Stein*. Here, he is a dummy *Sir Peter Teazle*, who marries a young girl in the country, and then reminds her of what she was before she became his wife. This *Sir Peter* should have been stuffed full of good things, and killed in the *entr'acte* after Act III., when he would have died deeply regretted by a numerous Dress Circle. As it is, he has little to do, nothing worth hearing to say, and reappears inopportunely as Lord Anticlimax in Act IV., just in time to spoil a fairly effective dramatic situation.

Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES, as the French Maid, is uncommonly good. How she would suit that wicked French part in *Bleak House*! *Prince Balanikoff*, the would-be co-respondent of foreign extraction, looks like a melancholy Polish Jew, and his walk reminded me of the little mechanical tin-toy man drawing the cart, of whom we've seen so much recently, taking his exercise in the streets. Miss HILL says "Ta, Ta, Prince," to him. This exactly describes him. When the Russian is scratched, you find the Tar-Tar Prince underneath, and his violent scene is his best, melodramatic though it must necessarily

be. Last, but certainly not least, comes the Very Revd. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, Dean of St. James's. He looks the Dean as well as did the late JOHN CLAYTON, but he is so intimately associated with Mr. GILBERT'S Vicar, who wore much the same costume in *The Sorcerer*, that any audience would never be surprised were he to step forward and, to Mr. ARMBRUSTER'S excellent accompaniment, sing, "Ah me, I was a pale young Curate then." Perhaps Jester GEORGE will provide him with lyrics describing his regret at having quitted that company with the refrain, "Ah me, I was a stout young Actor then!" But, pooh, bah! He is Manager now and Comedy actor. He has to play a part in which there is little wit and no finesse; it is the *Reverend Mr. Pecksniff* and *Lady Ashwell* is his *Mrs. Todgers*. But *Pecksniff*, sober or inebriated, was amusing, and then in the end, he failed in his villany, and was only let off with a sound thrashing. The Dean is unpunished, for the possible loss of *Lady Todgers*' hand and fortune wouldn't affect him very much. The best-played scene, which does not owe much to the writing, is the one between Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Miss NETHERSOLE, when the heavy haberdashery-young-man kind of lover tells *Miriam* that her wishes are his commands, and says farewell for ever—only to reappear in the same place five minutes afterwards.

The play is preceded by a One-Act Comedy called *A Patron Saint*. At present the St. James's Management must be contented with one Saint as a Patron for the evil Dean's doings. I fancy the patronage will not be considerable, either of saints or sinners.

To come from such exceptionally unwholesome "home produce" as *The Dean's Daughter* to so exceptionally wholesome a French piece as *L'Abbé Constantin*, is as refreshing as escaping from an infected atmosphere into the pure air. M. LAFONTAINE is perfect as the *Abbé*, a genuine French type. The delicacy of his art is a study, but there is no call upon him for any strongly emotional acting. The two young men's parts are fairly acted. Miss JANE MAY, "My Pretty JANE," is not seen to advantage, and the piece, though pretty and simple enough, is deficient in any real dramatic interest. On Thursday, M. LAFONTAINE is to appear in *Le Fils de Famille*, and M. *L'Abbé* should be reserved for occasional *Matinées*. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

DUE NORTH.

Evenings at Lochglennie—Weather Notes—Finale.

OUR evenings are lively. Miss MILLIE plays the piano, Miss EVELYN is a violonist, and Miss MADGE a banjoist. They all know each other's music, and can play from memory almost any song or air that may be "inquired for."

D. B. is a proficient on the penny whistle, and DOLLY WHITE is a master of a small, peculiar-shaped instrument, of Italian nationality, called, I think, the *ocarina*, which, when placed close to the performer's lips, makes him look as if he were doing a conjuring trick, and pretending to swallow a baby's shoe. GRANNIE plays a *mirloton*, which he has brought from Paris. The Baron's instrument is the cornet-à-pistons, but, as the Good Aunt, who is our sole audience, declares she cannot possibly stay in the room with that noise, we insist on the Baron performing with a pocket-handkerchief stuffed into the cornet, the effect of which is very much as if he were playing it under the bedclothes. The Laird has made a life-long study of the side-drum. From his earliest years he was always attached to it, and it was attached to him,—by a string. Now his performance on it is that of a Professor. He is a Master of the Rolls. "Very few people," he says, when he finds you are inclined to talk seriously on the subject, "very few people know what there is to be got out of a drum. It is not all noise. How effective it is at military funerals, muffled!"

This seems rather a gloomy view to take of it. When an invitation is sent to the Laird to attend a funeral, do they add on his particular card, "and bring your drum, muffled"? I don't like to ask this, and he continues, "it is the universal instrument. All nations have the drum."

"And chickens have drumsticks," puts in D. B. And by way of showing us that his remark was not meant seriously, he nods at me and says, "How are you?"

The Laird insists on my being provided with an instrument. The Wicked Uncle refuses to resign the triangle, which, he protests pathetically, he has played since the second night he came here, and wants to know why I shouldn't have the fire-irons, as he had when he first arrived? This proposition seems to be considered as fair and just, and so GRANNIE hands me the poker and shovel, with which I have to serve my apprenticeship as it were, with the reversion of the triangle, on the departure of the Wicked Uncle. We are all in our places, with Miss MILLIE at the piano. The orchestra is wonderfully successful. Perhaps the most effective of the *morceaux* is a song sung by D. B., entitled "*The Man that struck O'Hara*," which offers peculiarly fine opportunities for the side-drum and the fire-irons. There is one part—a pause—where the chorus leaves off, and only the side-drum and the fire-irons come in with one tremendous crash, illustrating the force with which "the man that struck

O'HARA" was floored by the latter's friends, who, to avenge his injuries, dragged his assailant—

"Down the passage, down the stairs,
Over tables, over chairs—
Scarcely time to say his prayers—"

Then, I think, in the awful pause that follows, comes the whack of the drum, together with the crash of the fire-irons—a most dramatic effect—as the chorus immediately bursts forth with savage exultation,

"Rags and bones were all they left
Of the man that struck O'HARA."

This so delights us all, that we play it over several times, on each repetition finding some new beauty in it, and finally finishing it with almost barbaric intensity.

The Good Aunt looks at her watch. "Half-past ten. 'God Save the Queen,' if you please, Gentlemen," she says, and, in compliance with the request of our audience, we give the National Anthem with full orchestration.

Then comes the last ceremony of the evening. Every lady who retires at ten is entitled to "Musical Honours"—that is, "By Order of the Laird," each lady is escorted down the passages to her room by the male contingent of the orchestra, in full marching order. So GRANNIE, as drum-major, walks first; then come the ladies with bed-chamber candles; then the band, at quick march, playing "*Bou-langer's March*," alternated with the "*British Grenadiers*," as we call at the different rooms, and, having seen all the ladies to their apartments, we right-about-face, and march briskly back to the appropriate and inspiring air of "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*," until we reach the Smoking-room, where we are disbanded, and go from labour to refreshment.

Next Day, and Day after, and several Days after that.—Rain persistently. Waterproofs and umbrellas required, if only to walk about the garden. It sounds paradoxical, but it's true, or ought to be, that, when it's wet, it is fine for fishing. Plenty of fish in the river, but they remain there. I go on the moors, when they're driving, and catch a severe cold.

Next day stay in, and see the sport from window, as the shooters are visible to the naked eye as they go up the hill.

Happy Thought (as I see them in the distance).—"How happy could I be with heather"—if it were only dry, and not such a trouble to walk through.

At my Window.—They're having good sport, judging from the reports I hear. Reports becoming more and more distant, and only miniature mechanical toy-men and puffs of smoke can be seen through glasses. "*Lookers on see most of the game.*" Quite untrue at this distance, as I see most of the men and nothing whatever of the game.

GRANNIE, the fisherman, returns, despondently. He has lost his best fly, which has been taken by a prodigious fish. "So," says he, "I was spoof'd over that." He thinks it rather hard to be "spoof'd." But he has had no luck. "Are the flies," I ask, "meaning a whole pocket-book full of them such as he has got—'expensive'?" "Yes," he replies, "they cost a goodish bit; but," he adds, in the tone of a disappointed man, "so does all sport. What's the use of climbing over moors, or wading up to your neck in water, merely to be spoof'd in the end?" I admit that this does sound hard. We talk sport generally, and I obtain some valuable information. Has he been lucky in horse-racing? "No," he replies—"lost." Then he adds, with playful irony, "It's 'osses makes the 'oof to fly." This, I presume, is a new sporting proverb. Play on the words, "'osses" and "'oof," by dropping the "h." "No," he explains, "'oof' means coin." *Unde derivatur "Oof"?*

I keep private Meteorological Notes. We begin with,—
Any Day.—10 A.M.—Rain. Everything wet—turf, garden-seats, &c., &c.

10.30.—Sun. Everything dry.
11.—Scorching. Must change things to summer suit.
11.30.—Am in summer suit. Deluge of rain. Change again. Gaiters, goloshes, thickest boots, umbrella, sou'wester.

12.30.—Sun suddenly brilliant. Heat tropical,—moist heat, like vapour-bath. Birds singing. Open all windows. In-doors unbearable. Gnats, flies, wasps, bees. Hang up waterproof, get rid of gaiters, goloshes, &c. Return to summer clothing. Go in to lunch. Doors and windows open. Iced drinks. At lunch arrange for walk, going out in canoe, under shady trees, on river's bank. Lawn tennis, if not too sultry, or sit under trees, in American chairs, reading.

2.30.—Transformation scene! Quick change! Torrent of rain. Driving wind from S.E. Rush for waterproofs. Chilly. Arctic cold.

3.—In-doors, putting on winter things. Lighting fires. Shutting all windows. Sit down to be comfortable.

4.15.—Suddenly, sun, tropical heat again—let fires go out—go out ourselves—going to be fine? No—weather suddenly (every change in Scotland is sudden,—the people are cautious, but the weather is impulsive) becomes mixed, and, to express it musically, we have no longer a solo of sun, or of rain, or of wind, nor do we have a duet of rain and wind; but we have a wonderful trio of sun, rain and wind, in unison!!

It is a Grand Meteorological Opera. A magnificent symphony, or cantata,—water-cantata,—might be written entitled *The Weather*, which idea I hereby offer to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN or Mr. GORING THOMAS or Dr. MACKENZIE, with my compliments, and "no fees." All that is required to-day, as the shades of evening gather round us, is that the First Act of the New Meteorological Scotch Opera should end with a magnificent *ensemble* of rain, hail, thunder, lightning, snow, all this to the "sun's setting," and with fine "passages for the wind." These last can be found in the house and outbuildings. As somebody sings, "*So the Story goes*," and so it goes on for ten days,—and then, *on the first fine day, I go off!*

No help for it; I've made all my arrangements. Must depart. There's no doubt about it. This is the first fine day, and bid farewell I must to Lochglennie, and the last words that salute my ear as the train moves off come from D. B., who rushes to the corner of the platform, and just as the train is getting up its speed shouts, "How are you?" To which, the remembrance of GRANNIE's ill luck flashing across my mind at the moment, I have only time to reply "Spoof'd!"

And "spoof'd" I am by the weather. And now "Bock agen!" And so ends my ten days' holiday Due North.

DIVINE SHAKSPEARE AND THE GREAT SCOTT.

IMMORTAL Dramatist and Novelist! Spell Scot with a single "t," and it will stand for Lord RONALD of the Sculptor's chisel. This



Chiselled by a canny Scot.

coincidence has struck a student of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and, though too late for last week's issue, some verses have arrived from "AN OLD PARLOUR-BORDER MINSTREL," which he says he has adapted from a familiar old Scotch ballad to the occasion of Lord RONALD GOWER's presenting a statue of SHAKSPEARE to the people of Stratford-on-Avon, which event we chronicled last week.

AIR (Old Scotch, like the Whiskey)—"What gat ye for Supper, Lord Ronald, my son?"

I.

Where gat ye your statue, Lord RONALD, my son?
It's as white as a spectre, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I made it in France, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And I've gi'en it to Stratford, and fain would lie doon.

II.

Will ye do one for London, Lord RONALD, my son,
Now that SHAKSPEARE's in Paris, my handsome young man?—
Oh, London saw mine, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And in Paris *c'est connu*, so let me lie doon.

III.

Why not MOLIERE for London, Lord RONALD, my son?
'Twould be but politeness, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I'm weary of Paris, mither,—mak my bed soon;
The Bard took twelve years there,—so let me lie doon.

The "OLD PARLOUR-BORDER MINSTREL" adds that "this, with the drone of the pipes, will enchant all hearers." For the sake of metre, he wishes "Paris" in the penultimate line to be pronounced "Parrs," as one syllable; that is, if we see no objection—and we don't.

IMPORTANT PORTENT!—Mr. IRVING, who is always making good speeches, made a telling one at Bolton, which, as reported, seems to have consisted principally of one lengthy but most appropriate quotation. But what was really remarkable was that, from beginning to end, he never once mentioned "Friend TOOLE." How's this? Where was JOSEPH BOSWELL HATTON to note the portentous omission? JOHN LAWRENCE will address "Friend Irving" with the words of the song that Miss GRACE DAMIEN sings so charmingly, "*Can You Forget?*"

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—Mr. BAILEY has written an interesting book, called *Modern Methusalehs*. The Author must be henceforth known as "The Old Bailey."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Angelina. "LOOK, EDWIN! MR. AND MRS. DEDLEIGH BOREHAM! I'M QUITE ASHAMED TO MEET THEM! THEY'RE ALWAYS ASKING US TO DINNER, AND WE'VE NEVER EVEN ASKED THEM INSIDE OUR HOUSE! WE REALLY *MUST* MAKE SOME RETURN!"

Edwin. "SOME RETURN? WHY, CONFOUND IT! ONCE WE ACTUALLY *DID* DINE WITH THEM! WHAT MORE CAN THEY EXPECT?"

"THE SISTERS THREE;"

OR, THE LEAGUE OF PEACE.

A Modern Bismarckian Version of an Ancient Classical Myth.

"THEN must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain!"

So mild ALCINOÛS, great Phæacia's King,
If one may trust what POPE and HOMER sing.
ALCINOÛS though was not a Teuton; no;—
And I am scarcely "mild," to friend or foe.
On German ears such gentle accents jar.
Who was it said that Man is his own Star.
"Commands all time, all influence, all fate.
Nothing for him falls early or too late?"
I like that better! Parcae of my own,
Each crowned, each seated on a radiant throne,
With robes star-spangled,—docile each to Me,
As the Fates were, 'tis said, to Destiny!—
That's more like my ideal. Come, let's
limn!—

Clotho, the distaff-bearer; she looks grim,
Deep-eyed, contemplative, with glance afar,
As one who scans the serried ranks of war
From some plain-dominating pinnacle.
Yes, that's a master-piece: stands clear,
looks well.

Germania calmly spins the web of Peace;
Her grip upon the spindle shall not cease
Whilst I am Cloud-compeller. Blessed PAX!
That distaff, well "replenished with smooth
flax,"

As smooth CATULLUS—is it not so?—sings,
Must, in the present shaky state of things,
Be firmly handled, or sedition's shocks
Will send us back to Erebus and Nox.

Better their dismal daughters! Iron might
Alone may war with Chaos and old Night.
Serpule that shirks, and pity that will pule,
May please the poets, but they cannot rule.
The "Fatal Sisters" knew not change nor
ruth.

Those old Greek singers had an eye for truth;
And that is something more than one can say
For sentimental twanglers of to-day.

Then Lachesis! Yes—that's the style of head
For her who, under guidance, spins the thread
Of Policy—which is a kingdom's life.
Lachesis knows the woe of inner strife,
For all her haughty Hapsburg lip. Spin out
The long thread lightly; veil that look of
doubt

Which on the face of Clotho dwells and lingers.
'Tis yours to "make it pliant 'twixt the
fingers," [tissues.]

And "equalise" ('tis no light task!) "the
Spin on; I have an eye upon the issues.
Your Crown looms shadowy; with that dual
blur [occur]—

Of lamp-lights when—(a thing that will
A man hath winned not wisely, but too well.
A Fate, remember, must be firm and fell.

And Atropos? Aha! This Fate looks steady,
The shears firm-gripping, and to use them
ready.

A crown of lesser height but firmer poise.
Could Fates be glad, one might conceive she
joys,

Like some young pard, in her life-slitting
function,

Which she would exercise without compunc-
tion.

But Fates, like suns, must neither lag nor
haste,
Not theirs to husband and not theirs to waste
The thread attenuate, but to twirl, spin, slit,
As what e'en they obey may order it.

And that, the higher overmastering source
At once of web and shears, of fate and
force?

Well, the wise ancients left that agent vague;
And so will I. It is the petty plague
Of little minds to pry.

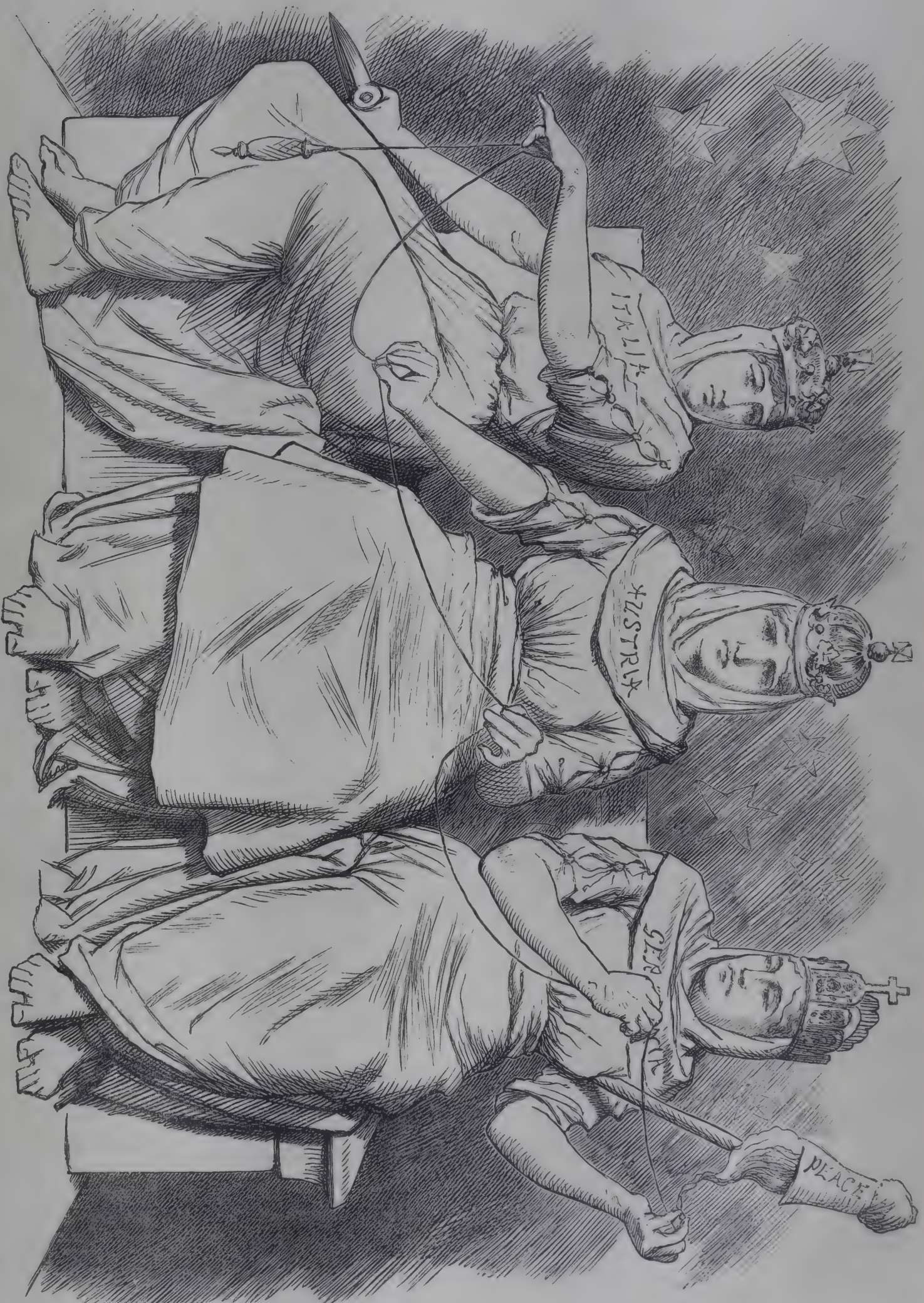
My picture! So!
It does not follow MICHAEL ANGELO
With any servile closeness, I admit. He
Painted those pitiless hags that in the Pitti
Freeze all men's marrow with their stony
glare.

The gazer who can front those orbs might dare
To meet Medusa's petrifying glance.
But times must change, creeds shift, and Art
advance.

Masters may differ. This is my design
For the Three Modern Fates; much less
malign

Than massive MICHAEL'S, yet prepared to act
With iron promptness. A political pact
Like this should bid all war and tumult cease,
Since the Three Fates form now a League of
Peace!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, being told of the "Pas-
tels' Exhibition," observed, "Let me see, who
is PASTEL? Isn't he a doctor who cured mad
dogs? It must be a most interesting show.
Where is it—at the Crystal Palace, where the
Cat Show was?"



G.W. M.

ATROPOS.

LACHESIS.

CLOTHO.

“THE SISTERS THREE;” OR, THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.



OUR NEW M.F.H.

MR. TOPPLE, OUR NEW M.F.H., HAS DECIDED TO HUNT THE HOUNDS HIMSELF; BUT FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, HE HAS ADOPTED THE ABOVE CAPITAL PLAN.

ROBERT'S ESTONISHMENT.

I HAVE lived to see the day wen a Cheerman of a Copperashun Cummittee has publickly dared,—without a blush, as far as I could see, and I fixt my egle gaze upon him as he spoke,—to xclaim to an estonished crowd, "Water, brite Water for me! and give your wine to the trembling Debbawshe!" How the three or four ancient Deputys as herd him liked the strange words of course I don't know, but this I do know, that when a few ours arterwards the Cummittee was all seated cumferally together at their favorite Gildhall Tavern and me a waiting on 'em, as ushal, they all drunk the plucky Cheerman's good helth together, and chaffed him most tremenjully about his watery speech. But he bore it all cheerfully, like a man and a brother, and tossed off a bumper of fine old Port after thanking them for their kyind wishes.

So I needn't have bin so worry grately alarmed at the Cheerman's xtrornary speech, but he ewen did wuss then that on another simmyler ocashun, as I will now perceed to relate.

It seams as the Copperashun, not kontent with setting up the best Skools, and the best Libery, and the best Markets, and the best Bridges in all the hole City, has lately gorn into the Parks and Open Spaces line, and after spendin about a quarter of a millyun of money in buying Epping Forrest, as I herd the Cheerman of the Cummittee say ony a few weeks ago, has quite lately took charge of Highget Woods, and wen sumbody arsked leave to put up a Fountane there, so that the pore littel boys and gals as goes there coud wash there hands, and setterer, the Copperashun not ony allowd it, but sent down a Cummittee to see as it was all rite, and to take charge of it, and it was on this ocashun that the Cheerman made the owdacious speech I have menshuned. I was there, and I herd what was a going on, and I searcely xpects to be beleaved when I says that sum of the pore littel children, dreckly as the Cheerman's back was turned, acshally went up and drunk sum of the werry cold water, pore littel things! The Cummittee might have let it run ginger beer just for wunce. But wuss remanes behind. For ony larst week the same Cheerman took down the werry same Cummittee to take over another Fountane, as another liberal minded Gent—tho' he is a blooming Conserwativ—had offered to give for the Queen's Park at Killburn, which is another of their good worx.

It was a bitter cold day, so the bizziness was got thro' rayther more

quicker than afore, and wen the liberal conserwatif Gent had made his nice little speech and anded over his nice littel Fountane, the Cheerman stood forrard, and I coud see a wisibel shudder run through the elderly members of the Cummittee for fear as he shoold commit hisself as afore. But no, he awoided the delicate subjick altogether, and made one of them bewtiful littel speeches as only Cheermen can make, and the Cummittee was ewidently much releaved in their minds speshally the old uns. But, wunderfool to relate, insted of dessending from his stony pedestal of glory and retiring gracefoolly amid the peeple's cheers, he acshally filled a pewter cup to the brim and quaffed it off without a shudder, and called upon his Committee to boldly stand forward and do likewise! Oh, the grim smiles upon their countynancys was a sight to see! One ancient Deputy endeovoud in wane to conceal his disgust, while another had the pluck to boldly announce what all the others dowtless thort, namely, that he shoold prefer it with jest a leetle drop of old Skotch whiskey in it!

And now jest one word of frendly warnin to my kynd Patrons.

It's trew, as I'm told, that the Board of Warks, having failed to give sattisfaction by living on nothink but Work and Water, is about to give place to another Board with a different name, but with the same hutterly himpossibel condishuns, and you may be thinkin of haltering your old successful, becoz libberal, plan of hopperashuns, to catch a little fleating poppylarity. But it will be a orful mistake, for while it will chill and disappint your frends it will ony excite the contemt of your fos.

ROBERT.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

IN answer to numerous Correspondents, we beg to state, on more than undoubted authority, that,—

1. The "Saturday Review" will not in future appear every Tuesday. 2. That it will be edited by its Editor in London, and not in a Cottage near the "Merrie Green Wood." 3. That its Editor is nor going to undertake the chief direction of the Detective and Private Inquiry Department of the Police under the sobriquet of "POLLOCKY." 4. That neither Mr. What's-his-name nor Mr. What-you-may-call-um is engaged on the paper. 5. That every report put about by Thingummy Bob when he was rather Thingummy Tight is hereby emphatically contradicted.



PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

New Mistress. "AND WHAT WAGES DO YOU EXPECT?"

New Cook. "WELL, MUM, IT DEPENDS ON THE STYLE YOU LIVE IN. IF I'M TO DO THE DINING-ROOM, ENTRANCE 'ALL AND DOORSTEP, AS WELL AS THE COOKING, LIKE IN A MIDDLE CLASS 'OUSE—TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR. BUT IF I'M TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID TO 'ELP, AND NOTHING BUT THE COOKING TO ATTEND TO, LIKE IN A GENTLEMAN'S 'OUSE, I SHALL REQUIRE FORTY!"

SEEN YOUR CRISPI?

SIGNOR CRISPI, the Italian Premier, having recently been interviewed by an English Journalist, a representative from 85, Fleet Street, was despatched to Rome to see him. The following is the report that has been received from our Correspondent, which is published with all rights reserved, but not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith.

I must say I was a little surprised to find that instead of being "a short compactly-built Italian," as I expected to see him, from the description furnished by my journalistic colleague, Signor CRISPI was decidedly podgy, not to say stout. He received me with great courtesy, seating himself gracefully on the only chair there was in the room, and apologising profusely for not being able to offer me one too.

"You have seen, no doubt," he said, with a smile, "that your predecessor, in interviewing me, 'had not exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with me ere he recognised in me a man to whom waste of time and verbal banalities were assuredly little less than intolerable.' He was right. And now what can I do for you?"

"Lend me half-a-crown," I replied, from force of habit. To my surprise he produced the coin, and, for a moment, I thought he was about to present it to me. However, the shrewd common sense of the man conquered, and he replaced it in his waistcoat pocket.

"You will pardon me, but, to please a dear little niece of mine, aged five, I promised never to put my name on a bill of exchange, and never to lend a sixpence to any one. I am unwilling to deceive her."

"Well, if you will not do me this trifling favour," I replied, a little vexed, "perhaps you will reveal the secret of your future policy."

"With pleasure," returned Signor CRISPI, promptly; "but I must rely on your discretion to tell no one save the readers of your paper. If you cannot give me that assurance, I must be, as we say in Italy, as dumb as a plum-pudding, and as reticent as a mince pie."

I gave the required assurance.

"Now I can tell you what I propose to do. As you are aware, we have a secret treaty with Russia (the Emperor WILLIAM brought it from St. Petersburg, as a present for me, in his portmanteau) and relying upon this we shall insult France next month so grossly that we are sure to be nicely at war with her by Christmas. Consequently I would advise you to sell for the fall."

"Most interesting," I murmured, "and now tell me about England. I think you were in London?"

"Only for a short time—six months. But I admired your city. Your Vauxhall Bridge Road was magnificent!"

"Did you see any of the buildings,—monuments?"

"Why, certainly, yes. Your Victoria Station was not then built, but your Lambeth Suspension Bridge was splendid!"

"Where did you lunch?"

"At a baker's. I used to buy a crumpet, soak it well in water, and eat it. It was really excellent!"

"Yes—and could you speak the language?"

"Only a few words. 'Cabman, you are a thief—I will not pay you your fare!' This sentence was electric, and, thanks to the teaching of the Cabmen, I soon learned good, strong, forcible

HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

[At Liverpool, Queen PATIENCE, *et.* 19, wife of the deposed King JA-JA, was highly charmed with the railways and the electric light, but imputed both to the inventive genius of the "debble," "as man have no sabbey do dem tings."—*Evening Paper.*]

OLD English worthies never saw
The Railway or Electric Light,
Which, seen but unexplained, with awe
And wonder would have dazed their sight;
Such marvels, *certès*, they'd have thought,
Could be by warlocks only wrought.

Witchcraft, not very long ago,
Stood on the code of actual crimes;
Most things whose causes none could know
Were magic in the good times.
Whate'er they didn't understand,
To solve the "debble" was at hand.

Grave doctors, lawyers, and divines,
Regarded, from their point of view,
As portents, prodigies, and signs,
And cantrips, to his action due,
Each new discovery science made.
Invented by the "debble's" aid.

In her philosophy, to-day,
Queen PATIENCE, not above a child,
Is just about as wise as they,
When faggots were for witches piled.
The learned need not boast, a pebble
They care no longer for the "debble."

A LAST FLARE-UP!—The flickering Lord Mayor, who will be extinguished on the Ninth of November, has been writing to the papers, indignantly denying that when in Belgium he ever made the "ridiculous statements" or expressed the "contemptible opinions" about London (*e.g.*, its being "the cesspool of Europe") that have been attributed to him. Neither *Mr. Punch*, nor any other sensible citizen, ever for one moment believed that the now flickering and sputtering Civic Light could have "said such a tings." The idea of a Lord Mayor of London fouling his own Mayor's nest! Why, it would be enough to make WHITTINGTON "turn again" in his grave. Farewell, brave POLYDORE! Here comes the Ninth of November, with the Extinguisher, and the next Lord Mayor's banquet will be your "blow out!"

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 19.



THE GRAND OLD STUMPER AND HIS OFFSHOOTS.

English. For instance, I thoroughly understand the value of the termination of Amsterdam. I also acquired from them the rudiments of boxing."

"Do you take any interest in our country, now that you have so much to do in your own Parliament?" I asked.

"Assuredly, yes," he replied. "When your journalistic colleague called, I showed him Mr. RITCHIE's Local Government Bill, which had been sent to me, I fancy, as a practical joke. However, I have determined to understand it, and have procured to assist me in that endeavour this beautifully illustrated work, which I am told is your standard authority on all matters of law."

The Italian Premier then produced the latest edition of the *Comic Blackstone*, which I assured him would indeed be of infinite service to him.

"And now I must leave you, as the King has been waiting for me for the last hour and a half. You will forgive me for locking up the side-board, but it contains not only spirits, but some valuable plate."

And thus the interview ended. Two minutes later I was in the street, carrying with me a strange umbrella, that I had secretly secured as a memento of my very interesting visit. I have retained that umbrella ever since!



"CUM GRANO SALIS."

Old Method for Catching a very Old Bird—the Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs.

VAN JEFFERSON once made so popular here at the Adelphi. It might be termed a "What-you-may-Karl-it" sort of piece.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION. — Mr. ROBERT FOWLER will probably be invited to join this Committee. His department will be to bring out a new Psalter.

PRINCE KARL, at the Lyceum, seems to be a puzzle to such playgoers as have seen it. An incoherent and grotesque sort of American farce with a part in the broken Dutch dialect that RIP

THE GORDON MONUMENT AND ITS MESSAGE.

[On October 16, at 11:30, the Gordon Monument in Trafalgar Square was unveiled by Mr. PLUNKET, the First Commissioner of Works, without speech or formality of any kind.]

In silence! Somewhere in the wild Soudan
Lies, silent too, the calm heroic man,
Whom none of English blood henceforth may name
Without a thrill of pride shot through with shame.
And here's his statue! Slain afar, alone!
Memory needs no memorial of stone
To speak of GORDON, or awake a thought
Of the pure paladin who toiled and fought
For England, and Humanity, and Heaven;
The record of whose life should be a leaven
Of quickening greatness in a factious age
Of petty jealousies and Party rage.
Fortitude, Faith, and Justice; noble three,
Linked by the gentle bond of Charity,
These deck his statue as they graced his life.
England, with pride and shame so much at strife
In every proud and patriotic breast,
What speech avails? Silence perchance is best.
But there's a work of his, memorial high
At once of GORDON and of Charity,
Which we, without o'ermuch of empty speech,
May carry on. To save, to help, to teach
The young of England was our hero's aim.
To let his death destroy his work were shame.
GORDON'S Boys' Home! There speaks a strong appeal,
Which every heart of British make should feel.
It cries for aid; response should not be slow;
For hearty help thereto, right well we know,
Would fill the hero's heart with more content
Than glowing praise or glorious monument.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

LAST Thursday Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN gave an amusing and instructive lecture at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on Music. Why on Music? How perverse! Why there are a number of subjects of which he is utterly ignorant, and on which, therefore, he could have lectured with far more benefit to himself at all events. But Sir ARTHUR is unselfish, and so he told them how, in the course of his cramming at the British Museum, he had come across a picture dated 866 A.D. of "a concert consisting of a six-string harp, a four-string fiddle, a trumpet, and a crooked horn. Curiously enough," continued Sir ARTHUR, triumphantly, "this is, with the exception of the horn, exactly the same combination of instruments that we see nearly every Saturday night playing outside a London public-house." Ahem! "We see." Who are "we"? The three Savoyards, Witty S. G., D'OYLY CARTEY of Killaloe, and the eminent lecturer? Not "every Saturday night," but "nearly every Saturday night." "Playing outside;" then "we" see them on coming out, eh? This is the consequence of an admission, a free admission. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Sir ARTHUR for his address, in which he gave sound advice to his hearers, and had a kind and generous word for everybody of note in the musical profession.

RECKLESS WRECKERS.

ON the first night of the re-opening of the St. James's Theatre, under the management of the Rev. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, there seems to have been a row. Some unprofessional critics in the gallery objected to something that Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, the able critic, attached deeply to the *Daily Telegraph*, had written about "Wreckers on a First Night," and to prove how unprejudiced they were, and how quietly they could behave, the Wreckers in the gallery, who resented the Critic's accusation, determined to give the In-CLEMENT SCOTT D.T. fits; and so the Gods yelled at him from above, and though guarded by a chivalrous Knight, Sir JOSEPH the Erudite of the order of Minerva, these rowdies followed him, threatening personal violence. It was more than ten to one against Mr. SCOTT coming off scot-free. But he did. Only—where were the police? or where was a policeman to act as a Coast-guardsmen, and rout or arrest the reckless "Wreckers"? If they begin this with Critics what will they do with Editors! Guilty Cinnas will tremble if violent mob-lawlessness is to supersede comfortable criticism. So, down with *premières* altogether! Let's have a solemn critic's night with the critics arranged on their benches, "a terrible show," no disturbing "wreckers" present, and smoking allowed in every part of the house.



"This must be stopped."

J. M. Leby.

BORN, 1812. DIED, OCT. 12, 1888.

A NAME that fame will link with the Cheap Press!
He seized the moment and he snatched success.
The proletariat pence he found would build
A fortune for the shrewd and the strong-willed,
As well and swiftly as patrician pounds.
Keeness that measures, kindness that abounds,
Are not the worst equipment for that strife
Of loves and interests which men call Life.
With him 'tis o'er, and many known to fame
Have left less good and less-enduring name.

THE PASTELLIST OF THE PAVEMENT.

MR. SALA—it could have been no one else—in a lively and instructive article on "Pastels" in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*, describes the art and artist thus:—



"It holds a middle rank between drawing and painting. The draughtsman, strictly so called, executes his designs with the lead pencil, the pen, or the chalk crayon. With the last he may work on a tinted ground, he may even use brown chalks, also he may employ red." . . . "The worker in pastel is essentially a worker 'in the dry.' Moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear." . . . "Instead of palette and brushes, the pastellist needs only a long box, the compartments of which are filled with coloured crayons," &c., &c.

After reading this, put a penny in your pocket, and go and watch the method of the Pastellist of the Pavement, who brings his chalks in the morning, and walks his chalks off in the evening. He is indeed a "worker in the dry," and "moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear," for a shower of rain causes him and his colours to run together. The only brush he is likely to have is one with the police, but this is very rare, as the Pastellist of the Pavement is inoffensive and industrious. The Art is, from the nature of the case, low, but when the Pastellist of the Pavement has arrived at a certain pitch—a good one in a respectably frequented thoroughfare—there he sticks, and never gets beyond it.

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER."—In the *Times* of last Thursday, Mr. JOHN FINUCANE wrote a letter indignantly denying that in a speech at "Windygap"—(number of blustering speeches made at many Windy-gaps all over the country and by men of all sorts and conditions of parties)—he had told the blacksmiths to shoe the landgrabbers' horses and "drive the nails into the quick." He wrote at a white heat from "Coole House, Caherelly, County Limerick." But if anyone's residence should be styled "Coole House," it should be that of the Irish Secretary, who is "cool as a cucumber." How some of the Nationalist "Coolies" would like to give Cucumber BALFOUR a dressing with a taste of his own vinegar and plenty of pepper!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



AN UNSELFISH MAN.

Colonel Slyboots, M.P. "SO SORRY TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE AT MUDBORO', MY LOVE; BUT DUTY WILL COMPEL ME TO BE AT MY POST AT WESTMINSTER FOR THE AUTUMN SESSION, YOU KNOW. SO DULL IN TOWN WITHOUT YOU, TOO."

Mrs. S. "POOR DEAR! THEN I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU, MY ANGEL!"

Colonel S. "OH, ON NO ACCOUNT. WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT!"

CATCHING THE EARLY BOAT.

In Bed; at the Highland Hotel, Oban.—What an extraordinary thing is the mechanism of the human mind! Went to sleep last night impressed with vital importance of waking at six, to catch early steamer to Gairloch. And here I am—broad awake—at exactly 5'55! Is it automatic action, or what? Like setting clockwork for explosive machine. When the time comes, I blow up—I mean, *get up*. Think out this simile—rather a good one . . . Need not have been so particular in telling Boots to call me, after all. Shall I get up *before* he comes? He'll be rather surprised when he knocks at the door, and hears me singing inside like a lark. But, on reflection, isn't it rather *petty* to wish to astonish an Hotel Boots? And why on earth should I get up myself, when I've tipped another fellow to get me up? But suppose he forgets to call me. I've no right, as yet, to *assume* that he will. To get up now would argue want of confidence in him—might hurt his feelings. I will give him another five minutes, poor fellow . . .

Getting Up.—No actual necessity to get up yet, but, to make assurance doubly—something or other, forget what—I will . . . I do. Portmanteau rather refractory; retreats under bed—quite ten minutes before I can coax it out . . . When I have, it won't let me pack it. That's the worst of this breed of brown portmanteaus—they're always nasty-tempered. However, I am getting a few things into it now, by degrees. Very annoying—as fast as I put them in, this confounded portmanteau shoots them out again! If I've put in that pair of red and white striped pyjamas once, I've done it twenty times—and they always come twisting and rolling out at the back, somehow. Fortunate I left myself ample time.

Man next door to me is running it rather fine. *He* has to catch the boat, too, and he's not up yet! Hear the Boots hammering away at his door. How *can* a fellow, just for the sake of a few more minutes in bed—which he won't even know he's *had*!—go and risk losing his steamer in that way? I'll do him a good turn—knock at

the wall myself. "Hi! get up, you lazy beggar. Look sharp—you'll be late!" He thanks me, in a muffled tone, through the wall. He is a remarkably quick dresser, he tells me—it won't take him thirty-five seconds to pack, dress, pay his bill, and get on board. If that's the case, I don't see why *I* should hurry. I've got much more than that *already*.

At the Quay.—People in Oban stare a good deal. Can't quite make out reason, unless they're surprised to find me up so early. Explain that I got up without having even been called. Oban populace mildly surprised, and offer me neckties—*Why?*

Fine steamer this; has a paddle-wheel at *both* ends—"because," the Captain explains, "she has not only to go to Gairloch—but come back as well."

First-rate navigator, the Captain; he has written my weight, the date of my last birthday, and the number of the house I live in, down in a sort of ledger he keeps. He does this with all his passengers, he tells me, reduces the figures to logarithms, and works out the ship's course in decimals. No idea there was so much science in modern seamanship.

On Board.—Great advantage of being so early is that you can breakfast quietly on deck before starting. Have mine on bridge of steamer, under awning; everything very good—ham-méringues *excellent*. No coffee, but, instead, a capital brand of dry sparkling marmalade, served, sailor-fashion, in small pomatum-pots.

What a small world we live in! Of all people in the world, who should be sitting next to me but my Aunt MARIA! I was always under the impression that she had died in my infancy. Don't like to mention this, because if I am *wrong*, she might be offended. But if she *did* die when I was a child, she ought to be a much older woman than she looks. I *do* tell her this—because it is really a compliment.

My Aunt evidently an experienced traveller, never travels, she informs me, without a pair of globes and a lawn-mower. She offers, very kindly, to lend me the Celestial globe, if the weather is at all windy. This is behaving *like* an Aunt!

We are taking in live-stock; curious-looking creatures, like spotted pug-dogs (only bigger and woollier, of course) and without horns. Somebody leaning over the rail, next to me (I *think* he is the Public Prosecutor, but am not quite sure), tells me they are "Scotch Short-breads." Agreeable man, but rather given to staring.

Didn't observe it before, but my Aunt is really amazingly like GLADSTONE. Ask her to explain this. She is much distressed that I have noticed it; says she has felt it coming on for some time; it is not, as she justly complains, as if she took any interest in politics either. She has consulted every doctor in London, and they all tell her it is simply weakness, and she will outgrow it with care. Singular case—must find out (delicately) whether it's catching.

We ought to be starting soon; feel quite fresh and lively, in spite of having got up so early. Mention this to Captain. Wish he and the Public Prosecutor wouldn't stare at me so. Just as if there was something singular in my appearance!

They're embarking my portmanteau now. Knew they would have a lively time of it! It takes, at least, four sailors, in kilts, to manage it. Ought I to step ashore and quiet it down? Stay where I am. Don't know why, but feel a little afraid of it when it's like this. Shall exchange it for a quiet hand-bag when I get home.

Captain busy hammering at a hole in the funnel—dangerous place to spring a leak in—hope he is making it watertight. The hammering reminds me of that poor devil in the bedroom next to mine at the Hotel. *He* won't catch the boat now—he *can't*! My Aunt (who has left off looking like Mr. GLADSTONE) asks me why I am laughing. I tell her about that unfortunate man and his "thirty-five seconds." She screams with laughter. Very humorous woman, my Aunt.

Deck crowded with passengers now: all pointing and staring . . . at whom? Ask Aunt MARIA. She declines to tell me: says, severely, that, "If I don't know, I ought to."

Great Heavens! it's at *me* they're staring! And no wonder—in the hurry I was in, I must have packed *everything* up! . . . I've come away just as I was! Now I understand why someone offered me a necktie. Where shall I go and hide myself? Shall I ever persuade that beast of a portmanteau to give me out one or two things to put on—because I really *can't* go about like this! Captain still hammering at funnel—but he can't wake that sleepy-headed idiot in the next room. "Louder—knock *louder*, or the boat will go without him! Tell him there isn't another for two days. He's said good-bye to everybody he knows at Oban—he will look such an ass if he doesn't go, after all!" . . . Not the least use! Wonder what his name is. My Aunt says *she* knows, only she won't tell me—she'll whisper it, as a great secret. She is just about to disclose the name, which, somehow, I am extremely curious to know—when . . .

Where am I? Haven't they got that unhappy fellow up yet? Why the dickens are they knocking at *my* door? I've been on board the steamer for hours, I tell you! Eh? *what?* Five minutes to eight! And the Gairloch boat? "Sailed at usual time—seven. Tried to make you hear—but couldn't." . . . Confound it all! Good mind not to get up all day—now!



BARBARIANS AT PLAY.

John Bull. "PLAY FOOTBALL, BY ALL MEANS, MY BOY—BUT DON'T LET IT BE THIS BRUTAL SORT OF THING!"

A NATIONAL GAME;

Or, What it seems likely to be coming to.

MIDLAND YAHOOES V. NORTH COUNTRY SAVAGES.

THESE two formidable and ferocious teams were both powerfully represented yesterday in the first match of the season that came off at the Subscription Grounds under the Thugby Association Rules, when, owing to their well-known deadly tactics, the afternoon's play was expected to be more than usually prolific in the fatalities and accidents now commonly considered inseparable from any well-contested match, and the takings for gate-money were enormous. The

Strangers had the kick off, and upon SMITH, for the Home team, securing the ball, and making a very pretty run with it down the centre, he encountered JONES, who, taking a well-timed and vigorous spring, mounted on his neck, when by an adroit twist, cracking his spine, he obliged him to relinquish it. The ball was then dribbled rapidly towards the Strangers' goal, where a spirited scrimmage ensuing, BROWN and ROBINSON, the half-backs, speedily had their thighs dislocated amidst a general breaking of arms and crackling of ribs.

Some brilliant combinations now followed on the part of the Home team. PARKINSON, who had already had his jaw broken, and a blood-vessel ruptured, being, however, obliged to use his hands, a proceeding which instantly brought JONES into his neighbourhood,



"A WORD IN SEASON," &c.

"NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP YE GETS AGEN. YOU WOR WERRY NIGH OFF *THAT* TIME!"

who, once more successfully repeating his famous leap, again cracked the spine, and left his second man dead upon the field. It being now only within a few minutes of the calling of time, and thirteen of the Home team being, more or less, seriously disabled, while only four of the Strangers were left to limp to their places, the Umpire decided that the game was over for the day, and the majority of the injured men were forthwith removed to the local Hospital from the ground on stretchers. A riot among the betting fraternity, who were attending the match in great numbers, that at one moment seriously threatened to imperil the peace of the locality, was eventually quelled by the Police.

THROUGH AN IMPERIAL HORSE-COLLAR.

It appears that during the German Emperor's visit to Naples a Newspaper Correspondent, disguised as a waiter (what would our own "ROBERT" say to such a freak?), was present at an Imperial luncheon. It seems that King HUMBERT was kept on the broad grin by the KAISER'S witticisms and practical jokes. Amongst the latter was the admirable jest of preventing Prince HENRY of Prussia from seeing a passing torpedo-boat by pushing him back into his seat. This mirth-provoking *plaisanterie*, according to the journalistic *garçon*, caused His Majesty of Italy to explode with laughter. Fortunately for the world, a record of some of the other quaint conceits of WILLIAM THE SECOND has been preserved, from which the following short paragraphs are extracted:—

A Rather Fishy Remark.—Prince HENRY having cut his finger in attempting to eat peas with a carving-knife (after the German fashion) his Illustrious Brother thrust a couple of inches of sea-snake over the wounded part. "What have you done that for?" asked His Royal Highness. "I want to make it 'eel!" was the witty reply. Count HERBERT VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) yelled with merriment for more than an hour.

Consommé-ate Wit.—The King of ITALY was taking some soup, when by suddenly joggling His Majesty's arm the German Emperor caused some of the savoury liquid to trace a pattern upon the Royal shirtfront. "What did you do that for? Do you know what you have done?" inquired the Italian Monarch, rather hotly. "I owes

the soup," replied the German Emperor, in excellent English. "I *soup* owes!" Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) had to swallow a table-cloth to suppress smiling.

Butter and Butter.—Before leaving Naples the Emperor got up early, and, running to the apartments reserved for his Royal host, plastered the passage in their immediate neighbourhood with butter. The Crown Prince, slipping down, sprained his ankle, and smilingly declared that he did not like butter-slides so early in the morning. "I see," responded WILLIAM THE SECOND, "butter late than never!" Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) commenced dancing a saraband to conceal his merriment.

Grimaldi Outdone.—At the Review at Rome the German Emperor rode rather a restive charger. His Majesty, being an indifferent horseman, was soon thrown into the midst of the Italian Royal Family, occupying a barouche. Immediately recovering his composure, he made a grimace, and exclaimed, using the Imperial Plural, "Here We are again!" Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) stood upon his head, as a token of silent sympathy.

From the above it will be seen that, should it be considered advisable to produce a Pantomime in Berlin next Christmas, at the Imperial Court, there will be no difficulty in procuring a thoroughly efficient amateur Clown.

"SOLVITUR STEAMENDO."—Ten days ago Sir EDWARD W-TK-N sailed for India in the P. & O. *Arcadia*. In *Arcadia* there is much to be learnt, and the Great Railway Arcadian is anxious, we hear, to ascertain by personal inspection how it happens that the Mails are carried distances up to 12,000 miles, and, such is the excessive punctuality, always delivered *before*, not after, time by the "P. & O., Weather or no" (as one of their own P. and Oets sings), with a view of applying the same system on the S. E. R. Yes, S. E. R. No more late trains!

A PROTEST.—Our "ROBERT" wishes it to be publicly known that his surname is not ELSMERE. "This HELSMEER," he writes, "is, as I ear, a clergyman, and I may ave bin mistook for im, on account of simmerlarrity of kostoom, wich is a kumplerment to the revvrunt gent in henny case."



MR. J. L. T-LE, LORD R. G-W-R, LORD MAYOR TORPEDO (ELECT), AND MR. OSC-R W-L-DE, ADOPT THE NEW STYLE, AND LEAD THE FASHION ON NOV. 5TH.

"MEN'S DRESS.—If it be true, as announced, that men are going to wear embroidered trousers this season, the first step will be taken towards a further embellishment of masculine attire."—*Daily News*.

A PLAYGOER'S PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am nobody,—not even a Critic. Still less am I a dramatist or a librettist. I am simply a playgoer, and a reader of criticisms upon plays. And there are some matters concerning both the plays and the criticisms which puzzle me exceedingly.

So far as I can gather, certain Critics seem to have two ways of dealing with a man who has made a shining, and especially a sudden, success. The one is to "slate" him with unmeasured maliciousness, the other to beslaver him with indiscriminate praise. It is rather difficult to decide which is the more offensive, the splenetic slaughtering, or the fulsome gush.

I am a lover of all sorts and conditions of music, "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," I may almost say from the sublime to the ridiculous. I am also a great admirer of Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour, especially when it is wedded to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's music. You may imagine, therefore, that I anticipate with immense pleasure the production of a new piece at the Savoy. I do not go to First Nights, but I eagerly scan the Press notices of the new piece, with a view of tasting, as it were, in advance the quintessential flavour of the treat in store for me. And if I can obtain a copy of the Opera before seeing the performance itself, I do so, and read it carefully.

Of course, therefore, I promptly perused the Press Criticisms of the *Yeomen of the Guard*. What a promising consensus of praise! GILBERT at his best, SULLIVAN better than ever! The music was almost bound to be good; in the libretto I should have expected a choice literary banquet,—if the admiring Critics had not made the mistake of quoting. Then—well, then, I began to have my doubts.

One Critic in a Sunday paper, for instance, was generally laudatory. Coming to particulars, he quoted with approbation the lines:—

"The rose's sigh
Were as a carrion's cry
To lullaby
Such as I'd sing to thee,
Were I thy bride!"

If this is not nonsense, I am a Dutchman. But I am not a Dutchman. It may be that Mr. GILBERT here is the victim of a printer's error. But the Critic praised the lines as they are printed!

Another Critic, in a weekly review, quoted in brackets the words "she be," as though they constituted a marvellously original and humorous rhyme to "PHOEBE." He might almost as well have praised the novel coupling of "love" and "dove," or the selection (by a post-Ingoldsby poet) of "Greenwich" as perfectly antiphonetic to "spinach." A third congratulates Sir ARTHUR on his good fortune in having such lyrics as these to set to music. Such lyrics as these? Here be specimens:—

"Here's a man of jollity,
Gibe, joke, jollify!
Give us of your quality
Come fool, follify!"

"River none can mollify;—
Into it we throw
Fool who doesn't follify,
Cock who doesn't crow!"

If this be not the merest doggerel with rhymes as forced as they are feeble, what in the name of metre gone mad is it?

Again:—

"1st Yeoman. Did'st thou not, oh, LEONARD MERYLL!
Standard lost in last campaign,
Rescue it at deadly peril—
Bear it bravely back again?"

Chorus—LEONARD MERYLL, at his peril
Bore it bravely back again!"

Is this so *very* much above the level of the celebrated "eagle" who "played with" (and attempted to rhyme to) "the sea-gull!" Is it anything like as good as the old nursery jingle—

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Which hung down the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid!"

Mr. GILBERT as a lyrist is not altogether unlike that illustrious young lady. At any rate, when he is good—as in most of the *Bab Ballads* and many of his Operas—he is *very, very* good. Like his own *Point*, he has "a pretty wit," but in this piece at least seems very chary of exercising it. He doubtless *can* "jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you," only he *doesn't*; though he *does* "wrack you" with bad verse, and "riddle you" with forced rhymes, e.g.:—

"Joyful, joyful!
When virginity
Seeks, all coyful
Man's affinity;

"Fate all flowery
Bright and bowery
Is her dowery!
Joyful, joyful!"

But, after all, it is not Mr. GILBERT whom I, as a playgoer, have to pick a bone with, but his fulsome "Critics." Mr. GILBERT must, long ago, have cynically laughed in his jester's sleeve at these adulatory notices of his work. One can imagine what a brilliantly bitter *Bab Ballad* he could make of it all.

The work, we were told in advance, with a considerable flourish of critical trumpets, was to be "a new departure." It is certainly a departure from the land of Topsy-turvy wherein GILBERT and SULLIVAN have so long disported themselves, and wherein they worked so harmoniously, and with so much success. But what is it? Serio-comic romantic Opera? Possibly. But if so, the "departure" cannot appropriately be called "new." I agree with your "JACK IN THE BOX" that, had any other writer announced the libretto as "new and original," the Critics to a man would have been down upon him for filching the essence of *Maritana*. As it was, they very mildly accused, profusely excused, and extravagantly "enthused." However, we are transferred from imaginary Topsy-turvydom to the historical Tudor period. There is not very much of the Tudor style about the dialogue; there is even less about the lyrics:—

"Tower warders
Under orders
Gallant pikemen, valiant swordsmen!
Brave in bearing
Foemen scaring
In their bygone deeds of daring,

"Ne'er a stranger
There to danger—
Each was o'er the world a ranger:
To the story
Of our glory
Each a bold contributory!"

Somehow this does not smack *very* strongly of the days of bluff King HAL, does it? That, perhaps, would not much matter, were it flowing or funny; but it isn't.

Enough. I have not yet seen the piece. I have no doubt that when I do, I shall enjoy the music and be pleased with the *ensemble*. But dealing with the libretto as a production for which the Critics have claimed considerable literary merit, what is one to think—of the Critics?

Yours, &c.

PLAYGOER.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY.—The following extraordinary circumstance is vouched for by several eye-witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. A tall man of respectable exterior, with a pale face, dark moustache, and a peculiarly saturnine cast of countenance, was observed walking down a street leading out of the Strand. For obvious reasons we suppress the name of the street pending further inquiry. Stopping for a minute in close proximity to a lamp-post, he plunged both hands into his trousers' pockets. A sudden gleam was seen to illuminate his countenance; he was heard to mutter some words, which were probably cabalistic, and then *suddenly turned into a public-house!* The Psychological Society has been communicated with, and M. B. DE KOLTA, the inventor of the Vanishing Lady and the Pavilion Cocoon, has undertaken to find out how this marvellously rapid and complete transformation was effected. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS hopes to purchase the patent for his Christmas Pantomime.

UP AND DOWN.—The *Times* calls public attention to the fact that Land which is "going down" in England is "going up" in Australia. Well, there are places in the world where Land seems to be continually "going up," such as Japan and other volcanic districts; but whether many speculators would be eager to invest in the consequent "ground rents" is another question.

Captain Gleadall, of the "White Star" Line.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Many an old voyager across the herring-pond will be sorry to hear of the awfully sudden death of that staunch veteran shipmaster, Captain GLEADALL, of the 'White Star' Line, who for ten years had the *Celtic*, and later commanded that favourite ship the *Germanic*. Captain GLEADALL died at the post of duty: he was found seated in the *Germanic's* chart-room when the ship was running through a fog, his face prone on the open chart he had been studying when the life had suddenly gone out of him. During his long and worthy sailor life he had rescued a great number of lives, and had received recognitions of his courage and humanity from almost every maritime nation of Europe and America."—*The World*, Oct. 23, 1888.

SUDDEN, yet splendid too! What fitter end
Can fancy fashion for the brave old tar,
All his long life with wind and wave at war,
The Ocean-crosser's trusty guide and friend,
Keen-eyed to mark, stout-hearted to contend,
With every danger of the treacherous deep?
So might we all, who life's long watch must keep,
Fronting its perils our last moments spend:
Like gallant GLEADALL, playing well our part
To the last pulse within, not of our fate
But of the great ship's course considerate;
Humanity's loyal servants, high of heart,
Content the great dismissal to await,
And fall at last—face forward on the chart!

PLAY-TIME WITH FRENCH ROYALTY.

ON Thursday last I went to see *Le Fils de Famille*, in order to compare M. LAFONTAINE as the *Abbé Constantin* with Mr. LAFONTAINE as *Alphonse Deshayes*, Colonel of a regiment of Lancers. He does not appear till the Second Act, and then he comes *en bourgeois* to a ball.



Dean's Treat, Soho.

Not a trace of the kindly genial simple old Abbé about this stiff-backed elderly martinet, who is every inch a soldier, and whose bearing is that of a man who has risen from the ranks, and who is nothing if not a soldier. I may be wrong in supposing that he has risen from the ranks, but certainly his comparatively uneasy bearing in "Society," his awkward compromise between a gracious bow and a short, sharp, military nod, and his hearty grasp of the hand when he wishes to express his cordial agreement with *M. François*, the Artist, gave me this impression; and the sentiments the authors have put into his mouth concerning the well-born prodigals, "*ces enfants mal élevés*," who put on a uniform as a

disguise, and then wish to take it off again as though it were *un costume de Carnaval*, confirm me in my view of the character.

In this Second Act M. LAFONTAINE is perfect; with the exception of exaggerating and repeating the business of his characteristic bow, merely for the sake of obtaining a laugh from the feather-headed.

In the Third Act M. LAFONTAINE, with great judgment, shows the old soldier quite at home in undress and in full uniform. The awkwardness has entirely disappeared, not a trace of his forced "society manner" exists, and here and there we get a hint of that natural kindness common to the good hearts of the Colonel and the Curé. Occasionally a mannerism of utterance reminded me of the Abbé, but it was only a momentary family resemblance, which I was on the look-out to detect. I hope, before his departure, that on one night he will give us an Act of *L'Abbé Constantin*, followed by the Second Act of *Le Fils de Famille*.

Mlle. JANE MAY is lacking in the quality of earnestness that alone could make the girl's part interesting. She seems to consider *Emmeline* as a heroine of *Opéra-Comique*, and that the authors themselves have not got much beyond this I am not prepared to deny, but it is just one of those parts that the pathetic power of an actress should lift above itself. M. SCHEY gives a broadly humorous sketch of a French *maréchal de logis*. He is rather inclined to exaggerate, as if he were playing *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*, but there is true low comedy in his impersonation of the type.

In M. LAFONTAINE's impersonations of the Abbé and the Colonel is to be seen a very near approach to the perfection of the comedian's art: and on the same stage may be also seen glaring examples of the

worst fault of the French school of acting, viz., the actor insisting on points by addressing his speeches point-blank at the audience.

Now that M. SCHEY has arrived, couldn't we have *Tricoche et Cacolet* again? CHAUMONT and NOBLET are coming with *Divorçons*. *En attendant*, M. LAFONTAINE is announced to appear in *Le Gentil-homme Pauvre*. It ought to be a very fine performance.

JEAN DANS LE LOGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PUBLISHED by WHITTAKER & Co., with two "t's,"—not that benefactor of society, WHITTAKER, the Almanack Maker and universal intelligence provider,—is a small volume, well got up and clearly printed, of the selected poems and songs of CHARLES MACKAY, "the British Béranger," as DOUGLAS JERROLD styled him. It was only lately that some one was recalling to the public mind, in aid of a MACKAY Fund, that JERROLD's "B. B." is the author of "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*" "*There's a Good Time coming, Boys!*" "*To the West!*" "*Far, far upon the Sea!*" which were all associated with the name of HENRY RUSSELL, whose music gave them an immense popularity. Unfortunately, Mr. Words goes for very little where Mr. Music steps in, and Mr. Music gets all the credit which should be divided between Messrs. Words and Music. Certainly this class of songs would not have obtained their success without such music as HENRY RUSSELL composed for them. And then the Composer, who was a capital entertainer and pianist, sang them himself, with no voice to speak of, but, all the same, most heartily, and with great dramatic skill. But CHARLES MACKAY has written songs that require no singing to recommend them, and ballads that suggest their own music; as for instance, "*Geraldine*," "*The Angel and the Mourners*," "*The Wayside Spring*," "*The Dream of the Reveller*," "*The Fair Serpent*," "*I Love my Love*," "*I lay in Sorrow*," which doesn't seem a very good stock to "lay in,"—but read the two verses. Get the book. He is not a TENNYSON nor a BROWNING; it is all simple versification; nothing abstruse, subtle, or obscure; yet plenty of food for thought, and much that will "catch on" and be remembered, says the



Based on solid principles.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A CIGAR CASE.

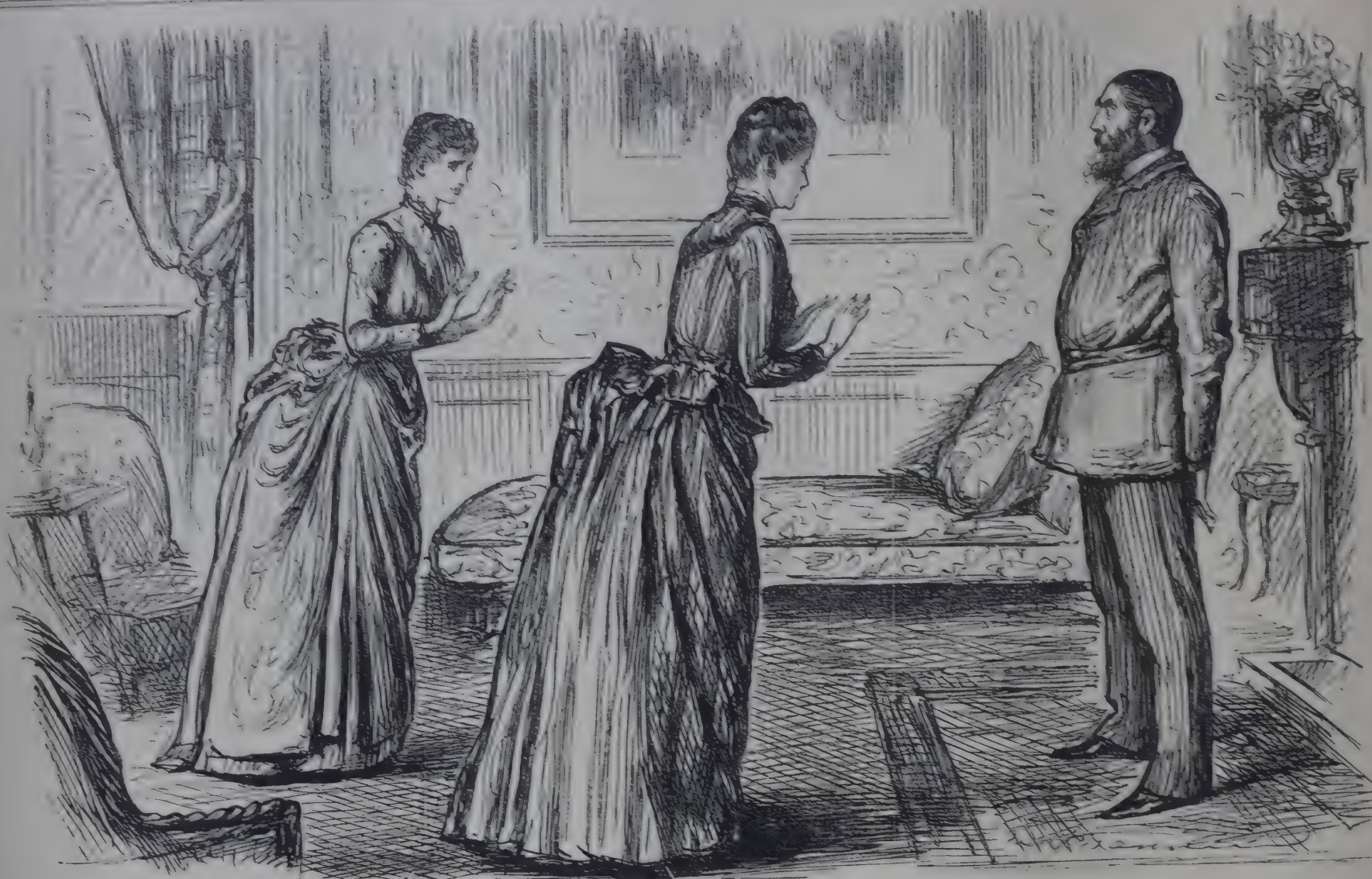
"Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON brought an action for £500 against Mr. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, because he failed to marry her. KIRKLAND, who was a smoker, received a letter from his sweetheart, the plaintiff, in which she stated, 'You must choose between me and a cigar.' He selected a cigar instead of Miss WATSON, and hence the action. The Sheriff Substitute decided in KIRKLAND's favour, and yesterday the Sheriff Principal upheld that judgment."—*Daily News*.

DON'T you consider, sweet Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON, that some one showed himself a blockhead For choosing thus? If this be true we read, It must have been a choice cigar indeed; And the cigar, now, was it new and green And soft? Was it Imperial or Queen? For if it was all these, then he won't thank His lucky stars, for "his offence was rank." Did it look light, seductive to the lip, Or was it very rich, with a fine tip? So, was it rank or wealth that this choice weed Embodied? Well, the parties are both freed. Let's trust that this Cigar no heart hath broke, Not new that sanguine hopes should end in smoke.

WHISPER FROM THE GAIETY.—"In the time of CHARLES THE SECOND," wrote a *D. T.* leader on Dress last Saturday, "it was a disgrace for a man of fashion to wear a suit too long." Observed S-MS to P-TT-TT, in the absence of their tyrannical Stage Manager, "It isn't considered a disgrace in the time of CHARLES THE THIRD for burlesque actresses to wear a suit too short." "Hush!" said his partner, "he comes! We must dissemble!" [They dissemble accordingly.]

PRO BOHNO PUBLICO.—Our friend BORROWDALE, whose library is composed exclusively of books which have been lent to him at various times during his long and honourable career, humorously calls them "Bone's Editions."

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER, one of London's greatest landlords, is now created a tenant, in fact the only Lord Left Tenant of the County of London, by the Local Government Act.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Exit awful Bore, after protracted Visit.)

"OH, WILLIAM! HOW UNGENUALLY YOU SAID 'HOW D'Y DO!' TO POOR PROFESSOR BLOKER!"

"YES, INDEED, PAPA! AND OH, HOW EFFUSIVELY YOU BADE HIM GOOD-BYE!"

THE MENACING MONSTER.

A Dream of the Day After To-morrow.

"The formation of the great Association for a monopoly in salt is likely to have imitators, and it is now said that the formation of a gigantic monopoly in coal, with a capital of eighty millions, is under consideration. This will probably be followed by similar combinations to control iron, cotton, woollen, and other manufactures. Hitherto it has been fondly believed that the growth and progress of English trade was chiefly due to a wholesome competition. . . . All this, it seems, is to come to an end, and the American system of monopolies is to take the place of the English system of competition."—*Standard*.

THE Day of Big Things was approaching its noon;—

(Its dawn had first glimmered across the Atlantic)—

Each trade had swelled out like a Monster Balloon,

And nothing was noticed that was not Gigantic,

Things seemed to hark back to the morning of time,

When Monsters and Mud were Creation's chief features.

When sixty-foot saurians revelled in slime,

With Mastodons, Mammoths, and other huge creatures.

The Mammoth, indeed, seemed the type of the age,

Which was ruled by the love of the simply colossal.

To have a Big Boom was the general rage,

And every man's dream was to "run" or to "boss" all.

There were some who were silly enough to inquire

The probable goal of this curious tendency;

But most were contented to share—or admire—

The Day of Big Things in its blazing resplendency.

And as for the Small Things—they went to the wall,

For people or plans not extremely Titanic

Were calmly considered "not in it at all,"

And snubbed with a scorn which was ultra-Germanic.

- Ah me, the Big Booms! That got bigger each day,
The monopolist "Rings," like the circles in water,
Grew wider, and swallowed up all in their way,
Of shops and small firms there was general slaughter.

The millions of Naboths had never a chance,
Against the few Ahabs, whose numbers still dwindled;
The "Trusts" piped the tune, and the victims must dance;
They had nothing to do but to stare and be swindled.

That was not the word that was used, to be sure,

To prig on so spanking a scale is *not* priggish,

But—well, say "financing" with motives quite pure,

Or controlling the market by ringing or rigging.

Conspiracy? Nay, *that* is not quite the word

That only applies to malign combinations

Against—well, say Rent,—which are wrong and absurd;

But to keep up high prices by smart "operations"

In salt or in iron, in coal or in wool,

Is plainly legitimate pulling together.

For who would protest, save a poor well-plucked fool,

Against the snug flocking of birds of a feather?

"Strikes? Well, they were rascally ruinous things,

For they kept down fortunes by keeping up wages.

'Twixt Labour's Trade Unions and Capital's Rings

The fight was prolonged, but no longer it rages."

So chuckled Monopoly, cock of the walk

Once more on the death of that plague, Competition.

The new Mammoth, Mammon, with saurian stalk,

The Colossus of Cash in plethoric condition,

Like dragons primeval, were lords of the time;

They battered and browsed on the best: as to others,

For them 'twas enough to be trampled to slime,

In poverty equal, in death only brothers.

O glorious epoch! O outcome divine

Of that Spirit of Trade which sublimates our humanity!

Its heaven the Market; the Loom and the Mine

Its ladders to opulence; all else is vanity.

To paddle one's own poor canoe might seem fun

In Trade's earlier days of competitive rivalry.

But oh! when the Many give place to the One,

Competition must go, like good-feeling and chivalry.



THE OCTOPUS OF "MONOPOLY."

Monopoly was not content very long
 With sharing its millions in narrow community
 Between the mere few who were clever and strong,
 Its natural issue was *Absolute Unity*.
 The One at the top, and the Many below!—
 That must be the Monster's ideal, the goal of it.
 To get the World's trade in one "Ring" at a blow,
 With one bloated Moloch of cash in control of it,
 That, that was the notion, and that was the aim;
 But just as that "Trust" comprehensive, colossal,
 Was reared, Mammon's victims grew tired of his game,
 And Demos with Dives played mad pitch-and-toss all.

A dream! Ah, perhaps; but some visions unveil
 A meaning from wide-awake vigilance hidden.
 The Day of Big Things means a scourge and a flail
 For the myriad small ones to Life's banquet bidden.
 The Epoch of Monsters once more to revive,
 In Creation or Commerce, is sheer retrogression.
 The Thunderer would rule, and the Titans would strive,
 But freedom and peace are poor man's best possession.
 "These Little Ones" also have places and claims.
 The many-armed Monster, Monopoly, subtle
 Of motion as greedy of maw, has the aims
 Of the cruel, all-grabbing, all-palsying Cuttle.
 Beware of it, Trade! 'Tis a creature to dread,
 To fight to the death, as St. George did the dragon.
 Call Law to your aid—let her strike *at its head*—
 And the menacing Monster will drop dead as Dagon!

GOOD DAY'S WORK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is stated that "in view of the serious dangers that attend upon even a temporary stoppage of a great artery of traffic in London, the Corporation are considering the expediency of carrying on the forthcoming repairs of Blackfriars Bridge, not only night and day, but on Sunday, as well as week day." As yet, however, they have not therefore been charged, by agitators for the enforcement of the observance of Sunday as a Judaic Sabbath, with proposing to employ me as an instrument wherewithal to deprive the working classes of their day of rest. Now then, I suppose, it will no longer be pretended that I am designed to serve that purpose in the hands of good people allied to promote the opening of Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays, and consequently, in time past, accused of trying to insert the thin end of your ancient friend

THE WEDGE.



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Anatole. "TIENS! BONJOUR, ISIDOR! YOU SPICK ENGLEESH? BIEN! I GO TO PLAY AT ZE FOOTBALL-TENNIS-CRICKETTS? COME YOU?"

Isidor. "NOT AT PRESENT. BUT I VILL GO TO FIND YOU VEN I SHALL 'AV PASSED AT ZE BUREAU TO PAY MY INCOMESTAXES!"

AN ARM FROM THE ARMADA.

(Fragment from a Romance of 15 + 18 + 88.)

It matters not how I came to be living three hundred years after the great fight off Plymouth Hoe. That is my affair, and no one else's. Suffice it to say that I came up by a train, and took an omnibus to Catherine Street, and entered the National Theatre, where I found Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, surrounded by a number of articles I immediately recognised as relics of the battle in which I had taken part in 1588. I remember the day perfectly. Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, Lord HOWARD OF Effingham, a few others, and myself, were aboard the *Capitana*—no, we took that during the action, so I think it must have been the *Lively Polly*. Yes, now I call it to mind, it was the *Lively Polly*. And yet, on referring to a Catalogue furnished by the courteous Lessee of Drury Lane, I am not at all sure but it was the *Ark Raleigh*, or the *Ark Royal*. I have all the greater confidence in the latter suggestion, as I see that that capital vessel was the flag-ship of the British Fleet.

"Have a pinch of snuff, TOMMY?" said DRAKE (he always called me TOMMY, although my real name was MARMADUKE)—"have a pinch of snuff?"

And then good old FRANCO—I always called Sir FRANCIS "FRANCO," because we had been at school together—produced a Horn Tobacco Box.

I mentioned this to one of the erudite assistants of the joint-author of *The Armada*.

"We have the very identical box here," replied the assistant. "It is No. 247 in the Catalogue, and bears the name and arms of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE."

And to be sure there it was! Then I came upon a chair which I immediately recognised as one that used to stand in the study of Sir WALTER RALEIGH. He used to invite me to occupy it while reading his *History of the World* to me.

"What is No. 318?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"That," returned my courteous informant, "is a Spanish torture

chair. You will observe here is a steel waistband for fixing the octagonal stake with various screws. Here is a double manacle with triangular padlock. Yonder a gag with rack action for opening mouth, grasping and drawing out tongue. There a steel dilator for lower part of body. Here—"

"Oh! yes," I interrupted; "I know the whole bag of tricks. Dear old WALLY used to say that he was obliged to apply them all to keep me from falling asleep."

"It is, we fancy, nearly a hundred years later than the date of the Armada," continued my guide; "but it shows, to quote the Catalogue, 'what would have occurred in nearly every English town if the Armada had been successful.'"

"There," I replied, "I think you are wrong. My friend, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, told me that it was given to him by a Spaniard—he was called Don QUAY—in return for a pouch of tobacco. But still it is a most interesting relic."

Then I saw a large number of helmets, swords, pictures, seals, and engravings that I quite remember noticing during the pauses of the glorious combat. I was particularly struck with an etching reproduction of "the Armada in sight," by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

"Most lifelike," I observed. "I recognise FENTON, and St. LEGER, SOUTHWELL and MANNINGTON, GEORGE JENNER, COOK, and, of course, dear old DICK HAWKINS."

"Were you there?" asked a bystander.

"Was I there?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Of course I was, and got a seat for Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, who was painting it. The original was sent, shortly afterwards, to Australia."

At this moment a theatre-loving descendant of my dear old friend, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, seized me by the arm, and with him I hurried off to see the admirable spectacular Drama that through the kindness of Messrs. HAMILTON and HARRIS, had been provided for our delectation. And thus, seated in the Stalls, I fought my battle over again.

(Signed) A SURVIVOR OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

TRANSLATION OF "EQUINOX."—A Night-Mare.



' THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL! '

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU'VE HAD A FALL—I HOPE——"

Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T S'POSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP——!"

[He helps her up, and makes off hastily.]

A NEW "SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY."

(Intended as a few hints to budding Orators, in addition to the very excellent advice which Mr. Bright has recently given them.)

DON'T let your audience know what is coming next. Cultivate the art of oratorical surprises. Should your hearers also cultivate surprises, and welcome you with an outburst of hisses, allude playfully to the geese that once saved the Capitol. This may disarm hostility. It may also do the reverse.

If any member of your audience should be so ill-mannered or so destitute of appreciation as to go away in the middle of your oration, remember that this invariably happens to the best speakers in the House of Commons. Try and wither the offender with a glance. This requires practice. Should this fail, you might put your audience in a good temper by inquiring, "Why is our friend who is leaving like a barn-door fowl? Because he is looking for an egg-sit." This will direct amused attention to the out-goer, and make others less willing to follow his example.

N. B.—At the end of the meeting, leave, if possible, by a side-door. People have been known to resent humour of the above description.

If you cannot comfortably accommodate all the leading points of your speech on your shirt-cuff, pin them (on a piece of paper) to your handkerchief, which you can occasionally dangle before your face in a graceful and unpremeditated manner.

Make friends with the Reporters. An

amiable Reporter explains away a multitude of brickbats.

When interrupted, never lose your own temper—or you may find somebody else's!

When working up to a joke, it will be advisable to wreathe your face beforehand with a seductive smile. Practise well before a looking-glass.

Though argument is popularly supposed to have something to do with proof, recollect that certain people are quite proof against argument. Humour them. Appeal to their feelings, not their heads. Try the "Three B's"—blarney, blather, and bunkum.

People who don't see a joke always think there is something profane in it. Don't be too witty. This is a fault which you will probably find no difficulty in avoiding.

Perhaps the very best way to "bring down the house," is to bring down a lot of particular friends who will "make a house" for you.

"SLATIN BEY."—The *Times* Correspondent, writing from Vienna, reported last week that "SLATIN BEY asks his friends to send him a few newspapers." We are glad to be able to announce, in the interests of the higher criticism in Art, Literature, and the Drama, that SLATIN BEY is coming over to England, and has been engaged as Literary and Dramatic Critic on *Mr. Punch's* Staff. All those who have anything to fear from SLATIN,—look out!

SOME impulsive Americans wanted his title to be changed to "Lord Get-the-Sackville."

A SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

Arranged for the Suburban Deer-Stalker.

SING ho! for the bang of the Verderer's gun,
As from his third-class stepping,
He starts for his annual bit of fun
In the sylvan glades of Epping.

He isn't a very good shot, is he:
But his aim is wild and his range is free,
And, whether he hit or miss his mark,
He knows that he is out for a lark.
So ho! sing ho! for the Verderer's sport,
At Epping he'll show you the proper sort.
Give him his gun, and he'll blaze away,
Nor care a rap what the public say.

Sing ho! for the Verderer's random shot
As he sees the herd advancing,
And he takes his sight and covers the lot,
The risk of a bad one chancing.
So ho! but the Verderer has his luck,
For he breaks the leg of a harmless buck,
That limps away with its shatter'd bone
To linger for days, then die alone.
So ho! Sing ho! for his glorious sport,
At Epping he'll show you the right good sort;
And will—till the Public shall have their say,
And he and his gun both get blazed away!

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN INDIA.—Lord COLIN CAMPBELL has gone out to practise at the bar in Bombay. Capital exercise.

"YOU'RE having a high old time of it," as the Currant-jelly said to the Venison, which had been hanging for three weeks.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 20.



PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

[Yesterday the Commission of Judges resumed their sittings in the Parnell Case. The Judges were Sir JAMES HANNEN, Mr. Justice DAY, and Mr. Justice SMITH. For the *Times* there appeared the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. MURPHY, Mr. W. GRAHAM, of the English Bar, and Mr. J. ATKINSON and Mr. RONAN of the Irish Bar. For Mr. PARNELL and other Members Sir CHARLES RUSSELL appeared, and with him Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. REID, Mr. LOCKWOOD, Mr. LIONEL HART, Mr. ARTHUR RUSSELL, of the English Bar, Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and Mr. HARRINGTON of the Irish Bar. TOBY, M.P., Q.C., instructed by Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (of Ely Place, Holborn, W.C.), again held a watching brief for the Public.—*Morning Paper.*]

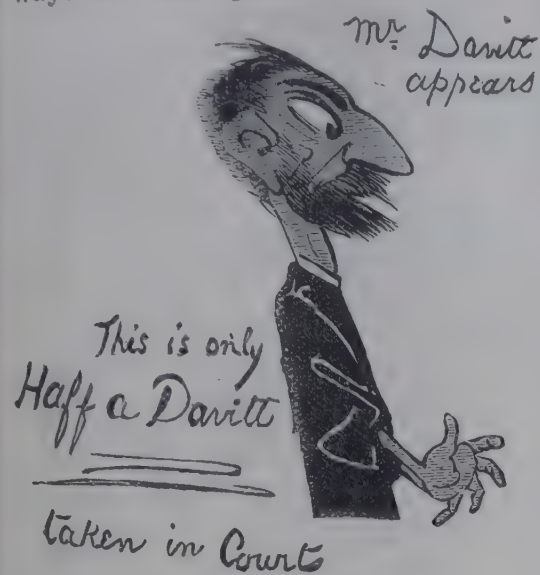
Monday, October 22.—Cut this out of morning paper. Plenty

more where it came from. If the Editor liked to have it all, and leave out pictures, would make quite interesting series of numbers. Suppose there would be objections on part of artists. Some people are so narrow-minded. So have boiled down account of proceedings. Observed considerable addition to strength of Bar. On opening day only CHARLES RUSSELL and ASQUITH on one side, GRAHAM on the other. Now two benches full of wig and gown. Room for us of the Inner Bar, but terrible crush behind.

"All on account of you," GEORGE LEWIS whispers. "Very well to begin with. But when they saw you were engaged, found it necessary to muster in larger force."

Pleasant to have one's position so early and strikingly recognised. Must keep up dignity. Shall begin with Usher. If he interrupts again, shall have him *mandamus'd*.

Eleven o'clock. Curtain rises; discloses Judges standing in doorway like three figures in weather-box, which tell you whether it's going to be wet or shine. Bar rises and bows. Three figures bob, advance a step, and take seats. (Evidently going to be either wet or shine.) ATTORNEY-GENERAL opens case for prosecution. Goes back to prodigious speech delivered by him in case of *O'Donnell v. Walter*. Quotes whole batches of it. Remember how COLBRIDGE, L.C.J., softly slumbered through it. Our President wide awake. SMITH quietly observant. DAY beginning to get over novelty of situation; gives up staring stonily round; makes occasional note. President begins with old protest about knowing nothing. Fancy he's heard the name of PARNELL and DAVITT—or is it DAYVIT? Something in the City, aren't they? ATTORNEY-GENERAL, therefore, bound to go into full detail. Grinds along till one o'clock, when President capitulates: falteringly admits that he has not only read the whole of *Parnellism and Crime*, but has a minute index.



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"Why didn't he say so at first?" growled familiar voice from back of Court. It was JOSEPH GILLIS, and in female society! Stout lady, in black, with large hat and plumage borrowed from a hearse, seated in Press Gallery; said to be representative of *Wandering Woman*, weekly illustrated. JOSEPH's eagle eye, surveying Court, perceived her. Sidled up, appropriating next seat. Happened to be that of representative of *Potsdam Press*, temporarily absent. *Potsdam Press* returning, protests. JOSEPH GILLIS ignores him. Comfortable seat; female society; good view of Judges; will stop. Does.

"Remember Mitchelstown?" says JOSEPH, winking at me.

"Remember Paris!" I say, sternly, not relishing this familiarity.

JOEY B. smiles. But the shot goes home. Observe that, after luncheon, he finds quarters remote from the charmer.

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS arrives, brisk, and early. Proposes to take his seat on benches reserved for us. Usher interposes. Warns him off. Usher not such a bad fellow, after all. JOEY B. then drops into bench reserved for Solicitors in charge of cases. Something evidently up. Turns out to be JOEY B. himself. Thrusts thumb in arm-hole of waistcoat. Holds out left hand, peremptorily signalling President. Catches his eye. Calls him "Sir," and announces that he is going to conduct his own case. President stares inquisitively at him. SMITH regards him with bland smile. DAY, withdrawing gaze from ceiling, where he was almost certain he'd seen a fly, turns animated visage full upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Never saw anything like this before. Eyes widely open; lips slowly part; regards him as if fascinated. JOEY B. takes no notice of sensation created; makes his application as if moving for unopposed return, and sits down to listen to ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. ATTORNEY paces along by the hour. Monotonous; uninteresting; stale stories of ancient outrage; "thrice-boiled colewort," as CARLYLE said. Flounders hopelessly amongst Irish names. Calls DAVITT, DAYVIT, and PARNELL, PARNELL. CHARLES RUSSELL diligently follows, taking notes.

"What date is it?" he casually asks. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL turns round and glares upon the benevolent downcast visage.

"I was careful at the commencement to mention the date," he hisses through clenched teeth, "if my learned friend would only listen. Tenth of March!"

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, going on writing. ATTORNEY-GENERAL discovers fresh outrage.

"What date?" RUSSELL asks, in a low voice, going on writing, and not looking up. Mr. ATTORNEY turns upon him like baited bull; glares and fumes and gives date.

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, writing it down. These the only flashes of thunder and lightning to vary the monotonous peppering on the window-panes of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's incessant small talk.

Wednesday.—Not sure I would have taken silk if I had known how dull it is to sit here day by day and listen to Mr. ATTORNEY. Much livelier in the House of Commons. Always something turning up there. Nothing here but ATTORNEY-GENERAL, humdrumming round familiar facts, reciting *Parnellism and Crime* by the page, and, when things getting too exciting, dropping back into memories of his speech in *Walter v. O'Donnell*. Wonderful how Judges on Bench

keep awake. Perhaps they wouldn't if President would only give way. Pretty to see Brother SMITH furtively turning to see if Brother HANNEN has dropped off. If he had, might be chance for another honest person. But Brother HANNEN positively enjoying himself. Leans over desk so as not to miss single phrase of Mr. ATTORNEY's honeyed eloquence. Mr. ATTORNEY, what with difficulties about pronunciation of Irish names, and what with constant occasion for snapping at CHARLES RUSSELL, sometimes gets wrong in date or other detail of intricate statement. HANNEN down on him in a minute.

"He may have known nothing about the case when he took his seat on the Bench," says LOCKWOOD, just finishing another sketch of Brother DAY, "but he knows more now than us all put together. Probably the only man in Court who could stand examination on WEBSTER's narrative."

As the days wear on, our DAY takes on added stolidity. Only time when he displays momentary animation is when he, too, turns to see if Brother HANNEN has not dropped off, and meets his particularly wide-awake gaze. TORQUEMADA's guilty start when he finds he's observed is delightful. Stares straight up at the ceiling, slowly gazes round the Court, deliberately makes a note, and says nothing. Never does say anything.

"What do they call him TALKEE-MEEDA for?" JOSEPH GILLIS whispered to MICHAEL DAVITT.

"Don't know," said DAVITT, "unless it's because he never says anything."

Thursday.—"Box A!" said Brother HANNEN, entering Court this morning, and plumping down on desk before him large tin box.

"Box B!" chimed in Brother SMITH, plumping down another box on his desk.

"I C," said Brother DAY, gloomily—and when we have a gloomy DAY, it's dark indeed.

"Poor DAY!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who, in spite of this fearful long speech inflicted upon us, is a kind-hearted man. "Must try and make up a box for him!"

"You could easily do that," said CHARLES RUSSELL, dryly.

One of these two boxes contains the documents whose history is told in SOAMES's affidavit. Appears some person from America wrote to *Times* offering important documents incriminating PARNELL; negotiations for purchase entered into; documents delivered; found



Wednesday's Sensation.—Lika Joko appears.

to be forgeries; so put them in two boxes, one marked A, the other B; locked them up and handed them into custody of Judges. ATTORNEY-GENERAL more than hints that that great and good man, GEORGE LEWIS, knows all about the plant. GEORGE LEWIS, ever childlike and bland, looks straight before him as if he had not even heard the insinuation.

Judges never let boxes out of sight. Sleep with them under their pillows at night. Bring them into Court in the morning, take them away in afternoon. Nobody knows whether forgeries are in Box A or Box B, which deepens the mystery.

"What is in the Box?" CHARLES RUSSELL thundered yesterday when subject first came up.

"Snuff!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, snapping his fingers.

It is his way when angered. But CHARLES RUSSELL gazed longingly at the Box, and drawing forth his Bandana, wistfully blew his nose.

What if it were true, and if, almost within reach, there were such boundless store of Black Rappee!

Friday.—At seven minutes past three this afternoon ATTORNEY-GENERAL breathed his last sentence in Speech. Affecting scene. Sorry, after all, to part with Speech. Lived on it through a melancholy week. But self-preservation a powerful instinct. Another day of it and one of us must have succumbed. Just as well it should be the Speech.

Peacefully passed away in the still afternoon, aged twenty-two hours fifty-seven minutes. Omit flowers.

BELIEF IN GENERAL BOULANGER.—Hasty generalisation.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



"LE SPORTMAN."

"HI!! HI!! STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE—I FALOFF! STOP ZE FOX!!!"

AN EXPLANATION OF THE COCOON TRICK.

(By One who has passed a Night with the Spirits.)

I HAD determined to find out "how it was done." I had seen the placards showing me a lady with wings emerging from what seemed to me to be the skeleton of an egg cup, and I knew that this marvellous performance was repeated every night at a Music Hall. But how was it done? That was the point—how was it done? I was pondering over the matter in my study with a glass of whiskey and water beside me. For a while my mind, like SULLIVAN'S organ-man, was "ill at ease," when all of a sudden a trance-like calm fell upon me. I was glad of this, for I knew that I was about to learn the secret. I learn most things after a trance-like calm has fallen upon me. For a while I could not exactly follow what I was doing. Then my brain became as clear as a bell—as crystal. I was standing with Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS among the Armada relics at Drury Lane, talking to the descendants of the Elizabethan heroes who had saved England from invasion three hundred years ago. They were loud in their praise of the Lessee of the National Theatre.

"Yes," returned the part-author of *The Armada*, "I certainly get as near truth and nature as possible. For instance, the scene of the Holy Inquisition was real. I got it at some reduction, as it is obsolete in Spain. You see before you real tormentors, real tortures, and real victims. The gentleman that is dropped through the trap-door at the commencement of the Act in a condition of some exhaustion I had to take as a fixture. He said he was accustomed to his rack, and could ill do without it. Yes, we do not only use real tortures, but sometimes discover real secrets."

"You do!" I exclaimed, "then do you think you could find out for me how the Cocoon trick is done at the Pavilion?"

The Lessee of the National Theatre nodded an assent, and led the way to the stage. When we arrived there we found the gentleman to whom reference has already been made, stretching himself at full length on the rack.

"Well, Sir," said the Lessee, "and how are you enjoying yourself?"

"Thoroughly," was the immediate reply, "they have been giving me an extra twist this morning, and I feel all the better for it. But now I think I am done to a turn."

He was taken from his apparently unconventionally-fashioned couch, and dropped through his usual trap, in his customary condition of exhaustion.

"And now, perhaps, we had better see the talented inventor of this marvellous trick," said the courteous Lessee, and a gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was introduced.

"Do you require my assistance?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, in a voice that reminded me of the palmy days of the Legitimate Drama, suddenly appearing at the wing.

"Thank you, No," returned the courteous Lessee. "I think we can get on without you."

The Chief Inquisitor bowed in a stately manner, and, with much dignity, withdrew. The gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was then invited to seat himself on a torture-chair that had been specially brought for him from the collection of Armada relics.

After a few minutes passed in cheerful preparation, the talented inventor said that he was then in a position to explain his secret, on the condition, however, "that it went no further."

"It is as simple as possible," he observed, smilingly, as he rose from the torture-chair. "It is done by swallowing a potion, similar in character but different in effect to that consumed by *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. But perhaps you would like to see it done."

I said I would, and, by a dexterous twist of the wrist (very neatly performed) both the Inventor and myself were "passed" into the Pavilion in an instant. The Hall was crowded, and I found myself behind the scenes. A beautiful young lady was standing beside me with a glass in her hand. I heard the Inventor speaking to the audience. I saw him hold up a sort of frame, covered with tissue-paper. I watched him as he drew, with admirable skill, a worm, and then a cocoon. Then I noticed that the frame and tissue paper had disappeared, and a sort of large walnut, made of silk, had taken their place.

"Now," said the Inventor, "I will place this Cocoon into this receptacle, and in a moment you will see what happens."

As he spoke, the young lady raised her glass to her lips. I immediately seized it and swallowed its contents myself. Then a strange thing happened. I found myself suddenly emerging from the Cocoon, to the surprise of both the Inventor and the audience.

"Done like that!" shouted LIKA JOKO, the well known Japanese Secret-discoverer, suddenly appearing on the stage. "Not at all! See now, I will show you how it is done!"

But at that moment the scene faded away, and I found myself in my own study with my head resting tranquilly in the coal-scuttle. How I got there—whether I was "passed" or not by the Inventor—is still a secret to me. But this was not the only thing that puzzled me. I could not understand the condition of the whiskey bottle. Before I left my study, I fancy, I say I *fancy*, it was nearly full—now, undoubtedly, it was quite empty!

New Version.

(By a Disgusted M.P.)

REMEMBER, remember	I know no reason
The Sixth of November?	Why late in the Season [rot
Of course, for it can't be forgot!	We're mustered to rage and talk

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"—PADDY LANE gave a bob to avoid a shot from the revolver. Only a bob! He got off cheaply. But, as he observed, "It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead for the rest of your life." PADDY was right. Life is certainly worth living—at that price.

THE CHALLENGE: OR THE RIVAL CHANTICLEERS.



Grand Old Chanticleer (fortissimo).
Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!
Gather round me, hen-birds all—pretty Partlet crew!

Chorus of "Women's Liberal Federation" Hens.
Cackle! cackle! Grand Old Bird! Where's the fowl dares tackle
Such prodigious spurs and beak? Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

Grand Old Chanticleer.

Ladies, thanks for your response to my stirring clarion.
Fancy there's a business here I alone can carry on.
Fighting Cocks are plentiful, game birds some are terming 'em,
But I really think you need a change of breeds in Birmingham.

Kept a little mite too much to one stock and brood, I think.
Once you deprecated change, but you have changed your mood, I think.

"Crested Ch-mb-rl-ns" no doubt are a breed pugnacious;
Very valiant, vigorous, vehement, vivacious.
But one family of fowls may be *overdone*, Ladies.
Mean to challenge 'em myself, think we'll have some fun, Ladies.
Want to rule the roost too much, the C. C.'s do. Monopoly
May do in screws, but not in fowl-runs—if I *must* talk shoppily.
JOEY C., as Cock o'the Walk, considerably plumes himself,
But when a bird backs all his brood, I rather think he dooms himself;

Crested Ch-mb-rl-ns all crow loud, strut with much show abdominal;
Some say that JOE's supremacy is little more than nominal,
Even in crow and strut; though these he carries to excess, he

[JESSE.

Has rivals in his brood, who are not all as meek as However, that's mere local cackle, though good K-NR-CK—come! a gem!—

Tells me that complaints of this are not confined to Brummagem.

[RICHARD,

Still I'm here to fight Big JOE, not AUSTIN, nay, nor I into him, he into me, are pretty sure to pitch hard, When it *does* come to fighting. Ladies, I am game to tackle

On his own walk that Chanticleer!

Chorus of "W. L. F." Hens (effusively).

O lovely! Cackle! Cackle!!!

Brummagem Bantam.

Well, it's like his impudence! And on my own walk, too!

But I'll beat the Old Bird yet, and by a long chalk, too!

He talk of Monopoly? Well, that's really queer;

He who'd rule all roosts alone, Grand Old Chanticleer!

Well, I'll fight him! As for you, poor Partlet-Chorus—pooh!

They shall find that two can play at Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!

[Makes ready.

A NICE LOOK-OUT FOR LONDON.—The *Standard* is delighted that the Duke of WESTMINSTER has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, because he will "bridge over the gulf between the old régime and the new." Let us hope that the new Westminster Bridge will prove a success—come up to the "Standard," in fact. But one Duke will not make a London County Council, and this "gulf," according to Mr. HAMER's letter in the *Times*, may be, after all, a bottomless pit of Bumbles and Blackmailers, wide and dark indeed, beyond even the possibilities of "filling up," suggested by the heroic self-sacrifice of a Ducal Curtius. Mr. *Punch* hopes that this HAMER hits wide as well as hard.

"EDUCATION, OR STARVATION?"

[The poor child attended in Court herself, was fined two-and-sixpence for not having attended school when she was nursing her father, and then burst into tears, saying that the only money she had they wanted at home for bread.—*Vide Daily Telegraph Report, Nov. 3.*]

EDUCATION

Is vexation,

But Starvation's worse.

Can School-Board be

With fine and fee

Earning the poor man's curse?

GETTING ALONG NICELY.

IN its Dramatic and Musical column, last Friday, the *Daily Telegraph* informed the world that Mr. WILSON



An Impressionist.

BARRETT "without assistance, has both constructed and written a play called *Now-a-days*." W. B. is "getting a big boy now!" Fancy being able to write a play without assistance! And what was the "assistance" he received before this daring effort? Why, according to the same authority, it was Mr. HALL CAINE. So when he got free of this CAINE,—which has always been a tutor's assistance,—little Master WILSON BARRETT procured pens, ink, and paper, and wrote a play, all by himself! When

little boys get hold of the pens and ink, they generally make a nice mess of it; but we are sure Master WILSON B. is a good boy, and he won't do anything of that sort, will he?



FAMILY JARS.

Joan. "THE IDEAR OF SUSAN'S ASKIN' JOHN TO WILLIAM'S FUNERAL, AFTER THE WAY 'E'D BEYAVED! I SHOULDN'T CERTAINLY EVER DREAM OF ASKIN' 'IM TO YOURS!"

Darby. "WHAT! THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I SHOULD BE VERY MUCH OFFENDED IF YOU DIDN'T!"

THE NEXT DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

Letter from — Smith, Esq., to British Minister.

DEAR BRITISH MINISTER,—I AM an Englishman who has become an American, and want to know which way I ought to vote at the present crisis. I reckon I may take it that this change of front on the part of present Government is all bamboozle. That is so! Post me up on the right side of the rails. I calculate I can influence a lot of votes, to get them put, bedad, to the credit of the unspeakable Saxons! Hurroo! *Erin go bragh!* Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

— SMITH, Esq.

Telegram from British Minister to — Smith, Esq.

I think you ought to vote for the present Government, as I fancy that after the Election is over the good sense which has ever been the characteristic of the present President will once more become apparent. As you are personally unknown to me (although of course your name is perfectly familiar to me), I have taken the precaution to pay a small additional sum to have this telegraphed to you with the words "Strictly private" added to the message.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier.

Very awkward this telegram of Minister. Well-intentioned, but ill-timed. Please do something.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier (an hour later).

Have sent Minister his passports.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Have ordered Minister to be off at once.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Sending out declaration of war by next mail.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

At Cabinet Council just held decreed the immediate annexation of Canada and Australia, and the speedy invasion of India.

Cablegram from President to Premier (a week later).

Election over. Pulled it through. Countermanded annexation and invasion. Sorry Minister has gone. Give him my kind regards. Calculate you may consider this incident at an end.

"FAUST GAIETY."

ON the third night of its existence I saw the new burlesque of *Faust* at the Gaiety. *Faust up to Date* is not *Faust up to Much*. Such as it is, it has taken two distinguished Adelphi melodramatists, Messrs. PETTIT and SIMS, to do it. Clearly the melodramatists are dissembling. The Extravagant Travesty plays two hours and three-quarters, and is therefore about two hours too long. Here and there the two dissembling melodramatists have made a conscientious attempt at burlesquing some of the principal situations in the Opera and drama. Occasionally there are some good lines, as there ought to be in the course of two hours and three-quarters; though, whether in dialogue or in song, it seemed to me that the utterance of only Miss ST. JOHN, Mr. LONNEN, and Mr. STONE was distinct.

There is nothing remarkably amusing in the First Act, which, however, is the better of the two; but in the Second Act, there is a dance of four girls, all alive and kicking, which is more effective from its eccentricity than its grace; and in the last scene there is the now inevitable Irish song for LONNEN, of which a Mr. MARTIN is announced as the writer and composer, the talented authors of the burlesque having, as I suppose, drawn the line at "a rival" and "ar-rival," or at "flying being a matter of a-pinion," and MEYER LUTZ, composer of the music of the extravaganza, being unwilling to enter for an Irish jig competition. Be this as it may, the Martin-Lonnen song, which is not brought in till just before the finish, as a *bonne bouche*, is not a patch upon "Killaloe;" but to see the chorusmen seriously marking the time on each other's heads with their shillelaghs, after the fashion of "The Two MACS," is very funny, and a hit, "or several hits," as the Dissemblers would say. The music is poor, and affords little opportunity for FLORENCE ST. JOHN or for anybody else. Mr. STONE, who appears as *Valentine*, may probably be—as the dissembling melodramatists nightly jointly observe—a precious Stone, only requiring a better setting to display his real brilliancy; but those who remember M. MILHER as the burlesque *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*,—an *opéra bouffe* full of fun and sparkling melody,—will be inclined to regret either that the English low comedian has never seen that performance, or, if he has, that he has not sufficiently profited by it.

By the time this notice appears, improvements may have been made in the piece. After the First Act, I overheard a Masher plaintively inquiring at the pigeon-hole of the Box-office, "Is the Second Act any better than the first?" What the invisible official's answer to this was I could not catch, but the complainant, in a deeply injured tone, went on, "Look here, there's no dancing in the First Act, don-cher-no." I suppose he received some comforting assurance on the subject from the hidden oracle, the veritable Jack-in-the-Box-Office, as further observation made he none, but with his hand on his swelling shirt-front, returned, struggling with suppressed emotion, to his stall. Gaiety Management ought to know how to cater for Gaiety Masherdom: "plenty of 'caper' sauce," as the dissembling Adelphian melodramatists would say, both together, of course.

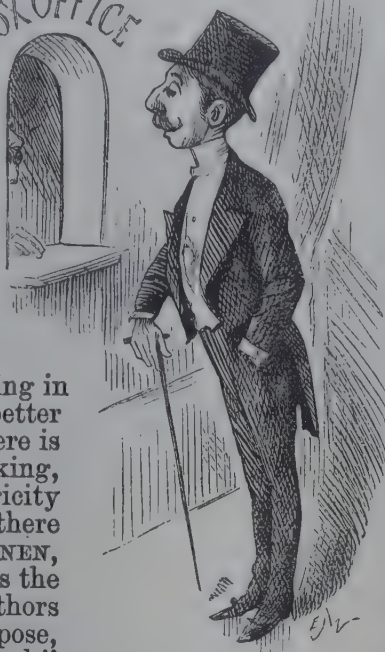
Yet when that bright particular star of burlesque, the inimitable NELLIE FARREN, is absent from the Gaiety, the gaiety of its patrons seems to be eclipsed. What a "little *Dr. Faust*" she was, when TERRY was the *Mephistopheles*, and KATE VAUGHAN the elegant *Marguerite*! I hope, for the sake of Mashers and Management, it may not turn out that

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at 'a;
There's nae luck about the house
When our own NELL's awa'.

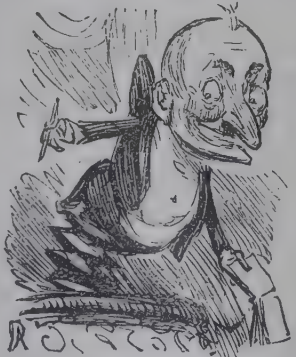
Yes, in her absence the Gaiety *Faust* seems but forced gaiety, after all, judging at least by the present effort, says, with incorrect pronunciation,

P.S.—In my criticism on the *Dean's Daughter*, a fortnight ago, I referred to Mr. F. C. PHILIPS as the Author of *Ariane*. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED wrote *Ariane*. But there is a strong similarity of character in the two heroines, with neither of whom should we feel

BOX OFFICE



Patron of the Drama (to Box-office-keeper concealed within). "I say, is the second act better than the first? (Sadly.) There's no dancing in it, don-cher-no."



JACK-IN-THE BOX.

any sympathy. As CHARLES JAMES FOX wrote,—“It has been thought dangerous to the morals of mankind, even in fiction and romance, to make us sympathise with characters whose general conduct is blameable.” Hear! hear! And as I could not imagine anyone sympathising with *Ariane*, or with any of the *dramatis personæ*, so I did not consider that play as dangerous to morals. Thus, “the point of this here remark lays in the application of it,” as I was comparing the moral effect of the two plays, and not their literary or dramatic merits.—J. I. T. B.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A NORTH BRITISH HYDROPATHIC.

SCENE—An immense Drawing-room, lighted by numerous gas-burners, and furnished on a scale of imposing splendour. It is after dinner; tea and coffee have just been served in the corridor outside, and persons of more luxurious habits have brought in their cups to sip at leisure. On settees in the centre sit middle-aged Ladies in grey, red, and white woollen shawls, each politely admiring the other's work. Very young Ladies whisper and laugh in the window-seats, all about nothing, and exhibit the liveliest affection for one another. Others converse, not unconscious of the distinction, with the exceptional Young Men who have donned evening dress, and who glide about with an agreeable air of feeling perfectly at home. People who don't know anybody sit apart in chairs, perusing "The Hotels of Europe," or anything else they can get hold of, and wondering why other people are so unsociable. A stout old Lady in a corner is discoursing to a meek little old Maid, in a strong Yorkshire accent, which from time to time compels the unwilling attention of everybody in the room. The old Lady's husband endeavours in vain to catch her eye from the background, as her confidences threaten to become of an alarmingly intimate nature. In the foreground, two Visitors have just discovered a bond of sympathy in the fact that neither of them has found Scotch scenery quite what he expected.

First Visitor (delighted). You weren't much impressed with the Kyles of Bute? You don't say so! Now that really is very curious—no more was I! Now, Loch Lomond is certainly rather pretty—(as if he did not wish to turn its head)—bits of it, you know. But the Trossachs—what are the Trossachs, after all?

Second V. Exactly. (Feeling that this settles the Trossachs.) What are they? And then some people tell you *Glencoe's* so magnificent—I went through it in a pouring rain, and all I can say is—I couldn't see anything in the place! and look at Staffa and Iona—why, to hear some people talk—

First V. (in a large-minded way). Well, I didn't think Iona was so bad myself, I must say—

Second V. Ah, perhaps you're a good sailor, now I'm always ill on any steamer—

The Yorkshire Lady (in a slow ruminating voice). An' so ah said to ma husband, "Ah doan't loike to cloime oop on them 'cherry boonks,' as they cahl them, it may be vara noice," ah said, "when ya git oop, but if ah was oop, ah'd hev to coom daown agean." An' ma husband sez to me, "Doan't ya be sooch a blethrin owd"—

[Her Husband drops a book in the background.]
A Young Lady who likes Excitement (to one of the agreeable Young Men in Evening Dress). Oh, Mr. TORCKLER, don't they ever do anything here?

Mr. Torckler. Oh, yes, I'm going to ask that lady in the blue spectacles to sing in a minute, and there's somebody in the house somewhere, who will play the flute, if you go the right way to manage him.

The Y. L. (pettishly). Oh, I didn't mean that—I meant get up something.

A Solitary Stranger (seizing the opportunity of speaking to somebody). If you're fond of climbing, there's a very nice mountain in the vicinity—you can get up it easily in three hours, and it's only eight miles by road.

The Y. L. (stiffly). Oh, thank you very much. (To Mr. T.) I mean get up a dance, charades, anything!

An Habituee. Ah, you should have been here the week before last, when the house was full! There was something going on every evening in the Recreation Room—theatricals, dumb-crambo, thought reading, and I don't know what all—such fun we had!

The Y. L. (coldly). Really? (To Mr. T.) But why couldn't we dress up, or something?

Mr. T. (doubtfully). Well, there's not much point in dressing-up unless you do something when you are dressed up, is there?

The Y. L. (who would be quite satisfied with the mere dressing-up). I suppose not. Well then, we might dance.

Mr. T. (who doesn't dance, but would recite if anybody were to ask him). Not enough men.

The Y. L. Oh, some of the girls—(by which she means the other girls)—can dance with one another. Do propose a dance.

Mr. Torckler (diplomatically). Er—well, I must find out what people think about it before proposing anything, you know. (Circu-

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Morning, Nov. 6.



E missa ad mensam; from Probate Court to Westminster, which is quite another thing. Returned my brief in Parnell case. All very well for young fellow like CHARLES RUSSELL to slave all day in Probate Court and toil all night at Westminster. But he hasn't been in collar since A.D. 1841.

Looked in at Speaker's Court this morning, to pay respects to SPEAKER. In excellent health and spirits; has had good rest, and ready for work. Found him, by way of rehearsal of business that opens this afternoon, blocking his own wig.

"The only measure—7½ in. × 11—one in my position can block," he said, gently touching one of the curls.

"Going to have a quiet time, Sir, do you think?" I asked.

"Well, that depends," he said, slowly. "We may and we may not." This very interesting. Nothing like going to head-quarters for information. Every-

body asking how the Autumn Session is likely to turn out. Put simple question to SPEAKER; answers it at once; doesn't require notice, but gives a simple, absolutely safe answer. Shall know now what to say when anybody asks me.

DOWN ON DONNELLY;

Or, Crushing the Cryptogram.

"The Sonnets present evidence for SHAKESPEARE's authorship like the links of chain-mail in an armour of proof. And the man who wrote the Sonnets must also have written the Poems and Plays. This can be established by those principles of scientific demonstration that have been applied to both in the present work. The same unlearned man wrote both! Then the secret history in the Sonnets is in agreement with the public history of the time, and both are in antipodal antagonism to the Great Cryptogram."—Mr. Gerald Massey, in his new edition of "The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets."

A POET on the Poet! That should herald
A real Champion's advent. Go it, GERALD!
Punch puts it pleasantly in the vernacular,
For only owls and humbugs ape the oracular
IGNATIUS now, the "Moon-Raker" gone frantic,
Who hunts for mare's-nests under the Atlantic,
And SHAKESPEARE's text, is naturally stilted,
But under MASSEY's mace he must have wilted
Like the pricked bladder that he is. Yes, go it!
A poet, sure, should understand a poet.
You show 'twas SHAKESPEARE, he who sweetly sonneted,
Who wrote the Plays,—and DONNELLY is bonneted!
Your monumental book's a trifle bulky
(Five hundred pages turn some critics sulky,
My massive MASSEY), but 'tis full of "meat,"
And sown with Song as masculine as sweet.
Mellifluous echoes of the master-rhymes,
Whose music filled the Great Armada times,
Three centuries since, and still moves heart and brain
More than the pageantries of Drury Lane.
"Tush! none but minstrels' like of sonneting,"
Sings SHAKESPEARE's self with an ironic ring.
Minstrels at least will thank you; for the rest
Who have not time or heart for the Great Quest
After the Secret of the Sonnets, these
May dip and taste where there's so much to please
Both student bee and social butterfly;
Whilst all will track with grateful heart and eye
Your slaughtering of that colossal Sham
Egregious DONNELLY's Great Cryptogram!

lates at as wide a radius from her as possible, while she endeavours to find out from the expression of those he addresses, their willingness to dance or otherwise—an object in which she might be more successful if he were mentioning the subject at all.)

The Yorkshire Lady (as before). An' ah went straäight hoam, an' ah poot on a moostard pleäster, bahk an' front, an' next moarnin' boath ma legs wur ahl swelled oop loike— [An agonised expression in her hearer's face warned her to lower her voice at this point.

Another Young Man, in Evening Dress, approaches a group of Young Ladies.

All the Young Ladies (coquettishly). Now you mustn't come here, Mr. PATTLE—you are such a dreadful tease! You must promise to behave if we let you stop. [They make room for him with alacrity.

The Y. M. (taking a Novel, with an elegant carelessness). Is this very pathetic?

The Owner of the Novel. I won't have you making fun of it—it's lovely. I've wept pints over it! I left off just at the most exciting part. I'm dying to know how it goes on—I should be reading it now if I didn't want to finish this sock. [Knits calmly.

The Y. M. (to Vocalistic Young Lady). Aren't we to have a song this evening?

The Voc. Y. L. How can you ask me? Why, you know how I broke down last night!

The Y. M. (gallantly). Well, I'd rather hear you break down than other people finish. I know that.

Proud Mother (from Provinces). There's my daughter here will be happy to sing if you like to ask her—she's had a first-rate teaching; and people who know what good singing is, tell me—

The Daughter (in modest confusion). How can you go on so, Mamma? You'll make the gentleman think I'm something wonderful! (She is induced to consent to sing.) Well, what will you have? I've got "Only the Moon and Thee, Love!" (looking up under her eyelashes)—some of my songs are rather soft—and there's "Say but One Word, and I am Thine!" (archly)—that's a hint to some of you young gentlemen! Will you have that? Or this is a pretty one—"One Kiss, and then—we Part!"

The Y. M. (prudently, after looking through her music). I think, if you wouldn't mind singing "The Better Land"—

[She is disappointed, but sings it, without interrupting either the reading or the conversation.

The Yorkshire Lady (speaking through music). So ah said to th' Doactor, "Doactor, ah want you to tell ma joost wheer it is ah'm sooffrin'—is it ma loongs," ah said, "or ma chest, or ma—"

The Singer (with solemn feeling). "Not there—not they-ere, my che-ild!" [Song concludes amidst faint and absent-minded applause.

The Young Lady who likes Excitement (to herself). That's over, thank Goodness! There's plenty of time for a dance still, if they only make haste. I'm sure I can hear some one playing a Waltz in the Recreation Room. What are they waiting for? (Two Men enter, and look around inquiringly). Have they come in to find partners? Then there is dancing! (The two Men bring out a chess-board, and begin to play) . . . Pigs! (Mr. TORCKLER, after conversing confidentially in various directions, goes out with Mr. PATTLE.) They're going to arrange about it at last! (Waits hopefully for some time—the lively young Ladies collect their work, and go out too). Oh, those girls are going now. I'd better ask someone, perhaps. (Crossing to Matron). Do you know where those gentlemen in evening dress have gone?

Matron. I heard them say something about a game of billiards, and a cigar.

The Y. L. (blankly). Oh (hopefully), but all those young ladies—where have they gone to?

Matron. The young ladies? Oh, they've gone to bed—we keep early hours here, you know.

The Yorkshire Lady. An' he gave ma a perscreepshun, ahl fooll o' things that ah wasn't to teäk. Ah moos'n't eät brëad, an' ah moos'n't eät potëatoes, nor yet mooffins, nor tea-cäak, nor no pëastry nor swëats (meditatively)—boot ah niver wur a swëat eäter—ah niver wur thot! (And so on.) [Drawing-room gradually empties, till the Yorkshire Lady is left alone with the little old Maid, who throas in an automatic "Yes" at intervals, and wonders if it will be rude to say she is rather tired.



OUR IMBECILES.

Elderly Masher (who can't see that his attentions are unwelcome). "I'M SURE YOU'RE FOND OF MUSIC!"
Persecuted Fair One (pettishly). "OH—YES—VERY—WHEN IT PUTS A STOP TO CONVERSATION!"

THE AUTUMN MEET.

A HUNTING SONG FOR THE ST. STEPHEN'S SEASON.

AIR—"A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky."

M.F.H. sings:—

A NONDESCRIPT wind and November sky
 Look queer for a hunting morning.
 But the Meet is fixed, and away we hie,
 Loved leisure and liberty scorning.
 To horse, my lads, to horse, away!
 The chase admits of no delay.
 On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
 (Though if I see the need of it, may I be shot!)
 More spouting forbear, see the cover appear!
 (The pack's a mixed lot, and the country is queer.)
 Drag on him! Ah, wind him, my good, steady hounds
 (That sounds like full faith, but I fear with faint grounds.)
 If only the cover and furze they will draw,
 I'll envy not BARRY or MAYNELL;
 But LABBY cares little for good canine law,
 Wild WILL is the plague of the kennel.
 When away we fly, some puppies may halt,
 Some strike a false trail and the pack put at fault.
 Will they cast round the Schoolhouse far out of our track?
 To the old Shamrock Spinney essay to try back?
 Shall we hear a hound challenge in Sackville Sedge,
 Or take us full tilt o'er "Diplomacy" hedge?
 "Hark forward! Hark forward!" Oh, bother the noise!
 Keep 'em straight if you can, SMITH, then "at it, brave boys!"
 A stormy sky surcharged with rain
 The chance of good sport opposes.
 In the mettle of some of the pack trust is vain,
 And I haven't much faith in their noses.
 Each moment now the sky grows worse;
 Enough to make bland B-L-F-R curse.
 If they'll pick the ground we would take them through,
 All's well; but if not, there is mischief a-brew.

If we can but get on, we'll make some of them quake.
 Let us hear the hounds challenge, and in the right brake,
 Tally ho! Tally ho! then, across the clear plain.
 Tally ho! Tally ho, boys! Have at him again!

We must ride, whip and spur, for, I hope, a short chase;
 Our horses all panting and sobbing.

Young Madcap and Riot will soon want to race;
 I fancy we'll have some rare mobbing.

But hold,—alas! they'll spoil our sport,
 If they over-run or head him short.

Clap round him, dear BILL, and if some of the pack,
 Like Random, go hotly, hark back! hark back!
 Some will see a fresh quarry in every bush;
 If you let 'em run wild, we shall ne'er get the brush.
 Who-hoop! who-hoop! I'd give many a crown
 If the fox we are after were fairly run down!

CUTTINGS TRANSPLANTED.

THIS came out of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, October 29:—

RESIDENCE, most centrally-situated, CLIFTON, to be LET, with a permanent Gentleman Lodger, who will remain if desired (or for SALE).

Rather hard on the Lodger, unless, like every other man "he has his price," and can pocket the proceeds for his own benefit.

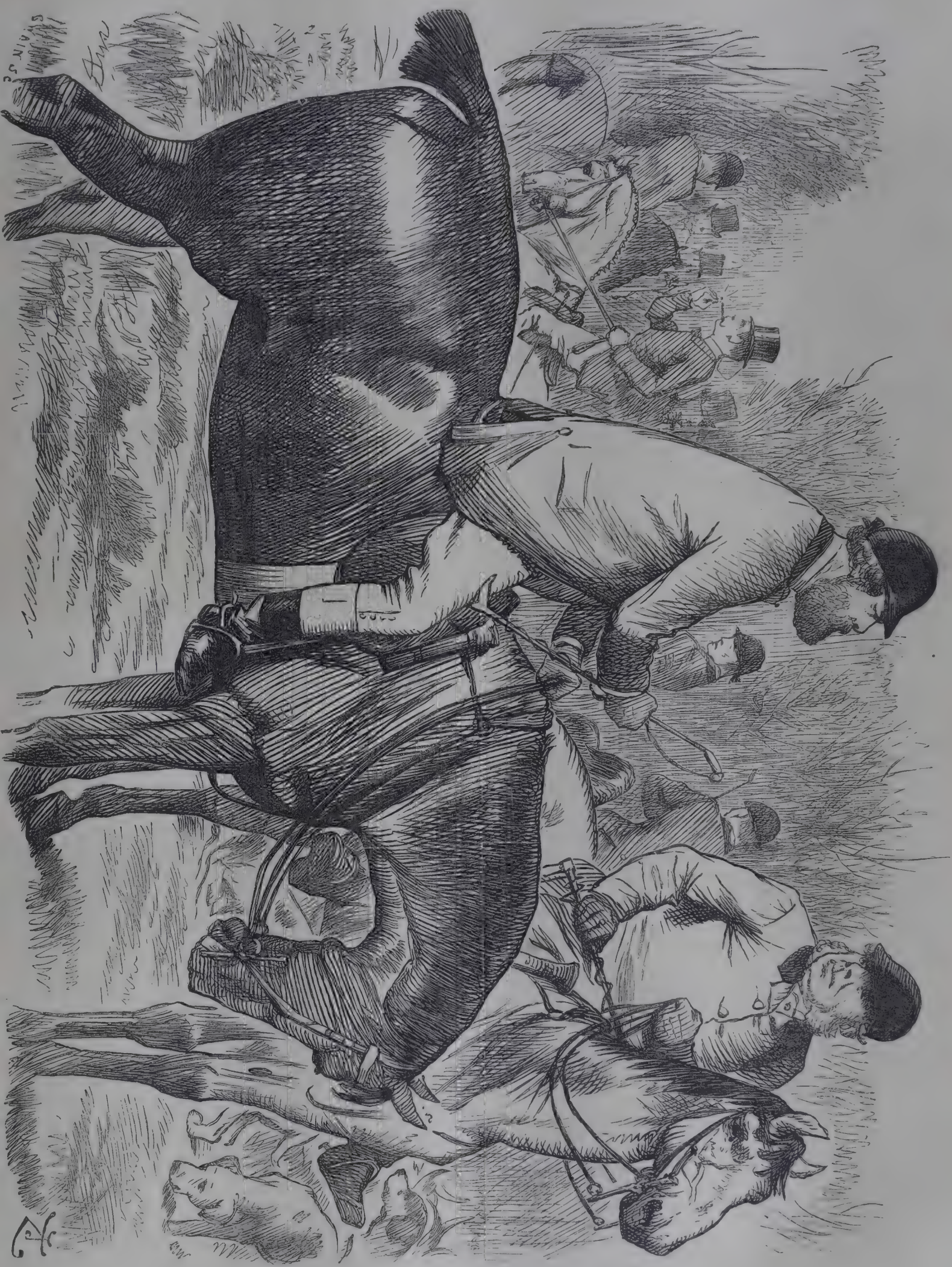
This is idyllic, out of the *Stamford Mercury*:—

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted. Must be thoroughly fitted and recommended, deft and debonair. Man-servant kept. Bachelor's house.

"Deft and debonair!" Quite Miltonian. Appropriate too in the pages of a *Mercury* interesting himself in looking out for a Hebe. "Bachelor's House." Alas! poor Bachelor!

NOTE BY LORD GOT-THE-SACKVILLE.—The American BAYARD may be "without fear," but he's not "without reproach."

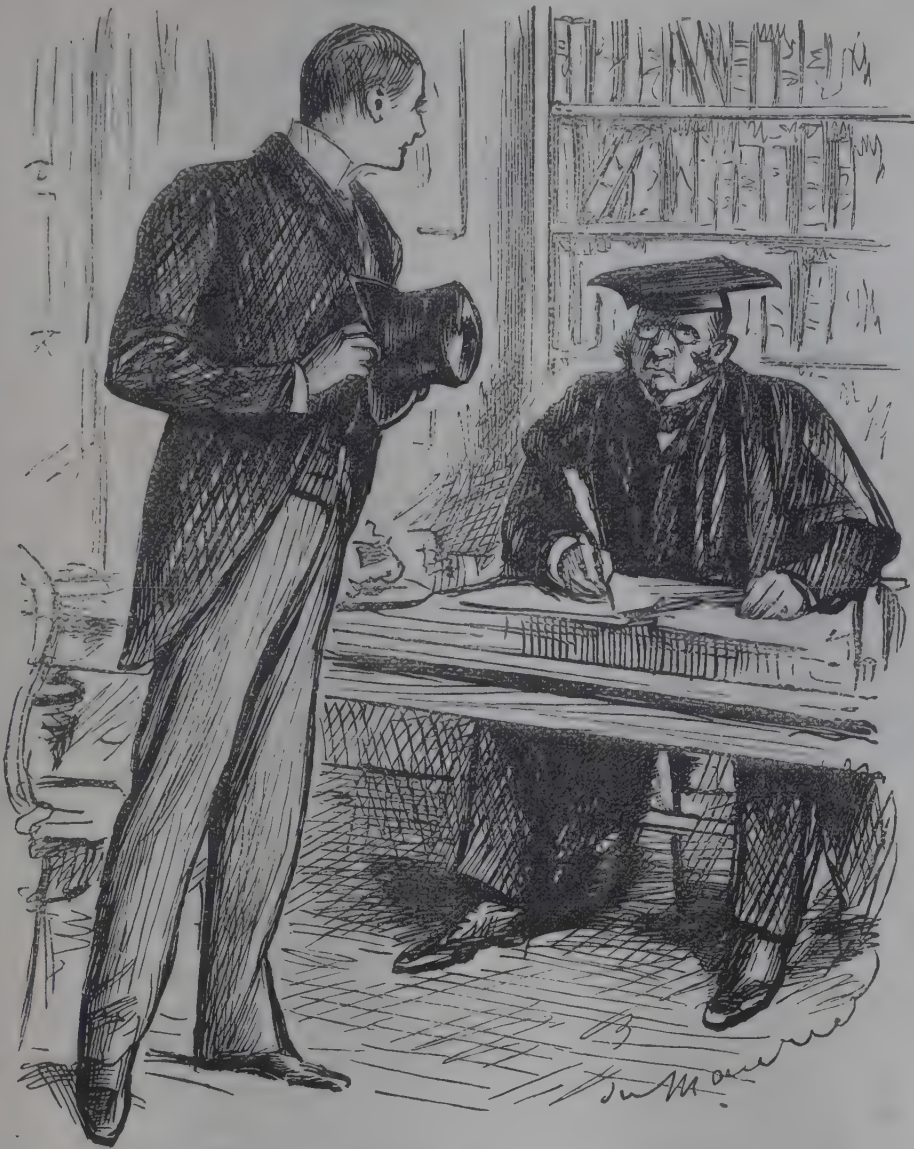
MRS. RAM says the fogs affect her severely, and she's afraid her cold will turn to comic Bronchitis.



THE AUTUMN MEET.

HUNTSMAN. "MORNIN', M' LORD!"

HIS LORDSHIP. "MORNING! YOU'VE GOT A MIXED LOT IN THE PACK, SMITH,—AND A DIFFICULT COUNTRY;—HOPE YOU'LL KEEP 'EM WELL TOGETHER!"



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Examiner. "THANK YOU, MR. JONES! I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER. GOOD MORNING."

Plucked One (who has at all events read his Nineteenth Century). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT THEY'LL BE EXAMINING YOU PRESENTLY—AND SEE HOW YOU'LL LIKE IT! GOOD MORNING."

* ROBERT ON THE NEW LORD MAYOR'S SHO.

WELL, I suddenly did think that, even in these times of universal mockery and irreverence, there was just a few things as might reasonably be expected to remain sacred from the profane touch of the ribald gester, and fust and foremost among 'em was the hancient, the time-honoured, the truly gorgeous festival of Lord Mare's Sho!

But no, I was wrong for wunce, and I confesses it in sackcloth and ashes; that is to say, I am sure as I wood, if so be as I knowd how to get through that werry gritty an skrunching seremony. But then, of coarse, I did not make proper allowance for the ordassity of a Gent who combines in his own solemn person such a strange variety of karacters as a Hem Pea, a Barrow Night, a Pollytishun, a Joker, and a Tea Toteller!

And what a hordience Sir WILLIAM LAWSON selecks to adress on so himportant and hinterestin a subjeck! What can a lot of mere Wesmorland Woters kno or care about Lord Mare's Sho? Why, less than even he does—and how much is that? Why he aeshally tells his pore hignorant lisseners, and xpees them to bleeve him, that it is the custom to have in the sacred Sho camels, and bufferlows, and ellefants, and jackasses, and men in armer, and tom-fools, a marching about! What a minglin of the sublime and the ridiclus! Elefants and Men in Armer on the one hand, and Jackasses and Tom Fools on the other! My curiossity is naterally xcited to kno who he could have meant by the jackasses and tom fools; but I naterally refranes from persuing the delicate inquiry too fur.

Leaving his discripshun of the Sho, I passes on to his ludickrus account of the werry grandest bankwet as takes place in the old City, as is so notorious for em. Woud it be bleeved that so wunderfool is his hutter hignorance on these himportant matters, that he aeshally describes the Ero of the nite as being serounded with Torys and Turtels! Torys and Turtels! What a singlar combinashun! Torys, the bo hideal of humane wisdom and wirtue, and Turtels, the bo hideal of skrumphus and happytising food!

But only to think of the witty water-drinker's hutter hignorance of igh-class wittels, as well as of igh-class drinks. Why he aeshally seems to fansy as that Turtels is brort on table at dinner, all hole, like Turbots, and such small dear!

Ah, what a rewelashun it will be to him sum day when he fust tastes REEL TURTEL SOUP! I halmost henveys him his grand sensashun.

I admires his awdassity much more than his good taste as to the halterations he boldly ventures to suggest in the grand percesshun, and from what I ears, here and there, I don't think as there ain't werry much chance of there being adopted. What mere rubbish to have a picter of Mr. GOSCHEN hofferin Lord SORLSBERRY a blank check! Wot's the use of a blank check, I shoold like to know, to Lord SORLSBERRY or to anyboddy helse? If the Chanceseller of the Xchecker had a bin shown a-hofferin of him a five pun note for hisself, there woud be sum sense in it, and in spite of his estonishment at a pressent from sitch a quarter, his Lordship woud probberly have accepted it with rapshure.

And then only fansy a doing away with the thrillin and awe-enspirin site of no less than six reel Men in Armer, all brort from the Tower of Lundun, by the speshal permission of H.R.H. the Dook of CAMBRIDGE, to keep the mob in order, and substitootin for 'em Mr. WILKIE COLLINS a milkin a Cow in a werry large feeld! Why the thing's too ridiculus to ewen dream about, tho I confesses as I do have sum rayther rum uns sometimes, 'speshally after a werry scrumpshus bankwet. However, seeing, I spose, in what *Amlet* calls his mind-your-eyes, that, in a Persesshun in the werry richest City in the hole World, sumthink like splendor woud be looked for, he proposes to have, next to the Cow-milking seen, a Gilded Carrage; all werry right and werry propper, says ewerybody of taste; but he must have a nice idear of the size of a Gilded Carrage, for it is to contane not ony Mr. JOE CHAMBERLING—as he werry irreverently calls the fashnable Member for Brummagem—but he is to have with him a lot of Dooks, and Dutchesses, and Publicans, and Archbishops, and Brewers!

Why, wot nonsense! Why, ewen a large penny Homnibus woodn't hold 'em! And wot a way in which to speak of the werry hiest horders of the Nobility, Dooks and Dutchesses, and Archbishops, and the most usefulest of all our Mannyfacturers, Brewers and Publicans; wiz., to tork about a lot of 'em, as if they was to be put up and nocked down at a Hoction!

But a truce to all this ribaldry and werry watery wit, at witch I confesses as I ceased to be surprized when wunce I learnt that its Orthur had never tasted reel Turtel Soup, on the one hand, and never now knowed wot it wos to drink a glass of generous old Port, or ewen jest a wee drop of reel Scotch Whiskey, on the other.

Poor old Gennelman! we must, of coarse, make ewery possorable allowance for him under the pecooliar circumstances of his werry sad case.

ROBERT.

Mot by a Midlothian Unionist.

[MR. GLADSTONE, writing to MR. HOLMES IVORY, Hon. Sec. of the Midlothian Liberal Association, speaks hopefully of the prospects of Home Rule in the Constituencies]:—

IN such optimist dreams though you seem to believe,
To a Scholar like you is it needful to state,
My dear WILLIAM, that it is the dreams that deceive
Which pass through the Ivory gate?

NURSERY TALK.—A discussion has been going on as to what "a Nurse's position" should be. Doesn't her position depend on that of the patient, or the baby? "A PRIVATE NURSE" writes to *The Hospital* to ask—Is it a rule for a Private Nurse to take her meals in the kitchen? Certainly not, if the custom of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig is still of any authority. But perhaps those good old days are gone for ever; but Gamps and Prigs never demeaned themselves by taking their meals in the kitchen.

To Sir Polydore de Keyser.

WELL, "Every dog must have his day,"
And every Lord Mayor too;
But when his day is done, he may,
In all "the beauty of De-K.,"
Become a Knight, like you.

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW.—You cannot touch "La Terre" without being Soil'd.



PARLIAMENTARY.

Pedestrian (in a hurry). "Hi! 'GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO GET ME TO WESTMINSTER BY TWELVE O'CLOCK."

Cabby. "OH, YOU MAY CORRUPT ME, SIR. JUMP IN. IF WE CAN ONLY SECURE THIS OLD HOSS'S VOTE, WE MAY CARRY IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A VOLUME of IBSEN's Plays (belonging to "the Camelot Series," of whose existence I am hereby made aware) has been lent me by a simple trusting friend. The good simple soul has written his name in the fly-leaf, with a date; but there is sufficient space to write above his signature:—"To my dear friend the Baron de Bookworms, from his sincerely attached," and here will come in, quite neatly and appropriately, his own name in his own handwriting. I have only had time to read the first two plays, *The Pillars of Society*, and *Ghosts*. The first of these, until the middle of the Second Act, is troublesome reading, the dialogue being diffuse, commonplace, and the stage-directions ridiculous. But when the interest really commences, and the reader is on speaking terms with the various characters, then, as the story is gradually worked out, the plot proves to be as strong as the characters are original. Properly condensed and well acted, it ought to be a powerful play, for which able exponents should be found on the English stage. The translation is evidently truthful and very close, but the hand of a practical playwright is needed to put it into proper form. It is a pure-minded, manly-spirited, noble play, pointing a moral without any cant of

goody-goodness. Nor is it deficient in material for good low comedy or eccentric character, without which it is difficult for the best intentioned play to be anything but a burden to the most sympathetic and patient audience. The dramatic possibilities in *The Pillars of Society* are great, but the play as it stands certainly would not do for the stage, and the bald translation makes it a tedious study taken as literature.

As to *Ghosts*, the second play, the translation here given may be close, but the dialogue is even more diffuse than in *The Pillars*, and it is pointless, and irritatingly wearisome to read. Here and there a situation in the painfully repulsive story is undoubtedly dramatic, yet, as a play, whether for an English audience or any other, I sincerely hope its production is impossible. The subject could be powerfully treated in a Charles-Reade-ian novel; but it requires the touch of a master hand to adorn the pitiful tale, and point the moral. So, on consideration, I shall not inscribe my name on the fly-leaf, but shall return the book to my friend to prove to him that he has not shown misplaced confidence in his friend, and then he will perhaps lend another and more valuable book to the honest

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

"ONE AT A TIME."

By Bungham Down.

HEAVILY through the Casino
The fumes of the roses float;
Heart of my heart! How could he know
She had come by the tidal-boat?
As stiff as a royal merino,
Or the fur of the sea-side goat?

(Andante hideoso.)

And he danced on one and the other,
He was far too ugly to care,
And Beauty her shrieks would smother,
And Valour forget to swear,
For he was a famous Poet;
And rich and debonair.

(Tempo di Valse.)

"One at a time, love, one at a time!"
Ever he murmured the old sweet rime;
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear!"

(Puffo ma non troppo.)

And he leaned from the lush Casino,
And scanned the sounding sea;
Like the salt of a fruitless Eno,
It cream'd with a mocking glee,
Or moaned like the Moning Congou
At a foggy Five o'Clock Tea.

They play'd at the little horses,
But little of them reck'd he,
As he yearn'd for the stars in their courses
And the moon in her crescentrie,
And his pulses reserv'd their forces,
For there in the dusk was She!

(Twingiamente.)

And the vacant space where his heart had
Throbb'd with a fancied pain, [place
As the phantom boot on a long-lost foot
Wakes bygone griefs again.

(Maestoso giocoso.)

There's a lonely tomb where surges boom
And the gridding pebbles grind,—
But he dances on one and the other,
He is far too ugly to mind.

"One at a time, love, one at a time,
Softly he murmurs the sweet, old rime:
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear."

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 21.



COURT UP FOR LUNCH.

THE PARSELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS has taken somebody else's seat this morning. It's mine. Has "called" himself to the Inner Bar, and now sits with us. Suppose he'll be donning wig and gown presently. Here he sits all day. Pretty to see him, as the shadows lengthen, lay his head on Lockwood's broad shoulder and sweetly sleep. Something weighing on his mind. Moments of abstraction when he sits gazing afar. Once heard something like a sigh.

"Anything gone wrong?" I ask.

"Not yet," he says. "But I'm afraid. Do you think, when I

get into the witness-box and they examine me about my visit to Paris in the spring of 1882—"in the spring, a young man's fancy," don't you know—do you think anything will come out about private affairs?"

"Do you mean," I said, "will they want to know anything about that little affair with the widow, that let you in for the breach of promise case?"

"Well, you needn't put it quite that way, TOBY; but that's somewhere about it. You know all about legal procedure. Will the Judges let the ATTORNEY-GENERAL go into that matter?"

"I fancy they will," I said. "But I'll look up the authorities. Haven't got your *Coke upon Littleton* in your waistcoat pocket, have you?"

No, JOSEPH hadn't; and him to be sitting with us of the Inner Bar! TIM HEALY turned up, but not in wig and gown.

"No," said TIM, "not going to stand in the way of JOSEPH GILLIS. Since he's taken to the law, I take a back seat. He needs no assistance." So TIM sits on modest bench with the Solicitors, and presently tackles the Judges.

"I'm Mr. HEALY," he says, when making an application on order of business.

Brother HANNEN gravely nods, as if that didn't matter very much. JOSEPH GILLIS, who tried a fall with Brother HANNEN earlier in the proceedings, has been quiet for day or two. Encouraged by contiguity of TIM, he returns to attack. JOSEPH, pulling up his coat by back of collar, as he has seen HENRY JAMES do with his gown, argues that the whole of speeches should be read. Blandly hints that HENRY JAMES, in picking out particular paragraphs, was chiefly concerned to mislead the public who read the newspaper reports. Pretty to see HANNEN looking under his glasses at the future ERSKINE. A glance of mingled curiosity, impatience and growing anger. JOSEPH, wagging his



The Star.

forefinger as he has heard Mr. Jaggars used to do, lays down the law, and is himself promptly laid by the heels.

"No, no, no!" says Brother HANNEN, testily turning away.

That's all; only a monosyllable reiterated. But, how eloquent with impatient disgust of JOSEPH's slightly incoherent and somewhat malignant suggestion! JOEY B. doesn't try to catch the President's eye again. Sits and ruminates.

"Tell you what, TOBY," he said, "when we reach Civil Service Estimates, shall move to reduce vote for law expenses by £5,000, salary of President of Probate Court. What does he mean with his 'No, no, no'? On the whole, I'd rather have dealings with the Speaker."

Wednesday.—Appearance of Court distinctly changed this morning. Chamber crowded. Bar in full attendance and plainly on the alert. PARNELL, who is methodically as late as HARTINGTON, is actually in his place. JOSEPH GILLIS, descended from high estate on Q.C. Bench, humbly seated in Solicitors' quarter.

"Not nearly such a homely place as the House of Commons, TOBY," he whispered, enviously eyeing my wig and gown. "Can do anything I like there; say what I please, at what length I like, and sit where I think proper. Remember the time when House was in Committee, and I sat in Speaker's Chair, behind COURTNEY? Be a pretty row here, I suppose, if, after luncheon, Judges came in and found me sitting in President's chair! But I will do it some day. JOEY B. is tough, dev'lish tough, as they'll find to their cost."

Curtain drawn back. Judges enter; stand for a second in the doorway; Bar and audience rise with swift rustling noise; Judges bow, take their seats. Play about to begin; subdued buzz of excitement. "What is it?" I asked Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, who is looking on.

"Cherchez la femme!" he says.

Instinctively turn to look in direction of newspaper lady in black hat and hearse-plumes, forsaken by JOSEPH. On the way eye falls on familiar figure. It is he—I mean it's SHEA. (See Sage's joke now. Will laugh as soon as Court adjourns for luncheon. Daren't do it before. Brother HANNEN says he won't have anyone laughing in Court.)

O'SHEA in box all morning and far into afternoon. Doesn't seem to like it; shaved off whiskers in order the better to face ordeal. But no use. In unbroken line below him sit old familiar friends. PARNELL, pale-faced, haggard-looking, staring with reproachful eyes; DAVITT, taking notes; TIM HEALY, speechless with anger; and finally, JOSEPH GILLIS, smiling a ghastly smile, and thinking of the days that are no more, when he went down to Galway, and, in defiance of PARNELL, pulled O'SHEA's hair and scratched his face.

A trying ordeal for the once *débonnaire* but now decidedly damaged

Captain. Some signs of quailing at first. Strong disinclination to meet the four pair of gleaming eyes on Solicitors' Bench. But, growing steadier under fire, the Captain fairly faces Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. Answers his searching, subtle questions, fully and frankly.

Thursday.—In the hands of the Police all day. Taken up by P. C. IRWIN as soon as O'SHEA had left the box. Subsequently handed over to custody of P. C. O'MALLEY. O'SHEA just looked in to bring document signed by some eminent politicians meeting in convenient public in Wardour Street, protesting against his exclusion from politics. O'SHEA told me all about it.

"MULQUEENY took me there," he said, "in four-wheeled cab, blindfolded. Engaged cab by the hour. Drove round by Clapham Common, I believe, and so reached Wardour Street. Took bandage off my eyes when I entered the room. Rum lot, seen through tobacco-smoke. Smell of lemon in whiskey. Somebody hit me on small of back with flat side of sword. Then I signed my name in red ink (they said it was blood). They all swore at PARNELL; said I ought to be Chief-Secretary. I paid for drinks, put protest in my pocket, and came away. Nothing particular ever came of it; still we—I mean they—had very pleasant evening. But I advise you to keep out of politics, TOBY. You never know what you'll be let in for."

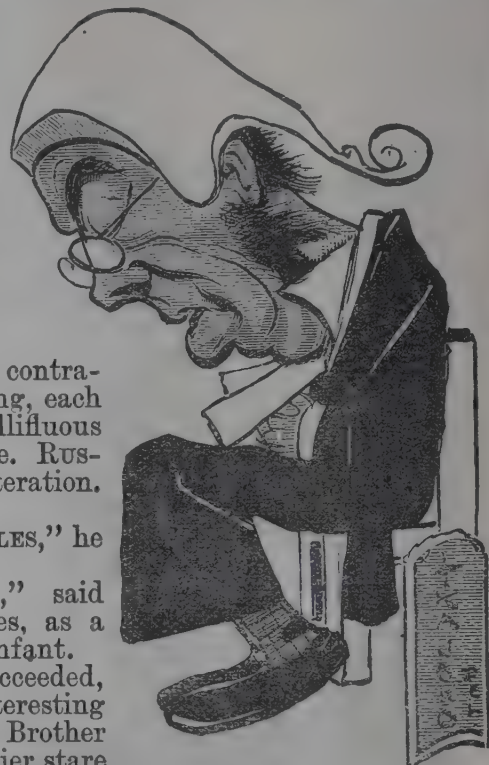
Police Witnesses charming fellows, especially IRWIN. Best type of Irish peasant; good-looking, gentle-mannered, shrewd, smiling, slyly humorous, with delicious brogue. His conversation with CHARLES RUSSELL worth sitting a week in Court to hear. There was a wide world of eloquence in his way of saying "Sir CHARLES." Entreaty, expostulation, hesitation, alacrity, doubt, assent, certainty, contradiction, and above all, wheedling, each expressed in turn in rich mellifluous breathing of commonplace name. RUSSELL fretted and fumed under iteration. Snappishly protested.

"Oh, don't call me Sir CHARLES," he said.

"Very well, Sir CHARLES," said IRWIN, in softest cooing notes, as a nurse might soothe a restless infant.

Policeman to Policeman succeeded, as Amurath to Amurath. Interesting in its way, but finally soporific. Brother DAY began to take on a glassier stare as the afternoon shadows lengthened. Presently his chin sank on his breast, and he became profoundly engrossed in meditation on evidence.

"It's getting late," said LOCKWOOD. "This is what we call the close of DAY."



The Close of Day.

THE IDEAL GYURL.

"Woman's work, what should it be but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, helping with the farm-work, or in the garden or dairy?"—Professor Ruskin's last; and why doesn't he stick to his last?

"O MARY, go and scrub the drawing-room floor, [chairs, And dust the drawing-room And make the kitchen stairs As clean as clean can be! For so Professor RUSKIN bids, whose word Is law to you and me."

She was a Girton maiden, and her brain Was crammed with learned lore, With culture to the core, And physiologie! But now she hoed potatoes, and at night Dead-tired home came she.

Oh, can this be the highest fruit of time, This bowed and wrinkled maid, This weather-beaten maid,— A gruesome sight to see? Was never horny-handed plough-boy yet Had such a hand as she!

They tried to find a mate for her, but man, But inconsiderate man, But beauty-loving man, Preferred another She! And now that maiden may be heard to cuss Her RUSKIN heartilee!

PHŒBUS TO THE FORE.—With what object are letters in a disputed handwriting ordered to be photographed?—To bring their authorship to light.

FREE TRANSLATION.—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* "Who shall examine the Examiners?"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule there will be no exception.



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

ALDERMAN BROWNJONES SENIOR explains to his son, ALDERMAN BROWNJONES JUNIOR, THAT THERE IS A LAMENTABLE FALLING-OFF SINCE HIS DAY, IN THE BREED OF ALDERMEN-SHERIFFS—NOT ONLY IN STYLE AND BEARING, BUT EVEN IN "HAPPETITE"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LET no one say that in the absence of LIKA JOKO from his own native village, there is no artistic talent left in Japan. Just look at the Japanese draughtsman's picture of MASÉ, one of the forty Ronins, drawing a bow as he points an arrow at the spectator, in No. 6 of *Artistic Japan* for last October.

I should like to have seen Mr. TOOLE's *Recollections told by Himself*, chronicled by JOSEPH HATTON, and published by Messrs. HURST AND BLACKETT, illustrated by a Japanese artist, though Messrs. BRYAN AND MARGETSON have done their work very well. It is a very amusing book without an unkind or ungenerous word in it about anyone in or connected with the theatrical profession, and this is saying a good deal for Mr. TOOLE's forbearance, seeing how easily and successfully he might have retaliated on those who of late years, under the flimsy pretence of criticism, have rarely missed an opportunity of venting their petty personal spite on the comedian whose well deserved popularity, and his numerous acts of generosity, must necessarily have made for him many enemies. Mr. HATTON in Boswellizing JOHNNIE TOOLE has cleverly contrived to give the necessary "go" to most of the stories, which otherwise, owing to Mr. TOOLE's inimitable and original manner of oral narration would certainly have lost considerably when told in print.

There is one story about H. J. BYRON which Mr. TOOLE records as occurring a week or so before his death. The story is this: BYRON's coachman wrote to him to say that a mare in his stable in London was ill, and he wanted to know if he should give her a ball. To which BYRON replied, "Yes—only don't ask too many people." Now I, *moi qui parle*, myself heard BYRON say this, as he said it to me one morning at Ramsgate, where he was staying three or four years before his death. He was holding the coachman's letter in his hand as I entered the room, and was roaring with laughter. "My coachman writes," he said, chuckling, and pulling at his moustache, "to say that a mare of mine is ill, and asks me if he may give her a ball, as he wouldn't do it without permission. I was just saying to my wife

that I think I shall write and say, 'Yes—give her a ball, only don't ask too many people'"—and then he laughed till he almost cried over it, so immensely was he tickled with the absurdity of the idea. There was a comparative stranger to him present, who did not see the joke immediately, and this made BYRON and myself laugh all the more. I've no doubt that so good a thing he repeated; but the fact of the coachman's letter having arrived that morning, is pretty clear proof that I was among the three first—the others were his wife and the unimpressible stranger—who heard him say it.

In No. 4, Vol. I. of *The Salon* I find the name of the French actor, GIL PEREZ spelt "GILPRÉ." Was this his real name, or is it a misprint or an error in spelling, like "chawtle in his joy," instead of "chortle in his joy," which occurs in the same number? There should be no mistake about "chortle," which belongs to the classic English of the Victorian Era.

Christmas Books are well ahead of the time when they are due. I suppose all much the same as usual, but I shall make a dip in the lucky bag, and select. To anyone in want of indoor exercise, on a wet day, I strongly recommend the perusal of Mr. WALTER BESANT'S *The Inner House* (ARROWSMITH'S Christmas Annual), as affording plenty of opportunity for skipping. It may please Mr. BESANT'S admirers, but it struck me as an uninteresting namby-pamby romance.

The best Christmas Book I've seen as yet, that is to say, really a book for Christmas time and the children, is *The Marvellous History of Jack the Giant-Killer*, by RICHARD DOYLE. It is a book for boys by a boy, for it was drawn by him in 1842, when he was in jackets and turn-down collars. It was before he signed his initials to his drawings, with or without the eccentric dicky-bird; but no signature is necessary to inform us who the artist was that "inventidit druit, et didit," when we see these quaint figures of dwarfs and giants, and funny little creatures climbing up or hanging on to the border of every page. To have kept the letter-press in fac-simile manuscript is the publisher's mistake, as some folks will find it difficult to decipher: but this is of less consequence, as each picture tells its own story, and is delightfully grotesque.

I gave JOSEPH HATTON'S *Captured by Cannibals* to a big boy to read. He polished it off—I am not aware that Mr. HATTON'S style requires this treatment—and returned it with thanks, informing me that he thought it would suit younger boys than himself admirably. I read the volatile Mr. G.'s article on ELIZABETH and the Establishment in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. G. must have his own private History of England and defies State Calendars. He should write an Elizabethan drama for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, who might put him right in some of his historical facts.

Reporters differ. Looking through *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., with Notes (my own), I find that the modern HOGARTH gives an account of the banquet held in honour of MACREADY, on the occasion of that eminent tragedian's retirement from the Stage. Says he (after declaring that CHARLES DICKENS made an admirable speech), "and THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously," to which I have added (in pencil in the margin), "This is news, indeed!!" Now, it happens, that Mr. JOHN COLEMAN was also present at this remarkable dinner, and according to him (he has it down in his book upon *Actors he has Known*, just published), the author of *Vanity Fair* made a mess of his speechification. To quote Mr. COLEMAN'S own words, "THACKERAY, who had to propose the health of 'the Ladies,' would, I thought, have broken down every moment, not from the cause assigned by some 'd—d good-natured friend,' but from sheer nervousness." He moreover notes that BULWER LYTTON (who was in the chair), "seemed to him," to regard his rival novelist's "discomfiture with an amused and languid disdain which overlaid a somewhat deeper-rooted feeling." Again, the two historians adopt a distinctly different tone in referring to the speech of CHARLES KEMBLE. I give their impressions of the oration side by side:—

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Frith.

I was close to CHARLES KEMBLE, who spoke right well. * * * When the old man rose, feeble and bent, but with the old stately bearing, and in the sounding and dignified, though somewhat shrill voice peculiar to the KEMBLES, responded most happily to the toast, the row was deafening.

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Coleman.

CHARLES KEMBLE, whom I saw for the first and last time on that occasion, made a somewhat irrelevant speech, in the midst of which he "dried up," and sat down.

Really, when the two autobiographers have nothing better to do, they might read one another's "Recollections." I am sure that one or the other of them will find something that he *must* have forgotten!

A propos of the stage, Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS (the well-known dramatic critic) has published a very readable little volume of essays, called *Byeways in Bookland*. It is pleasant to take a stroll through the leaves Mr. ADAMS has collected for us in these byeways. The leaves, although a study in "black and white," are full of charming colour.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

"BEWARE!"



Mr. Bull (to Miss America). "TRUST HIM NOT. HE IS FOOLING THEE!"

A DOUBTFUL Party's whispering thee,
Take care!
He can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He has false eyes, their gleam means crime.
Take care!
He's playing tempter all the time;
Beware! Beware!

Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!
His hands in blood he'd fain imbrue;
Take care!
And what he whispers is not true.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!
He has a lot of votes, of course:
Take care!

He is a fiend without remorse.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He'll give those votes, and promise fair,
Take care!
A demon gift is but a snare.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

!A SAW ILL SET.

MR. PUNCH.—The writer of a recent review of Dr. MARSTON'S work on Actors, adduces the celebrated definition of "Genius" as "an infinite capacity of taking pains," and ascribes it to Lord BEACONSFIELD. As you know, it passes for CARLYLE'S. The house of the late Seer of Chelsea being tenanted by Spirit-rappers, who are said to have been invoking him—and BEACONSFIELD, too—at *séances*, the Mediums could easily set then to settle their respective claims to the above saying, if necromancers are not impostors, and if both the statesman

and the philosopher would either of them care to be credited with a stupid observation. But it is unlikely that any ghost walks in Cheyne Walk.

Why, Mr. Punch, you, yourself, the greatest Genius living, must of course, well know that, so far from being a capacity for taking any pains at all, Genius is an endowment which enables anybody to do without effort marvels and prodigies which nobody else could achieve whatever pains they could possibly take. Only think of HANDEL and MOZART performing and composing music almost before they were out of their frocks and trousers! Of POPE, who "lisp'd in

numbers, for the numbers came." Of BIDDER, and other calculating boys who similarly, when mere babies, could solve the most intricate arithmetical problems by a merely instinctive faculty. Don't you think, Sir, Genius had much better be defined a capacity of doing wonders, without taking any pains at all?

Wouldn't you say that you, in your own person, find an infinite capacity of taking pains a great auxiliary to Genius indeed, and quite essential to success in its highest flights, but something as totally distinct from it as a watchmaker from a TENNYSON, or a BROWNING, or even from you?

As to Lord BEACONSFIELD's authorship of the account of Genius imputed to CARLYLE, don't you think that it might just as well have been set down to Mr. GLADSTONE; and that, if it had been, that right honourable gentleman would be as much annoyed as you would be in case you were charged with having originated it yourself? Do help to withdraw from circulation a current misdescription of Genius altogether at variance with

COMMON SENSE.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"MRS. KEELEY in a new piece!" sounds startling as a bit of theatrical intelligence—nevertheless, it was a fact last Friday. This lively and accomplished young lady of eighty-three played to a crowded and enthusiastic house for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Happy Charity to have such an advocate!—happy ASHBY-STERRY to have his lines so delightfully given! Not a point was lost, not a chance given away; the clever and experienced actress showed she had not forgotten a particle of her art—she had the same wondrous power over her audience that she possessed years ago.

At the conclusion of her address she said, with wondrous earnestness, in speaking of the children:—

"I crave for them your sympathy untold,
Your love, your help, your pity—and your gold!
The last I'm bound to have, for, you must know,
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!
I've not forgot his impudence, his dash—
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, fives—
We want *your* money, for we want *their* lives!"

It is to be hoped that the eloquence and persuasive power of Mrs. KEELEY will have the effect of "sovereigns, fifties, and fives," being speedily delivered to the treasury of this excellent Institution, which is only waiting for money in order that its new wing may be built, and its sphere of usefulness substantially enlarged.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"MY DEAR SUSAN! I DECLARE YOU'RE GETTING MORE LIKE MARGARET EVERY DAY!"

"OH, COME NOW—YOU SAY THAT TO FLATTER ME!"

"WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU ADMIRE HER!"

A CASE OF SOUND MEDICINE.

"From the time when medical knowledge was first embodied in rules of practice, and probably from a much earlier period, Music has held a recognised place in the treatment of disease. . . . Lauded in connection, for example, with gout."—*Lancet*.

SCENE—A Sick Chamber. Invalid discovered groaning on a sofa.

Enter Doctor, briskly.

Doctor. Well, and how are we to-day?

Invalid. Oh, very—very ill! Worse, Doctor—worse!

Doctor. Dear me! Surely you could not have taken the medicine I ordered.

Invalid. Oh, yes, indeed I did.

Doctor. Sure you did not swallow the embrocation and use the sleeping draught for a lotion?

Invalid. Oh, no, Doctor; I was very careful indeed! (Sadly). But they all have done me no good. I think I am worse than ever! Oh!

[Groans.]

Doctor. Dear me, that's bad! Let me see your tongue; and then you can tell me your symptoms.

Invalid (after showing his tongue). Well, Doctor, you see I have a pain here, and a pain there. [Describes in detail his ailments.]

Doctor. You surprise me! But I fancy I can put you straight. Just sing "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*."

Invalid. I am sure I can't! I haven't sung for years.

Doctor. The greater the reason you should commence. Now, then, "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*." Come make an effort (sings)—

"She wore a wreath —". Now, then, go on.

Invalid. I am sure I can't. (Sings feebly.) "She wore——"

[Gives the rest of the song with unconventional variations.]

Doctor. Come, now, don't you feel better already?

Invalid. Well, I don't know; still——

Doctor. Of course you are! And now for a dance. I fancy "*The Highland Schottische*" is about your figure. Come. (Sings and dances.) "Rumtum titiddy-ee, tiddy-ee, tiddy-eee; Rumtum tiddy-ee, Ri de foll de dolly de?" Surely you can dance to that?

Invalid. I will try it. Let me see. "Rumtum-titiddy-ee."

[Sings and dances feebly.]

Doctor. That's right! (Takes his hands, and dances about energetically.) Never mind the twinges at first. They will go off by-and-by. (After a few minutes of singing and dancing.) There now! How do you feel?

Invalid (sinking on a couch.) I am much, much better.

Doctor (heartily). I knew you would be!

Invalid. And now, Doctor, that I am cured, do you mind telling me what was the matter with me?

Doctor. Certainly. I have treated you for a slight attack of gout! As you are not yet quite yourself, I will send you a Saraband to be danced before bed-time, and the music for a Polka-Mazourka, that you must run through two or three times before you have your breakfast to-morrow morning. And now good-bye, as I have to go and cure some children suffering from measles with a good wholesome dose of "*Sir Roger de Coverley*."

[Exit.]

A NUT PARTIALLY CRACKED.—It was recently suggested in the *Times* that cocoa-fibre would be useful as material for lining our warships. This theory, though not solving the old problem about the presence of milk in the cocoa-nut, does account for the hair outside.

MORE OF A UNIONIST THAN EVER.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN. Bes' wishes to "JOSEPH'S Sweetheart."

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE revells was all over on the hallowd Ninth. The three most himportantest persuns of the hole himportant City; wiz., the parst Lord Mare, the present Lord Mare, and the future Lord Mare,



The part omitted from Torpedo's Show by order of the Royal George.

was all comferally sleepin in their downy beds of lucksery; theappy Gests was all fled; the careful Committee Men had carefully locked up all the cubbord fulls of broken wittels, includin hole quartz of reel Turtel Soop, and sewerall hole ams and fousls, as was all to be give to

the Poor nex mornin, and the tired and sleepy Waiters had taken care that none of the fine old Wine shoold be wasted, and then sort their umbel omes; and the only sound to be herd was the silent tread of the ever wakeful Watchman, who was, for some hours to come, the great City Surweyor. But why does he cum to a sudden paws in his silent rownd? why, after a close examination of it with his lighted dark lantern, does he xclaim, "Why, ROBERT, my toolip, what on airth are you dooin there?"

I was a sleepin the sleep of the onest but tired-out Waiter, under a Sofy in the Committee's priwet refreshment room, havin laid down jest for about 40 winks; and havin, in the dark, rapt a tablecloth around my manly figger, to keep out the cold, I must suttenly have cut rayther a strange apairance to my frend the Watchman wen I stood up to my full height before his estonished eyes!

It was all the frutes of hover work. It is, I bleeves, about the werry fust time in all my long life as I have hever been gilty of sitch a hact of dense stoopidity, and I shall take preshus good care as it's the last. But my xeuse must be that it was all dun from a good cause and with a nobel hobjeck. I had herd sitch alarmin roomers of what was to be done, and what was not to be done, as respects the Sacred Sho, that I was deturmind to see for myself with my hone eyes, and hear for myself with my hone hears, and be redly to ersist the pore Life Gards and the pore Huzzas if they shoold be atacked by the angry mob who was of coarse naterally disappointed at being deprived of their speshal darlings, the Men in Armer from the reel Tower of Lunden, and ROBBING HOOD's Merry Men from Hepping Forest, and Burnthem Beeches.

But I need not have bin alarmed. Why, the brave fellers played away on their drums and trumpits and orns and rumbones, all thru the shouting Mob, jest the same as if they'd a bin in High Park.

As I stood gazin at 'em with all the admirashun as I could muster considerin how werry cruelly I was a being shoved about by the thortless and hignorant Mob, I begun for to wunder how on hearth they ewer manages to do all they've got to do when they gos into Battel. The genelman as has 2 drums to play on, in case I spose as one shoud brake, woud always have his too drumsticks with witch to defend hissself from the hinsolwent fo, as *Othello* wery properly calls him, but how about the gent with the orn? Supposing as he's ordered to "up Gards and at 'em!" jest think what he's got for to do. He has to play his orn, to guide his galliant steed, and to fite the Fo, and all with ony 2 hands! It's quite bad enuff for me wen I has to carry a Tooreen of hot bilin Soup, and a cupple of wine-glasses, and a carving nife in my mouth, but I reelly thinks as his case must be wuss than ewen mine.

However, a trowse to these reflectshuns, and let me purseed to state that, tho the "Royal GEORGE," the Commander-in-Cheef, did most unkindly refuse to let us have jest about ten or twenty thousand Wolunteers to peritect us all, in the habsence of the six Men in Harmer, I can conseenshusly declair, and wen I says that, I means it, that neether the Lord Mare's State Cocheman, nor his State Postilyun, nor ewen his three State Footmen, showd by their pail faces any fear of the shoutin mob as was a scrowgin around 'em. What they felt in their hinnermost buzzums, them alone can tell.

The scoffin and grinnin Sinnick dowlless grinned and scoffed more than ewer when he seed the rain a poring down in the hurly morning; but if he had had my xperience he woud have known that, on all sitch himportant oocashuns as Lord Mare's Sho, "The clouds will pass if we've pashens to Wait;" and so it was on Friday.

I got back to Gildhall weary and worn, and rumbled to that xtent, that not nobody but them as know'd me well could ewer have took me for a hed Waiter; but a good wash and brush up, and a clean white collar and choker, and two glasses of old brown Sherry—the werry best rewiver as kindly natur ewer perwided for xhausted Umanity—set me to rites, at eny rate for a time.

ROBERT.

HOE DEAR!

READ GLADSTONE's advice about fruit-farming, jam, cherries, apples, and all the rest of it, with great interest. Why *do* the poor congregate in big towns, instead of doing this sort of thing in the country? So improvident! Believe there's a fortune to be made out of growing fruit and vegetables for London market, and mean to try.

Have bought a small farm. Nice light soil. Owner (who seems very anxious to get away), describes it as a "pebbly loam." More pebbles than loam, apparently. "Scratch your loam, and you find pebbles." Owner shows me orchard, paddock, cart-shed, &c., and induces me to take over his live and dead stock at valuation.

Settle at farm. Twenty miles out of town. Nearest rail two and a half miles; cartage to railway costs more than I expected. Have to pay Gardener, too; pay *him* more (I fancy) than either of us expected. Buy some books on fruit-farming, and feel rather proud of my position. Shall talk (to friends who don't know much about me), of "my place in the country." Hope they won't come down and find me hoeing mangel-wurzels.

Rather disappointed with perusal of the books. Find apples don't like a "pebbly loam." Also only a few kinds of apples have any sale nowadays. Call in a horticultural expert, and ask him to inspect my orchard.

Expert comes. Condemns orchard root and branch. Says, "only thing to be done is to grub up these 'ere trees, and plant noo ones." Well, then, what advantage do I get out of the old trees? "None whatever," he replies; "might just as well have bought a bit of meadow." Depressed. I think of riddle—"What's the good of Acres when you can't get a Bob out of them?" Riddle depresses me still further.

Give up apples. Plant no end of cherries and gooseberries. Gardener says, "important for fruit to go off directly it's ripe." Mine goes off before it's ripe. Goes off altogether; boys steal it. Also plant cabbages and mushrooms. Gardener says, "a fine opening for mushrooms." Spend a month or two buying spawn, making beds, &c. What a lot of attention mushrooms do want! Call this "small culture," indeed! Find that the opening for mushrooms has closed when I come to sell them. Buyers offer a price which just about covers cost of carriage to town. I ask why? They explain that "public fancy has changed; mushrooms not in vogue—tomatoes are."

Try tomatoes. Try 'em out of doors, and get 'em nipped by frost. Try again under glass. Putting up glass very expensive. Gardener suggests grapes. After buying one or two choice varieties, find Gardener doesn't understand planting them! Buy book on Grape-culture. While book coming, put grape-plants in cellar. Cellar doesn't suit them, it seems. Finally, when book arrives, plants have to be thrown away. Result of first year's fruit-growing—loss of £300. Not making fortune yet.

"Can small farms be made to answer?" somebody wants to know. Yes, if you don't mind the answer being "No!"

This year try asparagus, in corner of large field. Very successful. Think of making a "corner" in asparagus in London vegetable market. Gardener falls in with idea, and we keep crop back for a time. Consequence is, when we offer it, nobody wants to buy! Have to eat most of it myself. Get perfectly sick of asparagus in a week. Sick of Gardener, too. Dismiss him. He tells me, just as he's going, that "them pertaters has the disease awful bad, and there ain't a cherry on the trees because of caterpillars." Winds up by saying, there's a bill coming in for "them sparrergrass beds."

There is indeed. Such a bill! Seems that nothing will grow on the "pebbly loam," but that first one has to "make" the soil, and afterwards grow things. Always thought farms had good soil to begin with. What's the good of the Creation, if the ground has to be made all over again?

Losses increasing. As last desperate resource try jam. Erect small jam-factory. Have one or two fields of strawberries. Find a man who says he understands all about jam-making. "Get equal quantities of jam and sugar, and boil 'em up together," he says. It sounds very simple. Sugar bill enormous. When jam made, it really does look and taste very nice indeed. Send it to London. Letter in a few days from agent to say he can't sell my jam at any price. Too pure. Public like it with more "flavour" in it. And this comes of making real home-made jam. What a fool the public must be! Sell my farm at fearful sacrifice, and live in a "flat"—rather a suitable residence. Turn Tory. Understand *now* why poor congregate in large towns. Wonder if *they've* all been fruit-farmers like me, and made as much out of it?

SUMMER IN WINTER.—Don't forget Mrs. JEUNE this winter. She makes her usual benevolent appeal on behalf of the starving children. "One pound," says the *Standard*, "provides an ample dinner for one hundred and thirty-seven hungry little ones." There's a Sovereign remedy for starvation!

THE CRAMMER'S LAMENT.

(Song for the Times.)

THERE's a stir in the air; there are straws on the wind
That with dismal forebodings are filling my mind!



One Result of Cramming.

For if they decide, in the service of truth,
To rescue the mind of intelligent youth
From a system that all its intelligence clearing
Clean right out of the way, ekes it out with veneering,
A showy acquaintance with facts but inducing,
And all solid knowledge away glibly casting,
Instead, in its place, its mere semblance producing,
And that for a fortnight, at most, only lasting!
Oh! I ask, if this happen, what future there'll be
For a poor shunted, unemployed Crammer like me?

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

October 30.—I should very much like to know who has wilfully torn the last five or six weeks out of my diary. It is perfectly monstrous! Mine is a large scribbling diary with plenty of space for the record of my everyday events, and in keeping up that record I take (with much pride) a great deal of pains. I asked CARRIE if she knew anything about it? She replied it was my own fault for leaving the diary about with a charwoman cleaning, and the sweeps in the house. I said that was not an answer to my question. This retort of mine, which I thought extremely smart, would have been more effective had I not jogged my elbow against a vase on a table temporarily placed in the passage, knocked it over and smashed it. CARRIE was dreadfully upset at this disaster, for it was one of a pair of vases which cannot be matched, given to us on our wedding-day by Mrs. BURTSETT, an old friend of CARRIE'S cousins, the POMMER-TONS, late of Dalston. I called to SARAH and asked her about the diary. She said she had not been in the sitting-room at all; after the sweep had left, Mrs. BIRRELL (the charwoman) had cleaned the room and lighted the fire herself. Finding a burnt piece of paper in the grate, I examined it, and found it was a piece of my diary. So it was evident someone had torn my diary to light the fire. I requested Mrs. BIRRELL to be sent to me to-morrow.

October 31.—Received a letter from our principal, Mr. PERKUPP, saying that he thinks he knows of a place at last for our dear boy LUPIN. This, in a measure, consoles me for the loss of a portion of my diary, for I am bound to confess the last few weeks have been devoted to the record of disappointing answers received from people to whom I had applied for appointments, for LUPIN. Mrs. BIRRELL called, and in reply to me said, "She never see no book, much less take such a liberty as touch it." I said I was determined to find out who did it, whereupon she said she would do her best to help me, but she remembered the sweep lighting the fire with a bit of the *Echo*. I requested the sweep to be sent to me to-morrow. I wish CARRIE had not given LUPIN a latch-key. We never seem to see anything of him. I sat up till past one for him, and then retired tired.

November 1.—My entry yesterday about "retired tired," which I did not notice at the time, is rather funny. If I were not so worried just now, I might have had a little joke about it. The sweep called, but had the audacity to come up to the hall-door, and lean his dirty bag of soot on the door-step. He, however, was so polite, I could not rebuke him. He said SARAH lighted the fire. Unfortunately SARAH heard this, for she was dusting the bannisters, and she ran down, and flew into a temper with the sweep, causing a row on the front door-steps, which I would not have had happen for anything. I ordered her about her business, and told the sweep I was sorry to have troubled him—and so I was, for the door-steps were covered with soot, in consequence of his visit. I would willingly give ten shillings to find out who tore my diary.

November 2.—I spent the evening quietly with CARRIE, of whose company I never tire. We had a most pleasant chat about the letters on "Is Marriage a Failure?" It has been no failure in our case. In talking over our own happy experiences, we never noticed that it was past midnight. We were startled by hearing the door

slam violently. LUPIN had come in. He made no attempt to turn down the gas in the passage, or even to look into the room where we were, but went straight up to bed, making a terrible noise. I asked him to come down for a moment, and he begged to be excused, as he was "dead beat," an observation that was scarcely consistent with the fact that, for a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was positively dancing in his room, and shouting out, "See me dance the Polka!" or some such nonsense.

November 3.—Good news at last. Mr. PERKUPP has got an appointment for LUPIN, and he is to go and see about it on Monday. Oh, how my mind is relieved! I went to LUPIN'S room to take the good news to him, but he was in bed, very seedy, so I resolved to keep it over till the evening. He said he had last night been elected a member of an Amateur Dramatic Club, called the "Holloway Comedians;" and, though it was a pleasant evening, he had sat in a draught, and got neuralgia in the head. He declined to have any breakfast, so I left him. In the evening I had up a special bottle of port, and, LUPIN being in, for a wonder, we filled our glasses, and I said,—“LUPIN, my boy, I have some good and unexpected news for you. Mr. PERKUPP has procured you an appointment.” LUPIN said, “Good biz!” and we drained our glasses. LUPIN then said, “Fill up the glasses again, for I have some good and unexpected news for you.” I had some slight misgivings, and so evidently had CARRIE, for she said, “I hope we shall think it good news.” LUPIN said, “Oh, it's all right. I'm engaged to be married.”

THE VADE-MECUM OF A CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Question. When is reference first made to you by the Press?

Answer. In the early autumn of the year, when paragraphs appear in the City papers briefly alluding to my antecedents, and noting my probable election.

Q. Have you then an opportunity of further advertising yourself?

A. Certainly. If I am energetic, I can let it be known that I object to something or other favoured by my predecessor.

Q. Can you do more than this in the same direction?

A. Well, there is no reason why I should not, in advance of the time fixed for my appearance in my official residence, notify the funds I purpose founding there.

Q. Is this not encroaching on the prerogative of your predecessor?

A. Not seriously; as when I do this he, from an official point of view, will be moribund.

Q. Then I presume you consider yourself well advertised by the banquet itself?

A. I consider it practically my entrance into public life; for in the papers next day my speeches, which hitherto have received little attention, will be reported at a length only second to that reserved for the utterances of the Prime Minister.

Q. Before attaining your exalted rank are your opinions considered of any value?

A. No, of very little value, and probably on my retirement the store set upon them will sink to the original standard.

Q. Do you not during your tenure of power obtain many advantages?

A. Certainly. *Ex officio* I am a member of the Privy Council, and in certain emergencies, this may confer upon me the performance of duties of the highest dignity. I have the precedence of an Earl outside the City, and when I dine in state can call upon the Sheriffs (or as in the future it will be—the Sheriff), to attend upon me.

Q. Have you not omitted something which adds to your pomp?

A. I presume you refer to my custom of marching about in the company of two persons, carrying respectively, a gigantic sword and a huge mace.

Q. Do not these persons, with their comic weapons, introduce what may be termed, the "pantomimic element" into your progresses?

A. Possibly, but their existence is sanctioned by long usage.

Q. You have too, have you not, a wardrobe full of official costumes?

A. Certainly. Some of the robes are extremely gorgeous, both in colouring and material.

Q. And generally, during your term of office, do you not receive very marked attention?

A. I do. My letters to the papers are printed in the leader page, in leaded type, my movements are reported with regularity and accuracy, and my presence in even the highest quarters is regarded with satisfaction rather than astonishment.

Q. And this deference is paid to you for a year?

A. Or rather, for eleven months, as my doings during the last twenty or thirty days of my tenure of power are considered of less moment than the proceedings of my successor during the same period.

Q. And at the end of your year of office what will happen to you?

A. If I am lucky I shall retire with a Knighthood into the dense obscurity of City private life.

Q. Will you, after your retirement ever re-attract public attention?

A. To judge from precedents, I do not think I ever shall.



UGH!

Little Darling. "THAT WAS A WHITE SUGAR-ALMOND I GAVE OO, MR. SQUEAMS. DOES OO LIKE IT?"

Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question). "VERY MUCH INDEED, THANK YOU!"

Little Darling. "IT WAS PINK—ONCE!"

THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

(A Fable after the fashion of La Fontaine.)

A CERTAIN Lion, whose re-echoing roar
Had long been heard on Afric's eastern shore,
Had hard thereby a den convenient, spacious.
Leo was vigilant, not too pugnacious,

Yet always ready,
With strength exceptional and ardour steady,
To help maintain, even on that wild border,
His leonine ideas of Law and Order.

The King of Beasts, like other royal bodies
Who're not quite *fainéant* noddies,
Loved not the anarchical and the chaotic.
In fact his foes declared him too despotic,
Too apt to bring down his prodigious paw,
And call that Law.

At any rate our Lion autocratical
Was down tremendously on the piratical.
Now in that torrid region

Dwelt certain lesser beasts—their name was
legion— [knavery
Whose sole idea of kingship was sheer
Built up on Slavery.

Leo with tooth and claw was prompt to drop
Upon these robber-bands. He strove to stop
The grisly game to which the ghouls were
And long had striven [given,

Almost alone indeed and single-handed;
For, though the other brutes he'd fain have
banded

Against these common curses of their kind,
He somehow seldom found them in the mind.
Greed, fear, and faction,
With brutes as men, are foes to common
action.

There came into that region, rather later,
A certain Fox: No beast had shrewdness
greater; [ning,

And, adding lupine strength to vulpine cunning,
He rather fancied he was in the running
For the reversion

Of Leo's sovereignty; indeed *some* said,
To share the Lion's skin ere he was dead,
Was an idea running in his head;

Perhaps 'twas an aspersion;
But anyhow Reynard, with all his tricks,
Found himself shortly in a sort of fix.
He hardly prospered as he deemed he ought to,
And sedulously sought to.

He was not trusted somehow, which seemed
funny.

When deeds of iron follow words of honey,
Faith fails. That queerest seems of para-
To Foxes. [doxes—

So *rusé* Reynard thought that he would try on
A sort of Confidence Trick with the old Lion.
He rigged himself in proper pilgrim guise,
With palmer-hat that flopped o'er his sly eyes,
With staff, and scrip, and scallop all complete,
And a long gaberdine that reached his feet,
Properly girdled; one in fact might term it
The costume for a new Peter the Hermit.

Togged in this manner,
He bore in hand a big emblazoned banner,
Whereon was written in much brodered
bravery,

"Down, down with Slavery!!!"
Thus robed, our Reynard Leo thus addressed:
"Leo, my friend, I'm really quite distressed
At the black deeds that shame this region
torrid;

They're truly horrid!

As for one cruel and kidnapping band,
They ought to be put down with a strong
hand.

You who're so noble, generous, and strong,
Must feel, I'm sure, that it is really wrong
To give free licence to this bad black trade.
Shall we not join, then, in a New Crusade?
You always were a bit of a knight-errant,

I've quite a fit of missionary zeal;
United, I am sure that you will feel
Our influence on this sin will be deterrent.
And—though *that* is, of course, the merest
trifle—

Help any doubts of our good faith to stifle
(I've found such doubts a little in my way).
Come, Leo, what d'ye say?"

Leo said little, but he looked a deal,
For, hanging at the back of Mr. Fox,
Girt to his body by a chain of steel,

He spied a certain box,
Savouring to Leo, who could spot a trader,
More of the bagman than of the Crusader.
"Reynard," he mused, "whence is this new-
born passion

For the knight-errantry not much *your*
fashion?"

Can it, oh! can it be a mere pretence
To gain prestige—and trade—at my expense?
True, it might task all [rascal,

Our banded strength to crush the desert
The battener on blood, whom I, 'tis true,
Have hunted long, with little aid from you.

If—if indeed
You meant it in good faith, his curséd breed
We'd quickly banish from this tropic shore.
But—is there nothing more



THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

FOX. "ACH! YOU ZAT ZO NOBLE ARE—ZO SCHDRONG—ZO MACNÂNIMISCH!—LET US IN ZIS ZO HOLY GRUSADE TOGEZZER CHOIN! YA?"

THE LION. "HUMPH!!!"



OUR NEW M.F.H.

"WARE 'HARE!" SHOUTED MR. TOPPLE, TRYING TO CRACK HIS WHIP,—AND THIS WAS THE RESULT.

Behind—like that black box—my foxy friend?
And is it like to happen in the end
That my good name will make yours brightly
Or you spoil mine?" [shine,

All this was muttered in the Lion's mane.
"Ah!" cried the Fox, "I see 'tis very plain
That you, so noble, so magnanimous,
So truly one of us,
Help in our new Crusade cannot refuse!"
(Aside he chuckled, "Ah, my little ruse
Has fairly fetched him then, the blind old
Leo said—"Humph!" [sumph!"

Moral.

When Fox with Lion hunts, one would be
sorry
To say who gains—until they've shared the
quarry!

STOPPING THE STRAND.

(A Church Catechism.)

Question. Is the church (of St. Mary-le-Strand) worth preserving?

Answer. The Rector naturally replies,
"Yes;" so do the verger, the pew-opener,
the clerk, the bell-ringers, and the lay-
helperess who brushes the dust from the floor
on to the prayer-books, and from the prayer-
books back again on to the floor, once a week.

Q. How much money is required in order
to prevent the whole place tumbling on to the
heads of wayfarers along the Strand?

A. Three thousand pounds.

Q. What is the feeling of Londoners as to
the request for this sum lately published by
the Rector in the newspapers.

A. They wish he may get it.

Q. What is the chief complaint against
the edifice?

A. That, besides being ugly and unsafe,
it is an intolerable obstruction. That, just
where the Strand ought to widen into a really
noble thoroughfare, it is cramped up into the
dimensions of a narrow lane by this building,
leaving barely space for two vehicles abreast,
the foot pavement being reduced in like ratio.

Q. What is the remedy suggested for this
ecclesiastical obstructionist?

A. The Clôture—shutting it up, and then
pulling it down.

Q. Is not the church one of striking archi-
tectural beauty, so as to warrant its preser-
vation on that score?

A. Not at all. On the contrary, it is a bad
specimen of debased "Queen Anne."

Q. Would not its demolition deprive a large
and important congregation of a place of
worship?

A. It would distribute a congregation
averaging about twenty or thirty among the
multitude of other half-empty churches
existing in the immediate neighbourhood.

Q. Would not the widening of the Strand
sweep away some old and venerable speci-
mens of London Street architecture?

A. Yes, it would mean the removal of the
venerable thoroughfare known as Holywell
Street, with its high-class shops and noble
literary associations.

Q. What then is wanted?

A. That the new London County Council
should take the matter up, and knock the
church down, with what speed it may.

ON "ALL FOURS."—British Protectorate in
Borneo,—"Hugh Low (Union) Jack, and the
game." Other Protectorates generally suggest
another game,—Cribbage. But of course
this doesn't apply to us.

FRUITS FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BOARD Schools are not all paid for out of rates;
Nor *gratis*, quite, crammed Board School chil-
dren's pates,
Parents have still the cost in part to bear—
Not much, yet more than most of them can
spare;

Their tributary pence required to send
For children forced instruction to attend:
But, what with rates and fees for mental
"feed,"

Those youngsters get, however, taught to
read.

That knowledge they are mostly apt to use;
Fictitious literature in general choose:
Tales of adventure, villany, and crime,
Horror and vices, which their minds beguile.

'Twas hoped that education would avail
To elevate them in the social scale.
What profit may accrue from learning, see;
The Penny Dreadful for the Penny Fee!

FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Was *Banquo*
a sculptor? Shakspearian commentators are
unable to answer this question with absolute
certainty, but they are quite sure that he had
a Ghost.

ACADEMICAL.—"Messrs. C. V. STANFORD
and A. C. MACKENZIE, to be made Doctors
of Music, *honoris causâ*," at Cambridge. The
libretto of the solemn ceremony will of course
be "*Cantabile*."

HISTORICAL NOTE.—In mediæval times the
rich Abbots of a sporting turn used to keep
hounds. Over the kennels was inscribed *Pax*.



EXCLUSION.

Policeman (at the Law Courts). "STRICT ORDERS TO-DAY, M'M. NO ONE TO BE ADMITTED UNLESS THEY'RE IN WIG AN'—THAT IS—BEG PARDON, M'M—BARRISTERS, M'M—ONLY BARRISTERS!"

HAND AND FOOT AT HANDOUB;

Or, What the Latest Intelligence is coming to.

SUAKIM, Nov. 12.—The enemy again continued last night their shelling operations against the Water Forts, making excellent practice, and succeeding in sending six shots in succession through the top of the General's tent, the final one being specially well-aimed, and going clean through his moderator, which it effectually extinguished. On lights being fetched, and an examination made of the ammunition used, much enthusiastic satisfaction was expressed by all the officers present on its being ascertained as a fact that it had been supplied by a well-known British firm. Its destructive capabilities having just been conclusively demonstrated, a high and flattering opinion was expressed on all hands at the circumstance.

This morning the long-expected reinforcements, consisting of five mounted infantry, one gun, and two artillerymen, having arrived from Egypt, the General determined to make a reconnoitring movement in the direction of Handoub, for the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining the strength of the enemy. This they were not long in disclosing, for they instantly threw out a thoroughly disciplined and well-equipped force of cavalry, about five hundred strong, which, sweeping at a charge down on the little contingent, capturing the gun, and sabring its defenders, much to his surprise, obliged the General to take to flight, and pursued him up to the fortifications, which he barely reached in safety, followed by a perfect hail of bullets.

It is understood that after this experience he will probably endeavour to impress on the authorities at Cairo the necessity of their taking vigorous measures, and despatching further reinforcements to enable him to cope with the situation, which he describes as "threatening."

This evening there is a rumour of telegraphic communication from headquarters, acknowledging the receipt of the General's application and promising the despatch of "five more mounted infantry, another gun, and two more artillerymen, in the course of a month or so," which they think will "meet the requirements of the situation."

As the mail is leaving, the Dervishes, who have just mounted twelve Armstrong guns in a position thoroughly commanding the Citadel and the Water Forts, appear to be massing in large numbers close up to the fortifications, as if meditating a determined night-attack. Her Majesty's cruiser, *Bouncer*, which is our only defensive resource in any emergency, seems, unfortunately, somehow

to have disappeared on the horizon. The General, who has apparently noted this incident with regret, seems uneasy, and is inquiring about cellar accommodation in the suburbs. Altogether the outlook is gloomy.

THE ALMIGHTY HALF-DOLLAR.

A SONG BY A SUFFERER.

"*Facit indignatio versum,*"

Florins are a nuisance—curse 'em!

CONFOUNDED coin, whose prevalence confounds
Finance domestic more than any other,
Why thus beset me on my daily rounds
With constant bother!

The Mint was mad the day it fashioned you,
And sowed you broadcast on enslaved society.
What man knows not the mischiefs that you brew
In vile variety?

You were not wanted; you are awkward, odd,
A coin which trade's arrangements do not follow;
And yet, beshrew you! you, like Aaron's rod,
All others swallow.

A shilling is the price for heaps of things,
A sixpence purchases at least as many;
And every moment from the pocket brings,
The useful penny.

Even the odd Half-crown may have its use,
But why bring *you*, you poor superfluous bore in?
What mortal ever wants, save to abuse,
The fruitless Florin?

And yet you crowd my pocket, fill my purse,
To the exclusion of brave "bobs" and "tanners."
I lose my cash through you, and—what is more
Perhaps—my manners!

Say, that a cab I call, the distance, say,
Is half a mile, the fare—of course, a shilling.
The tariff-rate, arranged, the which to pay
I'm not unwilling.

My hand in all my pockets wild may range,
But not one sixpence or one shilling collars.
(For if you change a sovereign now, your change
Is all "Half-dollars").

Cabby has none—cabbies are far too "wide"—
So, after lots of hunting, and much "bobbery,"
I pay two shillings for a half-mile ride!
I call it robbery!

Two shillings or four sixpences fulfil
The Florin's every duty, and *their own too*.
Why then the Florin, which of purse and till
A plague has grown to?

Silver I scarce can get, save in its form;
I've seven in my pocket at this moment!
Can such a curse—excuse my language warm!—
Need further comment?

Why flood the circulation with these coins,
Which rile the testy, and which rob the thrifty,
And only serve the servant who purloins—
The Cabman shifty?

I'm sure they rob me of ten pounds a year,
(I gravely doubt if 'tis not nearer twenty),
Which I might save were "bobs" less scarce, and dear
Old "tanners" plenty.

I've suffered long: at last my plaint's in print.
My plan—most men, I'm certain, will agree to it—
Is, call the Florin in! I hope the Mint
Will kindly see to it!

MOTTO FOR LORD MAYOR TORPEDO'S BANNER.—"*Pas Grand' Shows.*"

MOTTO FOR EX-LORD MAYOR SIR POLYDORE'S BANNER.—"*The Period of D.K.,*" and "*After me The Torpedo.*"

PHENOMENAL SUNLIGHT AT NIGHT.—Of course our "London particular" atmosphere prevents us, at this time of year, from seeing a real English sun, so we adapt from the French, and the playgoer has only to visit the Royalty in Dean Street, Soho, in order to enjoy *Clara Soleil*, which, as the title implies, is a piece of a very light character.



Tuesday.—Pretty fair attendance in both Houses, considering G. O. M. and most of his merry men down at Birmingham, making speeches by the furlong. House of Commons plays second fiddle. Still, we've a few left at Westminster. The Curse of Camborne back again in full blast. Pops up suddenly at question time. Quietly floored by SPEAKER, but up again.

"They think they did a good thing in suspending me in July," says he. "Got rid of me for a week or two. But I'll make it up now. You'll see."

JESSE COLLINGS here too, and with Birmingham ablaze!

"How's this?" I ask. "You in London when Birmingham's keeping political holiday?"

"Is it?" he asked, with look of innocent surprise. "Now you mention it, I *did* hear something about it; under the auspices of what is left of Liberal Association, wasn't it? And GLADSTONE was to be there. Yes, yes, I remember. They asked me to meet him in the Mayor's parlour; but I declined. Sorry to do it. Pained to hurt feelings of estimable person. But it wouldn't do. If I had accepted invitation, GLADSTONE would have been sure to have imposed upon concession. Too much would have been made of it: and I plumply but regretfully said 'No.' Did you hear whether the proposed

gathering was abandoned?" GRANDOLPH here, enthroned in corner seat.

"Sorry to hear you've been ill, and are going to throw up the sponge," I say; for, though he's a trifle cantankerous, and apt to turn upon his friends unless they will consent to be his adulators, I like GRANDOLPH.

"You dear, credulous TOBY!" he cried. "Have you, too, been taken in by that *blague*? I'm pretty well, thank you. All the better for a rest; all the readier for work when opportunity comes. Perhaps it would please some people if it were true that I had broken down, and would not trouble them any more. But, with every natural disposition to oblige, can't please everybody. So I'm pretty well, thank you. Keep my eyes open, and my hand ready to strike."

A quiet night, with HARCOURT softly purring to himself on Front Opposition Bench, and OLD MORALITY thinking how pleasantly the mice may play when the cat's away. (*Vide Copy-book.*)

Grand Cross looks down from Peers' Gallery on the familiar scene, and thinks of days that are no more. Another Cross (not yet grand) appears on the scene, walking up to take the Oath. It is W. H., Member for West Derby.

"Do you think, TOBY," said Grand Cross, "he'll ever make the same position in the House that his father did?"

"I hope not; indeed, I hope not," I say, fervently.

Grand Cross stared. Think afterwards wasn't quite the thing to say; might have put it in another way. But a little hurried, and was thinking of something else.

Business done.—Supply.

Thursday.—Reminded of our loss by little incident that took place at opening of sitting. STORMOUTH DARLING took seat for St. Andrew's University. LORD-ADVOCATE used to represent St. Andrew's. Certainly, hard for anyone to take a seat when he's in it. But, alas! he's out, vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Made something in the City of Edinburgh, with a fat salary and a noble title.

Room for Scotch Members to breathe now. Early effect seen in debate on alleged malversation of Crown Lands and Waters in Scotland. Someone been selling the fishing rights on an Invernessshire loch, and turning banks and braes into deer-forests. Not a new thing; didn't happen during the recess; why wasn't it brought up before? Simply because the burly LORD-ADVOCATE was at hand, and Scots-wha-hae shrewdly thought they'd suffered enough in times past without wantonly incurring fresh danger. The MACDONALD's place scarcely filled up when FRASER MACKINTOSH, in his animated and picturesque style, clamours about fishing rights and talks treason about deer-forests.

OLD MORALITY turns uneasily on the bench, and looks wistfully towards the corner-post against which the departed LORD-ADVOCATE's back was wont to rest with temporary impunity. Sorry for O. M. Tell him a little secret. Amongst messengers on duty at Lobby-door, is one who bears singularly close resemblance to the departed chief. About the same height, perhaps a trifle less burly, but with the same capability of extended shirt-front, the same pose of head, the same striking profile, and the same expanse of beardless countenance.

"If, old friend," I say to First Lord, "you could double his wages, practise him in the cultivation of infinite scorn of Scotch Members, dress him in a suit of the Chieftain's clothes, and prop him up with his back against the post at the end of Treasury Bench, you'd hear no more of FRASER MACKINTOSH."

"Thank you, TOBY," said O. M., pressing my paw. "That's a very valuable suggestion. I'll see if something can't be done in the matter before Scotch Votes come on next week. 'To be Forearmed is to be Forewarned,' as we used to write in fair round hand."

In the meanwhile ROBERTSON goes a step higher, and fills a section of the LORD-ADVOCATE's place, whilst STORMOUTH DARLING comes in as Solicitor-General for Scotland.

"CHARLIE used to be my DARLING," said OLD MORALITY, turning round to gaze at the venerable figure of the Member for Deptford; "now it's STORMOUTH. Life is full of change. Here to-day, we're gone to-morrow."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—House more than ever empty to-night. Great counter-attraction at Guildhall. Her Majesty's Ministers dining with LORD MAYOR.

"Some of them," GORST says, snappishly, "and some, if you please, not so. All of us asked; all accepted. Then screw is put upon all under Cabinet rank to make them stop here to help to keep a House."

Gloom and depression all over House. Quite a different scene at Guildhall, where the Aldermen go wild over ARTHUR BALFOUR, and the Alderwomen openly murmur, "What a nice-looking young man!" The Marquis sonorously eloquent. The LORD MAYOR looked well, and spoke well. Excellent beginning for what promises to be memorable year in the City.

Business done.—Junior Ministers kept in. Education Vote agreed to.

ADVICE TO A GOOD SERVANT.—Always keep your place.



"Grand Cross stared."

"WHAT IT MAY COME TO,"

Now that Royal Residences are put up to Let.

SCENE—Interior of the Government Auction and Estate Office. Plans of Castles, &c., on the walls. Official discovered asleep over an early edition of an evening paper.

Successful Australian (sharply). Now then, you Sir—wake up! Official (coming to his senses). I beg pardon—what can I do for you, Sir?

Suc. Aus. Well, I want to find some little property in London to settle down in during my stay in the Mother Country—a leasehold for twenty or thirty years, you know.

Official. We do not usually let anything under ninety-nine years, Sir.

Suc. Aus. Oh, I dare say we shall not quarrel about a month or two. But what have you got? How about Windsor Castle?

Official. Not in the market, Sir. It is in the occupation of the family.

Suc. Aus. (in a disappointed tone). Never mind; I am not particularly sweet upon it. Too far off. Anything Hampton way?

Official (referring to ledger). The Court, Sir, has been recently taken by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has got rid of his holding in the New Forest (which some say was not a good bargain) to a Native Prince just arrived from India.

Suc. Aus. (after a moment's reflection). Well, wasn't there a rather nice building in red-brick, Kensington way?

Official (smiling). I presume, Sir, you refer to Kensington Palace. I am sorry to say, Sir, I cannot do anything for you there. The Palace is let out in flats, and tenanted at present by Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, Mr. BRADLAUGH, Sir CHARLES WARREN, Professor BALDWIN, Canon FARRAR, Mr. DAVITT, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General.

Suc. Aus. (in a tone of annoyance). Dear me, there seems to be nothing you can let me have.

Official. (hesitatingly). Well, there is one property, certainly, in the market, but we can only let it to a very careful tenant.

Suc. Aus. I will be careful enough if it only suits me. What is it?

Official. Buckingham Palace, Sir. It has been recently in the occupation of— (Murmurs a well-known name.)

Suc. Aus. (impressed). Indeed! But why did he leave? Nothing wrong with the drainage, or anything of that sort?

Official (promptly). Oh dear no, Sir. The fact is he would cut down all the trees in the back garden, and we were reluctantly obliged to—

Suc. Aus. I see! Well, put it down to me—I will take it.

[Scene closes, upon the preparation of a lease for 999 years.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOMESTIC PETS.—If the Lawn-Tennis Net, spread, as you describe, over the top of your Area, is not considered by your neighbours a sufficient restraint for your two full-grown Bengal Tigers, why not keep them in the coal-cellar? You could then feed them conveniently with the tinned salmon you mention, through the aperture in the pavement in front of your premises. There being a Board School opposite, you cannot, of course, very well give them an airing in the day-time, but between two and three o'clock, A.M., in the small hours of the morning, when the streets are more or less deserted, you could, with the aid of nine or ten policemen, armed with red-hot pincers and crowbars, easily manage it. Anyhow you could do no harm in trying the experiment. With regard to the Kangaroo, having succeeded in getting it there, by all means keep it in the linen cupboard. If it show signs of growing obstreperous, give it chloral with its dog-biscuit.

CARDS.—There is an infallible method of securing all the four honours in your own hand at whist; but, by playing with pre-prepared packs, providing yourself with "advantage" cuffs and "expansion" sleeves, and dealing with a New York "luck manipulator," you may be tolerably sure of holding good cards. It would be as well, however, to be cautious in having recourse to these artificial aids, as your frequent detection in their use at any well-known West End Club might possibly lead to some slight unpleasantness with the Committee.

COUNTRY HOUSE.—If your servants are all giving you warning, because, as you say, the mansion you are renting for the summer months is "haunted," why not take the bull by the horns, and lay the Ghost yourself. You have only got to conceal yourself in the Picture Gallery, where the Knight in Armour comes along groaning every night as the clock strikes twelve, and waiting his appearance, hit him full in the chest with the warming-pan—and the thing is done. Try this. The celebrated Crusader of Bitson Abbey was met three nights running in this fashion, and he vanished eventually with an unearthly oath, and has never been heard of since.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



"The University of Giessen has made BISMARCK a Doctor of Divinity."—*Times*, Nov. 13.

MR. BULL AND MYNHEER.

"On the 17th November Dutchmen are preparing to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the liberation of the Netherlands from French domination, and the re-establishment of national independence."—*Times*.

"It is just two centuries to-day (November 5) since modern English political history began with the landing of WILLIAM of Orange at Brixham Harbour, Torbay."—*Mrs. Lynn Linton*, in "*St. James's Gazette*."

Mr. Bull. Your health, Mynheer, in a genuine Dutchman's draught! You know, perhaps, what the rousing chorus of the popular glee says:—

"It's oh! that a Dutchman's draught should be As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

Mynheer. Verily, Mr. BULL, VAN DUNK's powers of potation were less typical than some shouters of that roystering chorus seem to suppose:—

"Mynheer VAN DUNK,
Though he never got drunk,
Sipped brandy-and-water gaily
And he quenched his thirst
With two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter daily."

'Tisn't a legion of bibulous VAN DUNKS, my friend, who would have snatched Holland from the ocean sand-flats, or fought PHILIP of Spain. But for once, and, in response to your hearty challenge, I'll not shirk even what you call a Dutchman's draught. This schnapps is no bad stingo, as mellow as old Irish, and as toothsome as "right Nantz."

Mr. Bull. Well, Mynheer, we have been linked in many ways in history. We have fought yard-arm to yard-arm, with no great discredit to either. If we have given you a licking, occasionally, in return you have given us a king. That trims the balance, I reckon,—not to name VAN TROMP and his broom! But the toast I now propose is, "Liberty, and our Lasting Friendship!" In connection wherewith accept my hearty congratulations on your glorious anniversary.

Mynheer. Thanks, my friend! In return accept mine upon yours. Seventy-five years or two centuries, they both represent the same thing, the thing we have both fought for and laboured for, the very breath of the nostrils of both Hollander and Anglo-Saxon—Liberty! [They drink deeply.]

Mr. Bull. By the way, Mynheer, there is likely to be yet another link between us. If I may trust the *Cambridge Review*, you are adopting, under whatever difficulties, our national game. I understand there are more than a hundred cricket-clubs in Holland! I hope we shall see you and your Batavian batsmen and bowlers at Lords and the Oval yet. You ought to be handy at "the willow," Mynheer.

Mynheer. Why, yes, willows we have in plenty, but in circumscribed, sandy, dyke-divided Holland, good cricket-grounds are scarce, and good wickets not so easy to get as in your own grassy Isle. But difficulties notwithstanding, my boys have been going it at the Malibaan, and many "een zeer leelijken bal"—what you call a "shooter"—has flown from a Dutch fist during the last few seasons.

Mr. Bull. Hooray! If we once fight on the cricket-field we shall hardly want to fight elsewhere, Mynheer—even in Africa, I hope. "In matters of Commerce, the fault of the Dutch, Is giving too little and asking too much."

You know the old metrical sneer. Suppose we alter it to:—

"In matters of bowling the fault of the Dutch,
Is changing too little, 'long-hopping' too much."

That takes all the sting out of it, Mynheer. And you'll soon alter all that, with a few wrinkles from our GRACES, LOHMANN'S, and STEELS. Already, I'm told you are rattling wicket-keepers, and no muffs at a catch.

Mynheer. You do me proud, Mr. BULL. And if I also may venture upon doggerel in a language which is not mine own, I would add:—

And when we're a little bit more of "dry bobs,"
We shall not be such "passive victims of lobs."

as your *Daily News* says we are at present. Perhaps with mole-hills in the out field, and a public right-of-way between the wickets, even your own champion would find his scores dwindling, and his average suffering.

Mr. Bull. Probably. But pretty soon I expect we shall hear of a "Batavian GRACE," in a sense quite other than that of DISRAELI's celebrated back-hander to poor BERESFORD HOPE.

Mynheer. I hope so, I'm sure. But, of course, in—

"A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard,"
as another of your satirical rhymesters has it, our willow-wielders are at a disadvantage. Still this sounds business-like, Mr. BULL:—

"F. Lelyveld en Suermondt top scorers waren. Nu volg de een batting performance, zooals maar zelden hier in Holland gezien wordt. Terwijl Nolet heel kalm bloekt, sloeg v. Haeften er lustig op los."

Mr. Bull. Business-like? It sounds quite international and Volapük-ish, Mynheer. By Jove, I seem to see my way to a rattling song for a Cricket Supper,—"*The Hit to Leg*," to the tune of "*The Cork Leg*," you know.

(Sings.) I'll tell you a tale without any flam,
Of a Slogger named Mynheer VON CLAM.
Who every morning said, "I am
The hardest hitter in Rotterdam."
Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

One day he'd been having a turn at the keg,
And he stood at the wickets as stiff as a peg.
He feared he should hardly "break his egg,"
But he fluked a most wonderful hit to leg.

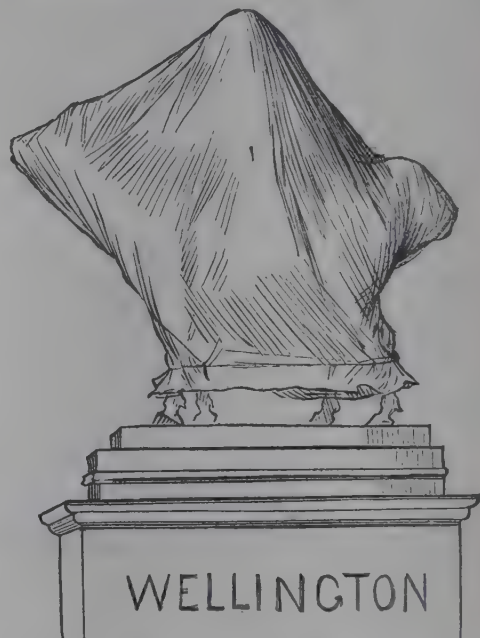
The fine hit gave Mynheer delight,
He had timed it well, and he caught it right.
It soared and soared to an awful height,
And in less than a moment was out of sight.

The batsmen ran a regular race,
Till each was perspiring and purple of face;
Still that ball went on at a pelting pace,
And the fieldsmen still kept up the chase.

They added a hundred and one to the score,
Then they stopped, perspiring at every pore;
They had won the match, midst a general roar,
But they never got sight of that ball any more!

My tale I've told, both plain and free,
Of the hardest slogger that could be,
He never was out at all, d'ye see
From that wonderful hit to L. E. G.,
Ri-tooral-looral-looral-looral,
Ri-to-looral lay!

Mynheer. Ha! ha! ha! Another bumper,
Mr. BULL! Here's a health to Britons, Bata-
vians, and Batsmen!!! [Left drinking.]

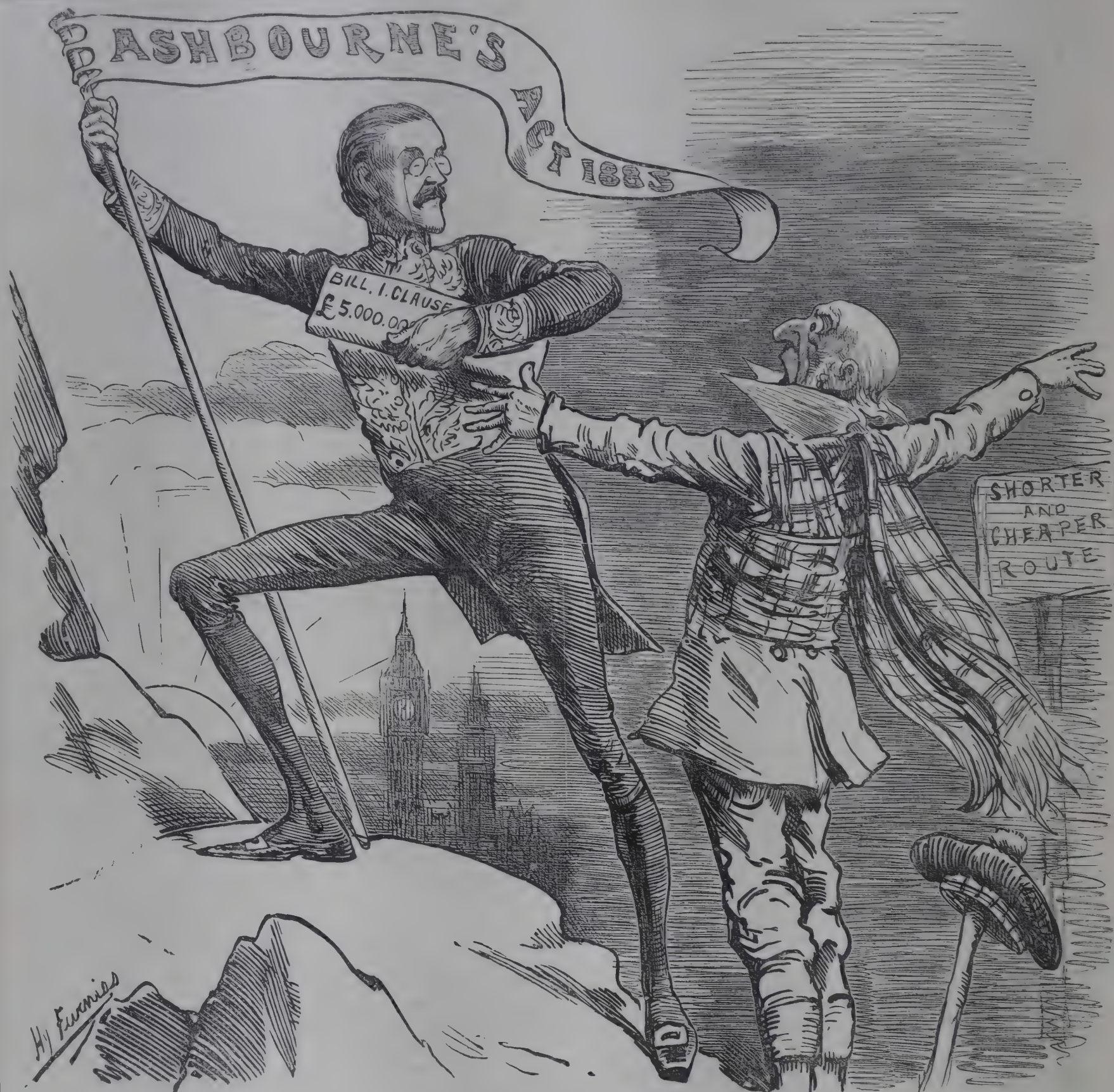


AT HYDE PARK CORNER, NOV. 16.

THAT EVENING PIPE.

[The Recreative Evening School Association has asked for the use of the halls in the new Board Schools, and begs the School Board to permit the evening pipe to the working-men, in the hope of attracting them from the Public-house. Mr. WILKS and the Rev. C. BROOKE, of the Board, opposed this, on the ground that smoking was most injurious.]

THAT evening pipe, that evening pipe!
C. BROOKE and WILKS, with wisdom ripe,
Would put it out, would stop its puff.
How can such Sages talk such stuff?
Wiseacre WILKS and Reverend BROOKE
The working-man "had cut a snook"
At JAMES himself if, Royal quack, he
Had tried to rob them of their 'baccy;
And think you then they will be fast
To heed your baby Counterblast?
Take *Punch's* tip, my reverend blokes,
Let the poor man enjoy his smokes;
Don't from his programme strive to wipe
The pleasure of that evening pipe;
'Tis one of the few things that charm,
And do him no especial harm;
At all philanthropy he'll sniff,
That starts by cutting off his whiff.
If you've so strange a nose indeed,
As cannot stand the fragrant weed,
Don't into poor men's pleasures poke it!
There!—put that in your pipes, and smoke it!



THE OLD GUIDE.

(A New Reading.)

'TRY NOT TO PASS"—THE OLD MAN SAID—

"YOUR BILL. I'LL POINT THE ROAD INSTEAD.

YOU'LL FIND THE END IS—MUCH THE SAME."

"I KNOW," THE YOUNG MAN CRIED, "YOUR GAME,—
'ALTERNATIVE!'"

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic priest who is voluntarily undergoing slow martyrdom by leprosy in the Island of Molokai, appealed some months ago for a thousand pounds to gratify "the only wish that still remained in his mind," which was "to provide a suitable church for his lepers." Only half of this sum has been forthcoming, five hundred pounds are still wanted, and the brave FATHER DAMIEN, dying by inches of a dread disease, is "disappointed." Is this right? Those who think it is *not*, can help to alter it, and to make up the sum by December 1, "so that it may be sent out as a Christmas present to FATHER DAMIEN." Christmas is at hand; if there is any worthier way in which the great Season of Gifts could be celebrated,

Mr. Punch would like to hear of it. Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

Let it bring cheer, before it is too late, to FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic martyr of Molokai, from Father Christmas.

The Hon. Treasurer is the Rev. H. B. CHAPMAN, 177, Camden Grove North, Peckham, to whom all letters should be addressed. Mr. CHAPMAN will acknowledge all subscriptions immediately. He would be much obliged if subscribers would write "DAMIEN Fund" on the envelope of their letters.

Let Mr. Punch once more have reason to be proud of his readers!

RUBY.

(NEW VERSION.) A SONG OF A SYNDICATE.

(Sung by Captain P-tt-n.)

I SPOTTED the chance of a "boom" last year,
But now I perceive that we're all done brown;
Our Syndicate's out in the cold, I fear,
And the India Office has let us down.
'Twas a Burmah Spec, that seemed bound to succeed,
For the Chief Commissioner did not decline,
Lord DUFFERIN smiled, and they all agreed
That *we* were to boss the big Ruby Mine.
'Tis a memory sad, and our hopes fast fleet,
For lost seems the chance of that fat five years;
The Concession is cancelled; what use to treat,
If GORST steps in, and our bargain "queers" ?
Once more to the market it open lies,
That grand Concession. You must agree
That there is cause for immense surprise,
And the passionate pleadings that break from me,
Oh, Ruby Mine, darling, that opening grand
We greeted with joy may be never our own,
Perchance, it may pass to another hand,
Though the STREETER Syndicate loudly groan.
The Concession I settled seems dead leaves;
May Parliament list to our earnest prayer!
Oh, GORSTY, whose conduct our bosom grieves,
We pine for the hour of our meeting there!

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE NOVELLO Series of Oratorios will commence early in Dec., under the conductorship of Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE. As the name NOVELLO implies, there are plenty of Novelloties in the programme. We hear that someone has re-written "*Jubal's Lyre*," and that Dr. MACKENZIE has re-set it. Not having as yet received the score from Our Own Special Musical Critic, we can only give the public a specimen of the librettist's adaptation. Here is a verse:—

"O had I JUBAL'S Lyre, | And teach him (by desire)
I'd punch his wicked head, | To tell the truth instead."

The musical setting to this is, we are informed, well worthy of the inspiration to which we owe these magnificent words. Dr. MACKENZIE—not Sir MORELL, but the still more Musical Doctor—is, of course, the composer, and the Morell of the lines lies in the application of them.



COMPORTMENT.

First Tailor. "DO YOU BOW TO YOUR CUSTOMERS WHEN YOU MEET THEM IN THE STREETS?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, AS A RULE I DO, BUT I ALWAYS CUT MY MISFITS!"

ROBERT ON THE TURTEL FAMINE!

PRAPS one of the werry wust sines of the low vulgarity and hutter habsense of respek for other people's feelings, as marks the present low levelling times, is to be seen in the miss-placed and crewel jokes with which the sad intelligense has been resealed of the probbabel "famine of Turtel" with which the werry hiest horders of the dining-out world is now threttened!

That the pore hungry *can-oil*, as the French werry properly calls the mere mob, who of coarse never has tasted, and is never likely to taste, the most quizzet dellycasy of the werry grandest of *menus*, shood rejoice at the hawful prospek of a hutter failure of this werry grandest of crops, is but nateral and ony conformabel to their gelous natur. But that hedhitters of respectabel noose-papers, who are themselvs sumtimes alloud to partake of this expensiv luksury, shood jine in the ribbold jeer, is, I confess a staggerer, and has, I also confesses, touched me deeply.

Can any one of these generallly respectabel Gents have ellowed hisself to reflekt, carmly and seryously, upon the degree of sumthink werry near aproaching to hagony with which the great Firm of BRING AND RIMER must have seed aproaching the possybility of a Lord Mare's Banqwet on the sacred 9th without no Turtel Soup! I am appy to say as the dredful secret of the possibel cumming Famine was not revealed to me until the nex day, or I werry much dowt weather I cood have gorn thro my heavy dooties with my customery suksess.

There's jest one little suckemstance, of so nobel and ginerous a charaakter, that I feels it my dooty to reveal it for the hadmirashun of posterty. In spite of the tremenjus wallue of Turtel Soop at that time, and its posserbly fabbylus wally when the dredded famine has reechd our shoars, no differens, I am hinformed, was made in

the cusstomary derangements, but the hole of the left Soop on the Friday's Bankwet was given to the Pore, as ushal, on the follering morning!

Whether it woodn't have been more keanly apreeshiated had it have been distribooted among the noble Army of Waiters, as made the Bankwet so great a suksess, it is not for me to say, and I dismisses the ongeneruss thort with a si.

I hundestand as seweral of the great Liwery Cumpansys have patriotically resolved to adjurn sum of theyr mostskrupshus Bankwets for the presint, in hopes the Famine may blow over, and however much me and my class may lament our terrybel losses, I am obliged to confess as they are rite, for how could they posserbly hask a Royal Prince, or ewen a Royal Dook, to theyr Alls of Ospitalerty without the customery lushus luksery to which they has so long bin acustomed.

Why the West Ingy Plainters, who cultiwates Turtels the same as our Farmers cultiwates Bullocks, shood suddenly be so werry short of 'em, of coarse I am quite hunabel to say, but it suttently does look rather suspishus that it shood have append at jist the werry busy time when the demand for 'em is so werry overpowering.

The base ellusions to Conger Eels and Wales, I treat with the utter contemp they deserve. Sumbody says in the play sumwhere, that sumthink or other is "werry like a Wale," but he would be a bold man indead as wood say as a Wale was "werry like a Turtel!"

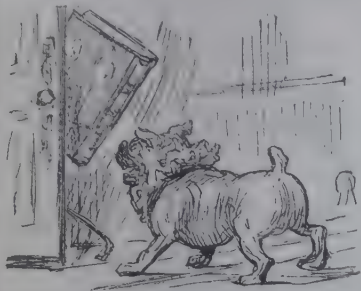
No thank ye, that woodn't do for a hexpert with the werry slitest xperience, and suttently not for

ROBERT.

WHAT WILL THEY DO TO THEM?—MURPHY and BRANNAGAN have obtained the QUEEN's pardon—for what? For having been in penal servitude for nine years? Surely the QUEEN's pardon in such a case should mean something more than "I beg your pardon, and I grant you grace," and should be accompanied by a provision for life, subscribed by witnesses, judge, and jury. We hope it has already taken this form, and that those who are now convinced of the great wrong done to these two men may have "The courage of *their* conviction," and speak up boldly in behalf of MURPHY and BRANNAGAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A DELIGHTFULLY told romance is *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. SHORTHOUSE. An additional charm is, that it is in one volume. No wanderings, as in *John Inglesant*. One of the heroes is an Actor. I should like to hear what



Bow-wow-ing him out.

Mr. IRVING would have to say about the truth of this character to nature. Mr. SHORTHOUSE's Stage is an ideal one; but then the story is as fancifully conceived and nearly as weird as that of *Le Juif Polonais*. The triumph of good over evil is strikingly worked out. The scene is laid in France, and the characters are all French. This being so, why introduce little bits of French? For example, why suddenly style the Superioress of a Convent, whom he has hitherto spoken of as The Abbess, as *La Mère Abbess*? Why make an old servant ask the two Gentlemen, "Would *les Messieurs* partake of *déjeuner* before returning to the City?" Are *les Messieurs* and "*déjeuner*" untranslatable? By what authority does Mr. SHORTHOUSE use a *circonflexe* in *déjeuner*? One of the most subtly conceived and cleverly drawn characters in the book is the little chattering Vicomte. But no more, or as Mr. SHORTHOUSE would say, not a word *de plus*. Those *qui* like *les romans*, I *fortement* recommend *à lire* this *livre*. *C'est* published *par* *Les Messieurs* MACMILLAN.

I've carried a Walker's pocket-book wherever I've walked during this year, and am quite sorry to part with it. Still I must in favour of another Walker—No. 7—a size larger, but slimmer and more pocketable. Walker's No. 4, I recommend for ladies who have pockets. The varieties might suit Wagnerites who could speak of the Walker pocket-books as "the *Walkerie*."

What a magnificent Christmas present would be the HARRY FURNESS's collection of his Artistic Jokes, splendidly bound in one volume, containing photographs of every picture in his Bond Street show, which made such a hit last year, and drew crowds to see his rare burlesque treatment of the works of the Royal Academicians. This book, of which he is compiler, printer, and publisher, and part author with "E. J. M.," would be, indeed, a rare gift, as the issue is limited to about a hundred and fifty copies, and it is becoming rarer every day. "Get it," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

VOCES POPULI.

AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

SCENE—Entrance to the Castle. A small Party of Sightseers have just retained the services of an Official Guide.

Guide (in a mellifluous tone and without any stops whatever, fixing his eyes on vacancy, having apparently committed his discourse to memory). Before commencing our round of the Castle Lady and Gentlemen I will ask your attention to a few remarks upon the trench below the drawbridge where we now stand most parties are apt to run away with the erroneous impression of its being the ancient moat which a moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is being more than one hundred feet above the base of the solid rock before us is the exercise ground formerly the scene of countless burnings hangings and other revolting spectacles common to that barbarous age now apply for ever past from us!

First Sightseer (desirous to gratify the Guide, and display his Military knowledge). You could hold this place against any odds, eh? Practically impregnable, I suppose?

Guide (blandly). Well, Sir, as a fortress, it is quite obsolete, being commanded by Arthur's Seat.

A "Stooid" S. Who did you say commands the Castle?

[Discovers that he is cut off from Guide by a body of soldiers marching down to drill. By time he comes up with him again, Guide is already explaining something else, and question allowed to drop.]

Guide. Above the same-eye Gothic arch under which we are now about to pass you will observe the Scots arms carved above with the motto *Nemo me impugnavit* no one provokes me with impunity.

The Stooid S. (in a whisper). What did he say provoked him?

Guide (continuing). In the chamber above the last and innermost gate making seven in all and lighted by a single grating it formed the place of confinement for the luckless ARGYLL previous to his execution there the original study was made by WARD for his picture the "*Last Sleep of Argyll*" now in the 'Ouses of Parliament.

Sightseers (who have never seen the Westminster frescoes). Really? Painted there, was it! [They regard the grating with dawning interest.]

The S. S. Singular thing to do—sending an artist to paint him asleep before they cut his head off, curious days, those, Sir, curious days!

Guide. The portion above is modern having been re-erected in recent times in the latest baronial style on your left as you go

forward Lady and Gentlemen you will observe a flight of steps formerly at once the route for persons of royal and noble blood and the only means of access from the condemned cells to the place of execution a striking contrast thus we see afforded between the two sides misery and splendour the 'ighest and the lowest. (Halts in an impressive manner. Sightseers prepare, in limp attitudes, to receive information.) You follow the direction of my staff to the furthest corner of the ramparts where the turret projects it was there that a rather romantic—

An Old Lady (arriving hurriedly). Are you the Guide? Can you explain the Castle?

Guide. Yes, Ma'am, that is what I am here to do—(placidly)—it was there that a rather romantic but strictly—

The Old Lady. Wait a minute. I want my friend to hear this. I'll fetch her. [Starts in search of friend, who is drifting aimlessly about amongst the cannon, and comes under protest.]

Guide (proceeding)—a rather romantic but strictly according to our historical records a curious coincident took place the manner in which the Castle was taken by surprise by RANDOLPH with only thirty picked men ascending the well-nigh precipitous rock the checkwatch or as we now call it the patrol was at that moment being relieved and the sentinel in mere wantonness or pure folly seizing one of the stones with which in those days for purposes of defence the rampart was then encumbered and shouting "Away!" I see ye well urled it over the rampart upon the 'elmets of the crouching escalade!

The S. S. The crouching which?

Guide (repeating with relish). The crouching escalade fortunately without injury to any of the scaling-party which waiting till the checkwatch had gone by clutching the ivy in their garntletted 'ands they reached the summit overpowering the sentinel and taking the Castle by surprise the feat being counted as one of the most daring stratagems known to 'istry!

The S. S. (admiringly). And were you there?

Guide. No, Sir; it took place in thirteen 'undred and twelve, Sir—(impassively)—before I was born, Sir. (Continuing as before.) In yonder building now the Army the ruthless CRICHTON entertained the DOUGLASES at a banquet the cover being removed revealed the black bull's 'ed symptom of violent and immediate death struck with 'error at the sight they begged for their lives being brutally refused and slain on the spot the iron tank on your right as you ascend is comparatively modern and constructed to 'old water in the event of a siege to provide against the garrison being reduced by thirst the water is forced up into the tank each day by gravitation from the Pentland 'ills. I may here mention that the piece of ordnance we are now passing is the famous Mons Meg. Ladies and Gentlemen it is unnecessary for me to explain the cannon the inscriptions on the carriage being its 'istry.

The S. S. Is that the gun they fire every day by electricity?

Guide. It was last fired in 1682, Sir, being burst by the discharge and consequently now obsolete, even for peaceful purposes. [The party pass into the quadrangle and face the Royal Apartments.]

Guide. The wing on your right was set apart for the Court and Royal Suite in front stands the ancient Banqueting 'All here ARGYLL feasted and connived with CROMWELL at the death of CHARLES the FIRST that doorway leads you to Queen MARY's Room the birthplace of JAMES THE SIXTH afterwards JAMES THE FIRST of Scotland. Ladies and Gentlemen—(mysteriously)—I am now going to explain something which you will find in none of the authorised guide-books or 'istorical records will you all remain kindly where you now are for a few minutes, and keep your eye fixed on me? [Walks slowly to a doorway, and touches a stone above it with his stick, sightseers look on, apparently in expectation of some startling conjuring trick.]

Guide (returning with subdued importance). A curious discovery never yet cleared up was made some years ago in the exact spot which you saw me touch with my stick some workmen making alterations came upon a coffin of oak which being opened proved to contain the skeleton of an infant of great auintiquity—

The S. S. How old did you say the infant was?

Guide. Its exact age is unknown, but it was of a great auintiquity and enveloped in a covering wrought with two initials, one of them an I being distinctly visible being reported to Major-General THACKERY then in command of the Royal Engineers he gave orders for the skeleton to be replaced and the aperture sealed up which accordingly was done though what or 'oo the infant was it is a mystery—(solemnly)—proably will ever remain a mystery but that is where the infant was found and where it now is.

The S. S. Did you say that JAMES THE FIRST was born in there?

Guide. Yes, Sir, we have 'istorical record of that being so.

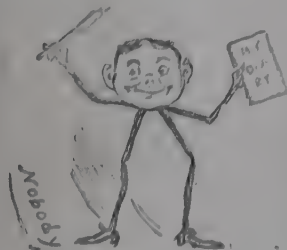
The S. S. Very well—(triumphantly)—your mystery's accounted for at once! [Looks round to discover effect, and perceives that his theory does not seem to be generally understood, and realises for the first time that he does not understand it himself.]

Guide (declining to pursue the subject). Here Ladies and Gentlemen my duties terminate you will now inspect at your leisure for there is no occasions to hurry taking your own time about it the Crown Room the Birthplace St. Margaret's Chapel Mons Meg and the

view from the Castle ramparts the official charge I may here remind you is sixpence each person. Thank you, Sir, I am much obliged to you. [*Scene closes on Sightseers, trooping up staircase in varying states of contented vagueness as to what they are going to see when they get up.*]

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

Sunday, November 4.—CARRIE and I troubled about that mere boy LUPIN getting engaged to be married without consulting us or anything. After dinner he told us all about it. He said the lady's name



Portrait of Nobody, by Himself.

was DAISY MUTLAR, and she was the nicest, prettiest, and most accomplished girl he ever met. He loved her the moment he saw her, and if he had to wait fifty years he would wait, and he knew she would wait for him. LUPIN further said, with much warmth, that the world was a different world to him now,—it was a world worth living in. He lived with an object now, and that was to make DAISY MUTLAR—DAISY POOTER, and he would guarantee she would not disgrace the family of the POOTERS. CARRIE here burst out crying, and threw her arms round his neck, and in doing so, upset the glass of port he held in his hands all over his new light trousers. I said I had no doubt we should like Miss MUTLAR when we saw her, but CARRIE said she loved her already. I thought this rather premature, but held my tongue. DAISY MUTLAR was the sole topic of conversation for the remainder of the day. I asked LUPIN who her people were, and he replied, "Oh, you know MUTLAR, WILLIAMS AND WATTS." I did not know, but refrained from asking further questions, at present, for fear of irritating LUPIN.

November 5.—LUPIN went with me to the office, and had a long conversation with Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, the result of which was that he accepted a clerkship in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS AND Co., Stock and Sharebrokers. LUPIN told me, privately, it was an advertising firm, and he did not think much of it. I replied, "Beggars should not be choosers;" and I will do LUPIN the justice to say, he looked rather ashamed of himself. In the evening we went round to the CUMMINGS', to have a few fireworks. It began to rain, and I thought it rather dull. One of my squibs would not go off, and GOWING said, "Hit it on your boot, boy; it will go off then." I gave it a few knocks on the end of my boot, and it went off with one loud explosion, and burnt my fingers rather badly. I gave the rest of my squibs to the little CUMMINGS' boy, to let off. Another unfortunate thing happened, which brought a heap of abuse on my head. CUMMINGS fastened a large wheel set-piece on a stake in the ground by way of a grand finale. He made a great fuss about it; said it cost seven shillings. There was a little difficulty in getting it alight. At last it went off, but, after a couple of slow revolutions, it stopped. I had my stick with me, so I gave it a tap to send it round, and, unfortunately, it fell off the stake on to the grass. Anybody would have thought I had set the house on fire from the way in which they stormed at me. I will never join in any more firework parties. It is a ridiculous waste of time and money.

November 6.—LUPIN asked CARRIE to call on Mrs. MUTLAR, but CARRIE said she thought Mrs. MUTLAR ought to call on her first. I agreed with CARRIE, and this led to an argument. However, the matter was settled by CARRIE saying she could not find any visiting-cards, and we must get some more printed, and when they were finished would be quite time enough to discuss the etiquette of calling.

November 7.—I ordered some of our cards at BLACK'S, the Stationers. I ordered twenty-five of each, which will last us for a good long time. In the evening, LUPIN brought in HARRY MUTLAR, Miss MUTLAR's brother. He was rather a gawky youth, and LUPIN said he was the most popular and best amateur in the Club, referring to the "Holloway Comedians." LUPIN whispered to us that if we could only "draw out" HARRY a bit, he would make us roar with laughter. At supper, young MUTLAR did several amusing things. He took up a knife, and with the flat part of it, played a tune on his cheek in a wonderful manner. He also gave an imitation of an old man with no teeth, smoking a big cigar. The way he kept dropping the cigar sent CARRIE into fits. In the course of conversation, DAISY's name cropped up, and young MUTLAR said he would bring his sister round to us one evening—his parents being rather old-fashioned, and not going out much. CARRIE said we would get up a little special party. As young MUTLAR showed no inclination to go, and it was approaching eleven o'clock, as a hint I reminded LUPIN that he had to be up early to-morrow. Instead of taking the hint, MUTLAR began a series of comic imitations. He went on for an hour without cessation, Poor CARRIE could scarcely keep her eyes open. At last she made an excuse, and said "Good-night." MUTLAR then left, and I heard him and LUPIN whispering in the hall something about the "Holloway Comedians," and to my disgust, although it was past midnight, LUPIN put on his hat and coat, and went out with his new companion.

GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND FRIENDS-IN-NEED.

THE ladies and gentlemen interested in floating the "Lady Guide Association," appear not only to have discovered a new social want, but to be, moreover, confident that they have hit on an excellent method of meeting it. The following extract, however, from a little pamphlet they have recently published furnishes the best explanation of the objects they have in view, which are:—



The Guide who "knows her way about."

"1st.—To supply efficient Guides, who shall be ladies by birth and education, for the services of strangers, foreigners, and visitors of their own sex, to the Metropolis and its Environs.

"2nd.—To provide remunerative employment for intelligent gentlewomen, who from the present overcrowded labour markets, are now debarred from earning a livelihood.

"3rd.—To assist all new comers, by giving information upon every subject connected with their visit, aiding them in every way, in a manner which shall relieve them of all trouble, spare them imposition, and ensure their comfort.

"4th.—To advise Visitors as to the several ways of seeing and enjoying this Country, at given prices, and to save the time and money of such visitors."

And to the above, by way of a sort of happy after-thought, they subjoin the following foot-note:—

"N.B.—The Guides will be prepared to attend mixed parties of ladies and gentlemen, families and children, and those other than gentlemen travelling en garçon."

It appears from the foregoing brief schedule of some of her proposed requirements that the finished "Lady Guide" will have to be a very formidably accomplished person, possessing all the highest moral, social, and intellectual attributes, imbued with a spirit of the profoundest philosophy, and combining all this with the advantages of the most perfect walking encyclopædia. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Association hinting at the necessity of candidates wishing to offer their services as "Lady Guides," having to pass some slight "preliminary examination." Unfortunately, they do not furnish a specimen test-paper, but that deficiency has been met by the publication of the following list of questions:—

1. A four-wheeled cab, containing five inside passengers, two children on the box, and seven trunks on the roof, is taken from Liverpool Street Station to the extreme end of Hammersmith, and the Lady who has secured your services as guide, after having made the cabman carry the seven trunks up to third storey offers him, as his fare, two-and-ninepence, which he indignantly refuses. On his subsequently claiming thirteen and sixpence, and taking off his coat and offering to fight the gentleman of the party for that amount on the steps of the house in the presence of a sympathising crowd, what speedy measures, if any, should you adopt to effect a compromise?

2. You are commissioned by a Lady, who is desirous of giving an afternoon house-warming at her new Mansion in North Bayswater, to provide some suitable entertainment for her friends. How would you set about this? Would you, if you wished to secure the services either of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN or Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, call on one or both of those gentlemen, and ask them to give you a little specimen of their respective *répertoires* as a preliminary to engagement? Do you think they would oblige you by doing this? Or do you think they would resent it, and that the matter would fall through? Supposing it were to, would you be prepared to take a cab, and hunt up all the Music Halls in turn, in the hope of securing some suitable talent?

3. You are engaged to conduct an intelligent, scientific, and inquiring party of sixteen people over Windsor Castle, the Marylebone Workhouse, the Thames Tunnel, Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the London Docks. Do you think that your thorough knowledge of English history, your acquaintance with the working of the Poor Laws, your grasp of the progress of European Art, and your general familiarity with all the great political, commercial, engineering, economic, and other problems of the hour are such as to warrant you in facing the coming ordeal with a jaunty confidence?

4. You are required by an economical Duke to provide a cheap wedding for his only daughter, and he has stipulated that the breakfast shall not, at the outside, cost more than ninepence a head. With a four-and-sixpenny bridal cake, and a sound champagne that must not exceed fifteen shillings a dozen, how do you propose to make the thing go off with *éclat*?

"HERE WE (DON'T) GO UP, UP, UP!"—Last Saturday night the Curtain of the Shaftesbury Theatre would not go up at any price. Wasn't there a *lever du rideau* in the bill? If so, why wasn't it used?



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Aunt Betsy. "I REALLY WONDER AT YOUR HAVING SO MANY FRENCH BOOKS IN YOUR LIBRARY, JAMES, WITH ALL YOUR DAUGHTERS GROWING UP!"

Eva (who has overheard). "FRENCH BOOKS, INDEED! THE IDEA! WHY, WE SHOULD NEVER THINK OF READING A FRENCH BOOK, IF WE COULD HELP IT—NOT EVEN IF PAPA WERE TO FORBID US TO!"

EXTREMES MEET.

(An Ancient Story with a Modern Moral.)

THERE was (of course it *must* have been long since—

The present would regard with lofty pity Men who such civic folly could evince)—

But, whensoever it was, there was a City; A populous City, of colossal size, Over some hundreds of square miles extending,

Its palaces the marvel of all eyes, Its serpentine maze of streets unending.

And it was wealthy, was that City wide,

The opulence of Ophir were a trifle To what was stored in it on every side.

Its banks to sack, its palaces to rifle, Might tempt such stoics as LYCURGUS taught, Much more mere ruffianly back-street banditti;

So that if Wealth's position e'er was fraught With desperate danger, it was in that City.

And Power there had fashioned a Police To safeguard Wealth, and keep poor rascals quiet;

To bid the worrying wail of misery cease, And check all impulse to rapine and riot.

Most wise, most provident in Power, of course;

Where Lazarus and Dives are close neighbours,

It needs the presence of well-ordered force To keep Wealth safe, and Work-thralls at their labours.

"Force is no remedy." This doctrine mad Was held by some of Liberty's loud zealots. "How save by force is Order to be had 'Midst a mixed horde of millionnaires and helots?"

So Power very pertinently asked;

And Law, in Power's hands, supplied the answer,

And held that to have bettered it had tasked The skill of an Utopian necromancer.

There came a time—(of course, 'twas long ago)—

When Power and its Police began to wrangle.

Now, Music won't maintain its magic flow When even the performers jar and jangle.

If the Big Drum belabours the Trombone, And the Bass Viol pummels the First Fiddle,

Good-bye to harmony! Time, tune, and tone Will be chaotic as a madman's riddle.

Well, the Police appeared to lose its head, And Power its heart; a serious disaster!

They seemed demented by some strange new dread, [master.

And doubtings as to which of them was A Democratic Spectre startled some

As a new avatar of Demogorgon.

Others opined that this was all a hum,

That the loud mouth was merely Freedom's organ,

Not Anarchy's red maw, or Robbery's gorge, Gaping for prey, and avid after plunder;

'Twas merely an excuse for Power to forge Fresh chains for Freedom and keep Labour under.

Hence chiding and cross purposes, and hence Much heated fuss that needed sense refrigerant.

You cannot quite depend on the Defence When the Defenders are themselves belligerent.

One Chief was sacked because he let the clutch

Of Anarchy come close, and did too little.

Another one because he did too much, Or so some said. "Nay, not a jot or tittle!"

Others retorted. That he *said* a lot Was very certain, and, no doubt, a pity.

Meanwhile, with wills at war and tempers hot,

The prospect was not pleasant for that City.

The bearings of this ancient legend lie

In their contemporary application.

If such be visible to Wisdom's eye, Wisdom should promptly change the situation.

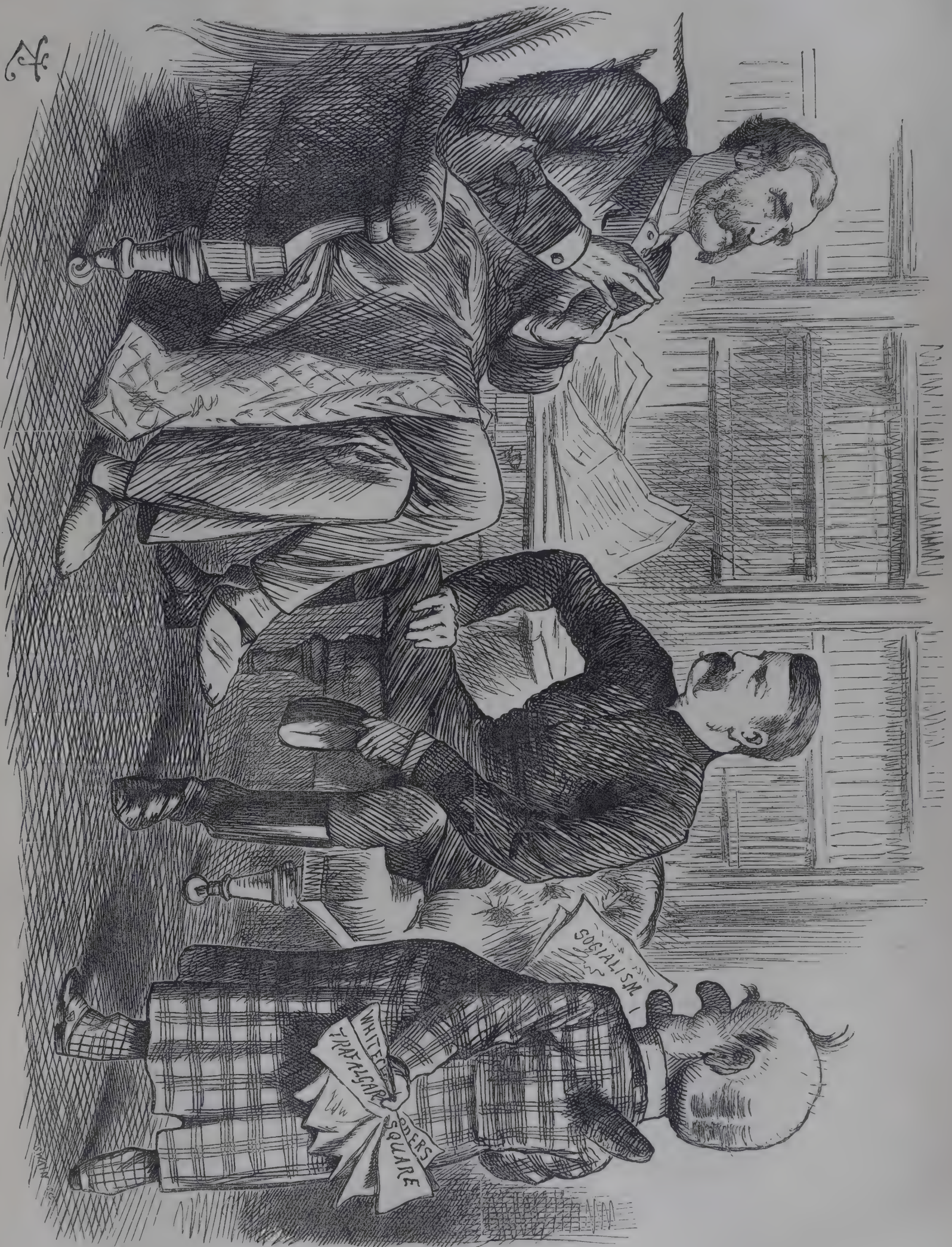
Power may at the implication chafe;

Police may fume at the implied comparison; But is the Citadel entirely safe

Whilst there is angry strife amidst the garrison?

A Distinction.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if an Editor of a satirical and humorous Magazine ought not himself to be an exceptionally brilliant wit? Our reply is, "Not necessarily; but it is absolutely essential that he should have all his wits about him,—on the staff."



EXTREMES MEET.

SIR EDMUND. "MY DEAR WARREN, YOU DID TOO MUCH!" SIR CHARLES. "AND YOU, MY DEAR HENDERSON, DID TOO LITTLE!"
MR. PUNCH (*sotto voce*). "H'M!—SORRY FOR THE NEW MAN!"

ENDICOTT'S LEGACY.

[The first of the ENDICOTTS, ancestor of the Miss ENDICOTT whom Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has just married at Washington, introduced into America the English Daisy which in Massachusetts is still called "Endicott's Legacy."]

ALL men of British blood are kin,

However far they range.

Both JOHN and JONATHAN must win

By floral interchange.

Two centuries and a half ago

JOHN ENDICOTT, we're told,

First bade the British Daisy blow

In Massachusetts old.

Now JOSEPH'S luckiest of lots

Is to bring home—(Hurroo!!!)—

The flower of the ENDICOTTS

From Massachusetts new!

Sure Flora on the match must

Fortunate JOSEPH C. [smile!]

Thus to bring back to the Old Isle

ENDICOTT'S Legacy!

'Twixt England, Old and New,

fresh link!

Arrah, now, PAT, be aisy!

You'll surely join us as we drink
"The Orchid and the Daisy!"

THE DRAMA—MAJOR AND MINOR.

Dr. Birch's Academy for Young Gentlemen.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You know, when I grow up to be a big man, like my father, I want to be a great writer of plays—a Dramatist, don't you call it? I have already a stage, which cost seven-and-sixpence, inclusive of a very interesting piece, called *The Miller and his Men*, which is in Five Acts, and is printed in about eight pages. Now, as a very great treat, my father took me, the other night—when I came up to Town to visit the dentist—to see *Hands Across the Sea*, at the Princess's Theatre; and, from the papers, I learn that all the critics think it is a model drama. If *Hands Across the Sea* is a model Melodrama, I think *The Miller and his Men* must have been one too, as *Hands Across the Sea* can be played just as easily in my toy Theatre. Here is my version, and I don't think I have left out anything of importance.



Mellow Drammer.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

(Adapted to the Stage of the Theatre Royal Seven-and-Sixpence.)

ACT I.—Farm in Devonshire.

French Villain and Young Villain come on.

French Villain. You must marry the young girl, and get some money and come with me to the most beautiful woman in Paris. But first pay me all you owe me.

Young Villain. I can't. I have no money. I cannot pay.

Young Villain's Father (coming in). But I can for you. (Gives lots of money to French Villain, who bows and goes off). And now propose to the young girl.

Young Villain. I will. (Young Villain's Father goes off, and Young Girl comes on.) You must marry me!

Young Girl. I can't, because I want to marry—

Young Farmer (coming on). Me!

Young Villain's Father (coming on). She shan't; she shall only marry my young villain of a son. Her father left me power to make her marry whom I like. No one can stop me!

Young Girl's Father (coming on). Oh, yes—I can. I am her Papa! [Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT II.—In Paris. Girl's Friend and Comic Sort of Man laughing.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?

Comic Sort of Man. Because I don't understand you.

Young Girl (coming on). I don't like Another French Villain. [They go off.]

Another French Villain (coming on through the window). I love you!

Young Farmer (coming on). You mustn't! (Scene changes to another part of Paris, where play is going on.) You are a scoundrel!

[Hits him.]

Another French Villain. Liar!

Female Fiend from France. Get me some money!

French Villain and Young Villain (coming on). We will! (Scene changes to another part of Paris.) Die!

[They stab Another French Villain, and go off.]

Young English Farmer (coming on). Why, here's Another French Villain dead—murdered!

Everybody (coming on). You did it! You know you did!

[Tableau and Curtain.]

ACT III.—Condemned Cell in Paris.

Young Farmer. I must escape.

[Does escape and is pursued by Soldiers, &c., who point their guns at him.]

Young Girl (coming on). Don't shoot him! I have got a reprieve! [Everybody presents arms to her. Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT IV.—At Sea. Young Girl, Girl's Friend, Comic Sort of Man, and Young Villain, on board ship.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?

Comic Sort of Man. Never thought of that before.

Girl's Friend. Then you must be a stupid! [They go off.]

Young Farmer (coming on). I have escaped from New Caledonia, and everybody thinks I am a sailor.

Young Girl. I would kiss you, only there are so many people about.

French Officer (coming on). I shall take you prisoner.

Young Farmer. What for? I am an English sailor.

Young Villain. No, you aren't. You are a murderer!

French Officer (to his men). Seize him!

English Captain (to everybody). Hearts of oak! Rule, Britannia! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

French Officer (to his men). Seize him, I say!

English Captain (to everybody). I am naughty-worded if you shall! [Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT V.—In Australia. Everybody present except the Young Villain's Father, Another French Villain, and a Female Fiend from France.

French Villain. The Young Villain murdered Another French Villain! I did see him do it!

Everybody but the Young Villain. Seize him!

[Young Villain is seized.]

Young Farmer. Joy! and what shall we do next?

Young Girl. Why, marry, to be sure, and so will my Friend, and the Comic Sort of Man.

Young Farmer (to her). We will! (To everybody.) Faint heart never won fair lady! It is never too late to mend. "A stitch in time saves nine!" And thus we live for ever with "Hands Across the Sea!" [Tableau. Curtain. The End.]

There! I think that will do? Come and see it played.

Your affectionate young Friend, my dear Mr. Punch,

CHARLIE, surnamed (at School) THE PIECE-MAKER.

OUR IN-DEPENDENCIES.

Telegram from Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

HEAR you've appointed Sir MICHAEL TITMARSH as Governor. Don't send him out. Won't do at any price. Try another.

From Colonial Secretary to Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo.

Anything to oblige. Just told Sir MICHAEL he would not do. He seemed surprised, and asked why. Would you mind kindly saying why. Don't doubt your judgment, but it would look better to give a reason. Reply prepaid.

From Cariboo Prime Minister to Colonial Secretary.

We don't want him. Isn't that enough? I may, however, inform you confidentially, that somebody out here once saw a man like Sir M. riding on outside of a City Omnibus, reading a halfpenny newspaper. Mind and let us know whom you think of for his substitute.

From Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Don't think of anybody. Leave you to suggest.

From Cariboo Premier to Colonial Secretary.

Glad you've adopted so sensible a course. Will wire names of acceptable persons for you to choose from in day or two.

Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Received your names. LORD S. says he would be delighted, but thinks it would be difficult to find tenant for Hatfield House during his absence. Have sounded MR. G. also, who is much flattered, but thinks he's hardly good enough for the post. HOME SECRETARY here will probably be quitting the position soon; what do you say to him? Or, perhaps, SIR W. HARCOURT might think of place, and we could spare him.

Cariboo Prime Minister to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Your last most insulting. We consider ourselves a cut above Home Secretaries, past or present. Surprised that S. and G. don't care to come. Have decided to fill up vacancy ourselves, and will let you know result in a month or two by letter. Meanwhile, try and remember that we are a Self-Governing Colony.



A SLAVE OF FASHION.

Lady (who has just paid a Month's subscription to the Circulating Library).
 "WHAT KIND OF BOOKS ARE READ THIS SEASON?"

THE VISIBLE PRINCE.—(A Story of Magic and Mystery.)

"How I should like to do all this?" I murmured to myself. I had been reading an account of the journey of an Illustrious Personage, and the passage had deeply impressed me.

"If you mean what you say," replied someone by my side, "I think I can manage it for you. All you have to do is to wear this, and express a wish to follow H.R.H. But I warn you that, until you return it to me, you will be able to follow no one else, and will remain a fixture until a new wish moves you on," and I found myself receiving an old opera-hat in the Coffee-room of my Club from a member I had not seen before.

"Do you mean to say that if I put this on it will carry me anywhere?" I asked, in a tone of astonishment. The strange member nodded.

I put the old opera-hat on my head, and wishing myself near the Illustrious Personage in question, suddenly found myself in Bulgaria. Immediately I formed part of a group that would have given an excellent subject to the Traveling Artist of the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*. There was the Illustrious Personage, sure enough; and, so far as I could see, he was taking a hurried shot at a bird. He fired successfully, and then looked at his watch. Then he shook hands with some one in attendance, and was gone. I had mechanically removed my hat on finding myself in his presence, and at once found that, uncovered, I was helpless—could move neither hand nor foot. The companions of the Illustrious Personage retired, and I was left alone—in splendid scenery, but still alone. I put on my hat, and uttered a wish. In a moment I was in Hungary, inspecting a cavalry regiment. The Colonel of the regiment was complimenting his men on their smart appearance. Wearing my hat (for I had already found that my *chapeau* rendered me invisible), I approached nearer, and discovered that the Commanding Officer who was so complimentary was no less a person than the heir to an Illustrious Throne. I heard him ask for the time (his uniform fitted closely to his figure, and had no pocket), and, on learning the hour, he bade his men a hurried adieu, and hastily departed. Pressing my hat firmly on my brow, I uttered a wish, and immediately was in Russia. I recognised the voice of the Illustrious Personage. He was bidding the CZAR farewell. In another second he was gone!

Again, I found myself alone; and, perforce, had to resume my rapid travelling. It would be wearisome to recount the story of my wanderings. Suffice it to say that I visited in turn Athens, Berlin, Homburg, Monte Carlo, and Copenhagen. Although I had the advantage of my travelling opera-hat which conveyed me instantly from place to place without effort, I felt that I was wearing myself out, while the Illustrious Personage in whose wake I was forced to follow, seemed to me never to experience fatigue. He was always courteous, always cheerful, but always looking at his watch.

"Now," I murmured to myself, when I found myself in Paris, "I shall have a short pause before I recommence my wanderings." I was mistaken. Before I knew where I was, I found myself in Yorkshire, Wales, Glasgow, and the Isle of Wight. I felt that my magic opera-hat was less than a blessing—that it was nearer a curse!

"What shall I do?" I said, piteously, as I found myself alone at the bottom of a coal-mine, which I, in Illustrious company, had recently been inspecting. "What shall I do?" The echo offering no satisfactory reply, I once more wished my wish, and, *hi presto!* was back in London in my own Club. "Have you had enough of it?"

I turned round sharply, and found my fellow member of the morning seated beside me.

"Thank you," I replied, returning the gibus, "but pleasant as travelling may be, I honestly believe there is only one man in the world who is equal to the strain that you put upon me." And I glanced at the Illustrious Personage, who, I noticed, had just taken out his watch and was looking at it.

THE MRS. HARRIS OF THE TREASURY.

"BRING me my boots," said the Baron. "Bring me the Last of the Barons," quoth *Mr. Punch*. And he was brought. "What saidst thou, my Lord, the other day, about the Public Prosecutor?" asked *Mr. P.*

"Sir," replied the Last of the Barons, "*Je vous dirai*—I mean, I will tell you. I said, in making certain observations on the case, I had been hearing."

"Which you were thoroughly justified, Sir Last One, in making," interrupted *Mr. Punch*, approvingly. "But proceed."

The Last of the Barons blushed, and bowed, and then resumed—"I regretted that in this country there should be no Public Prosecutor."

"What!" exclaimed *Mr. P.*

"To quote the learned precedent of a certain *Prig*," said the Last One, "I don't believe there ain't no sich person." *Mr. Punch* clapped his hands. A thousand of his own pages appeared on the instant.

"Bring me *Whitaker's Almanack*," he commanded. At once it was handed to him. "Now, let us see," muttered *Mr. Punch*, turning over the leaves—"Government Offices—Treasury—Solicitor's Department—here we are—read." And the Last of the Barons read out—

"Solicitor and Public Prosecutor, Sir AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., £3000."

"Well!" said *Mr. Punch*, "explain!"

"I can't," replied the Last of the Barons, sinking down in a chair, and pressing his hand to his brow, "I can't. There ought to be a Public Prosecutor—there is a Public Prosecutor—somewhere."

"And yet you regretted that, in this country, there should be no Public Prosecutor. How's that?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"He is an impalpable official . . . no—I don't understand," murmured the Last of the Barons.

"Nor does any one else," returned *Mr. Punch*. "As you have hinted, the Public Prosecutor is a *Mrs. Harris*. Only the £3000 per annum is real enough. Thank you, Last One, for again calling our attention to the fact. Glad to see the Last so well and so vigorous."

"Why not say Wig-orous?" whispered the Last of the Barons, as glancing timidly towards *Mr. P.*, he made hastily for the door.

"Good morning," said *Mr. P.* gravely, and the Last One returned to the Count of Queen's Bench.

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!"—On Friday night the intelligence that H.R.H. had preferred hearing *Nadgy* to being present at the opening ceremony of the Lyric Club, caused a *Nadgytation* from which the Committee are still suffering.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY. M.P.)



House of Commons, Monday Night, November 12.—House looked like old times at Question Hour. Benches full; great expectation; volleys of Questions. Particular inquiries about Wheel and Van Tax. GOSCHEN judiciously absent.

"No, TOBY," he said, nervously brushing his hat the wrong way. "If you don't mind, I'll just stop here in my own room till Questions are over. I know some one will ask whether it's true I have abandoned the Wheel and Van Tax. I can't, at present, bring myself to speak on the subject. I'm very much attached to the measure, as they say parents often are to the least thriving of their offspring. I have cherished it for months against assaults from all sides, and I cannot face the thought of abandoning it. Life would not be worth living without my Wheel and Van Tax. There's something soothing in the very name."

"Come, come," I said, not liking to see man of mirth like JOKEM thus broken down. "You've done your best; you can't help results. Besides, if you like the sound of name, and they won't let you have the Wheel and Van Tax, why not try a Weal and 'Am Tax? Anything to turn an honest penny!"

"TOBY," he said, springing up, and shaking me warmly by the paw, "You've saved me. A Weal and 'Am Tax is surely unobjectionable; repeated briskly, sounds much like the other; daresay, in time, I'll be able to transfer my affections. Excuse me, I must go and get up a few statistics, and see how it will work out. 'Weal and 'Am Tax; good!"

Told HENRY JAMES about this. But so full of his own project, hadn't word of sympathy for GOSCHEN.

"Going to have such larks with WEBSTER," he said; "DICK

getting a little uppish since he's been ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Leading Counsel for *Times* in Probate Court. Rather inclined to snub me. But you stop till Vote comes on for Salary of Law Officers of Crown, and see what happens!"

Waited accordingly. SYDNEY BUXTON, having moved to reduce ATTORNEY-GENERAL's salary, HENRY JAMES got up; cut ATTORNEY-GENERAL dead. To great delight of Opposition, argued with irresistible force against ATTORNEY-GENERAL taking private practice. Proved to demonstration, that, supposing by chance ATTORNEY-GENERAL were engaged in great case that demanded his presence in Probate or other Court from day to day, it would be impossible for him to discharge his duties to nation. ATTORNEY-GENERAL could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Wasn't this the learned gentleman who held a brief with him in a great case, who sat with him in Court in the morning, and indicted him at night in the House of Commons?

As for JOSEPH GILLIS, his delight threatened to deepen into uproar. His shrill "Hear! hear!" resounded through crowded and amused House. His eyes gleamed with delight as they watched the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Smile on his face extended beyond all precedent.

"Must be down early to the Court in the morning," he said, "and see what WEBSTER says to JAMES when they take their seats together." *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—GRANDOLPH and JENNINGS on the job. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, and others, speaking disrespectfully of LORD CHANCELLOR. House seems to have heard something before of HALSBURY's great merits as family man; but, never in such disrespectful detail. Appears, according to witnesses testifying upon their Parliamentary Oath, that LORD CHANCELLOR sort of farms out offices of State, first providing for those of his own family, and next for his family's friends.

"There never was such a jobber," says the SAGE, amid cheers and laughter. Filled up a certain office of Official Referee declared by Secretary to Treasury and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to be unnecessary.

"Filled it up," cried GRANDOLPH, "in the teeth of the opinion of the Treasury."

"Quite a dental operation, you see," said DUFF, giving his moustache that final twirl which GRANDOLPH affects to despise, but secretly envies. No one to say a good word for the Lord High Jobber, his far-reaching family, or his family's friends.

At very moment, as it happened, Lord High Jobber on his feet in Lords, perched on highest pedestal of loftiest morality, protesting against the Oaths Bill. Standing aside from the Woolsack, his svelt figure draped in graceful folds of flowing gown, his intellectual face shadowed under framework of massive wig, he spoke

more in sorrow than in anger. All very well for Markiss to stand aside; for Bishop of CARLISLE actually to support Bill; for SPENCER, GRANVILLE, and DERBY, to declare in its favour. The purer nature, the more spotless integrity, of Lord High Jobber would have neither part nor lot with the accursed thing.

A beautiful sight! A touching spectacle! and all the while, at this very moment, separated only by the length of the corridor and breadth of the lobby, rude persons were prating about the good man's jobbery, and denouncing his dealings with unprotected public purse.

"Such is Life!" as OLD MORALITY profoundly remarked when he heard the story. *Business done.*—Supply voted.

Thursday. Decks cleared for action to-night. Been plodding along for ten days in Supply. Occasional explosions, like fog-signals on railway; but nothing serious. Now trumpet sounds; forces marshal in battle array. OLD MORALITY sounded trumpet, though not his own. Too modest for that. Anxious chiefly to get business through. Always ready to efface himself with that object.

"Tell you what, TOBY," G. O. M. said to me the other day, "some of you fellows laugh at SMITH, but he gets through his work uncommonly well; makes no fuss; always courteous; a thorough man of business; hasn't an enemy in the House unless it be GRANDOLPH; on the whole, in position of peculiar difficulty, does better than anyone else they could put there."

G. O. M. right as usual. House getting to like OLD MORALITY, something in the way it used to be attached to STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Laughs at him now and then, but always good-humouredly. Really anxious to make things as smooth for him as possible. But line must be drawn somewhere. When to-night he announces introduction of new Land Purchase Act,

shout of defiance goes up from Opposition ranks. Grand Old Man steps into front, waves the Grand Old Flag; next week there'll be a Grand Old Row.

Meanwhile HOME SECRETARY having a bad time. Peppered on all sides; adversaries in front of him, enemies to right of him. JOHNSTON at back of him. MATTHEWS in heat of argument momentarily turns back on SPEAKER, addressing Member below the Gangway. JOHNSTON discovers in this indication of design to undermine position of QUEEN as Head of Church. Hotly protests; MATTHEWS humbly apologises. *Business done.*—Supply.

Friday.—Met PSHAW-LEFEVRE in Library just now with hat tilted further than ever from lofty brow. Oddly enough, that's his way of indicating deeper depression.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "BALFOUR still refuse to put you on a plank bed?"

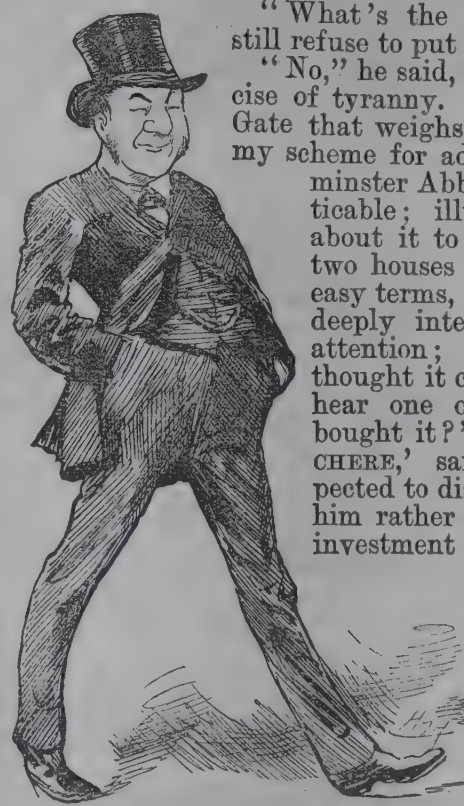
"No," he said, wearily, "I'm used to that exercise of tyranny. It's the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate that weighs me down. You know all about my scheme for adding Mortuary Chapel to Westminster Abbey? Splendid idea; quite practicable; illustrated with maps. Talking about it to SAGE, told him how there were two houses close by Abbey, to be bought on easy terms, furnishing site for chapel. SAGE deeply interested. Much flattered by his attention; enlarged upon theme; said he thought it capital. Week after surprised to hear one of the houses been sold. 'Who bought it?' I asked agent. 'Mr. LABOUCHERE,' said he. Looked up SAGE. Expected to discover him deeply abased; found him rather radiant than otherwise. 'Capital investment for me,' says he. 'If site is compulsorily taken, you must pay me at least fifteen per cent. on my outlay. Meantime I shall live there. Nice situation; improving neighbourhood; close to House of Commons.' 'But you don't mean to spend any money on it?' I cried. 'Certainly,' said he, lighting another cigarette. 'Shall spend a good deal of money on it. Make the place quite comfortable; when you buy it, you must pay fifteen per cent. on all improvements.' There's a man for you!" says PSHAW-LEFEVRE, groaning his way out of Library. At work all night in Supply. Only three Votes passed. After Midnight HALDANE, by great stroke of luck gets a private Bill through Committee. Rare distinction in these times, which justifies air of triumph with which HALDANE walks homeward across lobby. *Business done.*—Supply.



Oaths Bill passing the Lords.



In the Heat of Argument.



Haldane, vincit!

HEIGHO 'BACCY!

(Ode on an Empty Pipe. By a Hard-up Smoker.)

PLEASANT pipe, companionable clay!

Empty—like thy luckless master's pocket,

Fireless as Care's candle
burned away,Long ere daybreak, to
the very socket!When a cove is penni-
less and dry,Having whiffed the
last of his small
whack, heCan do nought but pouch
his pipe, and cry,
*Heigho 'Baccy!*Heigho 'Baccy! I can
understandHow the "lag" in
lonely cell longs for
thee;How the storm-tost
sailor, far from
land,Yearns in night's long
watch to "blow" or
"chor" thee.Comfortable weed! Out on the churls,
Scientific prigs, and sawbones quacky,
Who find mischief in thy fragrant whirls,*Heigho 'Baccy!*When the tinless toiler draws his belt
With a trembling hand a trifle tighter

To compress that vacuum each has felt

Who with poverty has been a fighter,

If his lips may but caress his clay,

Though cash will not run to glass or snack, he,
With recovered pluck can peg away.*Heigho 'Baccy!*

When cold Care confronts one in life's road,

When bereavement chills the lonely ingle,

When sharp disappointment wields its goad,

When a chap is seedy, stumped, sad, single,

Then, however sage ones chide or croak,

Spite of doctor harsh, fanatic cracky,

There is comfort in a quiet smoke!

Heigho 'Baccy!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRICKETING VENTURE.—By all means carry out your plan of bringing over an Eleven of *Caggerwee* Cannibal Islanders to play a series of Matches with the leading County Clubs next season. Your idea of accustoming them to the game by letting them do their bowling, in the first instance, with a human head, and their batting with an adult thigh-bone, is excellent. Be careful, when you get them on to the field, that they do not eat the Wicket-keeper's gloves, and Longstops' pads, or want to roast the Umpire, as they invariably do in their own national game of *Balagoo*, after the first innings. You could convey them safely to the Oval in any Police omnibus. Spectators, of course, would have to look out for themselves.

DRESS CIRCLE.—It would have been better had you not, on being removed from the theatre, offered to fight the three Box-keepers with your left hand, and knocked the Acting Manager's hat over his eyes. Still your assailant had no right to obstruct your view of the stage by sitting on his great-coat, and then throw you over into the pit when you complained. Try a cross-summons.

CHESS.—You cannot move your Queen like a Knight, unless you get a safe opportunity, when your opponent is not looking. If you are getting the worst of a game when playing for a shilling, certainly knock the board over. This is frequently done in International contests and counts as a draw.

SPORTING.—You will be certainly right in entering your Four-wheeler cab-horse for the next Derby. Never mind the condition of his knees, but stick to your determination to ride the horse yourself, and you may yet pull off the race with him. There is a slight entrance fee; but you can get any further particulars from any one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

ETIQUETTE.—It is not exactly a breach of good manners at a fashionable dinner party to ask five times for soup, but it would be more *comme il faut* to be contented with three helpings. A blue satin tie and a buff waistcoat are not generally accepted as correct evening dress in the best society, but carried off with a little effrontery, they might pass muster. By all means try them at the Race Ball to which you refer, for if the worst comes to the worst, you can but be kicked out by the Stewards. Certainly, after the circumstances you mention, buttonhole the Duke, and if he resent the familiarity, slap him sharply on the back, and say, "I told you so, old fellow!" If this does not quiet him, repeat it.

'ARRY ON COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

DEAR CHARLIE,—I'm down on my luck, fairly chucked, and no error this go. I was in for a slap-up new crib, and I thought I should come out top row; And would you believe it, old pal, though I did do a bit of a cram, I was bunnicked slap out of the 'unt all along of a bloomin' Exam!

Me, CHARLIE! and bested at last by a lantern-jaw'd son of a gun, A ginger-ai'd juggins in gig-lamps, who romped in before me like fun. Mugged a lot about Parley Voo, histry, and grammar, and Latin, and stuff, But no more in the know as a man, than a monkey—the tow-eaded muff!

And this is wot Cramming has brought us to, CHARLIE! *Him* give me the Becos he can spell a bit better, and me sech a scorcher? Wot muck! [chuck, Hedgercation's a fraud, my dear boy, as they shovel it into us now, And I'm glad as some toffs as 'ave twigged it are raisin' a bit of a row.

Them there *Nineteenth Century* nobs knows their book, my dear boy, and no kid. Wish they'd asked me to tip 'em my notions; I wouldn't ha' charged arf a quid, I'm that fair on the bile, mate, about it. Competitive System? No doubt! They may give it fine names like be blowed, but I call it a blooming Knock-Out.

It plays into the 'ands of the mugs and the mivvies, the saps and the sneaks, That's wot this dashed "System" does, CHARLIE. A goose may be stuffed in six weeks,

Fit to cackle slap through an Exam, but it's all blessed fiddlededee To suppose that competitive cram ever turns out sech sparklers as Me.

We are on the wrong lay, that's a moral; the duffers are 'aving the pull. Jest look at the Germans, dear boy, how *they're* stealing a march on JOHN BULL. Your sandy-topped Sausage in specs is a copping our cribs and our tin, Whilst becos *we* can't creak in six languages—bust 'em!—we've not a look in.

It's like this, old pal. Hedgercation is all very well in its way, But it isn't the lingo as does it. A party may 'ave lots of say, And yet when it comes to true smartness he simply mayn't be in the 'unt, And it is jest these 'ere pattering prigs as is giving us snide 'uns the shunt.

Book-learning, dear boy, is like ochre, you don't want to spread it *too* fur; If we'd all hedgercation and oof there would soon be a pooty fine stir. Teach all the poor kids 'ow to patter hitalian, and play upon flutes, And who'd sweep our chimbleys and sewers, or polish our winders and boots?

It's much too dashed levelling, CHARLIE. The few as has bullion or brains Is meant for topsawyers as certain as mountains is higher than plains.

Yus; Life is a 'andicap, CHARLIE; it *would* be a blessed fine catch, If yer trained all the duffers free gratis, and made all the pots start from scratch!

No privilege, CHARLIE, no patronage? Yah! that's all radical rot; It's 'ad a long innings and wot's the result? Things is going to pot.

The swells 'as to sweat, and that spiles 'em, the commoners cram and go queer, Whilst 'ARRY's cut out by a mug with a head like a dashed pot o' beer.

Pooty nice state of things and no error! "Life's jest a long scramble," sez HARRISON,

"Of pot-hunting." Yus, and he's right, and 'as 'it on a O. K. comparison.

Blarmed noosance, yer know, if a feller can't nobble a crib and a screw Without being crammed with more kibosh than CLIVE or Lord WELLINGTON knew.

WALTER WREN takes the tother side. Jest so! He lives up that street, dontcher He's the crammiest crammer of all; wish he'd taken a turn, mate, at *me*; [see, He'd ha' shoved me through somehow, you bet; he's a long-headed, 'ard 'itting But a gent as is really a gent doesn't want to be *kep* on the shove. [cove,

Sez WREN, "Would you bring old jobbery?" WALTER, dear boy, that may do For a slasher in QUILTER's new monthly, the flaming "Flamingo Review." Nepo—wot's it?—sounds nobby, no doubt, but remember that there Board o' Works! Human Nature is still Human Nature, and all on us cottons to perks.

We wants it made easy for right 'uns, and nice for the nobs—and wot 'arm? There ain't enough nests to go round, let the few keep 'em cosy and warm. That may not be highpolite morals, or wirtue on stilts, but I'll trouble you To say if it isn't the way of the world, my dear W. W.?

To be worried 'arf out of our senses—us dashers—by dollops of cram; And then spiked like a juggins at last by an eye-bunger called an Exam; Great Scott, it's a jiggered fine joke. I'm with FREEMAN; Exams are And if we don't bosh up that bizness Old England will go to the devil. [all evil, Appointment by patronage! Ah! that's yer sort, mate, I freeze onto that. Wot patron of sense would pluck *me* 'cos I 'adn't got grammar quite pat? I'm fly, know each game on the board; yet becos facts and dates I can't carry, That tow-eaded mug cops the crib, and I'm chucked!

Yours disgustedly,

'ARRY.



CRITICAL MOMENT.

HITCH IN THE MACHINERY OF THE GOSCHEN PATENT "WEEL AND WAN" TOY. LEADER OF HOUSE APPEALS TO HERCULES FOR ASSISTANCE TO MAKE THE FIGURE WORK.

"SO ENGLISH."

WHEN that scare took place in Whitechapel last week, the supposed criminal was pursued by Policemen and five Detectives. Everybody knew them! Here they come, all at once, jumped up from dinner perhaps; down with the knives and forks, and on with their hats, and off they rush all together, these five Detectives. How mysterious! How subtle! And the fugitive escaped, after all, without any difficulty!! What nonsense about an Englishman's objection to detec-

tion as a "spy system." Doesn't the Englishman enjoy the Detective in an exciting novel, and applaud *Hawkshaw* in the disguise of a navy in the *Ticket of Leave Man*? Why, of course. The Executive and the Detective Departments should be as distinct as the left hand from the right, ready to assist each other, and under the direction of one responsible Head. As Chief of the Detective Department, we should select Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, assisted by Miss BRADDON and L. B. FARJEON. This would be the nucleus of an intelligent staff, to begin with.



"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."

Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off). "WHY THE — DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LUGGAGE IN AS I TOLD YOU—YOU OLD—" *Porter.* "E—H, MAN! YER BAGGAGE ES NA SIC A FULE AS YERSEL. YE'RE I' THE WRANG TRAIN!"

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(By One who has Done It.)

THE room was full of shadows! Visions of his past life rose before him! He saw his boyhood, which, as he glanced at the MS. on his desk, gave such an excellent scope for illustration. Could he not picture to himself the arrival of the old-fashioned mail-coach in the Midlands; and had not this been actually done by one of the artistic staff attached to the periodical for which he was working? Was not the proof actually before him? Did he not see the cheery coachman, and the red-coated guard? And beside this picture was there not lying a weird representation of some dark arches?

"What does it mean?" he murmured for the third time as he placed the drawing well under the lamp that was standing on his writing-table—"what does it mean?"

He was a desperate man, and he felt that something must be done with it. It could not be wasted! No, it could not be wasted! It had come to him from across the sea—from an artist who had sought relief from pressing pecuniary embarrassment in the soft air of Spain. But it had to be introduced—it had to be written in.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at length, "I have it. This is a drawing of the Adelphi Arches. *Mary* must dream that therein she meets the slimy villain of my simple tale, *Dr. Uttercadson*, he of the too portly presence and the flowing moustache. The Adelphi Arches will be just the spot to meet him face to face and denounce him." And the plodding author continued his weary toil, sending away slip after slip of paper upwards. And now and again would he glance at a pile of engravings and smile sadly as one by one he knocked them off.

"Come!" he said, speaking to himself—it was a favourite habit, "I am doing famously. I have worked in 'the Wreck off Boulogne Harbour,' and 'the Grand Stand at Sandown.' For a moment a duel to the death between two gentlemen in the costume of CHARLES THE SECOND perplexed me—I confess it—perplexed me! But I have surmounted the difficulty by bringing it in under the title of 'the verdict is hotly discussed after the *Bal Masqué*,' and writing up to it! But I must not pause! What have we here? A

Child playing with a White Vulture and the Emperor of GERMANY opening in state the Reichstag. Well, I must introduce both subjects into my weird tale—and what is this?—two men descending in a balloon at midnight in a forest? Hem! What shall I do? Ah, I have it! I can write up to that block, so that it may bear the appropriate label, 'The Lunacy Commissioners visit the grounds of Colney Hatch by Moonlight unexpectedly.' Still, I must confess that the subjects of the pictures handed out to me, although varied, are certainly confusing. I wish my task were done!"

And again he returned to his pen, ink, and paper. The room grew darker and darker, and nought was heard save the constant scratching of the pen and the occasional footsteps of the lad who carried away the sheets of paper. It grew darker and darker, and gloomier and gloomier. Suddenly there was the sound of a deep grave voice.

"Pause! Write no more!"

The Author looked up angrily, and then nearly swooned with terror; his hair stood on end, and his white lips trembled. There was a figure in white standing before him! A figure, a gruesome figure, with bare arms and dishevelled locks.

But the Author was a man of business, and, although every nerve in his body was quivering with emotion, he confronted the spectre, and gasped out, "'Write no more'! Why not?"

Then came the answer. It sounded like the knell of doom! The Author knew it was all over, and that his occupation was gone—if not for ever, for a long, long year!

"Why must you write no more?" said the spectral figure, explanatorily; "because we are full up; and because the rest of the space in the number will be required for advertisements!"

And trying to read over what he had already written, the Author fell into a deep, deep slumber!

THEY'RE beginning to "manage these things better in France." Edict of Prefect of Police banishing sandwichmen and advertising vans from principal Boulevards, has just been issued. Fancy costumes for sandwichmen prohibited! We should like to see Mural Decorative Art taxed heavily, and to put up murderous picture-posters made an indictable offence.



THIS IS AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE. YOU MAY KNOW HIM ANYWHERE BY HIS REGULATION BOOTS.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 8.—My endeavours to discover who tore the sheets out of my Diary still fruitless. LUPIN has DAISY MUTLAR on the brain, so we see little of him, except that he invariably turns up at meal times. CUMMINGS dropped in.



Nobody Nose.

November 9.—LUPIN seems to like his new berth—that's a comfort. DAISY MUTLAR the sole topic of conversation during tea. CARRIE almost as full of it as LUPIN. LUPIN informs me, to my disgust, that he has been persuaded to take part in the forthcoming performance of the "Holloway Comedians." He says he is to play *Bob Britches* in the farce, *Gone to my Uncle's*; FRANK MUTLAR is going to play *Old Musty*. I told LUPIN pretty plainly

I was not in the least degree interested in the matter, and totally disapproved of amateur theatricals. GOWING came in the evening.

November 10.—Returned home to find the house in a most disgraceful uproar. CARRIE, who appeared very frightened, was standing outside her bed-room, while SARAH was excited and crying. Mrs. BIRRELL (the charwoman), who had evidently been drinking, was shouting at the top of her voice that "she was no thief, that she was a respectable woman, who had to work hard for her living, and she would smack anyone's face who put lies into her mouth." LUPIN, whose back was towards me, did not hear me come in. He was standing between the two women, and, I regret to say, in his endeavour to act as peacemaker, he made use of rather strong language in the presence of his mother; and I was just in time to hear him say, "And all this fuss about the loss of a few pages from a rotten Diary that wouldn't fetch three halfpence a pound." I said, quietly, "Pardon me, LUPIN—that is a matter of opinion; and as I am master of this house, perhaps you will allow me to take the reins."

I ascertained that the cause of the row was, that SARAH had accused Mrs. BIRRELL of tearing the pages out of my Diary to wrap up some kitchen fat and leavings which she had taken out of the house last week. Mrs. BIRRELL had slapped SARAH's face, and said

she had taken nothing out of the place, as there was "never no leavings to take." I ordered SARAH back to her work, and requested Mrs. BIRRELL to go home. When I entered the parlour LUPIN was kicking his legs in the air, and roaring with laughter.

November 11 (Sunday).—Coming home from church CARRIE and I met LUPIN, DAISY MUTLAR, and her brother. DAISY was introduced to us, and we walked home together, CARRIE walking on with Miss MUTLAR. We asked them in for a few minutes, and I had a good look at my future daughter-in-law. My heart quite sank. She is a big young woman, and I should think at least eight years older than LUPIN. I did not even think her good-looking. CARRIE asked her if she could come in on Wednesday next with her brother to meet a few friends. She replied that she would only be too pleased.

November 12.—CARRIE sent out invitations to GOWING, the CUMMINGS', to Mr. and Mrs. JAMES (of Sutton), and Mr. STILLBROOK. I wrote a note to Mr. FRANCHING, of Peckham. CARRIE said we may as well make it a nice affair, and why not ask our principal, Mr. PERKUPP. I said, I feared we were not quite grand enough for him. CARRIE said there was "no offence in asking him." I said, "Certainly not," and I wrote him a letter. CARRIE confessed she was a little disappointed with DAISY MUTLAR's appearance, but thought she seemed a nice girl.

November 13.—Everybody so far has accepted for our quite grand little party for to-morrow. Mr. PERKUPP, in a nice letter, which I shall keep, wrote that he was dining in Kensington, but if he could get away, he would come up to Holloway for an hour. CARRIE was busy all day, making little cakes and open jam puffs and jellies. She said she felt quite nervous about her responsibilities to-morrow evening. We decided to have some light things on the table, such as sandwiches, cold chicken and ham, and some sweets, and on the sideboard a nice piece of cold beef, for the more hungry ones to peg into if they liked. GOWING called to know if he was to put on "swallow-tails" to-morrow. CARRIE said he had better dress, especially as Mr. FRANCHING was coming, and there was a possibility of Mr. PERKUPP also putting in an appearance. GOWING said, "Oh, I only wanted to know; for I have not worn my dress-coat for some time, and I must send it to have the creases pressed out." After GOWING left LUPIN came in, and in his anxiety to please DAISY MUTLAR, carped at and criticised the arrangements, and, in fact, disapproved of everything, including our having asked our old friend, CUMMINGS, who, he said, would look in evening-dress like a green-grocer engaged to wait, and who must not be surprised if DAISY took him for one. I fairly lost my temper, and I said, "LUPIN, allow me to tell you Miss DAISY MUTLAR is not the Queen of England. I gave you credit for more wisdom than to allow yourself to be inveigled into an engagement with a woman considerably older than yourself. I advise you to think of earning your living before entangling yourself with a wife whom you will have to support, and, in all probability, her brother also, who appeared to be nothing but a loafer." Instead of receiving this advice in a sensible manner, LUPIN jumped up and said, "If you insult the lady I am engaged to, you insult me. I will leave the house and never darken your doors again." He went out of the house, slamming the hall-door. But it was all right. He came back to supper, and we played *Béziq* till nearly 12 o'clock.

THE TREASURY MRS. HARRIS AGAIN.

Is there, or is there not, a Public Prosecutor? Last week we recorded how the Last of the Barons regretted the non-existence of such an official in this country, and Mr. Punch brought forward the evidence of *Whitaker* and the Salary List to establish the fact of the P. P.'s existence. This week, in the Central Criminal, we find Mr. PURCELL saying, that the case in which he was engaged was one that the Public Prosecutor ought to have taken up. Whereupon Mr. POLAND requested Mr. PURCELL (what a lot of P.'s in this!) "not to attack an absent official;" and Mr. Justice HAWKINS observed (this was Justice to POLAND) that in his opinion "the Public Prosecutor was quite right."

Now, what have we got? First, that beyond possibility of doubt, the Public Prosecutor exists. Secondly, that he is "an absent official." Thirdly, that he was, at the time of speaking, "quite right." The last piece of evidence is important, and the Last of the Barons will now only have to regret that this official was "absent," but will rejoice that on occasion he should be "quite right." He is probably never absent on or about quarter-day, as *Whitaker* gives the salary of *Solicitor and Public Prosecutor*, i.e., two single gentlemen rolled into one, in the person of Sir AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., at £3000 per annum—and very kind of *Whitaker* to give it. Only—what's done with it?

ENGLISH COOKERY.—We're always hoisting the British flag, and we've done it again lately on Cook's Islands in the South Pacific. Great rejoicings at Cook's Tourist's Offices all over the world. Islands now added to the list of the Cookeries on which the sun never sets.

THE "RIGHT TO KNOW."

It is an axiom with the Press—no argument it needs to show—
That, "Other people's busi-ness the Public has a right to know."

Each blemish in a Hero's life—of yesterday or long ago—
His *real* relations with his wife, the Public has a right to know.

New works which all the world surprise are "stolen straight from
So-and-so,"

That "all who please it plagiarise," the Public has a right to know.

Celebrities are interviewed, and all that, under torture slow,
From their reluctant lips is screwed, the Public has a right to know.

On deeds of ghastliness or gore a lurid light the Press must throw;
Details (as has been said before) the Public has a right to know.

To publish "clues" may serve to prime the criminal that's lying low;
But—every step in tracking crime the Public has a right to know.

State secrets to disseminate may harm a friend and help a foe;
The Cabinet may feel irate—the Public has a right to know.

When scandals come before the Court that force a hardened cheek to
glow,

The whole unsavoury report the Public has a right to know.

And still the journalistic dredge seeks new impurities below,
Of which (ah, precious privilege!) the Public has the right to know.

Yet *Punch* at times is fain to doubt if it were folly to forego,
Or hard to learn to do without, *some* news we have the right to know!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. F. C. PHILIPS has scored again with his *Little Mrs. Murray*,
though he has not obtained the full marks entitling him to a special



prize. The reader
who takes up *Little
Mrs. Murray* will
be loth to part
with her, as he will
be always curious
to learn what on
earth this erratic
person is going to
do next. As a
matter of fact, she
goes to a variety of
places, but does no-
thing—absolutely

nothing, and nothing is done to her. She's not bad, she's not good—
she's ordinary; and I suppose in this fact lies the real interest. It is,
as it were, another version of *Nobody's Diary*, only that in this case
the Nobody is a young widow who, wishing without visible means of
subsistence, to make herself independent, takes to the stage, then to
lady-companionship, then to Millinery, then to some sort of East-
End Anglican Sisterhood, and then to the Matronship of a Private
Lunatic Asylum; and, last scene of all, to marriage. There is no
plot as there was (and a strong one, too) in *As in a Looking Glass*.
The sketches seem to be from real life, and I should like to know the
originals of the Manager of the Jollity Theatre, and of the *Reverend
Simon Heady*, Superior of Saint Cunegonda's Sisterhood. The little
woman is an excellent companion for an hour or so,—sprightly,
interesting, and amusing.

I am choosing some Christmas Books and Cards, as, what the
lawyers call, "these presents," and am puzzled between the charm-
ing "Photographic Opals," the original and tasteful designs of
Messrs. HILDESHEIMER and FAULKNER, and the artistic reproductions
of well-known pictures, and the delightful booklets of that
publisher who rejoices in the truly Italian artistic Christian name of
RAPHAEL, coupled with the truly English surname of TUCK. TUCK
in again at Christmas-time.

To help me in running through these Christmas Books I'm com-
pelled to engage a "Co."—the Christmas reading firm is BARON
DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.—and as far as "Co." has gone I am informed
that Miss ROSA MULHOLLAND has written *Gianetta*, a girl's story for
a girl—quite an upper story. That Mr. HENTY, who has written
plenty, is up to his best form in *Captain Bayley's Heir*—
(young BAYLEY, we're not interested in the old 'un)—which is all
about California, and published by BLACKIE. Then "Co." says
that ROUTLEDGE's *Pied Piper*, illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY,
is exceptionally pretty. "Now welcome KATE!"—which is *not*
quoted from *Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. HOGG, the publisher,
makes a hit with a collection of old fairy tales called *Children's
Evergreens*. Nice dish at Christmas, ask for *Hogg and Evergreens*.
Books marked WARNE are brand new, yet are "WARNE out!" My
"Co." recommends WARNE's *Rosebud Annual* for the little ones.

Here's one by CHARLES F. RIDEAL, illustrated by HARRY PARKES.
Nothing very startling: and author and artist seem to have got on

well together, except in one instance, where they quarrelled over
"Mrs. Mashemall," whom the author has described as "a smart
spicy little body (blonde hair)," and the artist has depicted as a
decidedly big body with very dark hair. *Our Farm*, told by PAT-
TENDEN, and drawn by WAIN, rather funny, but not the work of a
WAIN of original humour. Good sixpenn'orth, anyhow. *Flora's
Feast*, published by CASSELL & Co., Limited, is a quaint Burne-
Jonesian kind of book by WALTER CRANE. It comes out with the
Christmas Books, and is about as Christmassy as the Sunflowerest
æsthete could possibly desire. If I could select one picture above
another, which would take the public, it would be the poppy-heads
which are likely to be poppylar. "Co." is exhausted.

I've just seen the Christmas number of the *Penny Illustrated*,
price fourpence, which means that this is equal to four ordinary
numbers. The cover is the pink of perfection. The central picture
in colours, of a child in bed, asking a kitten to come under the
mistletoe, might have been termed Scratch Company. The child,
whose teeth are not as white as could be wished, ought to have
been in a "Cat's-cradle." The chief story, "Diamonds' led," by
J. LATEY, Junior, shows that he was quite right to lead diamonds as
Mr. W. MACKAY has followed suit with a melodrama on a similar
plot in verse. *Diamonds Led*, is a three-volume novel essenced into
five pages; and there is also a very funny notion for a new kind of
advertisement in the story about *The Australian Parrot*. Several
other good things in it; but that it is among the first to appear and
comes out early, its motto might be, "Better Latey than never."

"Co." comes up again smiling. For a first-class piece of harmless
nonsense commend me to *A Publisher's Playground*, a small (not
too small) volume of poems produced by KEGAN, PAUL, FRENCH
& Co., and presumably written by one of the Firm. If my pre-
sumption is correct, the Author's partners must be persons blessed
with a sense of humour, which makes them ready at all times
to sacrifice business considerations for the sake of a practical joke.

Mr. ANDREW LANG contributes to the Christmas store specimens
of the "Grass of Parnassus." Being a collection of poems already
published, it is not intended to be grass fresh cut, but for the matter
of that, the bundle has all the sweetness of New Mown Hay, or if a
scent is on my lips and under my very nose let me name, appro-
priately, "Y Lang Y Lang."

The old songs published by CASTELL BROTHERS are to be found
in the daintiest little books. Each miniature volume can be had
"for a mere song."

MARCUS WARD & Co.'s *Little Boy Blue*, and other old nursery
rhymes, will be to the taste of the children young and old. *Oranges
and Lemons*, and *Wee Willie Winkle*, are charmingly illustrated.
Exit "Co."

By the Sea is a short collection of Poems, commencing with
LONGFELLOW's *The Secret of the Sea*, the title of which would be a
capital advertisement for an anti-mal-de-
mer remedy. Illustrations not startling.
But MARCUS WARD & Co. can afford to
have a few not quite up to the mark when
giving us such a dainty work as *Young
Maids and Old China*, though old maids
and old china go better together, as, from
my experience, young maids play the very
dooze with the old china in attempting to
wash up. "Yes, your wash-up, it blew out
of my hand, and broke all to nothing."
That's how it happens with young maids,
says the Baron.

I've just seen MARCUS WARD's *Christmas
Cheque Book*. It's capital! I only wish
it were just that capital that would dismiss satisfactorily all my
other Christmas Books. Those of the Butcher, the Baker, and the
Candlestick Maker, &c. No matter. We may be happy yet. Christ-
mas comes but once a year. If it came twice I should be broke
entirely, says your own Reviewer, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

With a Mayer Maying.

You ought to go and see
Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie,
Played at the Royaltée
Some night or *Matinée*,

"My Pretty JANE" is there.
November, you'll declare,
Is banished by this fair
And most refreshing MAY.

SANDER v. THE DUCHESS OF MONTORCHID (*new style*).—What "Mr.
MANTON" said of the cross-examining Counsel, "He did ask such
orchid questions." And when Her Grace heard herself so ungrace-
fully alluded to as "the old girl" in her Head Gardener's letter,
Mr. MANTON is reported to have exclaimed, "Head Gardener,
indeed! I'd like to give him some top-dressing!"

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT FROM THE SPECIAL COMMISSION COURT
BY MR. E. HARRINGTON.—"Wednesday, November 21. Fine."





THE NEW SOCIETY CRAZE.

The New Governess (through her pretty nose). "WAALL—I COME RIGHT SLICK AWAY FROM NE'YORK CITY, AN' I AIN'T HAD MUCH TIME FOR FOOLIN' AROUND IN EUROPE—YOU BET! SO I CAN'T FIX UP YOUR GALS IN THE EU-RÔPEAN LANGUAGES, NO-HOW!"

Belgravian Mamma (who knows there's a Duke or two still left in the Matrimonial Market). "OH, THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I WANT MY DAUGHTERS TO ACQUIRE THE AMERICAN ACCENT IN ALL ITS PURITY—AND THE IDIOMS, AND ALL THAT. NOW I'M SURE YOU WILL DO ADMIRABLY!"

CRAMMING VERSUS "CLEMMING"!

A Plain Word in Season to the New School Board.

GOOD Gentlemen,—wise men, or wiseacres, pundits, philanthropists, Zealots of all of the Churches, fanatics of all of the Schools,—[fools, *Mr. Punch* has a word for the ears of each one of your muster, a word Men may strive to ignore or hush down, but which sounds, and will have to be heard!

Mr. Punch is at one with your general aim, feels a pride in your For instructing our People's a duty which none but a noodle would shirk.

And the young human creature untaught is a shame and a promise of And the race of our strenuous day it is not the incult who will win. Teach, teach!—'tis the task of the Age, the imperative call of the Which whoso ignores is a vassal to folly, a pander to crime. [time; Manly wisdom cries fie on the bigots, the bigots of dogma or doubt, Who babble and fight at the portal whilst ignorance lingers without, Kept back from the threshold thrice blest of the Temple where none should dispute,

The Temple of Knowledge humane, which upraises the man from the The Creeds and the No-creeds contend, and negation and nescience cry In as angry a chorus of hate as the dogmatists' furious fry, Or the credulous bigots of Ephesus. Silence the wranglers all round, The niggards who fume at the penny, the zealots who squander the pound!

And look to it likewise in time, oh ye busy Bigwigs of the Board, That the hungry, ubiquitous Jobber, whose eye is on everyone's hoard,

Dip not grasping fingers too deep in the purse that ye hold but in That new Laidly Worm of Corruption trails lately in London's foul dust

In a manner the idlest must mark. It were well to take warning in By the fate of another big Board which has sunk in the Laidly One's slime.

But grant you all safe in your seats, hushed all partisan splutter and spleen,

With your sapient heads pretty cool, and your strenuous hands fairly What then? There's a question confronts you that will not be shelved or set by,

Which will tax your good will and best skill, e'en supposing you A pedagogue,—not of *your* sort, he preceded all Boards by some years,—

Said "Nature's a rum 'un!" Perhaps you're inclined to say ditto to *Squeers*;

But Nature will not be evicted, as you, with old HORACE, will find, And Nature has given the urchin a *body* as well as a mind! [sap. ! You won't fill the latter, be sure, whilst the former is empty. Verb. Stuff a half-starving "nipper" with isms and ologies? Poor little chap!

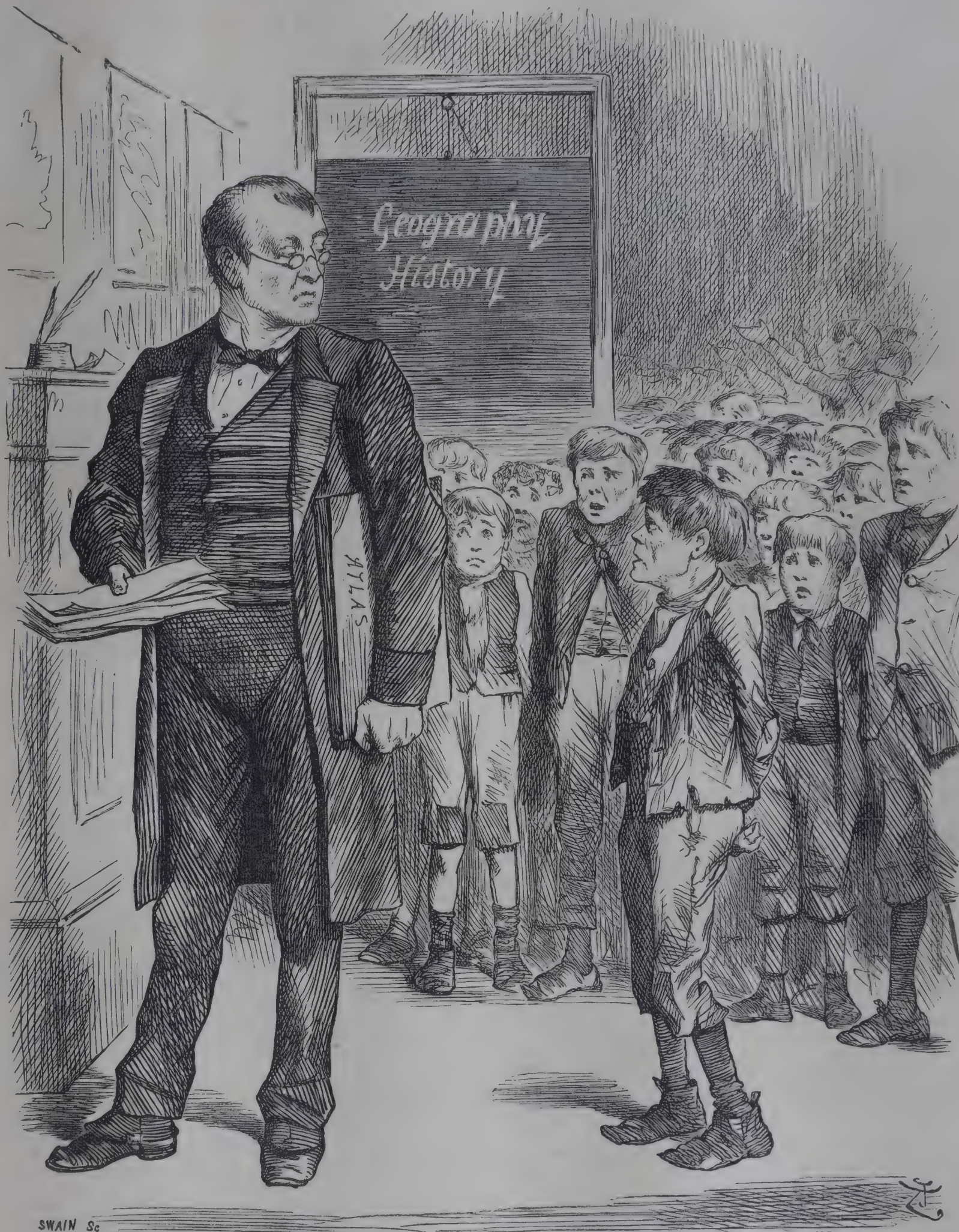
Empty stomachs mean heads non-receptive, and cramming the latter Means cruelty! Yes, and humanity bids you to halt on *that* course, With an emphasis none can mistake. No, *it simply won't do*, that is flat.

Public conscience is callous sometimes; but it's stirred, and it will The vision of BILLY and BETSY, bedraggled, and shoeless, and worn, Without bite or sup in their stomachs, dragged in on a cold winter's morn

From the streets, and all chance of "a job," to grind hours at those Rises black on humanity's sight, and it jars, my dear Bigwigs, it jars. If 'tis Cramming v. "Clemming," my masters, then Cramming will go to the wall,

But *Punch* does not put it to-day as a hopeless dilemma at all. Only two things have got to be reconciled,—*how* is a question for you,—Instruction and common humanity. Teaching by Torture won't do!

MRS. RAM, speaking of Maréchal MACMAHON, informed her Niece that he was born an Irishman, but was subsequently neutralised as a Frenchman.



CRAMMING VERSUS "CLEMMING"!

BOARD-SCHOOL MASTER. "NOW THEN, BOYS, WE MUST GET TO WORK AGAIN!"

ADVANCED SCHOLAR. "PLEASE, SIR, -- MAYN'T WE HAVE SOMETHIN' TO RELIEVE THE CRAVINS OF 'UNGER FUST?"



"ADDING INSULT TO INJURY."

Irate Old Gentleman in Garden (to Stranger, who suddenly drops from the other side of the boundary hedge). "WHAT THE DOOSE D'YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HERE IN THAT ABRUPT AND UNCEREMONIOUS MANNER? 'A MISTAKE,' 'VERY SORRY,' 'HOUNDS RUNNING!' BOSH! STUFF O' NONSENSE!" &c., &c.

LESSONS IN JUSTICE.

(IN TWO TONGUES.)

The French Method, reported in a Paris Paper. Close of the Thirteenth Day.

THE Prisoner was admitted. He was self-possessed, grand, mysterious. He glanced round him with an air of disdain, and jeeringly bowed to the President who regarded him with hatred. Then the President put questions to him.

The President. You are a thief, a scoundrel, an assassin! You know you committed the crime of which you are accused. You are a villain!

The Prisoner. And you — polite. [General assent.]

The President (with indignation). I will not have you say so! I tell you that I know you entered the room with the pistol. I know that you fired at the

deceased. You know you did! Tell me, did you not kill the deceased?

The Prisoner. Why should I tell you? Is not your head of wood, M'sieu le Président?

The President (with anger). You shall pay dearly for this! You have insulted me—you have insulted the son of my mother—and insulting her son, you have also insulted my mother!

The Prisoner (shuddering). Oh, no! I deny it! I am not so base!

The President. But I tell you you are! I tell you that there is no more wicked man in the world than yourself! You are a poltroon!

The Prisoner. And you call the father of my innocent child a poltroon? It is an outrage!

The President. Your appeal to your innocent babe will avail you nothing. Your innocent babe would be better without such a father! (General shuddering.) Yes, I mean what I say—you are a craven!

The Prisoner. This is too much! I am no craven! I love my country as a mother loves her son. [General assent.]

M. le Président. You insult France when you call yourself her son! You insult the Republic. [Loud murmurs.]

The Prisoner. It is not for you to judge! I know you, M'sieur le Président. Forty years ago you were in the service of the King!

M. le Président (with a cry). You shall be gagged if you utter such calumnies! You are a knave, a vagabond, a cut-throat! And now it is for the Jury to decide. Have you anything to say in your defence?

The Prisoner (to the Jury). I have nothing to say, save that I brand this man as a traitor! As for me I ask for liberty in the name of my infant—in the name of my child! I confess I am no saint, and if I have murdered, why in the name of my innocent babe I beg of you to stretch out your hands to me and save me from the scaffold. I wish to return to the world to watch by the side of a cradle!

The Jury, who were deeply affected, then retired, and, after two hours' absence, returned a verdict of Guilty.

The English Method, reported in a London Paper. End of the First Day.

The Prisoner, who was ably represented by Counsel, appeared to be deeply sensible of his position. He kept his eyes on the Jury during the brief summing up.

His Lordship said that he trusted the Jury would give the benefit of any doubt they might feel in the Prisoner's favour. In so serious a case they must not convict unless they were convinced of his guilt. The facts had been carefully laid before them, and he would not say a word to bias them either one way or the other. He entreated them to remember that the life of a fellow creature was at stake, and to let that recollection make them desirous to record only what was proper and just. The Jury then retired, and, after five minutes' absence, returned a verdict of Guilty.

"THE GREAT UNPAID."—Mr. E. HARRINGTON's Fine—at present, November 23.



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

"AND WHAT'S THE LITTLE DARLING'S NAME?"

"WELL—YOU SEE HE'S OUR EIGHTH CHILD—SO WE'VE HAD HIM CHRISTENED 'OCTOPUS'!"

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

DEAR MASTER PUNCH,

Answering to the note of the Oof bird, I planked down my ten toes in the Stalls, and was placed in the Strand Theatre last week as ever was. I found them all there, and was knocked by most of them. You bet they hit them! Those Sportsmen who expected to have some fun for their shiners must have made the welkin ring with their cries of anguish! There were some hoary-headed old chesnuts in the dialogue, and as for the music, it made me rush away in search of a loosen and a soda divided! You brown to what I mean? The jokes were of ancient date, and when some mummers appeared as Johnnies of the Jockey Club, the bet was declared O.U.G.H. It was a near touch that those who weighed in were not buried 'neath the pavement outside the Roman!

Yours, who has laid an even thick 'un that it won't run,

A CRITIC IN PINK SPECTACLES.

P.S.—Pardon the above. I have seen *Atalanta*, the new piece at the Strand Theatre, and witness the result! I have not the least notion what I mean by the above slangy criticism, but then I could not make out what on earth Mr. HAWTREY meant by his equally slangy burlesque!

SUMMARY.—In the "shooting-at-Times-Witness case," the revolver and the prisoner were both discharged.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AS IT IS.—The Emperor of GERMANY yesterday distributed certificates of honour to the students in the Berlin Theological Seminary, appearing in the full uniform of a Pomeranian Grenadier. His Majesty expressed the pleasure it would have given him if he had been addressing soldiers instead of mere civilian nincompoops (*tölpels*), and rattled his sabre several times in a threatening manner. This is considered decidedly ominous in well-informed circles.

From Vienna it is announced that the Russian Government has, in the last few days, écheloned half a million of men along the Galician frontier. The official *St. Petersburg Gazette* explains the occurrence by saying that, "at this convenient season of the year, the troops are always moved about for change of air and scenery." This explanation has caused a serious fall in securities on the Viennese and Berlin Bourses.

The latest "Frontier Incident" is reported from Belfort. It appears that a French peasant proprietor, while pruning a hedge, slipped into a ditch, which forms the dividing line at that point between Germany and France. He was at once shot through the body and scalped by a regiment of Uhlans concealed in the neighbourhood. On the same day a German balloonist made an ascent from Strasburg, and came down in his parachute on French territory. He has been heavily manacled, and sent to Paris for shipment to New Caledonia. Franco-German relations have become in consequence somewhat strained.

AS IT MIGHT BE.—All the European States having agreed to a partial disarmament, every kind of security has gone up at least 100 per cent., and national rejoicings are taking place in all the European Capitals. Herr KRUPP is reported to be suffering from deep depression.

Germany having now made up her quarrel with France by "splitting the difference"—keeping Alsace and giving back Lorraine—French and Germans are fraternising all along the frontier. The favourite air in the Paris Music Halls is now "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," while the Emperor WILLIAM has given orders for the "*Marseillaise*" to be played twice a day "*Unter den Linden*" by the Band of the Imperial Guards' Regiment.

In accordance with the general spirit of international magnanimity now prevailing, the SULTAN OF TURKEY has consented to remove himself into Asia Minor, and leave Constantinople to be dealt with by a Conference of the European Powers.

There being no further use for most of the soldiers now enrolled in

the various European Armies, it is expected that an international expedition of one hundred thousand men will shortly be landed in Africa, which will take Khartoum, smash up the Mahdists, find STANLEY, abolish the Slave Trade, and open up the Continent to civilisation and commerce.

CRAM DE LA CRAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

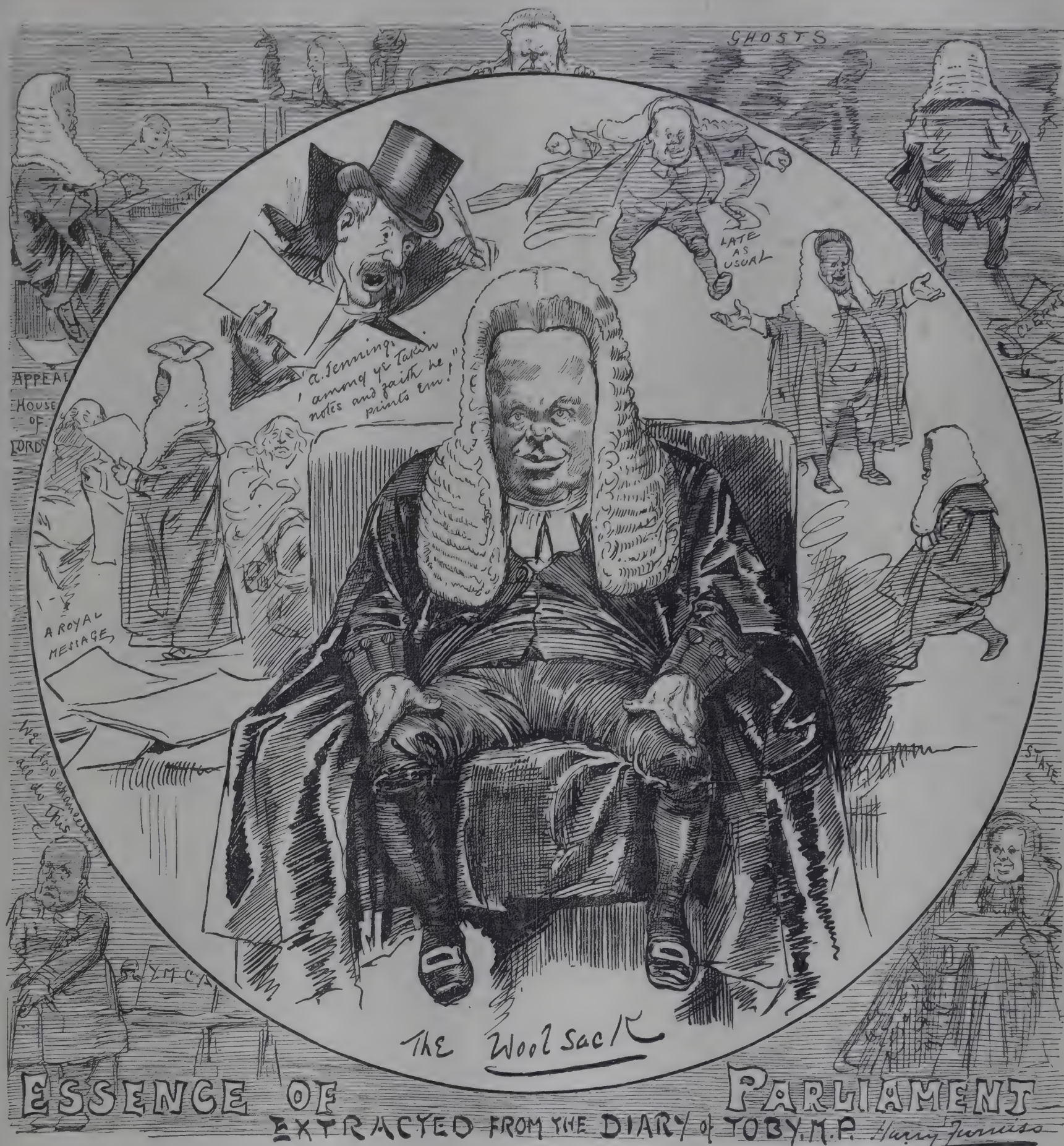
THERE is a great deal of truth in the position taken up by the opponents of the Competitive Examination system. No one who has ever mixed up his answers and cribbed from a friendly neighbour who was answering Paper B, while he, the cribber, was confronted with the problems of Paper A, can entertain a doubt as to the elemental folly of settling a young man's prospects by his statements about subjects on which he is but superficially informed. I have suffered myself, but thanks to a pleasing exterior, a diplomatic wife who is very well connected, a large house, and exorbitant charges, I am the proprietor of a crammery which is viewed, and justly, as the very cram de la cram of the profession.

Facts, Sir, are stubborn things, and if there be one quality less desirable than another in the young, it is surely stubbornness; and how a constant familiarity with stubborn things can fail to produce deplorable results on plastic minds, I confess. That I am quite unable to understand. My plan is to temper facts with fancy. Even Greek accident lends itself to this humane and philosophical plan. Thus. Among a number of the deadliest kind of Greek and Latin adjectives I insert *Panjandrum* to be declined. The boy with imagination—the future journalist or financier—at once drops to it, thus:—*Pas-jas-der: pasa-jasa-dra: pan-jan-drum*, whereby we get Greek and Latin at one fell swoop, and invest Mongolian metaphysics with a halo of accident. Again, in our last history paper, I lightened the horrors of the feudal system and the genealogies of our early Sovereigns by asking, Why was the Curfew Law like a Calendar? No less than seven boys supplied the right answer: "Because it was a Norman Ae!" This, Sir, speaks for itself. Yours faithfully,

MARKHAM PRIMMER.

P.S.—I enclose a Prospectus. A reduction if you take a quantity.

"I ADVISE you, my dear, to take up Music as a study," said Mrs. RAM to her Niece, "and I am told that one of the best books on the subject is RANKE'S *History of the Pops*."



House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 19.—Spectacle of GEORGE CURZON, fresh home from Central Asia, accusing GLADSTONE of "immorality," calculated to create emotion. But it passed off very quietly. GLADSTONE not there to hear indictment. HARCOURT, JOHN MORLEY, and one or two others among the faithful, on Front Bench; but, as OLD MORALITY says, "It's surprising with what equanimity we can hear others accused of iniquity."

The flatness of this particular incident typical of night's proceedings. Seemed in advance that it would be quite otherwise. Government brought in new Land Purchase Bill. GLADSTONE long ago gave notice that, if they did, he'd make it hot for 'em. Tonight came down to move crushing Amendment. Urgent Whips out; House filled; excitement growing. Just before business reached, telegram passed along Front Opposition Bench evidently created profound sensation. GLADSTONE read it; hurriedly consulted HARCOURT and CHARLES RUSSELL. Plainly a legal point. Learned

all about it afterwards. Telegram from TIM HEALY at Dublin. Been engaged in Dublin Exchequer Division, before LORD CHIEF BARON, Baron DOWSE, and Chief Justice ANDREWS. Applied for writ of Habeas Corpus in case of JEREMIAH SHEEHAN, M.P., at present confined in Tralee Gaol. Crime alleged against Hon. Member was that he had shouted, "Boo for BALFOUR!" Court decided that in such circumstances SHEEHAN very properly in gaol, and refused to release him.

"What do you think of it?" said G. O. M., nervously reading over telegram for fifth time.

"Well," said HARCOURT, stroking the place where his beard ought to grow, "the bearing of the observation lies in the application of it. In the eyes of the law geographical boundaries do not exist. What is one man's meat is not necessarily another man's poison. If you boo for BALFOUR, and go to prison in Ireland, can you boo for BALFOUR at Westminster, and go scot free? The Court thinks not."

Remove the prisoner—I mean—I beg your pardon; but you'd better be careful."

HARCOURT, so convincing, rather frightened G. O. M. "Took all the starch out of his collar," as ROBERT JARDINE said, resting his chin firmly on the buttress of his own. Quite mild in his references to CHIEF SECRETARY; example infectious; no booing for BALFOUR on any Bench; consequently a distinctly dull night.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—In Upper House, Lord High rises to explain. Brings down lengthy epistle, which he reads very badly. Seems that he has appointed only two blood relations to fat places. One of them, he mentions (as if the result was unusual and unexpected), had proved himself fully qualified for the office. The second, already possessed of a benefice, he had transferred to another benefice, slightly better in point of emolument, and with the advantage of more genial climate.

"And how does the climate suit him?" asked CLANRICARDE, gracefully bending his benevolent head. Lord High took no notice; went on reading; gave many interesting particulars about administration of Chancery Division, Clerks in Central Offices, and elsewhere. Noble Lords strained their attention to hear when he was coming to the point dealing with specific charges levied against himself in other House. But had so much to say about reductions of redundant Clerks and other matters, couldn't find time to deal with these. Triumphantly wound up with declaration

that though salaries amounted to pretty tidy sum, they did not come out of pocket of tax-payer, but out of purse of unfortunate suitors.

Lord High sat down, astonished at his own moderation. The MARKISS listened, but said never a word. GRANVILLE, feeling necessity of breaking awkward silence on Front Bench, observed that as no notice of intention to deal with the subject had been given, it was not necessary for him to say anything.

"He was awfully severe on you," I said to GRANDOLPH. "Positively 'declined to repeat the gross language used.'"

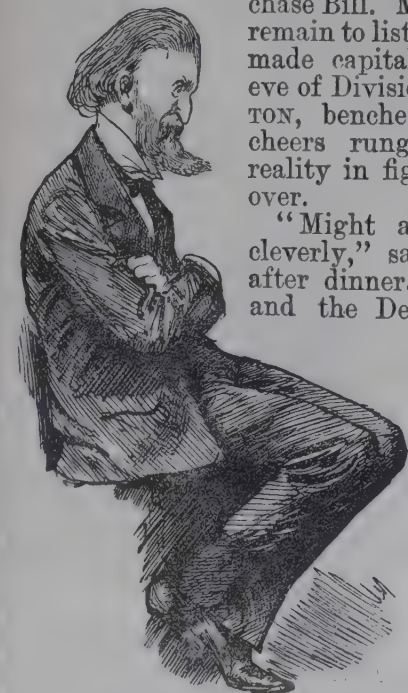
"That's very well; but he might have answered the specific charge I brought against him."

The Commons flogging away at already dead horse of Land Purchase Bill. Members brought up to vote, wouldn't remain to listen. EDWARD GREY, chip of old block, made capital speech at outset, and later on, at eve of Division, when MORLEY followed HARTINGTON, benches filled up; cheers and counter-cheers rung through the Chamber. But no reality in fight; everyone grateful when it was over.

"Might arrange these matters much more cleverly," said HERBERT GARDNER, dropping in after dinner. "Let us have the Division first, and the Debate after. Great convenience to fellows with important engagements. Wouldn't at all interfere with delights of those who hanker after speech-making."

Business Done.—GLADSTONE'S Amendment to Land Purchase Bill negatived by 330 against 246.

Thursday.—"I'm not aware," said the SAGE, "that we have in the National Portrait Gallery or elsewhere any engraving, photograph, chromo-lithograph, or other portrait of BALAK the son of ZIPPOR. But, looking now upon the countenance of OLD MORALITY, I fancy we



An Irish Landlord.

realise something of the expression on the face of the King of the Moabites as he listened to the address of BALAAM upon a memorable occasion."

OLD MORALITY certainly in sore plight. Second Reading of Land Purchase Bill moved; PARNELL delivered weighty speech against it; GRANDOLPH followed, and as he rose expression of pleased content dispersed itself over Ministerial ranks. Only on Saturday GRANDOLPH had spoken most graciously of the Government. Speech then anxiously looked for, as situation critical, and opportunity for smiting his old friends tempting. But GRANDOLPH had come nobly out of the fire. Having so recently assumed attitude of friendliness, would now surely go a step further, pulverise PARNELL, and demolish GLAD-

STONE. OLD MORALITY, sitting just under his young friend, folded his arms, leaned back his head in listening attitude, prepared to enjoy himself.

GRANDOLPH couldn't resist this final temptation. Had certainly come down determined to vote for the Bill; was probably also prepared to support it. But looking round on expectant lines of Ministerialists, on the Opposition already on guard against his onslaught, and, above all, on the broad, placid, pleased face below him, good resolutions melted. Instead of supporting Bill, and confounding Opposition, he riddled the measure with bolts of irony and scorn, reserving his most highly poisoned shaft to accompany declaration that still he would vote for Second Reading.



Shocked at Grandolph.

It's such a little Bill," he pleaded; "cannot do much harm; and so very bad, that no Government, not even this one, dare venture to introduce another anything like it."

"TOBY," said OLD MORALITY, in a husky voice, as I helped GOSCHEN to lead him out into the fresh air, "an you love me, get GRANDOLPH never to support us any more."

"Never mind," said JOKEM, "it's GRANDOLPH's turn now. But ours will come. He'll find his speech to-night an uncommonly difficult one to answer on some future day."

This was the tragedy; roaring farce to follow. Just before fall of curtain, Motion made from Treasury Bench to withdraw Bill establishing Minister of Agriculture. CHAPLIN solemnly rose from corner seat below Gangway, looking unutterably solemn. Rapturous cheers from malicious Opposition. CHAPLIN, it was understood, was to be first Minister under the Act. GRANDOLPH—that "imp of Parliamentary mischief," as DALRYMPLE calls him—learning this, put down Motion to move rejection of Bill. This made it impossible to carry it this Session. OLD MORALITY privately promised to say something soothing to CHAPLIN if he gave him opening. CHAPLIN now up, with his part in arranged conversation ready. OLD MORALITY waiting his cue. But the House would do nothing but laugh and ironically cheer. What should have been dignified scene becomes screaming farce.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—SEXTON incidentally mentions that Melancholy and Coercion Bill have just marked seven Irish Members as their own. Wants to know whether blow may not be averted till after Prorogation, so that we may have the pleasure and advantage of their company in Committee. OLD MORALITY, always anxious to oblige, undertakes to see what can be done. Members, hastening to Reading-room, eagerly scan names of the seven. Several disappointments, but at least TANNER is among them.

"Yes, that's all very well," said SAUNDERSON. "But you see how they bungle it in BALFOUR's absence. Why couldn't they wait till the beginning of the Session? A foolish waste of opportunity to put TANNER in prison during the recess." *Business done.*—In Committee on the Land Purchase Bill.

"HIGHER Education indeed! It's the Lower Education, as recommended by King SOLOMON, that is neglected nowadays," says Dr. BIRCH, of Swisherton Academy.

THE New Maidstone Bicyclist Club is going to call itself (when it comes into existence) "The Wheel'd of Kent."

An eminent Vet thinks he has discovered a treatment for horses that "make a noise" when they go out of a trot. He ought to do "a roaring trade."



A Bad Sixpence.



LOST ILLUSION.

"WHAT, IS *EVERYBODY* WICKED, MAMMA DEAR?"—"YES, BERTIE." "ARE YOU WICKED YOURSELF, MAMMA, DEAR?"—"NOT SO GOOD AS I OUGHT TO BE!" "AND—THE POLICE!?"

MRS. KEELEY INTERVIEWED.

THE Babies were quite determined that the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, and the lazy Laureate, Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, should not have it *all* their own way, and when little folk become determined at the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street, their determination is something wonderful! The boys said they had no pretension to be poets, but, at any rate, they felt equal to writing an Address; the girls declared they never expected to be great Actresses, but they were quite sure on the present occasion, they knew how to act. They had heard how the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, had recited for them at the recent Festival—they had been told how eloquently she had pleaded for them, and how she had drawn tears from the eyes of her audience, and, what was more, golden sovereigns from their pockets. One or two of them had been charmed with the clear tones of her voice, and had listened to the marvellous alternation of humour and pathos in her speech, and had been almost frightened by the applause with which the good fairy was greeted. Several had seen her going round the wards, chatting pleasantly with the Nurses, and having a kindly word for each of the little invalids. They had all of them hoped Mrs. KEELEY would get the first prize at the Doll Show, for they, all of them, were quite sure she deserved it. She had done so much for their benefit, that they were anxious to do something for hers. And so they asked the kind Lady-Superintendent, Miss K. PHILLIPS HICKS, who was always so bright and merry—always so busy, but never so busy as to be unable to bestow a kind word on her little charges, and to give a willing ear to their smallest troubles. And she soon arranged the whole thing for them. She told them the good fairy would shortly attain the age of eighty-four, which is a mere trifle for a fairy, and on her birthday they should have the opportunity of showing her how she occupied so large a space in their grateful little hearts. The day came, they set off on their pilgrimage to Brompton. Not all of them. Oh, dear no! Supposing one hundred and forty-four had started? Why, the Police would have interfered, and the HOME SECRETARY would have been sore troubled, thinking there was a demonstration of Lilliputian Socialists. Besides many were too ill, some were sadly crippled, and others too young. So a Committee of Seven were selected, and these tiny mites, in charge of a kind Nurse, set forth on the appointed day, in a beautiful carriage, drawn by real horses, driven by a live coachman. In the middle of the carriage



was a lovely and gigantic bouquet, which everyone tried to hold, and which once or twice fell down and nearly smothered two or three of the deputation. But O it was a fine time! The Council of Seven say they never will forget it as long as they live. Suddenly, as if by magic, the carriage stopped, and they were in the presence of the good fairy in her elegant fairy bower. The deputation could not find words to express its pleasure. So it was fortunate they had an address already written, which was presented along with the bouquet. The address was a model of terseness which it would be well if provincial Mayors and others would endeavour to imitate. It ran thus:—"To Mrs. KEELEY. With every good wish on her Birthday—from her grateful little friends in the 'Hospital for Sick Children,' Great Ormond Street." Then followed the signatures, touching in their childish caligraphy, and the trembling innocence of tiny fingers. Cheered by the sight of their good kind fairy, made happy with the pleasant words which fell from her lips, delighted with the sight of her magnificent Persian cat, with an Arabian Nights tail, who purred the warmest of welcomes, the baby-interviewers retired. And when the lights burned low that night in Great Ormond Street, when there was nothing to be heard but the faint wail of some tiny sufferer, the almost noiseless footfall and the sweet-toned whisper of some gentle watchful Nurse, one cannot help wondering what sunny dreams, what pleasant fancies, what a sense of supreme repose and restful gratitude to the good fairy haunted the slumbers of the Council of Seven!

"MADGY."

(*À propos of quite a new and original lever du rideau, recently performed at Edinburgh.*)

MADGY KENDAL quite forgot her ordinary prudence
In coming out so strong before the Edinboro' Students;
And afterwards she told the world the cause of her oration;
'Twas not, as some might think of MADGE, all her imadgynation.
But 'twas as she in the *D. T.* explained the simple case,
"Some one had thrown a paper ball, and hurt the Double Bass."
Whoever did this thing was wrong, for, were he boy or man,
'Tis evident he'd made a hit before the play began.
Whether he hit the instrument or player in the face,
The silence of the thrower made his conduct doubly base.
She should not publicly have shown—it argues want of nous—
Displeasure at there being any "paper" in the House.

JEW DE MOT.—L'élite de la haute société Parisienne,—L'Isra-élite.

SONG FOR THE SCHOOL-BOARD MINSTRELS. (Who Never Perform Out of London.)



WHEN de School-Board was young, friend FORSTER would
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Don't all try for corner-man,—that don't pay.
Keep in de middle of de road!

For you must be a drefle fool,
 If you quite forget de true purpose ob School.
 But you 'll be all right if you stick to de rule,
Keep in de middle ob de road!

AIR—"Keep in de Middle ob de Road."

Chorus—Den, members, keep in de middle ob de road!
 If you want to win de race,
 You must go a mejium pace,
 And keep in de middle ob de road!

Now, if you by chance seem short of cash,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Don't tax de people heavily, or soon
 you'll go to smash.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 But, if dey hear you a-singing too small,
 Dey're sure to say you are gwine to fall,
 And do not know your business, and
 are no good at all.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Chorus.

Don't be too fast at cramming, you'll
 find that is no go,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 But little chance you'll stand if you
 make the pace too slow.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 London will not care for a Board
 dat's all awry;
 Den show you are tolerant, as well as
 smart and spry.
 She'll chuck you, if to imitate the
 bad Old Ring you try.
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Chorus.

You corner-men, don't kick up too
 much shindy left and right,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 And, Mr. (DIGGLE) JOHNSON, do not
 hold de reins too tight,
Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Or de trap may capsize, and de wheels
 be in de air.
 Don't show sectarian temper, or tear
 agnostic hair,
 For you are *not* put dere ober trifles
 for to swear.
Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

Den, Minstrels, keep in de middle ob
 de road!
 You will bless de rising race
 If you go a steady pace,
 And keep in de middle ob de road!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Lord Commissioner Punch.)

An Efficient Volunteer introduced.

Commissioner. Well, Sir, what
 can I do for you?

Efficient Volunteer (saluting).
 Assist me to get a satisfactory sub-
 stitute for Wimbledon.

Com. Surely you are in good hands.
 I read in the papers this week there
 is to be a meeting of representatives
 of the National Rifle Association to
 consider what is best to be done.

Eff. Vol. Not the first by many,
 my Lord. Meetings are always being
 held with the same object in view.

Com. Do you suggest that these
 meetings are useless?

Eff. Vol. Certainly, as two parties
 are pulling one against the other.

Com. How comes it there should
 be such an unfortunate situation?

Eff. Vol. I suppose, my Lord,
 because one party thinks more of
 soldiering than five-o'clock tea and
 picnics.

Com. Would you suggest that
 Wimbledon was used for either
 purpose?

Eff. Vol. I would. The Cottage
 was the rendezvous of the *crème de la crème*
 of Society—very good people
 in their way, but not likely to pro-
 duce a Queen's Medallist.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M SO SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"
 Shy Curate (who has called on Parish business). "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. ONE OF THE
 FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH!"

Com. And you think consideration for these distinguished persons keeps the question of a new
 site an open one?

Eff. Vol. I do. The people who used to come to Wimbledon to lounge on the lawn and eat
 ices are not likely to be satisfied if the new Shooting-ground is situated beyond striking distance
 of town. No doubt some of them might come to us on the tops of coaches, but only at considerable
 inconvenience.

Com. Then what would you suggest?

Eff. Vol. That the Volunteers, and the Volunteers only, should be considered, and Lady DE
 VERE and Lord MANIKIN should be told that their place is preferable to their company. What we
 want is a place where business, and business only, must have a call upon our attention.

Com. How would Aldershot do?

Eff. Vol. Admirably; and here (producing a list) is a paper containing a number of equally
 excellent sites. What we want is to have the matter settled at once, without further shillyshallying.

Com. I will see that your reasonable request meets with immediate compliance.

[The Witness thanked his Lordship, and retired.]

A CLEAR STAGE AND NO FAVOUR.

LAST Friday Mr. BANDMANN appeared before Mr. Justice STIRLING in the Chancery Division, and
 undertook to continue his previous undertaking not to perform *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the
 United Kingdom. If this example is followed, of what varied enjoyments the theatre-going public
 might be deprived, as for example,—

Mr. IRVING appeared before the Last of the Barons, and undertook not to make a speech about
 the Drama in any part of the United Kingdom.

Mrs. KENDAL undertook not to come before the Curtain and address the audience in any part of
 Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. TOOLE appeared before the Lord Chief Justice, (who had never heard of the eminent Comedian,
 and asked who he was), and undertook not to tell JOSEPH HATTON any more stories, and never
 again to play in *Ici on Parle Français*.

Mr. W. F. HAWTREY promised never to appear again as a King in a classical burlesque.

Mr. TERRISS undertook not to perform the character of a genuine British Sailor, in London or
 the Provinces, after the termination of his present engagement.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON submitted to a perpetual injunction preventing him from ever playing in
 blank verse.

Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE undertook not to perform in Comic Opera within the United Kingdom.

Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE has undertaken to cease from appearing in *Matinées* within the juris-
 diction of the Supreme Court.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT appeared before everybody, and took a solemn pledge not to play again
 in any part of the United Kingdom.

OLD STYLE MODERNISED.—The Exchange Club, as a name, sounds well. Motto over the umbrella
 stand, "Exchange—no Robbery!" Members will be bound to exchange salutations and compli-
 ments every day. If the grill is to be a feature, the name "Exchange Club" is apparently only a
 new form of the old "Chop-House."

A LIFE-BOAT STORY.—In Three Acts.

A DOZEN of hearts! and a dozen of hands! and the courage of death!—'tis a Yorkshire boast; It was all they asked, one November noon, when a hurricane blew on the Whitby coast!



For a cry came over the wailing sands, and spread to the village, and swept through the street—
There'll be widows to-morrow and fatherless bairns, for exposed to the storm is the fishermen's fleet!

There was not a minute to dream or to think: it was "Who's for the Life-boat?" and "Who's for the shore?"

Just a kissing of lips of the lasses they loved—just a sigh, and a cheer, and a grasp of the oar—

For the men out at sea were exposed to the storm; but they were not forgotten by "pals" on the land.

Whilst there's life there is hope—whilst there's strength there's a rope—the heart of a friend and the grasp of a hand.

Just picture the scene, O my brothers in town, with your petty annoyance and impotent strife;

In the midst of our city it's Worship of Self! on the fishermen's coast it is Rescue! and Life!

Who's for the Life-boat? Strain your eyes, and deaden your ears from the shrieking wind;

The Answer's there! on the crested waves, in the hearts of the women they've left behind;

See! the cobbles are riding in dire distress! Will they reach the fleet? You may lay your life

There isn't a Yorkshire lad at the oar, who will bring discredit to mother or wife;

For nobody knows who's at sea or on shore—just a wild supplication that nobody dies,

When a blinding sleet sweeps the sea and the sand, and darkens the scene from the wondering eyes. Then a silence falls on the women who wait, and a cry rings out as they bend the knee— For they drag two bodies half-drowned to land,—and the rest?—they are left in the raging sea! Lost! when the moment of rescue came, lost! within sound of their loved and land. So the night closed black on the Yorkshire coast, and a wail went over the lonely sand!

But the morning breaks, and the storm is past; and over the village, and into the street The sun is shedding its wintry rays, on the scene where they fought for the fishermen's fleet; And the sea is calm, and the sand is still, where they manned the boat and they went to death. What's that?—out there in the Steamer's wake! Here, give us your glass! Then they held their breath,

And a beam of light shot out of the sky, and a cheer roared out of the Yorkshire throats As they saw their Life-boat making Home with the rescued crews from the fishermen's boats! "Never say die!" is the motto of men who fight to conquer and mean to win; But it's well worth living to earn the tears that wept them out and that cheered them in! So the tale is told! But there's something more, that can never be done by praise or pen,— We must think of the sea when the tempests roar; and give of our gold to the Life-boat Men!

*** The National Life-Boat Institution is to be found in John Street, Adelphi.

WALL-PAPER MONEY.

NOT a bad idea, that of taxing certain kinds of mural posters, which was lately started in the House of Commons. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was advised to turn his attention to pictorial mural atrocities—not being pictures by MURILLO—and so find a possible substitute for the Weal and 'Am Tax (since deceased). The name "Posters," it was observed, naturally suggested the idea of a Stamp being attached to them. GEORGE JOKIM didn't see the exact force of the suggestion at first; required posting up in the details before approving; but admitted there might be something in it.

Here is a sort of Poster (not Postal) Tariff, which ought to find a place in any new edition of the old Stamp Act:—

For any Pictorial Advertisement of extra large size—a sort of four-poster—exhibited on any wall, hoarding, scaffolding, or other public place £5 0 0

Additional stamp required, if the design and colouring fail to meet with the enthusiastic approbation of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Professor RUSKIN, and the President of the Royal Academy £10 0 0

For every Advertisement which, after careful examination by a Committee composed of leading "realistic" Novelists and Playwrights, with the assistance of a picked body of nervous invalids, is pronounced to be "distinctly blood-curdling." 20 0 0

N.B.—Solitary confinement in a cell, the walls of which are papered with the posters, may, in the discretion of the Magistrate or Judge, be substituted for a pecuniary penalty.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR size, show, type, interesting matter, and admirable illustrations, I haven't seen a better book this booky season than MAC-



MILLAN'S *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, charmingly illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON and HUGH THOMSON. The letterpress by OUTRAM TRISTRAM is not up to the excellence of the pictures. Nothing racy, nothing *Shandy*—an about this TRISTRAM. Pretty Christmas picture-card to send to a bachelor is that of the "Prize Babies." It can be purchased at ACKERMAN'S. But of all the pictures that take my fancy as appropriate to the coming Christmas time is RAPHAEL TUCK'S wonderful reproduction of RAPHAEL'S (without the TUCK) "*The*

Madonna Sixtina" in a frame closely copied from the one in which is the original at Dresden. An instance of the wonderful perfection attained by the chromo-lithographic process in reproducing a Master's work may be seen in the large chromo-lithograph of Sir JOHN MILLAIS' *Bubbles*, originally brought out by the *Illustrated London News*, and purchased as a decorative advertisement by the indefatigable Messrs. PEARS—"sure such a PEARS was never seen!"—which is now on view in the window of The Soaperies, New Oxford Street. This work of Young CHROMO might deceive even Sir JOHN himself. Now back to books again. I tried hard to fall in love with Lady LINDSAY'S *Caroline*, but couldn't manage it. I had to get out my skipping-rope, and then I went on by "leaps and bounds" to the finish. Perhaps if I were all alone on a wet day in a Scotch Inn, with only an out-of-date Guide-book, an ancient *Bradshaw*, and last week's local paper, I might find *Caroline* companionable.

My faithful "Co." utters a protest against *A Crown of Shame*, which, he says, is not very pleasant reading. Written by the

daughter of Captain MARRYAT, it lacks the breezy wholesomeness of the works of the author of *Midshipman Easy*. The scene is laid in the tropics or thereabouts, and the sickly atmosphere of feeble vice is rather overpowering. He has also read a very clever pamphlet called the *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, which conjures up a vision of the British Empire on the 1st of January, 1901, that must satisfy every one. In this glorious prospect the great Colonial question is solved, and Ireland, without the assistance of a House of Commons sitting in Dublin, is tranquil. "Co." insists upon expressing his high appreciation of the *Happy Thoughts Birthday Book*, compiled by a young lady whose surname is very familiar to him. "Co." has found the quotations most apposite to the anniversaries of his friends and relations. He says that the lines selected for ladies' birthdays are (as they should be) invariably complimentary, so that he has had the satisfaction of soliciting the autographs of two Maiden Aunts (from whom he has expectations), without running the risk of forfeiting their favour. He adds that it is quite the book for a Christmas present—a present, he humorously continues, which will also record the past.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S.—Just seen latest number of *Our Celebrities*. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S portrait is, as it ought to be, A. 1, for A. 1, or ARTHUR THE FIRST he is as a Composer and as a humorist in music. He is sandwiched between His Grace of CANTERBURY and the eminent surgeon-artist and *littérateur*, Sir HENRY THOMPSON. Very appropriate the proximity of the latter to the Composer, as if Sir ARTHUR is ever hard up for a few notes, Sir HENRY can give him one of his delightful "octaves."

B. DE B.-W.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"When I made that note last week about the Gentleman who has devised a new treatment for 'roaring' horses, I did not mean anyone in particular.

(Signed) "ROARY-UP-THE-HILLS."

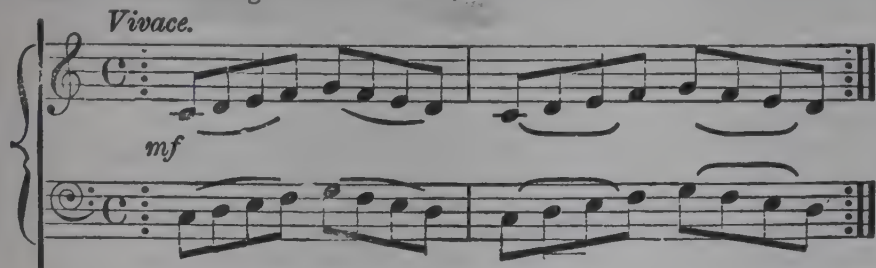
OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC (?).

THE great event of the week has, of course, been the production of DR. STEELING'S much talked of Cantata, "*The Old Home Farm*," at the Northborough Festival. It was a happy idea on the part of Dr. STEELING to secure the combined choirs of Northumberland and

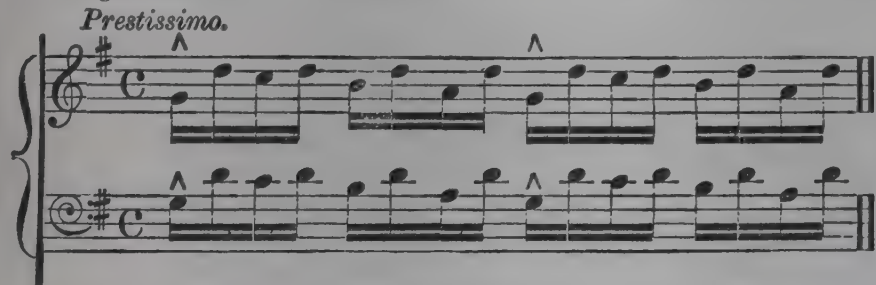
Cumberland, but considering that the gifted Doctor has always conducted Northumberland, it was rather surprising that Cumberland led. The general arrangements were not altogether satisfactory. In the first place, the New Town Hall, like most public buildings, has been erected with a total disregard to acoustic properties; the combined chorus was indistinct; the town band entirely drowned the *solis*; and I was not

supplied with a programme, nor could one be got for love or money. I am, therefore, somewhat hampered in giving my analysis of the work, especially as I am unacquainted with the poem of "*The Old Home Farm*;" in fact, I never heard of it. Fortunately, I was seated next to a kind old gentleman who was well up in the subject, and said he had heard all the music before. The short overture, or rather prelude, to the Cantata was very effective. Avoiding the conventional crash "*tutti*," or the double *piano legato* strings, Dr. STEELING opens with the first and second horns thus:—

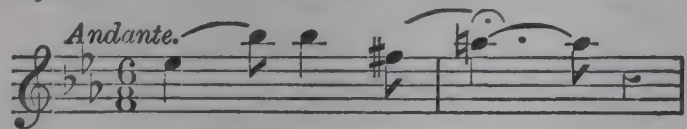
At intervals this is repeated very effectively. We are then introduced to the leading *motivo*:—



This is repeated *crescendo* until a sudden burst into the dominant with slight variation of the theme:—

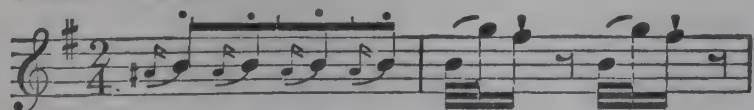


There was a slight reminiscence of CZERNY'S celebrated Op. 101, but the orchestral treatment was quite different. The opening chorus which my next-door neighbour informed me was entitled, "*Hail, Melancholy Chanticleer*," was simply remarkable for the occasional Oboë *obbligato*:—



But the charms of the farmyard were more vividly before us in the following passage:—

VIOLINI PRIMO.



A duet, between *Elsie*, the milk-girl, and *Squire Dunrobin*, in which, as far as I could tell, he was questioning her as to where she was proceeding, and the amount of her fortune before offering her marriage, was one of the most original compositions in the work, and Dr. STEELING is much to be complimented. The great *tour de force*, however, was the grand chase by the farmer's dame after

three small animals that had intruded themselves, without invitation, upon the premises. The fact that the animals were totally deprived of vision rendered the situation more poetic, and accordingly more dramatic. In these *solis* and chorus the Doctor has surpassed himself. It thus opens quietly on the strings:—

Andante con esp.

1 & 2 VIO.

VIOLA.

CELL. & BASS. pizz.

This is repeated three times, when the wood-wind follow thus:—

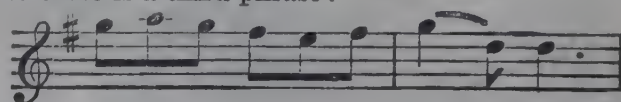
FLUTE.

OBOE.

CLARINETTE.

BASSOON. (Humoroso)

Added to these is a third phrase:—

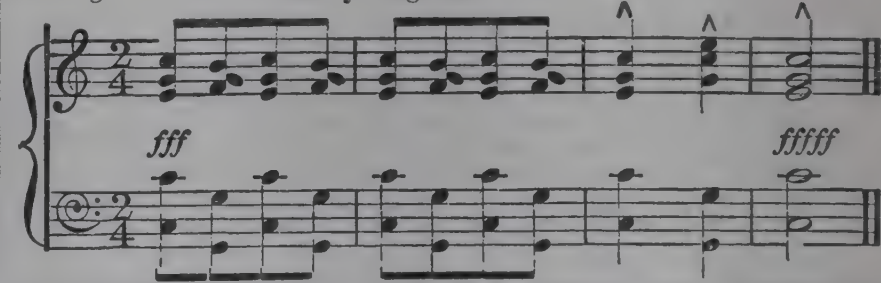


And when all were played together, with the full strength of the orchestra, the audience rose *en masse*, and, after expressing their opinion, sat down again. The *finale* was also effective. There were to be (so I understood) festivities by moonlight. The theme, suggesting the rising of the moon, was quite characteristic of the gifted composer:—

(The moon rises.) Grave.



In fact, the moon rose even higher, and nothing more suggestive of the rise of the moon has been heard since the song of *The Bedlamite* (with counter subject on the volovong and shoe-horn) in DR. STRAWS'S *Water Cantata*, first performed at the Hanwell Festival. I thought the grand festival dance at the end slightly suggested an old tune—but I may be wrong; however the concluding bar were certainly original:—



THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—IN these dull December days we should be grateful to Sir JOHN GILBERT and the clever Ladies and Gentlemen who give us glimpses of sunshine, of breezy country, of sea and forest, of foreign countries, and London streets, in their best aspect. All these you can enjoy without the expense of travel, or the inconvenience of wet weather.

Just drop in at the pleasant Gallery in Pall-Mall, and you will be able to personally conduct yourself—you must conduct yourself, or you will be reprimanded by the Secretary—to all sorts of delightful places, for one shilling. The Gallery is just the right size to prevent weariness. You will go away refreshed—though you are not admitted by refreshment-ticket—instead of suffering from that most terrible of maladies, the "exhibition headache."



"Maxima debetur pueris."



THE REAL MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

SIGNOR FOGHORN, THE GREAT HIBERNIAN BASSO-TENORE ROBUSTO-PROFONDO, IS SO DISGUSTED AT THE FRIVOLITY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL TASTE (WHICH IS NOT RIPE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE HIM), THAT HE GIVES UP ALL ATTEMPTS TO PLEASE THE PRESENT GENERATION: HE BUYS A PHONOGRAPH INSTEAD, AND DEVOTES HIS ENERGIES TO SINGING FOR POSTERITY. BY APPLYING HIS EAR TO THIS MARVELLOUS INSTRUMENT IMMEDIATELY AFTER SINGING INTO IT, HE NOT ONLY HEARS HIS SONG ECHOED BACK TO HIM OUT OF THE DIM FUTURE, BUT HE ALSO HEARS THE RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE OF UNBORN MILLIONS!

[With Mr. Punch's compliments and apologies to Mr. Edison and Colonel Gouraud.]

"FREE LANCES!"

[General BOULANGER has sent a letter to M. DÉROULÈDE, thanking the members of the League of Patriots for their sentiments of devotion to the cause of the National Party, which they know to be that of patriotic, honest, and sincerely Republican France.—Times.]

First Free Lance (Boulanger).

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
Ahem! No Tennysonian knight
Am I; yet 'twere not bad,
With matters in their present plight,
To pose as *Galahad*.

Second Free Lance (Grandolph).

Faith, how the swaggering Frenchman
flaunts
His "stainless banner!" Bosh!
He'll find, for all his valorous vaunts,
That little game won't wash.
Fancy they hint the same of me,
The dolts whose shields I strike;
But anyhow my lance is free
To couch 'gainst whom I like.

First Free Lance.

Pst! Caracole, my coal-black steed!
The populace love prance,
To nodding plumes they give good heed;
At least 'tis so in France.

A Gallic *Galahad*! Yonder youth
Is of another strain,
Much less like *Lancelot*, in sooth,
Than *Gareth* or *Gawaine*.

Second Free Lance.

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle to the end
To save from shame and thrall."
Ah, limpid Laureate, Primrose Dames
Rain favours upon me;
But as to championing their claims
A *outrance*!—we shall see!

First Free Lance.

"When on my goodly charger borne
Through cheering towns I go,"
BLOWITZ my bounce and *blague* may scorn,
But is he "in the know?"
Condottieri sometimes come
Like *SFORZA*, to the front.
Yon springald whom some deem a hum
May still prove "in the hunt."

Second Free Lance.

"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear.
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here."
Humph! In or out I shall not blench,
But later I may find
The "heaven" of the Treasury Bench
A little to my mind.

First Free Lance.

I know my trade; with lance and blade
To fame I'll carve my way,
My foes are pariously afraid,
Whatever they may say.
Yon Briton is a *Puck*-like elf;
Seems out of it at present;
But he, like me, can make himself
Confoundedly unpleasant!

Second Free Lance.

Ho, there! Where go you, good my
friend?
You fight—beneath whose flag?

First Free Lance.

I go for Glory! That's my end!

Second Free Lance.

And mine. May sound like brag.

First Free Lance.

Oh, not at all! We shall arrive!
But by what road,—who knows?
I'll show my friends that I'm alive

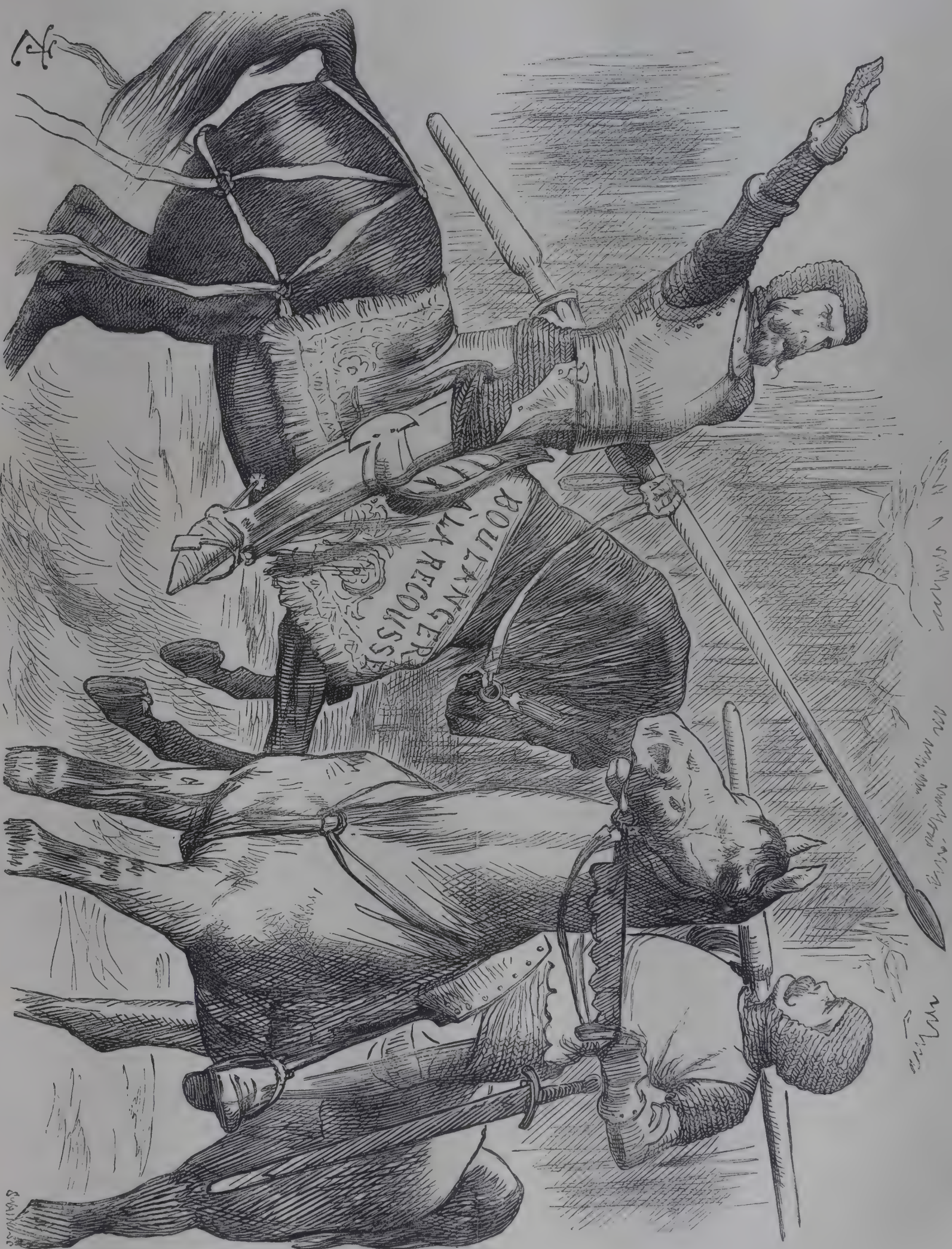
Second Free Lance.

And I'll inform my foes!

[Exeunt severally.]

End of Anarchy!

ORDER EVERYWHERE—Mr. Punch's
Almanack for 1889.



“FREE LANCES!”

FIRST FREE LANCE (BOULANGER). “AHA!—I GO TO DISTINGUISH MY-SELF!!” SECOND FREE LANCE (GRANDOLPH). “AH!—SO DO I!!” [Exeunt scurrally.]



VERY SIMPLE.

"IS THERE ANY WAY ACROSS THIS?"—"DO'NAW." "ISN'T THERE A BRIDGE ANYWHERE?"—"DO'NAW."
 "DOESN'T YOUR FATHER GO THIS WAY? HOW DOES HE GET ACROSS?"—"GENER'Y JOOMPS IT!"

A CITY IDYL.

"THERE's a corner in pork, and a starling
 Is building her nest in the corner;
 And it's oh, (it is always oh) my darling,
 There is hope in the heart of your City JACK
 HORNER,
 Who sits in the corner to pull out a plum.
 Then hey, for the bonny bright day that will
 come
 For you and for me, my darling!
 "Money was hard, and your father was hard—
 Yarely is piping the starling—
 And we were depress'd as coffee or lard,
 But firm as copper, my darling!
 "And your mother was brisk as inquiries for
 wheat—
 Cotton is weak in the glooming—
 For she thought that love's call we should
 fail to meet,
 But like shard-borne beetles at twilight sweet
 The Jan Van Beers went booming.
 "And bacon closed with a steady tone,
 Like choristers clearly quiring,
 And hogs were ten points up, my own,
 Like the solemn pine on the mountain lone,
 Or pinnacles, cloud-aspiring.
 "And closing prices, and stocks and shares
 Are fair with a future pleasure,
 As I wander, a victim to shocks and stares,
 In my mooning hours of leisure.
 "For tin is as quiet as eventide,
 And ribs like the sun declining;
 But rails rule firm as my winsome bride,
 And love looks up like mining.
 "And it's oh, my love, my love,
 And it's oh, my dear, my dear!
 I've done good work with the corner in pork,
 And better with Jan Van Beer."

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the bulls and
 bears
 While the still morn went out in shirtings
 grey;
 He touch'd the tender stops of booms and
 scares,
 With eager thought warbling his Mincing
 Lay.
 He thought without alarm of settling day,
 Nor jumped with panic fear when prices fell
 Crashing, but every eve he took his way
 To Tooting, all his tale of love to tell
 While the stars rose, and wild swans left their
 haunts,
 Stags sought the pools, and the grand
 elephants
 Waved their Grand Trunks aloft, and all
 was well.

POOH-BAH-RINGTON HALL, ST. JAMES'S.

HAD *Brantingham Hall* been written by
 anybody else but Mr. W. S. GILBERT, how
 he, the author of *Engaged* and *Ruddigore*,
 would have chaffed it! How amateurish he
 would have considered the monotony of the
 stage-management, and how unmercifully he
 would have ridiculed the familiar melodra-
 matic characters, with their old-fashioned
 melodramatic staginess of action and dialogue.
 "I would be alone!" exclaims the broken-
 hearted old nobleman. "Let me pass!"
 exclaims the heroine, addressing the villain,
 who is not opposing her progress, and, if he
 were, she has the door open immediately
 behind her by which she has just entered.
 The villain mutters curses as he gloomily
 seats himself at a table. There is the good
 old family solicitor, the lost heir turning up
 again, the mortgage to be foreclosed by the
 villain, who, of course, is ready to sell every-

body up, if the persecuted heroine will not
 be his bride. There are a girl and boy, whose
 fun would be in keeping with the topsy-turvy
 eccentricities of a Savoy comic opera, but
 who are absurdly unnatural in the real life
 which the comedy is supposed to represent.
 Miss NEILSON is young and pretty. As yet
 she cannot act, and the sooner she unlearns
 what she has evidently been taught to con-
 sider acting the better for her future histrionic
 career. Mr. BARRINGTON is Mr. BARRINGTON
 with a palpably sham scalp. Poor Pooh-
 Bah-rington! how he must regret having
 quitted the gay Savoyards! At the finish of
 the play Miss NEILSON has to murmur, "Let
 us pray," or only the word "pray," appa-
 rently addressed to the audience, who, not
 having come to laugh, were unwilling to
 remain to pray, especially as at that moment
 the curtain was descending, and the piece
 was past praying for.

A Most Happy Thought.

AN admirable suggestion has been offered
 to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER,
 namely, the proposal of "substituting for
 the Wheel-Tax a stamp duty on bills, posters,
 placards, and other mural advertisements."
 A very high amount of duty might be charged
 on those eyesores and nuisances without
 abating them, but in order to render it an
 alternative for the Wheel-Tax, the stamp
 must not be so heavy as to stamp them out.

ECCLESIASTICAL CÆSARISM.—*Julius v. the
 Bishop of Oxford.*

THE PARTY OF BOULANGER.—Loafers.



AN OPEN SECRET.

Mendicant. "PITY 'POOR BL—"
Gent. "No ; I—AH—NEVAR—"

Mendicant (forgetting himself). "UGH ! 'CAUSE YER 'VE GOT A SHINEY 'AT, AN' A HEYE-GLASS, AN' A 'REACH-ME-DOWN' HULSTER, AN' A NOBBY STICK, YER THINKS YERSELF SOMEBODY !"

HOW TO SCORE AT FOOTBALL.

CONSIDERING the importation of sheer ruffianism into the Football Field of late, it is quite clear that the method of scoring the points in that game should be modified to meet this new state of things. "Goals" and "Tries," indeed ! Why count such merely adventitious trifles ? It is high time to recognise the fact that the aim of the players is (apart from the all-important question of gate-money), not so much to win the game as to pound and pummel, mutilate and maim, and, if necessary, kill each other. Let, therefore, the rules be adjusted to the facts. Then we shall be candidly informed, that in a match between—say, the Mudford Mutilators and the Thumpington Thugs, the former team, (or, what is the same thing, gang of roughs) won the game by two deaths, three broken collar-bones, and four injured spines, as against one death, seven smashed ribs, and fourteen minor maimings scored by the latter. This literal and honest way of scoring the game will frankly enlighten the public as to its real nature, and doubtless induce all who are not trained brutes and natural bullies to keep out of that scene of ignoble rowdyism known as the Football Field.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(New Society Version.)

"There is almost a craze for green in the world of fashion."—*Daily News* on "*Evening Dress*."

Belle of the Ball sings :—

OH, some may bless the Emerald Isle,
Some count her as our foe,
For me, whilst Summer skies did smile,
Now Winter winds do blow,—
Whether in sunshine or in wet,
(Though loyal to my Queen,)
I kept and keep, without regret,
The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet tint ! I love you passing well
With lilac at my breast,
Laburnum in my skirts' broad swell,
I look quite at my best.
I overheard Lord RONALD say
That I'm the Emerald Queen.
May failure banish not away
The Wearing of the Green !

Nay, MARIE, why that bitter sneer ?
Home Ruler ? Fiddle-de-dee !
I'm anti-Irish quite, my dear,
Like all Society.

I dote upon our brave BALFOUR,
PARNELL inspires my spleen ;
But all the same I do adore
The Wearing of the Green !

Oh, I care not for the Thistle.
And I care not for the Rose ;
But when the North winds whistle,
Or when June noonday glows,
Reds, blues, and pinks go friendless,
No gaudy tints are seen ;
But I love with love that's endless
The Wearing of the Green !

O sea-green silk ; O sea-weed stuff !
O verdant tintings all !

Ye suit my beauty well enough
At dinner, rout, or ball.
How long the fashion yet may live
Remaineth to be seen ;
But while it lasts my heart I'll give
To the Wearing of the Green !

A MODEL MAN OF BUSINESS.—The HOLLINGSHEAD Testimonial List is open up to the end of the week. Apply to W. H. GRIFFITHS, Hon. Secretary, Shaftesbury Theatre. There never was a straighter and more trustworthy Manager of a Theatre than Practical JOHN at the Gaiety. His "No" meant "No," and his "Yes" meant "Yes." So no one could mistake his "Ayes" for his "Noes"; consequently there were no written agreements and no disagreements. Will he write his *Reminiscences of the Gaiety* as a new edition of the *Chronicles of HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN)* ?

YANKEE DOODLE.

(New Society Version.)

YANKEE DOODLE comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony" ;
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo !
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few,
But know the *Ars Amandi*.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
That is for home consumption ;
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick,—he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo !
Love is sweet as candy, [blue
His daughters "reckon" blood that's
Scarce spoils the British dandy.



House of Commons, Monday Night, November 26.—“TOBY, M.P., Sir,” said JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, of the Irish Constabulary; “in my time I’ve made a good many arrests, but never before did I arrest the attention of the House of Commons; and bedad! if I can help it, I won’t do it again.”

A decent-looking man, JEREMIAH; a fine specimen of Irish Constabulary, but just now in rather limp condition.

“JEREMIAH,” I said, “these Lamentations are natural enough on your part. You’ve got into a mess; but cheer up; BALFOUR will never desert you. In the meantime let this be a lesson to you. Beware of females; run not after them. She is bad, but SHEEHY you find is a syllable worse.”

JEREMIAH a little puzzled with this simple impressive harangue; upset altogether with proceedings of evening. Told me all about it. Had summons handed to him to serve upon Member for South Galway. “Where’ll I find him?” said SULLIVAN. “House of Commons only known address in London,” says Superintendent. So JEREMIAH took

train for London, and ’bus to Westminster. Found way into Octagon Hall; admired statues of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and very big man with colossal legs and stupendous marble coat-flaps labelled, “IDDESLEIGH”; found two rows of people waiting at end of corridor leading to Commons.

“Is this the House of Commons?” says JEREMIAH, vainly looking for door-plate.

“It is,” said a Polite Policeman.

“Well, I’ve called upon Mr. SHEEHY,” says JEREMIAH. “Is there a knocker to the House-door, or d’ye ring a bell?”

“No,” says the Policeman. “You send in your cyard.”

JEREMIAH produced “cyard” with a flourish; handed it to Policeman between tips of thumb and finger, as he had seen the gentry do on the stage.

“Maybe,” says JEREMIAH to himself, “if the master’s not at home, they’ll ask me into the kitchen, and give me a drop of something.”

Waited quarter of an hour; then SHEEHY discovered sauntering down corridor.

"Who wants Mr. SHEEHY?" Polite Policeman bawled.

"Troth an' I do," said JEREMIAH.

"Then step inside," said the P.P.

JEREMIAH advanced. SHEEHY, thinking it was a constituent, warmly shook hands with him. JEREMIAH much touched at this

friendliness; SHEEHY evidently going to make things pleasant; so JEREMIAH whispered in his ear,—

"I've got a little summons for you, Sorr. Would you step outside, and accept service?"

"What!" roared SHEEHY, and bolted into House.

"And wid that," said JEREMIAH, mopping his moist forehead, "I

heard nothing more till I was taken before a lot o' gintlemen in a small room with nothing to drink and accused of undermining the British Constitution. It was a sore day when I left Limerick, and when I get back, begorrah, I'll go no more a visiting the gentry."

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee. Very dull. SHEEHY suddenly bolts in; breathlessly declares he has had summons served on him in precincts of the House; uproar; confusion; Select Committee appointed to consider affair; Sitting suspended till Ten o'Clock; then Committee on Land Purchase Bill resumed. Continued at it till early morning, with pretty appearance of nothing particular having happened in meanwhile.

Tuesday.—DONALD CURRIE wants to know what's this about STUART-RENDELL and the G. O. M.? S. R. has placed his house at his disposal during stay in London; now making holiday arrangements for him in the winter; keeping open house at Naples with a back garden and property trees to cut down before breakfast.

"A gross infringement of my patent," says CURRIE. "I invented that at least four years ago. Who took him out touring round the coast in the *Grantully Castle*? Who gave him a cheap trip all round the Island? Who fetched his medicine, and who warmed his gruel? Who smoothed his pillow and looked after him generally?"

"Why you did," I said, entering warmly into his enthusiasm. "And when he got well he made you a Baronet. Now you've joined the other gentlemen of England, and try to thwart his policy."

"Just so; but that sort of thing ought to be protected by law, like any other invention. I don't mind being imitated. Have often heard OLD MORALITY say that the sincerest imitation is flattery. But let due acknowledgment be made. Let STUART RENDELL unto CURRIE the things that are DONALD'S." And the old gentleman, thrusting his hands into trousers' pockets, angrily strode off. Glad he went away just then. So angry that his conversation was getting a little mixed, and he was beginning to look at me as if I had been infringing his patent.



He strode away in anger.

Quiet night in House; much disappointment among Irish Members who know summonses are out against them. Found them wandering about the Corridor where valiant SHEEHY met JEREMIAH SULLIVAN; perambulating outer lobby; knocking up against any man who looks like member of Royal Irish Constabulary; draw a blank. Police wary after last night's scene. Positively decline to serve summonses, and SHEEHY left in sole possession of pre-eminence.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—HOWORTH wants to know how about the Aged P.—not Wemmick's father, who lived in a little wooden cottage at Walworth surrounded by a moat, the object of tenderest solicitude on the part of his son. It was Aged Prelates HOWORTH was anxious about. Seems there are two in England and Wales over seventy-seven, and three whose years have reached fourscore. HOWORTH thinks it's time they should retire. If not, will OLD MORALITY bring in a Bill rendering retirement compulsory? Before he could answer, JOHNSTON, of Ballykilbeg, on his feet, his aggressive beard waving like blood-red flag.

"All very well," he shouted, "to talk about the Aged P., but what about the Aged G.? If some Bishops are seventy-seven and others eighty, how old is GLADSTONE?"

JOHNSTON has 'em there; sits down triumphantly. OLD MORALITY declines to do little sum. "Ha! ha!" says JOHNSTON, truculently waving his blood-red beard.

As for Aged P.'s, OLD MORALITY makes interesting statement that, "the more aged they get, the more active are they in the discharge of their duties and the fuller their possession of their mental faculties." House laughs riotously. But this nothing to its uproarious delight over OLD MORALITY'S summary of the Plan of Campaign at Suakim. British troops ordered to Suakim; storm of anxious questions from all parts of House as to what they are to do there, what will follow on new expedition, and who is to pay the cost?

"I wish," said OLD MORALITY, pulling out his stock of copy-book headings, "to be perfectly frank and candid with the House. A few battalions of troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and they will be moved back again from Suakim to Cairo."

House roared with laughter. ABRAHAM (Glamorganshire, not Arabia), inflating his bosom, softly sings:—

"The gallant Duke of York! he had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to top of hill, and marched them down again."

OLD MORALITY began to feel uncomfortable. Surely hadn't made another joke like last week, when he dropped into declaration of Home Rule principles? Hurriedly turned over copy-book headings. No; there it was all right. Firmly repeated. "Troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and would be moved back from Suakim to Cairo." House goes into shrieks of laughter. OLD MORALITY, gazing round with dumbly inquiring look, concludes he had better sit down, which he does.

"They're too much for me, sometimes, TOBY," he said wearily. "Suddenly break out laughing when I was never so serious in my life."

Pretty lively night all through till Half-past Eleven, when news comes from Holborn. Satisfaction impartially distributed. First it was said Liberal had got in; Opposition rose like one man and madly cheered; turned out that Conservative had kept the seat; Ministerialists up now, vociferously shouting. Each having had their turn, both went home.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill read Third Time.

Friday.—A good long grind at Committee of Supply. Got many votes—one on behalf of distressed Spaniards, who rendered assistance to Great Britain in time of Peninsular War. Only five of these remarkably lusty persons living. Money cheerfully voted, in spite of nasty remarks from Irish Members.

"Must be getting on in life now," said HOWORTH. "Aged Prelates nothing to these Aged Peninsulars, who fought against BONAPARTE eighty-four years ago."

"There is nothing further from my intention than to hide anything from the House," said OLD MORALITY, who had recovered his spirits; "but Age is always Venerable." That settled it. Vote agreed to.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.



Letter-writer to the *Times*.
"Let me at him!"

A GROVE OF BLARNEY.

SIR G. G., Director of the Royal College of Music, wrote last week to the *Times* a letter, complaining that nobody knows anything about the Scholarships of his Institution the R. C. M. The letter was evidently intended for a musical setting, and not having time at our disposal for this, we will just give one extract, with our idea of what it wants to make it half effective, so as to reach the masses.

He wrote thus:—"The Prince of Wales" (*Triumphal Hymn*—"Bless the Prince," &c.), "with great wisdom" (*Harps and trumpets; wind and string; obbligate pomposo*), "as it seems to me" (so 'umble! bless him! *Violin squirmoso* . . . But it is well to remind Sir G. G. that Sir A. S. has already used this very phrase in the great duet



Sir George Grove writing a long note.

between *Bouncer* and *Cox*, in *Cox and Box*, "Or as it seems to me," "precisely," "quite so," "then we both agree," &c.), "ordained," (*full orchestra, fortissimo crasho, majestissimo grandissimo*)—and then follows what the superior wisdom had ordained; namely, that throughout the length and breadth of the land the municipal bodies should make known the existence of these scholarships which are like the Waverley Pen "a boon and a blessing to men." So mote it be! After *Mr. Punch* has suggested the proper musical form of publicity, it ought not, at all events, to be Sir GEORGE GROVE of Blarney's fault, if his ships, his well-found scholar-ships, are not duly manned.

MR. PUNCH'S "CHRISTMAS ANNUAL" ALPHABET.

A is the Christmas Annual (so called, you may remember, Because it's set-up in July, and published in September).
B is the Baby stealing jam—with pinafore and fist messy! (This style of "Coloured Subject" is considered very Christmassy.)
C is the Carol, sung in snow. If anybody bets on it, [on it. We'll wager there's a window-blind somewhere, with silhouettes
D is the Dancing in the Hall, where you'll a tiny flirt see In rollicking "Sir Roger" make her Grandpapa a curtsy.
E is the Editorial, which explains each illustration. (In many cases *not* a work of super-erogation!)
F is the Fun, which *we* should not—perhaps we're hyper-critical!—At any other time of year particularly witty call.
G is the Girl with tennis-bat, inside a hammock sleeping, Charming, and with the Season, too, so thoroughly in keeping!
H stands for Holly. Formerly some pretty maid with joy cut it, If Artists brought in Holly *now*—the Editor would boycott it!
I is the Ice, of course, a crowd of merry school-boys skating on it—But, as the subject's overdone, we need not be dilating on it.
J is the Jollity in which all hearts should join harmonic; But Annuals "in the movement" take a point of view sardonic.
K's Kissing 'neath the Mistletoe. Once *everyone* was doing it: All high-class Illustrators now are rigidly tabooing it.
L is the Log they burnt at Yule. 'Tis long ago since *we* did it! These patent gas-stoves possibly have somewhat superseded it.
M stands for Mistletoe—and here *we* should require apology, Did *we* omit some mention of "Druidical Theology."
N is the Novelist whose tale is portioned 'mongst the pictures. (As no one ever reads it, he is safe from any strictures.)
O is Originality—why hanker for a touch of it? [of it! The Public's quite contented, though they mayn't be given much
P's Pathos; if your eye is moist, be not ashamed to dab it! It is a touching subject—"Child, with invalided rabbit."
Q is the Queen of Twelfth Night Feast, by drawing lots elected, But that comes after Christmas, and may safely be neglected!
R stands for Robin. How upon his breast they used to dash on The liberal crimson! now the bird is fallen out of fashion.
S is the Satire, harmless chaff on Persons in Society. ("Smart" Annuals supply it now in every variety.)

T's a good Title: "SELKIRK hears the distant church-bells chime." Or—"Prehistoric Christmas, in the Tertiary Time."

U is the Undecided Man, who tries to choose an Annual, [new all! From the dozens on the bookstall, where they look so spick and span

V is the Verse, which Editors o'er vacant spaces scatter, It generally rhymes and scans—if not, it wouldn't matter!

W's the Wrapper; as a work of Art, it is surprising, And forms the best of mediums, too, for those who're advertising.

X is the Xtra Supplement. Subscribers who are slatterns, May find their taste corrected by the "Gratis Sheet of Patterns."

Y stands for Yule—a term which makes some people rather restive, But it means the same as "Christmas," and, in print, it looks more festive!

Z is the Zest with which (although there's little new or funny in 'em), We pounce upon the Annuals, and invest our surplus money in 'em.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MISTAKEN PRESCRIPTION.—You have totally misread our recipe. It was not three "pints" of Condyl's Fluid that you were to have added to the basin of water which was to have served as a refreshing lotion for your face, but three *drops*. The result, of course, can only have been what you have described. We are not surprised to hear that your face has become a deep rich orange-brown. This is, of course, a little awkward, if you happen to be dining out. But you must not be impatient. It will possibly wear itself off in the course of a few months.

A STRENGTHENING REGIMEN.—When you say that you feel at times "as if a steam-roller were going over you," you describe your symptoms, no doubt, accurately, but there is really nothing serious the matter with you. You had, however, perhaps, better take a tumbler of hot cod-liver oil, mixed with rum, before your meals, five times a day, and every half-hour a good wine-glass of Bloxter's Dyspeptic Elixir, alternating this, if you find the former pall a little upon you, with a quart of real turtle, water-gruel, or Fincher's Prepared Magnesia Paste. Keep to a generous diet, and eat as much pork, pastry, pickles, cheese, cucumbers, anchovies, and walnuts, as you can conveniently manage. Should the slight giddiness you mention continue, or even increase, after you have habituated yourself to this diet, endeavour to run a mile immediately after every meal, when no doubt it will pass off. A persistent effort in this direction for six months will make another man of you. By the bye, do not forget your hot mustard plunge-bath before going to bed every night.

HUNTING PROBLEM.—It is a pity that before inviting your sporting friends down to your new "place," and promising them a mount, you did not discover that not a pack of hounds met anywhere within twenty-five miles of it. However, you are evidently doing your best to remedy your mistake. Your sending off a cheque for ten pounds to the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, with a request that the Manager would forward you "immediately by return" a miscellaneous dozen of them, and your opening negotiations with the local circus to which you refer, to get up something like a meet on your lawn on the morrow of your friends' arrival, were both happy inspirations. Perhaps the circus people might be able to supply you with a tame fox, or, if nothing better could be found, even a performing bear, which would almost complete your arrangements for your anticipated "run." If your friends are not very "keen," we dare say you will pull the thing through comfortably enough. Anyhow, we shall be glad to hear from you how it has gone off.

ECONOMICAL WEDDING PRESENT.—We should certainly have thought that the young couple you mention would have been highly delighted with the three-and-sixpenny set of bedroom fire-irons with which you presented them, and would much have appreciated your kind offer to change them either for a black coal scuttle, metal gravy spoon, rolling-pin or kitchen umbrella if they would rather have preferred one of the above-named articles, and we cannot understand your having received no acknowledgment of your gift. As, however, the presents will probably be displayed at the wedding breakfast, and ticketed with the donor's names, perhaps you might find it more agreeable to be out of the way. We should advise you to absent yourself from the ceremony.

LATEST ADDITION TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Delight of Moore on hearing that Burgess had been made an R.A.

Produce a thing it would more truly please your eye to rest on?

Sir F. L-ght-n. Most admirable, ALMA! When the chisel or the pencil [utensil, Of the true Promethean artist shapes the humblest house—Then the chill Philistine world will feel "the vital flame of beauty,"

A consummation we must aid. 'Tis clearly Art's first duty.

M-rks. Of course! A common kettle is a brutal bit of work; But when 'tis no more "Sukey," but a penguin, crane, or stork, With a handle like a pair of wings, a spout that's like a beak, Then, by Jove! it knocks CELLINI to the middle of next week.

Sir F. L-ght-n. Your rhetoric, my M-RKS, is not too sugary or saccharine.

M-rks. Well, I don't mind something prettyish to put my beer or bacca in;

But as to pretty-pretty in my patter—that's all flummery.

Sir F. L-ght-n. Well, your kettle does you credit, though your style is somewhat summary.

The true receptive readiness, the growing malleability, The definite intuition, the æsthetical agility, That England lacks so sadly, will, no doubt, increase by culture, And a fork that's like an eagle, or a spoon that apes a vulture, Perchance in time will turn a guzzling Aldermanic ninny Into a much more suitable companion for a PLINY.

Fancy Philistia civilised through the kitchen and the pantry Pompeii left a blessed bequest than—we'll say CHANTREY.

Orch-rds-n. From bluntness of perception there's no doubt the public suffers,

But this decorative candlestick, and these æsthetic snuffers, I fancy ought to fetch it, and to make in its dull head room For an adequate perception of Art-beauty in the bedroom.

Sir F. L-ght-n. I'm glad you take my cue, dear Q., and see that what I simply meant [plement.

Was this, that Art should permeate the humblest household im-M-l-s. Simply! Well, that's a twister. Though you're truly Ciceronian,

In exuberant verbosity you're transcendently Gladstonian, I won't say meretricious, that would make your fine taste queasy, But I'm hanged if you are simple, and I'm dashed if you are easy.

That "fire-germ of living beauty," in a lamp now, or a ladle, In a spit, or in a pipkin, in a cauldron or a cradle, What precisely is its meaning?

G-d-ll. Look at my Perambulator, And I think you'll twig at once, JOHN. As Domestic Decorator I conceive I've found my *métier*.

P-ynt-r. Then I hope you won't get out of it! The Pap-Bowl is important in its way, there's not a doubt of it. [relish it

'Tis the Englishman's Palladium, but do you think he'll A morsel more, if, with Minerva's owl, we chaps embellish it?

Sir F. L-ght-n. That precisely is the object of our latest Art evangel. [an angel.

M-l-s. Well, upon the strings of eloquence you "fiddle like But we are not now at Liverpool, nor with CELLINI toiling. How can we banish Ugliness, yet keep our own pots boiling? That's what I want to know, dear boy!

Sir F. L-ght-n. No longer worship Mammon!

M-l-s. Humph! Coming from us fellows, don't you think that sounds like gammon?

Sir F. L-ght-n. Let's generate an atmosphere that does not reek of money;

Shun all that smacks of clap-trap, or is focussed to the funny. Yes! Glittering gold should have no fascination for the Master, [plaster.

His aim should always be High Art, though clothed in vulgar

M-l-s. Mine is in meerschau, as you see, this time. But fancy smoking [joking.

My well-loved baccy in this thing! Sir FREDERICK, you are Can we expect the public to develop "intuition"

Upon what's set before it at our Annual Exhibition,

Where the vulgar and the vapid, like the gazers, crush and jostle?

Of course, FRED, if a fellow means to be an Art Apostle

And take his vows of poverty—

All. Oh, hang it, that's not good enough!

M-l-s. And toil enough, and stint enough, and o'er his labour brood enough, [and Fashion—

And shun the Swells, and cut the Clubs, and chuck up Fun

In fact pursue his mission with self-sacrificing passion;

He may, perchance, in time, assist in definitely moulding

That public taste which you have been so eloquently scolding.

But—who is going to begin? Mammon must be resisted,

If the best talent in the Cause of Beauty be enlisted.

Her cause is a most glorious one, we Artists should be leal to it;

But if we'd smash the Golden Calf, 'tis clear we must not kneel to it!



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Doctor. "WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO—YOU MUST GO YACHTING FOR NINE MONTHS!"

Patient. "OH! THAT COSTS SO MUCH MONEY—BESIDES I'M A BAD SAILOR—IS THERE NO ALTERNATIVE?"

Doctor. "WELL—YES—BY NO MEANS AN EXPENSIVE ONE—NOR ONE THAT WILL MAKE YOU SICK! DON'T EAT SO MUCH!" [Patient chooses the Yacht.

OH (FOLK) LAW!

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his Presidential address to the members of the Folk Lore Society, alluded to modern slang expressions as belonging to a branch of popular etymology. He particularly alluded to the "Oof bird," which, he said, "he understood to refer in some way to the accumulation of wealth." He suggested that it might be argued that "Oof was a corruption of the French *œuf*, an egg, and that reference was made to the Goose with the Golden Eggs." Always ready to assist historical research, Mr. Punch gives a few ancient phrases, with their probable derivations:—

"All Round my Hat!" Evidently connected with the noble house of CECIL, who resided at Hatfield. Queen ELIZABETH once visited a SALISBURY at Hatfield, and, doubtless, asked to be taken "round."

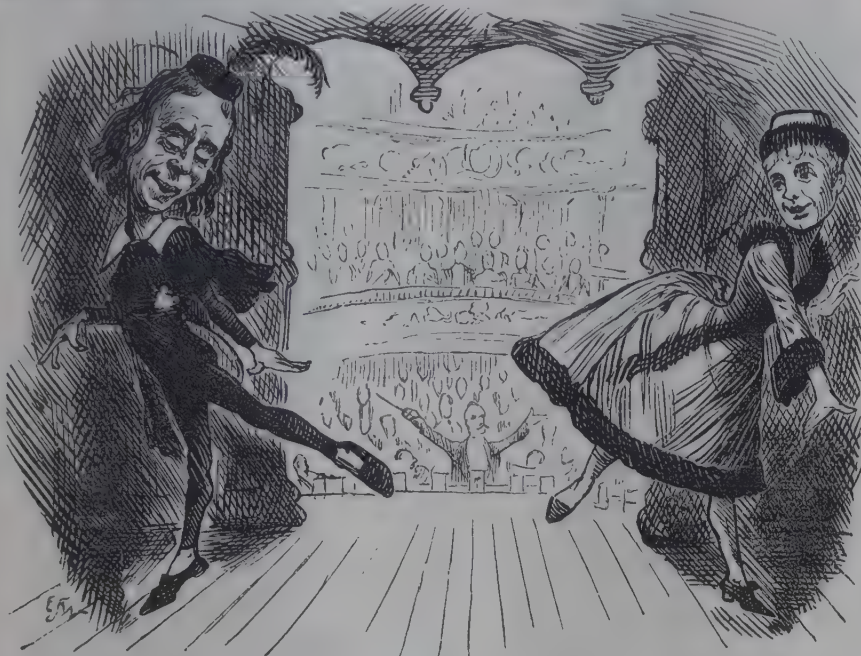
"Pop Goes the Weasel!" Connected with the spending of money = "That's the way the money goes—Pop goes the Weasel!" To "pop" is a quaint expression for raising money on the security of personalty of an insignificant description. "Pop goes the Weasel" may be read, "the weasel goes pop—or popping," i.e., visits a pawnbroker. Why a weasel should have been selected is unknown, unless the animal was the crest of some of the earlier Lombards. This is not impossible, as a weasel is described as a creature that can never be caught slumbering; denoting, therefore, a fund of extra intelligence.

"Or any other Man." This catch-phrase was very popular some ten or twenty years (time passes so swiftly) ago. No doubt it should be "author man." An "author" man is, nine times out of ten, superior to any one else, and thus the saying, which was originated with a view to create attention, is calculated to carry out that object. It is said that it was invented in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, but this may be because the first to use the phrase was a Christy Minstrel, who may have been a descendant of the guard that attended the dowry of Madras which the swarthy STEWART took on his marriage to his wife.

It need be scarcely added that Mr. Punch will be glad to receive any further information on the subject that any member of the Folk-Lore Society may be pleased to send to him. He would receive it for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," as their President Merry ANDREW would say.

PLAY-TIME ALL ROUND.

ARTHUR ROBERTS himself is as funny as ever in the new *opéra bouffe*, *Nadgy*, at the Avenue Theatre, though he has not been provided with sufficient material for his exuberant humour; that is, up to now. His lesson in deportment to the Ladies, especially when he shows them how to behave at a Linen-draper's, is capital fun. But I expect that, about Christmas-time, there will be something introduced into the Third Act, where the fun somewhat flags. The "Zim zim zig-a-zig" duet is amusing, and obtains as many encores as ARTHUR ROBERTS and his very talented assistant Mlle. VANONI



The two Zig-a-Zigs showing a clean pair of heels to the Audience. feel inclined to take. When they are exhausted, they shake the dust of the stage off their shoes at the wings, and, unfortunately, have no other scene together.

Nadgy has a good plot and some smart dialogue, and the Composer has hit upon some pretty melodies, of which the most taking, if not the best, is the tenor song, admirably given by the still "Jolly" party of the name of TAPLEY. MR. MARSH has very little to sing or do, but he does that little well; and Miss GIULIA WARWICK looks every inch a Princess, and a little over, and she makes the most of the not very effective music that falls to her share. MR. DALLAS, as the gay old *Margrave*—(I wonder ARTHUR ROBERTS doesn't call him "Margate" by accident, and then make a mistake, and address him as "Ramsgate," and then as "Pegwell")—is just what I should imagine a gay old *Margrave* would be if he were MR. DALLAS. He has some funny lines to deliver, and now and then, like Cox, in *Box and Cox*, he "joins in a chorus," and, as an Irish witness from the Special Commission would say, "he occasionally takes his part in a solo."

Miss SALLIE TURNER is one of the merriest sallies in the piece. ARTHUR ROBERTS, to whom I cannot help returning, as, after all, or before all, he is the principal attraction, is irresistibly comic in his sentimental speeches, which invariably terminate with a request that he may be allowed to explain a little puzzle. *Nadgy* is bright and lively; dresses and scenes brilliant. Mons. MARIUS has put it on the stage in first-rate style. "A Mons a Mons for a' that!" as anybody may exclaim who has an *opéra bouffe* to produce, and is looking out for a Stage Manager. I suppose that, as the piece here owes all its success to MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the audience on a first night don't call for "Author! Author!" but for "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" Can anything of this sort be a failure with him in it? and ROBERTS + VANONI = Certain Success. Q. E. D.

Plenty of stir in the Operatic World. *Dorothy* still running: has run over to the Lyric. *Paul Jones* coming to the Prince of Wales's. Perhaps before Pooh-Bah-rington & Co. decide on the withdrawal



Princess Giulia Warwick, "Oh! he's my Marsh!"

of W. S. GILBERT's Pooh-Bah-rington Hall at the St. James's, Sir ARTHUR may be called in to introduce a duet between Miss NEILSON, who, I hear, has a nice voice, and Pooh-Bah-rington, with a dance modelled on that of the Dancing Quakers or the P.-Bah and JESSIE BOND's eccentric *pas de deux* in *Ruddigore*. The introduction might be too late to save the piece, but it would make a fine festive finish for the last night, and would draw one big house at all events, to speed the parting guest. In answer to numerous inquiries, the first initial in W. S. GILBERT's name does stand for WILLIAM, but the second—the "S"—does not stand for SHAKESPEARE.

DRURIOLANUS is busy with his Pantomime. He does the thing thoroughly. Not a big head that he doesn't try on, not a trap on which he doesn't go down, or be shot up. Not a wire that is to carry a fairy that either he, or his indefatigable private secretary and literary adviser, does not fly across the stage upon, before allowing a *fée* or a *coryphée* to essay it. The flying fairies are so fond of their profession, that they soon become strongly attached to the wires that are to carry them. Fact. *The Babes in the Wood* is, as every one now knows, the subject. What are the odds against something being said about a "whine in the wood" in the course of the Pantomime? Last night of *Armada* on the 15th and abdication of Queen ELIZABETH. PRIVATE BOX.

VOCES POPULI.

A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

SCENE—A Hotel Billiard-room—anywhere. MR. BALK and MR. FOOTLER discovered about to begin a game. Captain HAZARD and MR. SPOTTESBARDE, who have come in just too late to secure the table, seat themselves on bench, and look on. A Friend of MR. FOOTLER's is smoking in the background.

Capt. Hazard (in an undertone to Mr. S.). They won't be long. We shall get a game before they close—it's only a quarter-past ten now.

Mr. Footler (a weedy, limp man, with spectacles, and a mild expression). It's ages since I've touched a cue—you ought to give me something, really.

Mr. Balk (short, stout, and self-satisfied). All right! How much?—will seventy do?

Mr. F. (a little hurt). Oh, I'm not so bad as all that—say twenty-five. [Chooses a cue with great circumspection.]

Mr. Footler's Friend. I shall put a shilling on you, FREDDY, my boy—so play up!

Mr. Balk. I'll break. I always make it a rule to play for safety. (Makes a miss in baulk, but manages somehow to leave his ball near centre pocket). Ah! (with an air of reproaching somebody else) too fine, too fine!

Mr. F. (chalking his cue). You've left me a chance there. Let me see—perhaps I'd better leave you where you are for the present, hit the red first, and come back to you afterwards? I think that's the better game.

Capt. H. (aside, to Mr. S.). Seems to think he's playing parlour croquet!

Mr. F. (after shifting the position of his left hand several times, and agitating the end of his cue, misses red ball, and lands himself eventually in corner pocket). I've let you off, you see! Now how the dickens did I do that, I wonder?

Mr. B. Can't say, I'm sure—that's three to me (after playing). Ha! I've left 'em for you again.

Mr. F. I can't do anything. . . . There, didn't I tell you so? But I've saved my miss, anyway!

Mr. B. (walking round table). I ought to do something here. Yes, I shall hit the red very fine, and go in off him into the left-hand top-pocket—that's the proper game (plays). Te-hee! Too much side on!

Capt. H. (sotto voce). He's right there!

Mr. Footler (flurried). My turn, is it? But—er—where's my ball—eh?

Mr. Balk (good-humouredly). Why, you see, you got into one of the pockets, old fellow, out of my way.

Mr. F. Ha! ha! So I did. I—I thought it was the best thing to do. What's the game, Marker?

Marker. Twenty-seven. Three.

Mr. F. I don't like potting my adversary's ball—but you leave me no choice. [Plays.]

Marker. Three. Twenty-seven.

Mr. Balk (encouragingly). Very near, very near, Sir. Well, you haven't left me much.

Mr. F. (laughing feebly). No, I—I couldn't afford to. (Mr. BALK makes an easy cannon). Oh, good shot!

Mr. B. (complacently). Ah, I'm getting my eye in now.

[Strikes sharply, and sends ball off the table.]

Capt. H. (aside). (He'll be getting somebody's eye out presently! Mr. B. (receiving ball). Thanks—much obliged. (Explanatorily to F.) I put rather too much screw on that time.

Mr. F. (with pride). That's another to me, Marker!

[Makes a cannon.

Mr. B. (patronisingly). There, you see, you can hit 'em when you take a little trouble. Not a bad stroke at all.

Mr. F. (modestly). I'm afraid it was a bit of a fluke. Oh, I go on playing, don't I? That's two to me, Marker—(after playing again) . . . and another to this gentleman.

Mr. B. (plays, and makes another cannon). I played for that, Creeping up to you, FOOTLER, eh!

[Later. Mr. FOOTLER's score is thirty-five—Mr. BALK's, nineteen. Mr. FOOTLER is benignly patronising; Mr. BALK gloomy, and inclined to cavil.

Mr. F. (beaming with honest pleasure). Five more to me, Marker! I hope you're keeping the score correctly?

Mr. B. Well, you aren't going to tell me you tried for that! . . . Two more! Come, I say—it's impossible to play against such flukes as that—you played to go in off the red.

Mr. F. Oh, n-not altogether . . . (misses). There, you can't say I didn't try for that!

Mr. B. (scanning the cloth). Um—don't like this at all . . . Shan't score this time. (He doesn't). Now you've got me! (Gloomily).

[Mr. F. plays, and makes three.

Mr. B. (disgustedly). There, I never saw the balls run as they do for you in all my life!

Mr. F. (generously). Well, you're not in form to-night—I can see that.

Mr. B. Form! What good's form against such infernal fluking? There—go on—it's you to play!

Mr. F. I was just looking round the table, that's all. Well, I shall have a shot at the double event . . . Oh, hard luck!

Mr. B. (growling). Hard luck? Hard stroke, you mean! (Plays.) Was that a cannon, Marker?

Marker (imperturbably). No, Sir—nothing, Sir.

Mr. B. (hopelessly). It's no use—they won't run for me to-night! Mr. Footler. Here, Marker, jigger, please. Is the red ball clear of the cushion?

Marker (inspecting it). Good half-inch, Sir!

Mr. F. Then that's my game. (After playing.) Phew! a mile off! You may beat me yet, old fellow.

Mr. B. Not to-night. I can't do anything. . . . There, ever see anything like that in your life?

Capt. H. (in an undertone). I'm hanged if I ever did! They ought to rent a table by the week if they want to play a game out!

Mr. F. Long game this! Tell you what, BALK, if you like to take that twenty-five back, I've no objection!

Mr. F.'s Friend. Oh, I say—and how about my shilling?

Mr. B. (annoyed). Don't be too confident, FOOTLER; I shall catch you up yet. I play a waiting game.

Capt. H. Jove—and so do we!

Mr. B. I wouldn't make too sure of that shilling, JONES, the game isn't over yet by a long way.

Marker (confidentially). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but it's getting late, and those other Gentlemen are waiting to play—would you mind playing fifty instead of a hundred up? Makes a shorter game, Gentlemen.

Mr. F. Well, I'm quite willing.

Mr. B. Of course you are! But I never meant to give you twenty-five in fifty—I'd give nobody such long odds as that.

Mr. F. Then, look here, suppose we play fifty up, and you take twenty-five—that'll make you forty-six to my forty-seven.

Mr. B. (brightening visibly). That's fair enough—all right, Forty-six-ty-seven, Marker. I shall have a chance now. (Lies on table and, in making stroke, kicks Mr. F. in waistcoat.) Conf—FOOTLER, I shall have that stroke over again.

Mr. F. (removing to a safe distance). I shall take good care I don't!

Mr. B. (after missing again). Of course I knew I shouldn't bring a stroke like that off twice running—(bitterly)—you ought to run out easily, now!

Mr. F. (trembling with excitement). Oh, I'm not so sure about that. [Aims jerkily.

Jones (his Friend). Mind what you're about, old fellow—remember I've a shilling on you!

Mr. F. (after missing). Hang it, JONES! I wish you'd wait for the stroke—it's enough to put any fellow out!

Mr. BALK. Forty-seven all! (Plays.) Was that a kiss, Marker?

Marker (impassively). No, Sir; 'nother miss, Sir.

Mr. Footler. I'll make it safe this time. (Plays.) Pah, never got near it!

Mr. BALK. Now then—(plays)—tut-tut, not legs enough!

Capt. H. (aside). Legs! a centipede wouldn't have enough for him!

Mr. Footler. Forty-nine—forty-eight. This is getting devilish exciting! (Plays.) Oh, dear me, that's another to you—I must be careful now!

Mr. BALK. Oh, you're all right—I shan't get anything to-night.

Mr. Footler (amiably, as Mr. B. is aiming). Have some more chalk?

Mr. B. (angrily). Chalk! what the—there, it's all your . . . wait a bit—it's not going to be a miss, anyway . . . it's—hi! go on—go on, can't you! (Ball wavers a few seconds, and drops into pocket.) Game to me! (Magnanimously.) Well, FOOTLER, you play a finer game than I thought you did, but I fancy I should beat you by more than this on a better table, and then you started twenty-five to the good, you know! Capital exercise, billiards—the King of indoor games!

[Mr. F. puts on his coat sulkily.

Marker to Capt. H. and Mr. S. (who have risen eagerly). Very sorry, Gentlemen, close on 'alfpast eleven, Gentlemen—closing time!

Mr. F. (to Mr. Jones). Well, old fellow, if I didn't quite pull it off, you'll admit you had a good run for your money!

[Mr. BALK walks out with restored complacency. Mr. FOOTLER follows with Mr. JONES in a more resigned frame of mind. The Captain and his Friend reserve their remarks until they are alone. Lights extinguished as Scene closes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Co." draws attention to *Among the Turks*, by V. L. CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., as a first-rate story of adventure by land and sea; also *In Palace and Faubourg*, by "C. J. G." (who is he?), which is very interesting, specially for youthful Marionettes—Co. begs pardon—*lapsus calami*—would have said, "Marie Antoinettes,"—if considered as a Christmas book by the publishers, NELSON AND SONS. NELSON (AND SONS) expect every man this Christmas-time to do his duty. Has NELSON a column to himself in some paper, as his great namesake has in Trafalgar Square? But, *à propos* of Trafalgar Square, I must move on. "Next, please, Co."



The Story-telling Album. By WELLS, DARTON & Co. Co. cannot conscientiously encourage children in story-telling, but this is an exception, and to be recommended. Easy stories ("It is as easy as . . . story-telling"—*Hamlet* politely adapted), and bea—u—tiful pictures. Boys will like *That Bother of a Boy*, which is the story of an Imp, by GRACE STEBBING; and some amusement may be found in *The Moderate Man*, issued by publishers who have been Downey enough to get HARRY FURNISS to illustrate it.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are reproducing Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Books. They ought to be very popular; they were, once upon a time. But, personally speaking for myself, and not for "Co.," I never could read one of them, and can't now.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH's "*Christmas Posy*" is first-rate, and entitles the authoress to be called Mother Bunch. Same MACMILLANS bring out double Christmas number of *English Illustrated Magazine*, which keeps up its literary and artistic prestige. The Quill Pen-elopes of *London Society* (Christmas number of course) are Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON (always pleasant reading), Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mrs. FLORENCE MARRYAT. When will these three meet again? Next Christmas probably. Good company these three ladies when you're training down to the country for Christmas.

My faithful "Co." reports that he has been reading with great delight a *Crack County*, by Mrs. E. KENNARD, which he fancies is either a hunting story, or the rough sketch for the *scenario* of a Christmas Pantomime. He inclines to the latter belief, as he finds such names as *Lord Littelbrain*, and *General Proseboy*, which remind him of the customary lines in the play-bills,—"Cricketers—Messrs. GLOVES, STUMPS, BATS, and BALLS;" and "Lawyers—Messrs. COSTS, WRITS, and SUMMONS." If it is a hunting story, and only a hunting story, why then it is equally interesting, especially the earlier chapters of the first volume, in which is recorded a run after a fox in a fog! He, however, was sorry to notice that the fair Authoress is rather too fond of making her hunting-men use strong language. Had the novel been illustrated, no doubt it would have found a place in the Library of the late Mr. Jorrocks.

"Co." was under a misapprehension last week in putting down the pretty *Rosebud Annual* to Messrs. G. WARNE—it is published by JAMES CLARKE & Co. "Co." has been Warne'd. By the way, the *Australian Flowers Album*, with frames in the flowers for holding photographs, is, Co. thinks, very "tasty." There's humour in this idea of SMITH AND DOWNE's, if you only select the right people to fill the spaces, as some faces set among the flowers do seem so appropriately placed.

B. DE B.-W. & Co.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Mrs. de la Bore-Brown (to Jones, who, instead of listening to her Story, has been deeply interested in what young Smith is saying to Miss Robinson). "AND NOW, TELL ME CANDIDLY—WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IN MY PLACE?"

"REMEMBER!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

Shade of Gordon, loquitur:—

ONCE more into the Desert, once again
Treading the sands scarce free of the red stain
Left by your lost slain thousands? Back once more
To face the swarthy spearmen's rush and roar
With a mere handful? Can it really be?
Have you forgotten El Obeid—and Me?
Beware! What matter who your hosts may head,
That SALISBURY leads now where GLADSTONE led?
The doom of vacillation is the same,
Helpless confusion, failure, and disface.
Yours to determine, lessoned by a past
At which your stoutest patriots stood aghast,
Yours to determine whether once again
The bravest English breasts should faint with pain,
With shame should sicken, at the piteous sight
Of Policy, the prey of Party fight.
Sinkat, Tokar, Khartoum! These names should teach
E'en slaves of purse-strings, dupes of flowing speech
How shambling statecraft may go blundering on,
Till, Valour paralysed, and Honour gone,
E'en the Exchequer finds how scant the gain
That comes from friends betrayed and heroes slain.

Remember! What you do, do well, at once!
He who, thrice schooled, forgets, is worse than dunce.
Yon is no region for the paltering pranks
Of trimmers tame from Party's rival ranks.
Withdraw your foot from out those treacherous sands,
Or plant it firmly there. The desert bands,
Their desperate valour in unequal fight,
The swift evasion of their trackless flight,
You know. Send no more knots of men to fall
In a lone waste or by a ruined wall.

Send them no more, I say, nor be content
To sit in sullen silence while they're sent,
Pushed here and there like pawns, without an aim,
By bungling players of a blindfold game.
Yours the responsibility at last,
As yours the shame by such dishonour cast;
Be yours the resolution! Still Khartoum,
But named, clouds every English face with gloom.
'Twas there such fumbling policy as this
Found tragic issue. Can you—dare you—miss
The obvious moral? Caution is not crime,
But feebleness is guilt. Be warned in time!

READ THIS! AN UNPARALLELED PRIZE!

How to Get a Healthy Circulation in the Cold Weather.

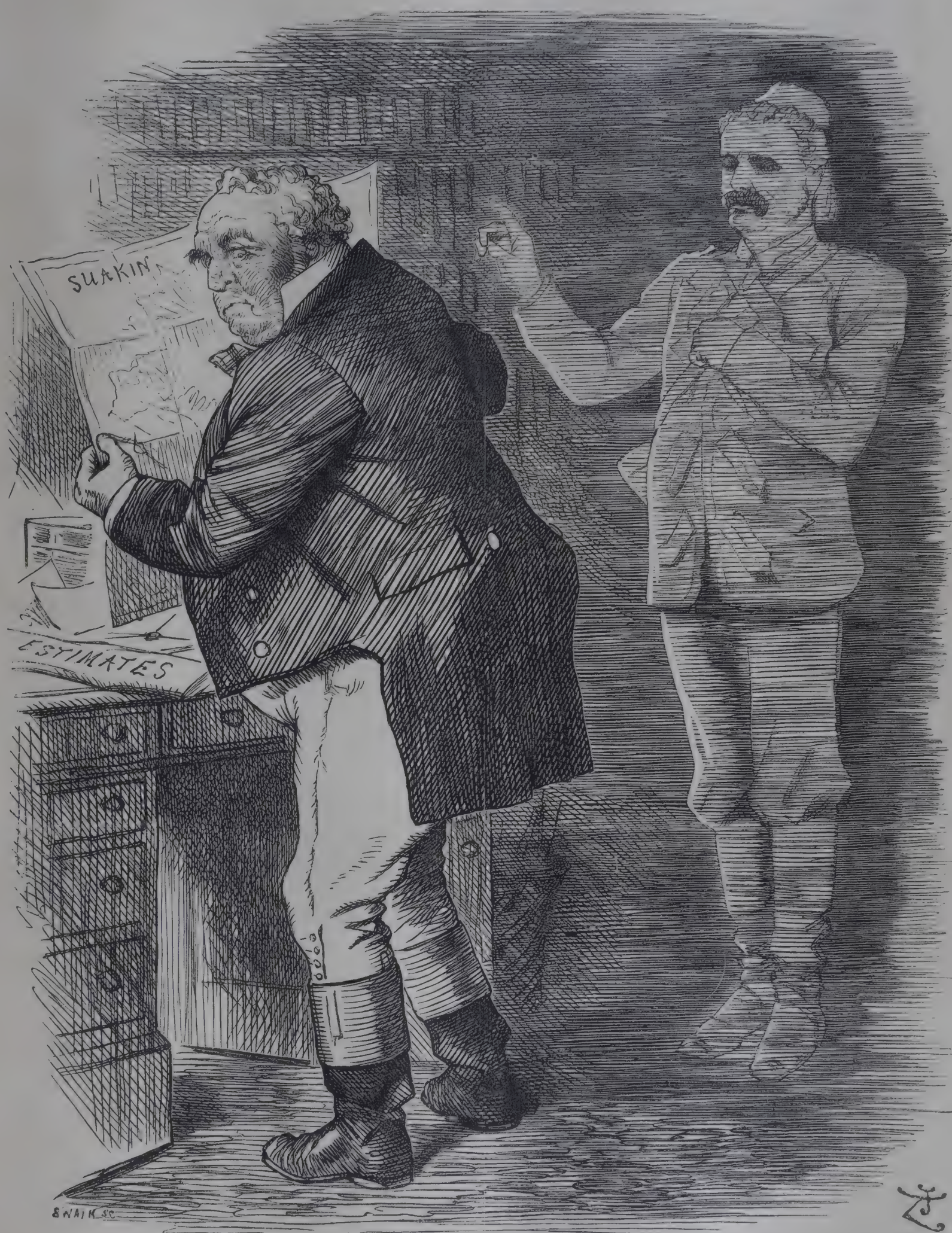
CHAMPION SQUIBS' UNPRECEDENTEDLY GENEROUS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

IN reply to our offer of one guinea for the best suggestion as to what would be at once the most popular and the most unique Prize for a successful answer sent in to our Christmas Conundrum, we (*Champion Illustrated Squibs*) have received bushels of answers, of which we print a few specimens.

"CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER" writes—"I think you couldn't do better than give one bound volume of your delightful paper to the successful Competitor. True, its market price is only about seven shillings, but I consider it worth ten times that sum, and so I am sure will all your other readers who, like me, have no professional connection whatever with your marvellous pennyworth."

"GENEROUS SOUL" says—"You do not state the limit of money value for the Christmas Prize. However, knowing how munificent you are, or wish to be thought, I fancy you could not do better than offer two *Special Private Pullman Cars*, one for meals, and the other for sleeping, such as the CZAR of RUSSIA uses, with a free pass for, say, twenty persons for one whole year, over all the railways of England and Scotland. This would get you a lot of readers among railway travellers."

"PALE STUDENT," who does not seem quite to have grasped what our design for Christmas is, writes as follows:—"I hear that you



“REMEMBER!”

SHADE OF GORDON. “IF YOU MEAN TO SEND HELP, DO IT THOROUGHLY, AND—DO IT AT ONCE!!”

wish to do something *really surprising*. Well, what could be a greater surprise to your readers than if your Christmas Number were to simply contain, instead of the usual short stories and borrowed scraps, humorous and otherwise (especially otherwise), the *whole* of MILTON'S 'Paradise Lost,' printed 'in extenso'? It might not largely increase your circulation, and in fact would probably ruin the paper, but think what an impetus it would give to the spread of a taste for high-class literature!"

"PRACTICAL" says:—"Why not make your prize something really Christmassy? I would suggest half a prize bullock for the most successful competitor, ten prime turkeys for second, a monster plum pudding for third, and so on through geese and fowls to a modest kippered herring. In this way you would share the advantages offered among a large number."

As none of the above suggestions are quite satisfactory, we have decided to keep the guinea for ourselves, and to select the following:—

UNPRECEDENTED YULE-TIDE OFFERING!

as our first prize (the only one) for the forthcoming festive season.

A Full-size African Rhinoceros will be despatched to the private residence of the person fortunate enough to give, in our judgment, the best answer to the conundrum which will be published in our next week's issue. In order to increase the pleasurable surprise when it arrives at the door, we shall give *no notice of its coming!* Thus, all our readers, successful or not, will share in the anxious expectancy consequent on the possible uncaging in their street of this truly noble quadruped. A special ship has been chartered to bring the animal over from the Congo; and we should advise the prize-taker to secure it in his back garden by a chain attached to the most solid thing in the neighbourhood. It is probable that cats will avoid the garden, and so a double advantage will be reaped by the fortunate owner.

N.B.—Should any difficulty be experienced with the animal, Messrs. CARTER, PATERSON & Co. would, if applied to, peremptorily *decline* to call for it with one of their vans. Our readers will admit that no such prize as this has ever before been offered by any English journal.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 14.—A red-letter day. Our first important party since we have been in this house. I got home early from the City. LUPIN



insisted on having a hired waiter, and stood a half-dozen of champagne. I think this an unnecessary expense, but LUPIN said he had had a piece of luck, having made three pounds out of a private deal in the City. I hope he won't gamble in his new situation. The supper-room looked so nice, and CARRIE truly said, "We need not be ashamed of its being seen by Mr. PERKUPP, should he honour us by coming."

I dressed early in case people should arrive punctually at 8 o'clock, and was much vexed to find my new dress trousers much too short. LUPIN, who is getting

beyond his position, found fault with my wearing ordinary boots instead of dress boots. I replied, satirically, "My dear son, I have lived to be above that sort of thing." LUPIN burst out laughing and said, "A man generally was above his boots." This may be funny or it may *not*, but I was gratified to find he had not discovered the coral had come off one of my studs. CARRIE looked a picture, wearing the dress she wore at the Mansion House. The arrangement of the drawing-room was excellent. CARRIE had hung muslin curtains over the folding-doors, and also over one of the entrances, for we had removed the door from its hinges. Mr. PETERS, the waiter, arrived in good time, and I gave him strict orders not to open another bottle of champagne until the previous one was empty. CARRIE arranged for some sherry and port wine to be placed on the drawing-room sideboard with some glasses. By the bye, our new enlarged and tinted photographs look very nice on the walls, especially as CARRIE has arranged some Liberty silk bows on the four corners of them.

The first arrival was GOWING, who with his usual taste greeted me with, "Hullo, POOTER, why your trousers are too short!" I simply said, "Very likely, and you will find my temper 'short' also." He said, "That won't make your trousers longer, Juggins. You should get your Missus to put a flounce on them." I wonder I waste my time entering his insulting observations in my diary. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. CUMMINGS. The former said, "As you didn't say anything about dress, I have come 'half dress.'" He had on a black frock-coat and white tie. The JAMES', Mr. MERTON, and Mr. STILLBROOK arrived, but LUPIN was restless and unbearable till his DAISY MUTLAR and FRANK arrived. CARRIE and I were rather startled at DAISY'S appearance. She had a bright crimson dress on, cut very low in the neck. I do not think such a style modest. She ought to have taken a lesson from CARRIE, and covered her shoulders

with a little lace. WUMMINGS and his four daughters came, so did FRANCHING, and one or two of LUPIN'S new friends, members of the "Holloway Comedians." We had some music, and LUPIN, who never left DAISY'S side for a moment, raved over her singing of a new song called "The Garden of Sleep." It seemed a pretty song, but she made such grimaces, and sang to my mind so out of tune, I would not have asked her to sing again, but LUPIN made her sing four songs right off one after the other.

At ten o'clock we went down to supper, and, from the way GOWING and CUMMINGS eat, you would have thought they had not had a meal for a month. I told CARRIE to keep something back in case Mr. PERKUPP should come by mere chance. GOWING annoyed me very much by filling a large tumbler of champagne, and drinking it straight off. He repeated this action, and made me fear our half dozen of champagne would not last out. I tried to keep a bottle back, but LUPIN got hold of it, and took it to the side-table with DAISY and FRANK MUTLAR. We went upstairs, and the young fellows began skylarking. CARRIE put a stop to that at once. STILLBROOK amused us with a song, "What Have You Done with your Cousin John?" I did not notice that LUPIN and FRANK had disappeared. I asked Mr. WATSON, one of the Holloways where they were, and he said, "It's a case of 'Oh, what a surprise!'" We were directed to form a circle—which we did. WATSON then said, "I have much pleasure in introducing the celebrated Blondin Donkey." Frank and LUPIN then bounded into the room. LUPIN had whitened his face like a Clown, and FRANK had tied round his waist a large hearth-rug. He was supposed to be the donkey, and he looked it. They indulged in a very noisy Pantomime, and we were all shrieking with laughter. I turned round suddenly, and then I saw Mr. PERKUPP standing half-way in the door, he having arrived without our knowing it. I beckoned to CARRIE, and we went up to him at once. He would not come right into the room. I apologised for the foolery, but Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it seems amusing." I could see he was not a bit amused. CARRIE and I took him down-stairs, but the table was a wreck. There was not a glass of champagne left—not even a sandwich. Mr. PERKUPP said he required nothing, but would like a glass of seltzer or soda water. The last syphon was empty. CARRIE said, "We have plenty of port wine left." Mr. PERKUPP said, with a smile, "No thank you. I really require nothing, but I am most pleased to see you and your husband in your own home. Good night, Mrs. POOTER—you will excuse my very short stay, I know." I went with him to his carriage, and he said, "Don't trouble to come to the office till twelve to-morrow." I felt despondent as I went back to the house, and I told CARRIE I thought the party was a failure. CARRIE said it was a great success, and I was only tired, and insisted on my having some port myself. I drank two glasses, and felt much better; and we went into the drawing-room, where they had commenced dancing. CARRIE and I had a little dance, which I said reminded me of the Mansion House. She said I was a spooney old thing.

PUNCH AND "JUDITH" À LA MODE DE PARRY.

AN excellent performance of this, PARRY'S Oratorio in London, at the St. James's Hall, last Thursday. One of the series of NOVELLO'S Oratorio Concerts, with Dr. MACKENZIE prescribing—we should say, conducting. The boys made a great hit. Quite an Oratorio for holiday time, as there are so many children in it. It will, of course, be given again in the Christmas vacation. In his preface to the Book of the Words the Composer gives the reasons (quite unnecessary) for selecting this "Israelitish story," which he has illustrated with Israel-lightish music, as it is not in the least heavy or tedious. Its reception was enthusiastic; Mr. HUBERT PARRY and everybody was applauded, and Dr. MACKENZIE—now known as "the one MAC," to distinguish him from "the Two MACS"—beamed again as he "boo'd and boo'd" to the audience.



Now and Then.

(By one of the 150 Gladstonians who presented Mr. John Dillon with an Illuminated Address.)

ONCE, I own, we looked upon JOHN DILLON
As a very wicked sort of villain.
Now a little touch of Party paint
Makes JOHN DILLON look almost a Saint.
Funny the effect of GLADSTONE'S Bill on
Party points of view of Mr. DILLON!



IDENTITY.

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"

Hibernian Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESSELF YE MUST MANE, SOR! I CAME ON JEWTEE HERE FOR THE FORST TOIME THIS WEEK, SOR!"

TOO ADVANCED SHEETS; OR, SEASONABLE LITERATURE À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum. Time, December 1st, 1888. Head of the Firm discovered. To him enter Author.

Author. I have called, as I promised I would, with a MS., which I believe to be suitable to your requirements.

Publisher. Most happy to receive it, my dear Sir, most happy. What is it about?

Author. It is a story intended for a Summer Number—for your next year's Summer Number.

Publisher. My dear Sir, that was distributed last November. But what is it about?

Author. I call it "May Day in India."

Publisher. Turn it into "Christmas Eve at the North Pole," and perhaps we may be able to find an opening for it.

Author. Well, the task is not impossible. I have carried out similar transformations. But what would you do with it in its amended form?

Publisher. Why, pop it into our *Christmas Annual* for 1889-90, which is now in a forward state of preparation.

Author. Surely you are a little early?

Publisher. Not at all—next year we shall produce our *Christmas Annual* in June! And now, my dear Sir, having settled our business, I am sure you will forgive me if I withdraw. Fact is, we are just now busy launching our *Contemporary Magazine*, which we have decided to call *The Twenty-First Century*! [Exit hurriedly.]

TO MY HAIRDRESSER.

(Not to make Conversation.)

You tell me that the day is fine,

You say my hair is getting thin,

Anon you proffer Smearoline,

Or comment on my tender skin;

Good friend, for goodness' sake forbear,
I prithee only cut my hair.

For think—a shy, retiring man,

I shun the toilet's public rite,

Until my Cousins—Cousins can—

Reproach me for a Perfect Fright.

And must I bear, too shy to snub,

The babble of your Toilet Club?

I know, for every day for years

I've scann'd the glass with careful eye,

Whether the heaven clouds or clears,

Whether the roads are wet or dry;

Indeed, indeed, I do not care

Whether you think it foul or fair.

And why observe, with honied zest,

What men by many phrases call,

That phase which must be dubb'd at best

Unduly intellectual?

What though my loftier temples shine,

That is no business of thine.

Think you, when, in your wrapper swathed,

I cower beneath the harrowing comb,

Or crouch, in creaming lather bathed,

Beneath the hose's numbing foam,

Or bear, while tears unbidden gush,

The rigours of your softest brush,—

Think you, at such a time as this,

I care to hear, with nerves unstrung,

The dirge of bygone days of bliss

Trip lightly from a stranger's tongue?

What if your victim stood at bay,

And told you *you* were bald or grey?

The head you handle like a block,

And brand with slighting comments cool,

Has bravely borne the battle's shock,

And starr'd the grey old walls at school;

Has sprained a Bishop's reverend wrist,

And badly bruised a Judge's fist.

They were not Judge and Bishop then,

But only chubby, scrubby boys;

And now they're grave and reverend men.

I value those remember'd joys,

And grieve that evil should be said

About my own, my only head.

Your politics are nought to me;

I'll keep my views about the weather:

I only wish we could agree

That I am neither wood nor leather.

Be gentle; 'tis the nobler plan,

And stint your chatter, if you can.

GOODY TEA-SHOES.—The latest fad in the way of fashion reported from the United States is the fancy of a fair novelist who has devised a sweet thing in shoes. Her own slippers, designed for display at afternoon tea, she has had made in the form of gloves, each of her ten toes provided with "a separate pocket of kid in which it rests like a finger in the elongated pouch of a glove." Evidently an æsthetic young lady this, with quite a peculiar conception of the *τὸ κάλλος*.



House of Commons, Monday Night, December 3.—“Monsignor!” I gasped, as familiar figure flitted down Corridor, making for House of Commons. “Is this you, or will the Conservative Party have the long-delayed pleasure of beholding your wraith?”

“It’s me, or perhaps I should more correctly say, it is I,” said the G. O. M., playfully making a lunge at my tail with his umbrella, as if he were lopping off a short but serviceable branch from a tree. “Suppose you thought I was down at Hawarden? So I was; went off about a week ago. Fancied I was tired; might leave Autumn Session to younger men. Did very well for first day or two; vigorously read lessons in Church; wrote letters by the dozen, post-cards by the score. Began an article for the *Twenty-first Century*. Read HOMER backwards; cut two old trees, and one early acquaintance; tried to make myself believe I was happy. But no use. Every morning papers came with Parliamentary Reports; BALFOUR back, in high spirits; Prorogation apparently as far off as ever; resisted temptation up to this morning. When papers arrived, containing columns of report of Saturday sitting, could stand it no longer. Irish Estimates on to-night; BALFOUR’s salary to be voted;

opportunity for going over everything from beginning. Couldn’t face another week at Hawarden with business buzzing on at Westminster; so jumped into train, and here I am. Ta-ta. Just going to Boo for BALFOUR.”

Booing for BALFOUR all round. ELLIS began it; HEALY took part in it; DILLON had his say; and TREVELYAN gave a brief history of SPENCER’s administration. G. O. M. beat everybody in vigour and vivacity. Managed to say something new about Mitchelstown. BALFOUR swears that the shot which slew LONERGAN was a *ricochet*. Photographs taken on the spot show that LONERGAN was in direct line with barrack window when shot fired.

“Were the photographs taken by *ricochet*?” roared GLADSTONE, leaning half across the table, and literally glaring upon the pensive BALFOUR.

“Capital idea,” said MAPLE-BLUNDELL. “Shall add a new wing to our Mammoth establishment, and advertise photographing by *ricochet*. Sure to take.”

BALFOUR, as usual, best at bay; received no help; asked for none; up half a dozen times; agile, adroit, brilliant. Supposed to be on

his defence, but ever on the offensive, slashing out right and left. No *ricochet* shots for him. *Business done.*—Irish Estimates in Supply.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE yesterday, GRANDOLPH to-day. "Which do you like best?" I asked OLD MORALITY. "I'm past caring," he said, with a weary sigh. "You know what is written in the copy-book: '*The Crushed Worm doesn't ask which Wheel did it?*'"

GRANDOLPH's attack delivered by old familiar war-way of the Soudan. STANHOPE complains that it was an ambush. House ostensibly met to discuss salary and expenses of Chief Secretary. ELLIS has moved Amendment, cutting off BALFOUR's coals. "But, first of all," says TIM HEALY, "let's drag him over them." Process began last night, was to have been continued as soon as SPEAKER could be got out of Chair to-day; when GRANDOLPH suddenly and unexpectedly appears on scene; moves Adjournment, and attacks Government in rear; GLADSTONE, gladder than ever he came to town, holds them in check in front. Plan of Campaign carefully considered and laboriously worked out. Leading elements secrecy and surprise.

"House may not like this sort of thing, TOBY," GRANDOLPH said. "May talk about underhand proceedings, hitting below the belt, and all that; but if I can get my respected leaders in a hole, I don't mind what the gentlemen of England say about me. The MARKISS openly boasts that he can do without me. We shall see."

Surprise complete. Consternation profound; even danger of defeat in the division lobby. STANHOPE came out well; most difficult position and best speech since he's been a Minister. When he sat down, an awkward pause. No one quite ready to take sides either with GRANDOLPH or against. NOLAN obligingly rattled away.

GOLDSWORTHY, holding out his hat as if he were about to take up a subscription for the Sick and Wounded, besought the Government to "be firm." HARCOURT, with unusual timidity, felt the way; and finally the G. O. M., having had time to think matter over, and look at it all round, threw up his cap for GRANDOLPH. A big division; some anxious moments; a majority of forty-two for Government, and disappointment for GRANDOLPH.

"I thought we should have run them closer than that," he said. "But it will serve. Only I wish we had the MARKISS in this House, instead of on the other side of the corridor. I suppose they told you of the message he sent me when I let him know he should hear from me shortly in the House of Commons? 'Dear RANDOLPH,' he wrote, 'I assure you you can't intimidate me by any amount of worrying of W. H. SMITH.' That's him: utterly selfish."

Business done.—RANDOLPH on the Rampage.

Thursday.—CURSE OF CAMBORNE muttering all over the House. Had spent some time in framing one of half a dozen questions; succeeded, after laborious effort, in making it what he thought attractive; handed

it in at table; got up early this morning to enjoy sight of it in print and anticipation of putting it in House; found the SPEAKER had severely sub-edited it; taken out all the bad language, the innuendoes, insinuations, accusations. This is what the CURSE calls "emasculating" his question. Rises to make complaint; shows tendency to get behind SPEAKER's decision by reading out full terms of original composition. SPEAKER too quick for him. "Order! order!" he thundered, in a voice with which the CURSE is not unfamiliar. But he stumbled on. "I wish to explain—"

"Order! order! Put the Question!" says the SPEAKER. "Shan't!" says the CURSE, and sits down pouting like spoiled child.

Business getting further in the rear than ever. Votes accumulate; opportunity of dealing with them decays. Time being shorter than ever, and business more pressing, SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves Adjournment, and proposes to discuss matter at length. The Grand



Photographed by Ricochet.

Young GARDNER (where's his Wife?) smiles at the claims of OLD MORALITY to have conducted affairs on business principles. CHAPLIN, recovering from depression in which he was plunged by abandonment of Bill creating Minister of Agriculture, girds at the SAGE, and mounting high horse ambles round the House; sparkling speech of neatly written-out *impromptus*. But CHAPLIN has fallen on evil times. Present House doesn't care for his pompous periods and his antique mannerisms.

"DISRAELI-and-Ditchwater," says Sir THOMAS ACLAND, retired Member, up on rare visit. Sat in House fifty years ago; remembers real and undiluted thing. HARCOURT—a sort of superior CHAPLIN—had his fling. Then OLD MORALITY trotted out references to "duty," "the country," "convenience of House," and so on. Said his say. Resolution withdrawn, and House got to work.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil?" asks GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior, coming in after dinner ("GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior," says FOLKESTONE, "has inherited from GEORGE ELLIOT, père, a perennial after-dinner look, that grows a trifle accentuated towards eleven o'clock at night.")

"Order! Order!" I said, not, I trust, altogether without reminiscence of the deeper chest-notes and sterner manner of the SPEAKER. "It's all very well for the MARKISS, a master of flouts and jeers, to speak slightly of our fellow-subjects from the far East. It is, I suppose, an outcome of Unionist principles. But obscure people, like you and me, dear GEORGE, must be very careful."

"It isn't an insult—it's a conundrum."

"Oh, very well," I said, much mollified. "Then I give it up."

"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil? Because he's not so black as he's painted."

After this, proceedings in House seemed quite lively, although the business under discussion was none other than Employers' Liability Bill. Debated it till midnight. BRADLAUGH created some sensation by going over to Gentlemen of England.

"An early attachment, TOBY," he pleaded. "You remember how they used to clutch me on the way to the head of the stairs? They've got me now, and I never will desert them."

Business done.—Debate on Employers' Liability Bill.



A Conundrummer.

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

(Some little way after Mortimer Collins.)

[It is stated that in Cornwall all sorts of flowers, from magnolia to mignonette, are still in full bloom in the open air, whilst another correspondent says that a hen "cut-throat" sparrow belonging to him has taken to laying eggs.]

Oh, Summer said to Winter,
"Earth-lovers love me best;
For I flush the mead, and I fill the
rill,
And the violet and the daffodil,
And the red, red rose o'er the
world I spill;
And my dawns are cool, and my
eves are chill;
And don't I run up the doctor's
bill
For bronchitis and all the rest!"

But Winter said to Summer:
"Earth-lovers best love me:

For I now bring slop instead of
snow, [so;)
(Which comes in June, or mostly
And roses and noses at Christmas
blow, [don't know,
And the birds their nesting-time
But lay in December—a pretty go!
And your azure skies, and your
sunny glow
Are silly legends of long ago;
Whilst as to the Doctor's Bills,
oho! [trow.
We are equally good at them I
Fact is, the difference 'twixt us two
Is the purest fiddle-de-dee!

AN ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS STORY.—The picture of "*The Violinist*"—a capital Storey—a good old Storey—(A.R.A.), presented by the Goldsmiths to the Guildhall Art Gallery.



DISABILITY.

"OH—A—DAVIS, COULD YOU BLOW THE ORGAN FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON AT ST. ANN'S?"

"I DOUBT I WON'T BE MUCH USE, MISS. I 'AD BROWN-KITIS ONCE, AND DOCTOR SES AS I'M TOUCHED IN THE WIND!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVELTY IN DRAWING ROOM DECORATION.—You are quite right in these days, in your opinion, that to be "peculiar" is everything, and some of your ideas for stealing a march on your neighbours in the matter of originality are quite admirable. Your papering your drawing-room ceiling with back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph* is, to begin with, a most happy inspiration. By all means have up the kitchen dresser. You can cover this with cracked soup-plates and tubs containing large laurel plants. These, too, you may continue round the room on brackets, placing several conspicuously on the over-mantel. Your suggestion, too, that you should paint your muslin curtains in broad stripes or spots with ASPINALL'S Enamel is excellent. Your floors, dado, arm-chairs, rugs, cushions, could also with advantage be treated with this useful decorative compound. Fill up the corners of your room with trophies of straw, and, taking up your carpet, cut it in lengths, and nail it tapestry-wise in festoons over your doors. This is very effective. But your taste will direct you, and you will soon find that, with a very little effort, you can easily succeed in rendering your rooms remarkable.

LION TAMING.—Your safest plan of becoming an efficient "Lion Tamer" would be, unquestionably, as you suggest, to secure two three-day-old cubs, and feed them by hand in your own drawing-room with raw mutton-chops. As soon, however, as they begin to grow you must be on the look out; they are sure to spring on you sooner or later. We believe a great deal can be done with a glass eye, red-hot pincers, and a heavily-loaded riding-whip; but we should advise you, when the creatures are full-grown, to keep them in something more secure than the hen-house you mention. Your best plan, when they are really getting savage, would, perhaps, be to take a few finishing lessons of any well-known "Lion King." Your desire to accomplish the feat of holding your head in the brute's mouth is natural, and does credit to your professional spirit, but we would recommend you to make your first essay on some aged beast, who has lost all his teeth, and has *already dined*. But if you are determined to succeed in this risky experiment, you had better take

PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

THE holidays are o'er! no more we see
Boots in all places where no boots should be;
No more the hungry brood sweeps clear the platter
With the perpetual grace of cheery chatter;
No more the bolster battle-cries are borne
Through the warm slumbers of the early morn.
No more indignant JAMES comes in to tell
How Master TOM has stormed his citadel,
And, scorning covert threat, and suasion soft,
Rules for an hour the monarch of the loft.
Once more 'tis safe the shrubbery paths to tread
Without a javelin hurtling by one's head;
No longer lurk behind the orchard-trees
White-headed Indians, chubby Soudanese;
And neighbouring pigs wallow with wonted grace,
Free from the terrors of the sudden chase.
Again we face the frost, without dismay
Lest we be called to skate an hour ere day,
Or with a book endure a day-long fall
Secure from lawless cricket in the hall.
Now in the servants' mystic realm again
Their ancient order and decorum reign;
Yet can I read in BIBB'S, the butler's, eye,
A latent sorrow for the larks gone by.
Unruffled now in temper, and in look
Sedate and calm once more is Mrs. Cook.
Yet all her larder's treasures she'd explore,
And spend her skill to greet the boys once more.
The Coachman, as a Lord Chief Justice grave,
His loved solemnity no more must waive;
Majestic silence seals his lips, and yet
I know his dignity is half regret.
For now the lords of home's fair pastures free,
Plunge in the schoolroom's fierce democratie;
Now in reluctant ears the school-bell sounds;
On the soaked grass once more the football bounds;
The home-sick novice hears the horrid thud,
And headlong prints his flannels in the mud.
Now ponder sullen brows o'er HOMER'S page,
While luckless masters share ACHILLES' rage,
And rising scholars mourn their studious lot,
And brand the classic bards as "awful rot."
Ah! though at home the endless clamours cease,
There is much desert to a little peace.
Come, Easter, come, to Pater and to boys,
And bring them back with all their tricks and noise.

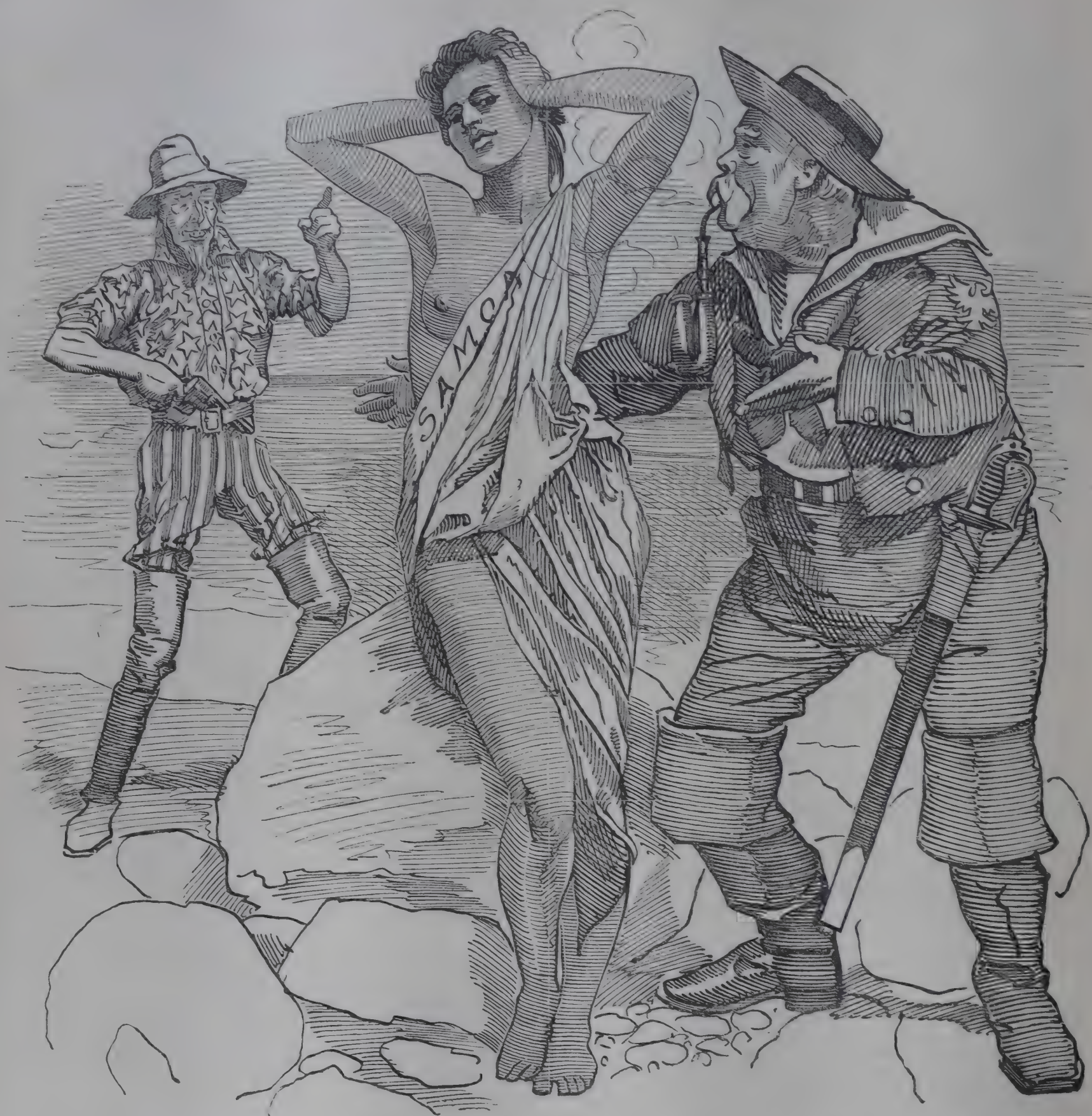
the bull by the horns and attempt it *in a diver's helmet*. This may somewhat incommode and even surprise the lion; but, on the whole, it will give you your best chance of coming through the ordeal in safety.

TO REMOVE THE EFFECT OF INKSTAINS ON BLUE SATIN FURNITURE.—Having had the misfortune to upset a bottle of ink over the light blue satin seat of an armchair of your handsome Louis XIII. drawing-room *suite*, your best plan will be to make the rest of it match as simply as possible. Get, therefore, several more bottles of ink and proceed to "splotch" all the other chairs, sofas, and ottomans recklessly in like manner. Having done this, give out to your friends boldly that it is a new Japanese design from Paris, and you may be tolerably sure that though they will stare, they will admire and finally endeavour to match it. A red-hot poker and blotting-paper will be of no use. Don't hesitate, therefore, but go boldly to work.

HOW TO UTILISE A FIRE-ESCAPE.—We think that having won the fire-escape in the raffle you mention, you were bound to receive it on delivery, and think you have done wisely to consign it, for the moment, to your front area. Take care, however, that it does not prove a means of admitting a burglar to your top storey, upon which, while the fire-escape occupies its present position, you will certainly do well to keep one or two armed detectives continually on the *qui vive*. Yes, you can certainly cut off the ladder and turn it into kitchen chairs, and use the carriage part as a sort of low-pitched dog-cart, and, hiring a cab-horse, put in an appearance in it, as you suggest, in the park. But painted black it would make a nice sort of handy open, two-wheeled hearse, that might possibly be patronised now and then by a deceased friend of a sporting turn. This is only a suggestion. But think it out. There is something in it.

WE read in the *Times* that "the *Illustrated London News* has offered to erect a facsimile of SHAKESPEARE'S House on the Champ de Mars during the Exhibition." Of course "The House of MOLIÈRE" will be delighted. Perhaps the plans will be designed by Mr. IRVING, who says he can draw a good house for SHAKESPEARE at any time.

"HANDS OFF!"

*Lancelotti*

Jonathan. "'SCUSE ME, STRANGER,—MY GAL!"

WHAT'S your little game to-day?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*Oh, yes, I know your winning way
With any charmer found astray,
But once again I beg to say,*My gal, Teuton!*

Your eye is on that sweet young thing?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*Your battery of charms you'd bring,
Your rayther guttural song you'd sing,
But mark, she's underneath my wing.*My gal, Teuton!*

What say you to the dusky pet?—

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*You peer into her eyes of jet,
You woo, but you've not won her yet.
My eye is on you, Boss, you bet!*My gal, Teuton!*

You'd clasp her to your beating heart!

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*From her old love you'd have her part.
Wal, Stranger, guess you're all-fired smart,
But Uncle SAM has got the start.*My gal, Teuton!*

You beam a broad Batavian smile,

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*You fancy here you have struck ile.
But I shan't stand with nary rile,Your bumptious, big European style,
My gal, Teuton!

You'd take her home, Boss, in your train?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*My lusty LOCHINVAR, restrain
Your love of foreign gals and gain.
Under my charge she'd best remain,*My gal, Teuton!*

You think she's nice, Boss, real jam?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*Wal, Europe follows you like a lamb;
That's not the sort of man I am.
You've here to deal with Uncle SAM.*My gal, Teuton!*

"GOOD-BYE. SWEETHEART. GOOD-BYE!"



Farmer. "GOOD OLD MARE, MR. CHAPLIN!"

Mr. CH-PL-N sings:—

THY chances fade, thy strength seems
breaking,
Fails fast my old and fond belief.
From thee my leave I must be taking;
'Twas bliss too brief, 'twas bliss too brief.

Mr. Chaplin. "I'M SORRY TO PART WITH HER; BUT SHE'S NO LONGER UP TO MY WEIGHT."

How sinks my heart with sad regrets,
The tear is trickling from mine eye;
E'en JEM against thy chance doth bet.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

The hunt is up, my star seems soaring,
I rather think my course is clear;

But thou art stale, and given to roaring,
Mine ancient mount, of old so dear.
Since SALISBURY'S parted with "Fair
Trade,"

And I to office soon may hie,
I must change mounts, I'm much afraid.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

VERY MUCH ON GUARD.

THE Household Brigade are to be congratulated on the success of their theatrical entertainment at the Chelsea Barracks Theatre on Friday, the 1st of February. Everything was admirably done, and the performances went without a hitch from beginning to end. The *pièce de resistance*, a burlesque entitled "*The Real Truth about Ivanhoe or Scott Scotched*," was brightly written, and if containing here and there an old joke, was (so the audience seemed to think) none the worse for that. The author, Mr. E. C. NUGENT (late Grenadier Guards), had been fortunate enough to secure in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON the best possible *collaborateur* to supply the necessary music—and luckily, a great deal of music seemed to be necessary. The play was full of tuneful songs and graceful dances, the latter executed to perfection by Miss KATE VAUGHAN and Miss JENNY McNULTY. But in spite of the pleasing efforts of these accomplished ladies, the music was the feature of the evening. It is clever to a degree, and there was scarcely a number that was not awarded the demand (not always granted) for an *encore*. So well were the audience pleased with Mr. SOLOMON'S work, that they honoured him with a special call at the end of the performances.

Of the actors, Lieutenant GEORGE NUGENT (Grenadier Guards), was far and away the best. Mr. NUGENT is really amusing, and were he to give up soldiering (which for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he won't), might command an excellent salary as an actor on the professional boards. Lieutenants Sir AUGUSTUS WEBSTER and GEORGE MACDONALD (both of the Grenadier Guards), were also very good—for amateurs. It would be invidious to single out any other gallant officer for honourable mention, as they all individually and collectively attained to about the same level of excellence. And here it may be noted that the youthful subalterns (now immortalised) turned their professional knowledge to good account. Nothing could have

been better than their advance in line—they never lost touch either of themselves or the audience. TOMMY ATKINS (who was strongly represented at the back of the auditorium), seemed to greatly relish this extra drill—extra drill that had evidently emanated from the Stage Manager's sanctum after consultation with the Orderly Room. On the other hand, the Typical Hero of the Defaulter's Book seemed a little slow in recognising a clever travesty of a Sergeant's "instructions" on parade—perhaps the burlesque revived painful memories.

Before the piece of the evening, an original play, of very serious interest, called *In Honour Bound*, was performed. It went, however, with more laughter than tears, apparently because the audience had formed a wrong impression of its character. No doubt when Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY wrote the play, he intended its pathos should raise it (in spite of its tiny proportions), to the level of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or even *Macbeth*. In spite of this, on Friday last, for some reason or other, *In Honour Bound* was undoubtedly accepted by the audience as a dangerous rival to *Box and Cox*—a farce it can scarcely be said, by the unprejudiced, to have resembled (even faintly) in any really important particular.

Naturally!

A RUSSIAN Mission has been sent
To Abyssinia, with intent

All Russophobes to shock again.
Probably, when it comes, *en bloc*,
To the French Station of Obok,

The French will say, "Obok (*oh! bock*) again!"

THE BEST TROOP OF SENSATION ACROBATS (engaged for several turns every night).—The London Fire Brigade.

PLAY-TIME.

THE revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* at the Criterion is, in every way remarkable, but especially so in the revelation of the real *Mrs. Sternhold*. But when once Mrs. BEERE had made up her mind as to how *Mrs. Sternhold* must be played, then the piece ought to have been re-modelled on the exact lines of CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette.

Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's acting is too powerful for the play as it is;



Little Wyndham putting down Big Hawkesley. "Don't you try that again. Recollect it is a hale Lancashire Lad (myself) against a battered London *Roué*—and you'll get the worst of it!"

though it would not be too powerful had TOM TAYLOR not so cleverly bowdlerised CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette, *Le Gendre*. She thrilled me,—I admit I am easily thrilled,—but such force is wasted on the *Mrs. Sternhold* whom the English playwright created. According to TOM TAYLOR, *Mrs. Sternhold* was only a vain, elderly woman, who had made a fool of herself; and not the French original, a guilty wife, jealous of her own daughter, or, it might have been, of her step-daughter, for it is a long time since I read *Le Gendre*. But, altogether, the acting at the Criterion is above the level of the play itself; though, with the exception of one scene, Mr. STANDING's *Captain Hawksley* is certainly below it.

The tone of every character in the piece must be taken from *Mrs. Sternhold*; and, if *Mrs. Sternhold* is not a vain, silly person *pour rire*, but a clever woman who has indulged in an insane criminal passion for a scoundrel, then all the serious characters (the interest in whose actions depend solely on the interest we take in her) must be raised to almost tragic power of dramatic intensity. From the moment we have Mrs. BEERE portraying the guilty wife and jealous mother of DE BERNARD's story, instead of TOM TAYLOR's Brother Potter's sister,—a vain and middle-aged widow, a model of middle-class propriety, guilty only of the imprudence of having written love-letters to a swindler who had pretended a romantic affection for her,—the tone of the characters is entirely altered, and a tragic weight is imposed on a structure which is not calculated to support it. In a sentence—the comedy gives way under the force of the acting.

Miss MARY MOORE as the wife, in her great scene with *Mrs. Sternhold*, in the First Act, and her reconciliation with her husband at



Situation (not in the piece):—The hale Lancashire Lad puts his threat into execution, and chucks Captain Hawksley out of the window.

the end of the play, was simply perfect. No better contrast could there be than between Miss MOORE and Mrs. BEERE. Mr. WYNDHAM is in most serious earnest, and he could not give any other reading of his part when a Mrs. BEERE is playing *Mrs. Sternhold* with so much intensity. *Mildmay* can no longer chuckle to himself over her making "such a fool of herself," for this expression bears a very different meaning when applied to Mrs. BEERE's and CHARLES DE BERNARD's *Mrs. Sternhold*, instead of to Mrs. WIGAN's and TOM TAYLOR's *Mrs. Sternhold*. "Speak to my aunt," whispers *Mrs. Mildmay* to her husband, "as you have spoken to me;" and his reply, "I do not love her as I love you," was intended to be received with a laugh. Such a laugh relieved a pretty and touching situation, which was raised at the expense of TOM TAYLOR's elderly, made-up *Mrs. Sternhold*,—the audience perceived at once that the wife's request was ridiculous, and that the husband was only laughing at its absurdity. But when *Mrs. Sternhold* is such a woman as Mrs. BEERE, there is no joke about the matter, and not only is the request not absurd, but the reply ought not to raise a smile. TOM TAYLOR meant *Mrs. Sternhold* to be a ridiculous elderly person, painted and powdered, and fancying herself more attractive than her youthful niece; but Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's *Mrs. Sternhold* is BALZAC's *femme de trente ans*, a very dangerous person, against whom an *ingénue* like Miss MOORE's *Mrs. Mildmay* wouldn't have had a chance.

I cannot say that Mr. WYNDHAM either looks or speaks like a "hale Lancashire lad." That this broad-chested, jolly, healthy *Captain Hawksley* should cave in to the slight, natty *Mildmay*, is an additional tribute to the latter's physical and moral strength, and damning proof of the former's cowardice.

Mr. BLAKELEY is a capital *Potter*, but the comic old *Potter's* occupation is gone by the side of this new *Mrs. Sternhold*. *Potter* should have been restored to his proper position as the husband of *Mrs. Sternhold*. However, in the hands of Mr. BLAKELEY he is very funny.

Mr. GIDDENS gives a clever sketch of the bustling impecunious Irishman, *Dunbilk*; but the type, like the name, is rather out of date. The house at Brompton (a locality which has been recently almost entirely absorbed in Kensington), where there is a flower and kitchen garden, to suit *Mildmay's* provincial tastes, is also strongly suggestive of the "long ago." When TOM TAYLOR wrote, Brompton possessed many such snuggeries; but now it would be difficult to find even one, almost as difficult as to define Brompton. In the Second Act the rapid change from the first to the second Scene is managed in an incredibly short space of time—a very few seconds, in fact.

But to sum up—altogether an interesting evening, which much delighted

JACK IN A BOX.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 1. — I had intended concluding my Diary last week, but a most important event has happened, so I shall continue for a little while longer on the fly-leaves attached to the end of my last year's Diary. It had just struck half-past one, and I was on the point of leaving the office to have my dinner, when I received a message that Mr. PERKUPP desired to see me at once. I must confess my heart began to beat, and I had most serious misgivings. Mr. PERKUPP was in his room, writing, and he said, "Take a seat, Mr. POOTER—I shall not be a moment." I replied, "No, thank you, Sir, I'll stand." I watched the clock on the mantelpiece, and I was waiting quite twenty minutes, but it seemed hours. Mr. PERKUPP at last got up himself. I said, "I hope there is nothing wrong, Sir?" He replied, "Oh dear no—quite the reverse, I hope." What a weight off my mind! My breath seemed to come back again in an instant. Mr. PERKUPP said, "Mr. BUCKLING is going to retire, and there will be some slight changes in the office. You have been with us nearly twenty-one years, and, in consequence of your conduct during that period, we intend making a special promotion in your favour. We have not quite decided how you will be placed, but in any case there will be a considerable increase in your salary, which, it is quite unnecessary for me to say, you fully deserve. I have an appointment at two—but you shall hear more to-morrow." He then left the room quickly, and I was not even allowed time or thought to express a single word of grateful thanks to him. I need not say how dear CARRIE received this joyful news. With perfect simplicity she said—"At last we shall be able to have a chimney-glass for the back drawing-room, which we always wanted." I added, "Yes, and at last you shall have that little costume which you saw at PETER ROBINSON's so cheap."

January 2.—I was in a great state of suspense all day at the office. I did not like to worry Mr. PERKUPP, but as he did not send for me,



and mentioned yesterday that he would see me again to-day, I thought it better, perhaps, to go to him. I knocked at his door, and on entering, Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. POOTER—do you want to see me?" I said, "No, Sir—I thought you wanted to see me!" "Oh," he replied, "I remember. Well, I am very busy to-day, I will see you to-morrow."

January 3.—Still in a state of anxiety and excitement, which was not alleviated by ascertaining that Mr. PERKUPP sent word he should not be at the office at all to-day. In the evening LUPIN, who was busily engaged with a paper, said suddenly to me, "Do you know anything about *chalk pits*, Guv'?" I said, "No, my boy, not that I'm aware of." LUPIN said, "Well, I give you the tip. *Chalk pits* are as safe as Consols, and pay six per cent. at par." I said a rather neat thing, viz:—"They may be six per cent. at par, but your Pa has no money to invest." CARRIE and I both roared with laughter. LUPIN did not take the slightest notice of the joke, although I purposely repeated it for him, but continued, "I give you the tip, that's all—*Chalk pits*!" I said another funny thing:—"Mind you don't fall into them!" LUPIN put on a supercilious smile, and said, "Bravo! JOE MILLER."

January 4.—Mr. PERKUPP sent for me and told me that my position would be that of one of the Chief Clerks. I was more than overjoyed. Mr. PERKUPP added he would let me know to-morrow what the salary would be. This means another day's anxiety. I don't mind, for it is anxiety of the right sort. That reminded me that I had forgotten to speak to LUPIN about the letter I received from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. I broached the subject to LUPIN in the evening, having first consulted CARRIE. LUPIN was riveted to the "Financial News," as if he had been a born capitalist, and I said, "Pardon me a moment, LUPIN; how is it you have not been to the MUTLARS any day this week?" LUPIN answered, "I told you—I cannot stand old MUTLAR." I said, "Mr. MUTLAR writes to me to say pretty plainly that he cannot stand you!" LUPIN said, "Well, I like his cheek in writing to you. I'll find out if his father is still alive, and I will write him a note complaining of his son, and I'll state pretty clearly that his son is a blithering idiot!" I said, "LUPIN, please moderate your expressions in the presence of your mother." LUPIN said, "I'm very sorry, but there is no other expression one can apply to him. However, I'm determined not to enter his place again." I said, "You know, LUPIN, he has forbidden you the house." LUPIN replied, "Well, we won't split straws—it's all the same. DAISY is a trump, and will wait for me ten years, if necessary."

January 5.—I can scarcely write the news. Mr. PERKUPP told me my salary would be raised £100. I stood gaping for a moment, unable to realise it. I annually get £10 rise, and I thought it might be £15, or even £20, but £100 surpasses all belief. CARRIE and I both rejoiced over our good fortune. LUPIN came home in the evening in the utmost good spirits. I sent SARAH quietly round to the grocer's for a bottle of champagne, the same as we had before, "JACKSON FRÈRES." It was opened at supper, and I said to LUPIN, "This is to celebrate some good news I have received to-day." LUPIN replied, "Hooray, Guv! And I have some good news also. A double event, eh?" I said, "My boy, as a result of twenty-one years' industry and strict attention to the interest of my superiors in office, I have been rewarded with promotion and a rise in salary of £100." LUPIN gave three cheers, and we rapped the tables furiously, which brought in SARAH to see what the matter was. LUPIN ordered us to "fill up" again, and addressing us upstanding, said, "Having been in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS, stock and sharebrokers, a few weeks, and not having paid particular attention to the interests of my superiors in office, my Guv'nor, as a reward to me, allotted me £5-worth of shares in a really good thing. The result is to-day I have made £200." I said, "LUPIN, you are joking." "No, Guv, it's the good old truth. JOB CLEANANDS put me on to *Chlorates*!"

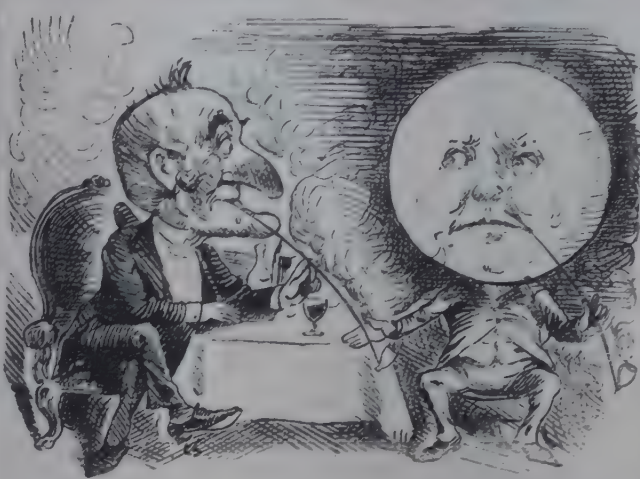


"THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FOURTH EVENING.

"Not long ago," so the Moon (male this time—fresh from Germany) told Mr. Punch, "I looked down upon the harbour of a town on the Red Sea. I peeped into a ship, which had been turned into a hospital for



wounded soldiers. For, as you probably know, the town (which is called Suakin) had been besieged on its land sides for months by a rabble of fanatical Dervishes, fierce and savage foes, who came close up to its walls, building forts, and digging trenches, from which, night and day, they poured shot and shell into

the crowded streets and bazaars, and killed several of the inhabitants. For a long time nothing was done to drive the besiegers away, but at last it was decided that some very active measures ought to be taken. Troops were brought, and a battle followed soon after, in which the Dervishes, though they were brave enemies, and fought gallantly, giving and expecting no quarter, were driven away without much difficulty, for the defenders were quite as brave, and more numerous. Still, some of them were killed, and many wounded, and the latter had been carried on board a ship to get well. In one of the hammocks a trooper was lying, who was getting better, and was already well enough to be allowed to read the newspapers which had been sent out to him from England. He was reading one of them now by the light of a lantern which hung near, and, as I shone in, I could read it too," said the Moon. "I think he was anxious to know what his countrymen at home were saying, and this paper was dated about the time that the news of the victory had arrived. As he spelt out the lines of print I saw his face (which was a good and honest one, but not very intellectual, perhaps), growing more and more puzzled, as if he found some difficulty in understanding what he read. Well, the newspapers told him that a considerable number of his fellow-countrymen—so far from regarding him and those who had fought with him as heroes, or even as brave men, who had performed an unpleasant duty, looked upon them as a set of cowardly butchers and murderers. He read that several clever and eloquent speakers in Parliament had denounced the victory as a disgrace, and declared that Suakin belonged by rights to those savage Arabs who had come across the Desert all the way from Khartoum to attack it, and who showed no mercy to man, woman, or child; that it was theirs, and ought to be given up to them. Now the poor wounded Trooper had never thought of himself as a hero—he had simply done his duty, that was all—and, though the enemy were only savages and fanatics, they had fought with desperate courage, and he had not imagined till then that there was anything disgraceful in defeating them—nor had I," said the Moon, "for that matter. But there it was, in black and white—all that the clever men who wrote in papers or made speeches thought of the affair, and he was very much troubled in his mind about it. At last he told his neighbour what was worrying him, and asked his opinion. His neighbour was the Sergeant-Major of his troop, who had also been in the battle—he had narrowly escaped being killed, for his sabre had snapped short off, and his revolver refused to go off at the right moment, so he was lucky in being only severely wounded. The Sergeant-Major heard the whole account placidly enough. 'Don't you bother your head about it!' he said, feebly; 'they wouldn't go calling us them names, and backing up them dirty Arabs, if it warn't on account of politics—it's all politics, and don't mean anything in particular.' 'They do say we ought to ha' tried kindness on 'em, though,' said the Trooper, doubtfully. 'Kindness!' said the Sergeant-Major—'let 'em come out here, and try it themselves! It's easy talking of being kind to a howling savage, as keeps pot-shotting at you with a Remington, or jobbing at you with a spear—but it ain't the way to raise a siege, not to my thinking, it isn't;—but there, as I said before, it's only politics. Bless you, they don't believe it themselves, some on 'em—leastways, it's to be hoped not!' So the Trooper lay still with an easier expression—but I noticed," added the Moon, "that he did not finish reading his newspaper."

SOUDAN THOUGHT.—We've heard a good deal lately of "the Kabbabish men." Several correspondents want to know if these are Hansom Kabbabish men or Growlers?



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

The Miss Browns. "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL COLDS, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!" *Fair Visitor.* "OH DEAR, HOW SAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, MR. BROWN!"

MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN; TWOPENCE COLOURED.

"To vote for General BOULANGER is to vote for a General who has gained no victory."—M. JULES SIMON.

"No Victory?" Nay, simple SIMON, you're wrong;

He has gained the old Victory, often repeated,
Of *blague* over blindness. It fetches the throng,

That *flamboyant* figure so flauntingly seated.
Just look at it! Boys at its majesty melt,
Though manhood may see 'tis a sketch *à la* SKELT.

SKELT's heroes were rather unreal, of course;

But they knew how to stride, and to swagger and straddle,
To prance and curvet on a high-rearing horse,

Yet keep, to the eye, a firm seat in the saddle.

A circus Bucephalus looks a fine thing
As it scatters the sawdust and ramps round the ring.

Houp-là! It is hardly heroic, that shout,

Not a war-cry of ROLAND or BAYARD precisely.

At Ivry it would not have answered, no doubt,

But for Paris to-day it will do very nicely.

A histrion hollow shows better, one feels,
Than a *bourgeois* who blunders, a "Statesman" who steals.

He looks fierce as an Indian hunter of scalps,

As fine as MURAT when he led a battalion.

There's a touch of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.

You call him a hero *pour rire*, a rapsallion?

Ah, well, his success mediocrity shames;

So there's not much advantage in calling him names.

Were subjects not foolish, how feeble were kings!

'Tis noodles and numskulls make BOMBAS and NEROES.

If Friends of the People were not such poor things,

We should not be troubled with so many "heroes."

Till the clever are true and the honest are wise,

The world will be led by the nose and the eyes.

Till then,—well, *que voulez-vous?* "These be your gods,

O Israel!" Truly a glorious attitude!

Apollo-like graces and Jovian nods

Lend grace to pretence and give power to platitude.

The frog-world a King Stork from Olympus still begs,
So they mustn't find fault with his beak or his legs.

See how 'twixt the legs of this Skeltian chief

Show towers and buildings in Skeltian perspective!

He'll trample them down? 'Tis a natural belief,

But a true point of sight of *that* fear is corrective.

Rhodes' straddling Colossus was but a mere trifle—
Except in Skelt sketch—to the Tower of Eiffel.

Penny plain, twopence coloured! Some sinister hands

Have worked at this picture with paint-brush and pencil.

A curious joint-labour of Ishmael bands!

Which smacks, after all, of the paste-pot and tinsel.

In the Penny Stage phrase of an earlier day,

This is "Mr. BOULANGER as —" whom shall we say?

BUTT AND BUTTER.

On the 30th of last month, during a trial in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (with him Public Opinion), quoted from the pages of the *London Charivari*, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:—

"Mr. Inderwick. What are you reading from?"

"The Solicitor-General. From *Punch*."

"Mr. Inderwick. But I do not accept *Punch* as evidence."

"Mr. Justice Butt. It is a very high authority."

It will be gratifying, no doubt, to Mr. Justice BUTT to learn that on this point the Lord Chief Justice of the World entirely concurs in his opinion.

RECENT EXERCISE AT MONTE CARLO.—Mr. W. H. SMITH and Mr. RITCHIE used to go "*à cheval*" every day for several turns.



MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN—TWOPENCE COLOURED.

(From Mr. Punch's Theatrical Portrait Gallery.)



CONTRASTS.

No. II.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

QUITE THE THING. 1888—9.

THE LAST OF THEM.

A Fragmentary Peep into the Future.

"Last night I spoke of guns, of ships, of rifles, and how guns, ships, and rifles became obsolete in a very few years through the great enthusiasm of inventors."—*Mr. Goschen at the Portman Rooms.*

It was a secret, sombre, subterranean den, lying deep down under the bed of the river, approached through a perfect maze of passages, and lighted only by the latest artificial light. As two-penny-worth of this light, however, was warranted to illumine a million square feet of cellarage for twelve calendar months, it had been rigorously suppressed in the interests of that monstrous monopoly the Automatic-Accumulator-Solar-Ray-Direct-Storage Syndicate.

He was a wretched-looking creature, the sole occupant of this Cave of Trophonius, a cross between an Alchemist and an Apparitor, as weirdly wizen as the former, as darkly disguised as the latter.

"Eureka!" he yelled with a triumphant shriek. It shook the complicated cranks and cordage which made his cell look like a metallic spider's web, and startled the passengers on board the "Noctivagant Nautilus," one of the new line of Moon-Motor Citizen Boats which ran from Battersea to the Tower Stairs for one half-penny in two minutes, thirty seconds and one-tenth.

"Fool!" he muttered, half throttling himself with his own skeleton hand. "When shall I subdue my accursed, unfashionable, world-proscribed enthusiasm to discreet silence? That idiotic howl is quite sufficient to put my relentless pursuers on my track. And just as I have perfected my long-meditated plan for an Automatic, Lightning-charged-Thunderbolt-hurling-Self-steering-Adamant-plated-Aluminium Fleet too!!! But, after all, what matters? *Cui bono?* What Capitalist will take it up?—what Admiralty adopt it?—what Nation pay for it? Above all, what Chancellor of the Exchequer—the curse of Science on the sordid breed!—will permit so much as the appearance of the merest model of it? No, that last atrocious Act for the Absolute Suppression of Inventors has settled my hash. In these ultra-humanitarian days, too, when capital punishment, *save* for Inventors, has been entirely abolished!"

He sank down upon an Iridium anvil, cast his arms around a retort of pure transparent Diamond, and wept tears sufficient to float his own Aluminium Fleet.

"And WHY?" he shouted, rousing himself at last, and apparently

addressing the highly-finished model of a hundred-pounder gun capable of being packed in a hat-box, which hung beside a waist-coat-pocket torpedo.

He was answered, but not in the way he expected. The door of his den was suddenly opened, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer clad, like all officials of the time, in complete anti-dynamite-asbestos-cum-adamant mail, appeared at the head of a detachment of the new Volcanic-Vulcanite-clad force of Police known as the Vesuvian Invulnerables. These formed a cordon around the now entirely crushed Troglodyte of the Thames.

"WHY?" echoed the Chancellor, in tones of spirit-palsying severity. "Wretched man, too well you know. Else, why hide you here in this new Cyclops cavern of inventive infamy? Are you not of those, traitors to Thrift, defiers of Rhadamanthian Law, disturbers of Procrustean Order, who already have nearly been the ruin of the State. Is it not owing to you and your kind that Salisbury Plain is piled Pyramid-high with the wreckage of obsolete ships, the *débris* of exploded guns, and the refuse of useless rifles, a Pelion-upon-Ossa of rusty ironmongery, which originally cost a mountain of gold, and is now not worth carting away as old metal? Have you, and men of your pernicious sort, not for many years led nations a ruinous dance of Experimental Emulation in Systematic Slaughter? Have you not played Old Gooseberry with European Exchequers, and made the Lives of the Chancellors a burden to them? Have you not seduced peoples by the perilous path of Patents to the very verge of the fathomless gulf of International Insolvency? Have you not rendered necessary the passing of a Draconic Code of Anti-Scientific Enactments compared with which the Irish Penal Laws were mere legislative pleasantries, and Mr. BALFOUR's treatment of O'BRIEN a benevolent jest. In short, are you not an Enthusiast, and—oh! culmination of unpatriotic infamy!—an Inventor?"

The crushed caitiff, the villanous victim of ardent scheming, the persistent planner of expensive improvements, sank prostrate on the floor of the Cyclopean cavern. He had not a word to say for himself.

"Thank Heaven, you are the sole survivor of the malignant brood!" continued the Chancellor, with ultra-official fervour. "I have been on your serpent-track for years; at last, I catch you in your own wicked web. (That is a mixed metaphor—but no matter!) Seize him, Bobbies—I mean Vesuvian Invulnerables! Away with him to a dungeon even deeper and dirtier than his own! The Public, so long the prey of Patentees, the paying victim of Science's colossal Game of Brag, will view with pleasure the ignominious ending of The Last of the Inventors!!!"



"SHOPPY"!

Uxorious Editor (in his Honeymoon). "KISS ME, DARLING—'NOT NECESSARILY FOR PUBLICATION, BUT AS A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH'!" [Smack!]

HELP FOR YELPERS.

How to make the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea pay. With compliments to the President, Committee, and all others connected with that admirable Institution.

1. Turn it into a Limited Liability Company; all Dog-owners in the Home Counties to be compelled to take so many shares.
2. Take a leaf out of the book of Madame TUSSAUD and the Chamber of Horrors. Allow an extra charge of one shilling to be made to all visitors desirous to see Dr. RICHARDSON'S Lethal Chamber at work, wherein dogs of all kinds are painlessly converted into excellent top-dressing.
3. Strengthen the Committee by a greater infusion into it of the practical male element, eliminating a good deal of the sentimental feminine ditto.
4. Get an experienced Dog-trainer to select the cleverest of the lost, teach them to jump through hoops and climb up ladders, and so gain bones for themselves and sinews (of war) for the Home.
5. Throw open the official posts to public competition, with special invitation to TOBY, M.P., Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and other first-rate organisers and popular caterers; the Committee,

however, not binding themselves to accept the highest, or the lowest, or the medium tender.

6. See that, when an owner comes and gives a full description of his lost hound, a notice is sent to him as soon as a dog answering that description is received at the Home. This simple expedient will obviate the exasperating nuisance of owners being—as now—compelled to come twice a week to the Home for months, on the chance of their pet having unexpectedly arrived in the last batch of street dere-licks.

7. Welcome the coming, get a fee out of the parting, visitor.

8. Muzzle Cerberus.

9. See that valuable dogs find their owners; and apply a general tonic—a course of bark, for example—to the whole management.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE SONG OF A SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

WOLSELEY, our Alexander,
GOSCHEN, our Hercules,
And many a great commander
And statesman like to these,
E'en JOE, the Brum's pet hero,
When he'd elicit cheers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers.

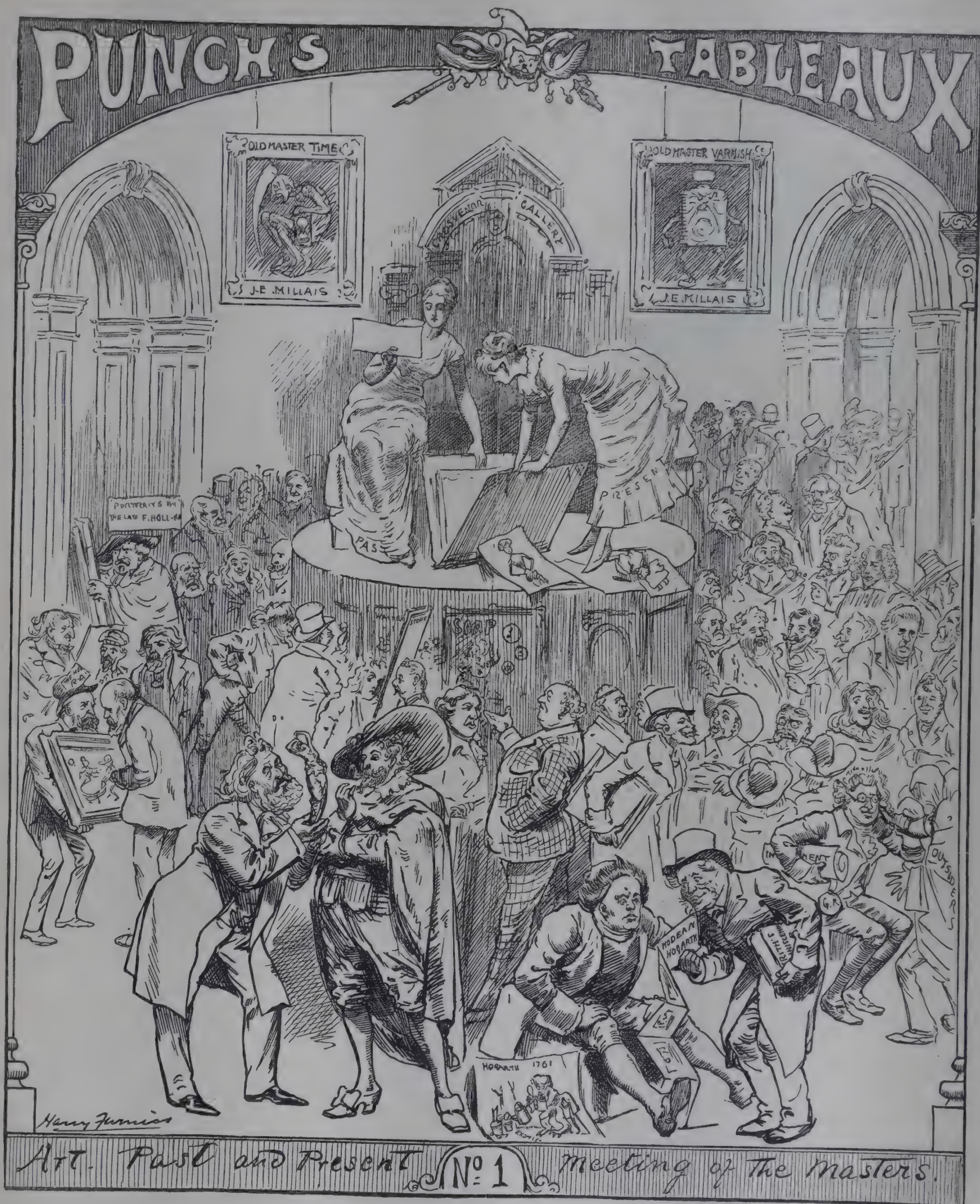
Right coolly we're commanded
From Wimbledon to cut,
They flout remonstrance banded,
Our mouths we're bid to shut.
But always after dinner,
They, dropping snubs and sneers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,
At the British Volunteers.

We're clerks and counter-jumpers
In soldier's garb, they say,
Yet drink our health in bumpers
In this post-prandial way.
We wish they'd do us justice,
These spouting Pots and Peers,
And not talk bow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers!

BETTERS AND GAMBLERS.

MR. PUNCH.—There is unquestionably one law for the Poor, and another for the Rich, or rather for the Ungenteel in comparison with the Genteel. People who can afford to risk any money at all in betting, are not poor; and others, that can't afford to risk large sums on the Turf, or in any other form of gambling, but, with expensive establishments to maintain, do yet risk them, are not rich. Their expenditure exceeds their incomes. They require to be protected against themselves and their gambling propensities, equally with the gentlemen of the pavement and the public-houses. But this protection is denied the poor wealthy. Every daily newspaper almost, records a "raid" effected by the Police on a licensed victualler's premises allowed to be used by small gamblers for the purpose of betting and playing games of hazard. No matter if these be partly games of skill—like "skittle pool," and that the ventures are no higher than threepenny, sixpenny, and shilling stakes. The gamblers and their host are liable to be fined, and are fined accordingly, and sent to prison if they can't pay,—very much to encourage the others.

But, Sir, you know that we never see reported a raid or a foray executed by the Police on any of the premises constantly used for betting by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf or Stock Exchange. Now, don't you think that these great gam-



blers are quite as much entitled to be protected from their vicious and ruinous propensities as even the small urchin who ever and anon gets himself run in for the crime of playing at pitch-and-toss in a public thoroughfare or street corner?

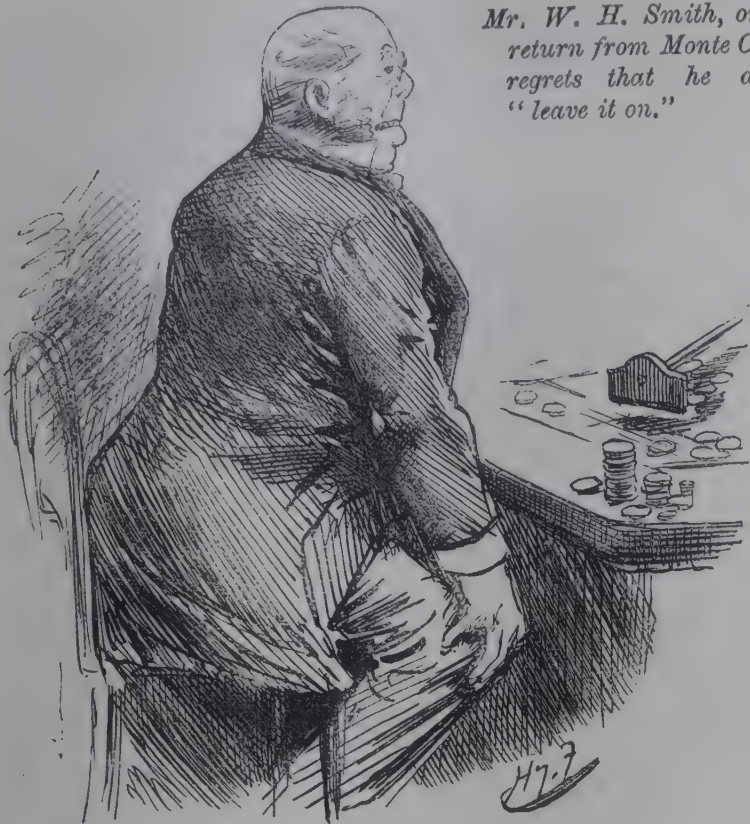
I write under feelings of mingled sorrow and indignation espe-

cially at the reckless gambling in the form of bull and bear speculations in stocks and shares which I am grieved and shocked to see permitted every day of my life almost, except Sundays, in my experience of the Money Market and the City; and remain,

Ever yours, truly,

AN HONEST BROKER.

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.



Mr. W. H. Smith, on his return from Monte Carlo, regrets that he didn't "leave it on."

GIVING THEM THEIR CHARACTERS.

THE quite novel light shed recently at the Lyceum on the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* respectively, to say nothing of Mrs. LANGTRY'S New York revival, and the hundred-and-one on *dits* in relation to Mr. MANSFIELD'S forthcoming much-talked-of production at the Globe, have all helped to stir the "New Reading" discoverers into a state of unwonted activity. Subjoined are a few of their latest suggestions:—

A propos of Macbeth, "A SIXTY YEARS STUDENT" writes:—"By all means let *Macbeth* turn out to be a rather jovial, nice-minded, pleasant-spoken sort of fellow, and his wife a good-natured and affectionate creature, with an eye to business, and never so wide awake as when in the Sleep-walking Scene, but this doesn't half do away with the Tragedy. *Duncan* should be the real ruffian, on which the whole of the ghastly business turns, arriving at the castle in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*, in a fit of which it is evident that, at a later hour, he commits suicide. That he is hopelessly drunk on his arrival, is clearly indicated in the text, for he addresses *Lady Macbeth* with the line—

"Give me your hand: conduct me to mine host."

"Then, stumbling up against her with the words:—

"By your leave, hostess!"

reels up the steps into the Castle. I take it this gives us all we want to clear the characters of our hero and heroine. As for *Banquo*'s appearance, mind you, *after supper*, that can obviously be set down to an acute form of indigestion."

Dealing with *Hamlet*, in a similarly critical spirit, "A REASONING ROSCIUS" remarks:—"As to the Dane being off his head, this is simply absurd. His game is evidently Spiritualism. He ought to go through the usual hanky-panky, table-turning with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, and then, after eliciting a succession of raps, dismiss them, and fetching out the regular Dark Séance Cabinet, finish up with the usual illuminated banjo business, during which he carries on his conversation with the Ghost, whose head appears at a hole in the cabinet-door covered with phosphorus, according to the accepted text, modified here and there, of course, to suit the varying situations. I must add, that *Hamlet* must, by no means, be made up 'young.' The Queen refers to him near the end of the play as being 'fat, and scant of breath,' thereby clearly indicating that to represent him even as a heavy, obese, middle-aged, overgrown sort of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF would be only to err in the right direction. He should be a coarse ponderous hulking fellow of about five and fifty. This would help to carry off his philosophy, and, in some measure, explain his peculiar conduct to *Ophelia*."

With regard to *Othello*, "A GENUINE LOVER OF HUMOROUS COMEDY" writes:—"I cannot conceive a more wanton distortion of the merry Moor's obvious characteristics than the usually accepted view of him which stamps him as 'jealous.' Why? The charge is

monstrous! The key to his character is simply his keen relish of a thoroughly good practical joke. His accidental smothering of *Desdemona* is evidently one of these. He ought to come on in all the earlier scenes with a banjo, to carry out the idea of his being not the Moor, but the *Moore and Burgess* corner-man of Venice. I am not sure that I wouldn't dress him in red-and-white-striped trousers, a long blue-tailed coat, a shirt-frill and a large white tie. But this is a detail."

"RICHARDSON REDIVIVUS" after insisting that *King Lear* is the most "mirth-provoking character" SHAKESPEARE ever drew, and that all his scenes with his daughters, if rightly understood, should be hailed by any intelligent audience as regular "side-splitters," passes on to the consideration of *Paul Pry*, who, he says, after a good deal of mature scholarly reflection, he has discovered to be not a comic character at all, but a melodramatic villain of the deepest dye. He argues against his carrying an umbrella, insisting that he should be provided instead with a long Spanish stiletto, and an ample and mysterious cloak. He further lays great stress on the fact, that whenever he enters with his catch phrase of "I hope I don't intrude," he ought to appear with blue fire, either through a vampire-trap or secret panel, and not quit the stage before he has stabbed somebody. He adds, in conclusion, that he has forwarded all his notes on the subject to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, in the hope that the popular Comedian will see his way to their adoption on the next occasion of his reviving the well-known piece.

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN ELECTOR.

How happy is the Party penman's lot,
Whether he wins or loses all is well.
What though the counted votes against him tot?
Success in failure his keen scent can smell.
Loudly he crows when he the leek has eaten,
And ne'er is so triumphant as when beaten.

Equal to either fortune? Better far,
He snatches happy omens from defeat;
Winning, he loudly thanks his lucky star,
Losing, he finds in loss a savour sweet,
Like one who with two-headed coin doth toss,
Loss is but gain, but gain is never loss!

THE (NEARLY) PERFECT ENGLISHMAN.

(Translated from the French Press.)

OH, yes, the brave General is an Englishman. His mother—ah, his dear, dear mother!—before she married his father, was an English "Mees." She was a perfect specimen! Tall, long, fair hair; beautiful and much-exposed front teeth! Thus, he is right—the brave General to be proud of his English blood! For he has many of the characteristics of the native of Albion—not *perfidie*, but White-cliffed Albion. He eats *rosbif* and drinks *portare-bière* for breakfast; and when he is greatly moved, he cries with tears in his voice, "Oh, Shocking!" Then, who has not seen him with his *boule-dogue* with its blue ribbon collar and silver bell? This *boule-dogue* was born in the most fashionable part of London—Vauxhall Bridge Road—and is called "Auguste." Both the brave General and the *boule-dogue* are English to the backbone. The *boule-dogue* is fond of sport—he is pleased to jump through a hoop, and can dance the polka on his hind-legs. It is only natural that he should fear rats. But the mice! Ah! he *can* hunt the mice!

The brave General is an expert at all English sports! Ah! how he plays the cricket! It is wonderful to see him in his flannel shirt (worn over a well-starched linen one), walking at every "over" from one set of the stumps to the other set of the stumps! As a General, of course, the Elected of the Seine wears spurs at all times. At the cricket his spurs assist him in catching the ball.

Then at the lawn-tennis! Oh, the brave General knows well how to play! Often he touches the ball with his bat, although he can miss it. Ah, yes! how well, with what grace, he can miss it! And when he does touch the ball with his bat, with what terrible force does he drive it against the net!

But, before all and above all, he is a sportsman! Of course he wears his uniform, but that does not prevent him from putting a long hunting-horn round his body, nor carrying a game-bag attached to a thin silken cord hanging by his side. And his patent leather shooting shoes! And his white kid gloves! Ah, he is charming! And it is then that Auguste distinguishes himself! The brave dog and the brave General hunt together. They thoroughly understand each other. Auguste examines the bushes, the ditches, the shop-windows! At length the fox is found, and then the brave General, drawing his sword, gives Reynard his *coup de grace*! Ah, indeed, BOULANGER is a perfect Englishman-jockey, gentleman-rider! I who write this wish him every success. (Signed) HENRI PUMP,

Of the Anglo-French Press.



The Lady Godiva. "HIGH DRESSES TO BE WORN AT THE DRAWING-ROOM—INDEED!—IF LADIES ARE ILL, INFIRM, OR ADVANCING IN AGE! HA, HA! NOT IF I KNOW IT!"

A GLORIOUS SPIN AFTER A JULY RABBIT.

A Hunting Story, by the Author of "A Shoot with a Fox-hound," "A Real Good Snipe," "The Herne Bay Harriers," "A Knacker's Mount," &c., &c.

It would have been impossible to have picked out a more wretched day for the opening meet of the Season than was Tuesday, the first of July, 188—.

"You must not keep him waiting, Sir," said Captain DASHOVER's servant, as he helped his master on with a thick Ulster, which completely covered his red coat, his snowy breeches, his top-boots, and all the brave insignia of the chase.



"I hope he is not too fresh," muttered the Captain, stifling an oath. "As it is raining, don't you think Sammy had better return to his loose-box until it clears up?"

"Bless you, no, Sir—in this county they often hunt in the wet."

Thus reassured, the Captain approached his steed (who stood patiently while he successfully ascended the saddle, with the material assistance of the stirrup), and, seizing his umbrella, slowly sauntered away.

"A pretty pair!" exclaimed the Groom, critically watching the departing steed and his rider before returning to the dining-room to remove the remnants of his master's lunch—"a pretty pair!"

It was a bad day. A dense fog lay over all the land, enshrouding both hills and valleys, shops and public-houses, turnpike-gates and boot manufactories, in its weird and ghostly embrace. It rested like a soft grey counterpane upon the fields, toning down to a sombre tint the rich brown of the upheaved earth. As for the lamp-posts and the red signals from the chemists' windows, they were blurred, and seemed to be impregnated with moisture. Everything was dark, everything was dull, and the rain poured down in buckets-full.

After five minutes' careful riding (the meet was at some little

distance from the place of departure), the Captain joined the field, which had already assembled.

"Nuisance this rain," growled the Master, as soon as the Captain had reported himself. "On my word, I hardly know what to do. The hounds are sure to catch cold if I don't take 'em home. What do you say, DASHOVER?"

"Well," replied the Captain, pulling at his reins with both hands at once; "now that I have got my bit of blood out, I think we had better have a spin. Folks don't like to be disappointed on such occasions."

The Master, hearing this, gave orders for the day's proceedings to commence at once, and the hounds were trotted off at a brisk pace to draw a covert close by. But the rain and fog continued, and many of the field went home. Milestones looked dark and formidable, their dimensions increased instead of diminished by the imperfect light. The omnibus horses sniffed the damp air through their open nostrils, and discharged it with disgust. They looked round suspiciously at the grey and unrecognisable conveyances beside them, were nervous and timid, and distrusted the commonest object. A wheelbarrow (containing penny ices), a donkey, a sheep-dog, filled them with apprehension; and all this time, borne on the leaden-coloured atmosphere, rang out the eager, murderous notes of collies and poodles, celebrated for their slaying qualities. Suddenly there was a cry of "Gone forrard, aw-a-ay!" which proclaimed that Master Bunny had left the snug underwood of the covert. There was evidently a hot scent in the open, for the hounds dashed out after him close to his tail, and, taking a bullfinch, disappeared in the ditch beyond. They threw their tongues merrily, and added their boisterous, chirruping music to the accompaniment of a distant, but appreciative brass band, of sporting proclivities. "Gone forrard aw-a-ay!" Indeed, "Aw-a-ay!"

Off they went! Friendly gates could not be taken advantage of, so the field hurried along the high road as if they had to catch a train, which was seldom late! The pack had vanished from view, having stopped in the kitchen-garden attached to a country public-house, and the only way to get up to them was to negotiate every possible and impossible fence on foot. Providence must provide for the rest!

Crash, crash, went the timbers of a stiff double rail as a waggon of hay moved aside to let a hansom pass! Suddenly they heard a railway whistle, and the Master called off the hounds. He appealed to them by their names, and, obedient to his cry, they came whining towards him, and began fawning about his boots.

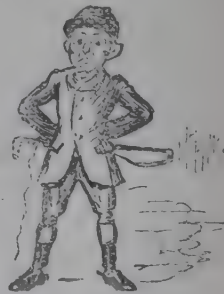
"Darn this rain!" he exclaimed, resentfully, as he distributed sugar amongst his canine favourites. "It ain't fit to hunt in."

This had been for a long time the opinion of Captain DASHOVER, who had turned back, and was on his way home. He was progressing slowly as, beneath him, was one of the most perfect and resolute walkers that ever looked through a bridle, when he saw Master Bunny seated in the very centre of the road, devouring a piece of cabbage. In a moment his horn was to his lips, and he blew a strange, weird note that he had never heard before—perchance he would never hear again! "Yoicks! Hi away! Hout and aboot, Mon! Hoick, my beauty! Hoick, hoick at him! Hi forrard, hi forrard tantivy!" and the Captain was fairly excited. Sammy, the horse, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took up the running at a gentle trot. Disturbed at his meal, the wily rabbit jumped away carrying his green-stuff with him. He ran on in this manner for some yards, and then stopped and began a fresh nibble, but was off again by the time the Captain had reached his new position. This was repeated over and over again. Captain DASHOVER leant forward in the saddle, and clapping his good horse's neck within his arms, spoke an encouraging word to him. Whatever the man's faults were, he was brave and knew no fear!

But Bunny was not to be caught. He leapt and leapt until he approached the sea! It was then the Captain stopped, for he liked not the look of the sands. He was on the eve of returning home when Sammy suddenly pulled up, pricked up his ears, and made a decided point at a bathing-machine. Alack, alack, for poor Bunny! After a desperate encounter, the Captain emerged from the submarine conveyance carrying with him the lifeless form of the quarry! He almost sighed as, in duty bound, he sounded his horn once more, and shouted out yet again, "Hi forrard! Hi forrard, tantivy!"

"Pleasant run, Sir?" asked the man, touching his hat as the Captain dismounted.

"Excellent," returned DASHOVER, paying the customary half-crown, and pointing to his watch to prove that he had not encroached upon the second hour at the lower rate of two shillings, he left the livery stables. Half an hour later he was hurriedly discussing a boiling cup of tea and a well-toasted muffin in his thrice-welcome snugery at home!



HERCULES FURENS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)



"Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 10.

THE shirt of Nessus! Teuton Hercules,
Art on thine Aeta? Hot and ill at ease
At least thou seem'st. As when Alcides tore
Rooted Thessalian pines, and raised a roar

That sounded far o'er the Euboic wave; [rave.
So crossed or thwarted dost thou ramp and
And every luckless soul who dares to stand
Erect within the reach of thy strong hand,
Wouldst treat like Lichas, hurling him afar
To plunge, like Vulcan or a falling star,
Headlong through air to ocean.

So the gods
Set heroes' muscles with their wits at odds,
In the old Titan times. Achilles raged,
And Ajax, foiled by sage Ulysses, waged
A foolish war with flocks, making mad way

Amidst "the mingled multitude of prey
The herdsman's yet unparted care."* So, too,
Alcides, whose god-given strength could hew
The hydra down, its poison felt at last;
And luckless Lichas from the hill-top cast,
Because a woman's jealousy had foiled
His eager passion and his purpose spoiled.
Thrice the great Hera-hated hero lost
His reason's balance, proud and passion-tost.
Is it that brawn and brain close-wedded work
Wild mischief; that the seeds of madness lurk

* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

In all heroic might? What leech shall cure
 "The man, frenzied with mad distemperature"
 Who, stirred to wrath, poor woolly sheep destroys,
 Or vents his spleen on women, doctors, boys?
 Strange proof of the sardonic whims of fate,
 Strange satire on humanity's estate,
 That demigods, souls of heroic mould,
 As brave as brawny, and as big as bold,
 Should, tantrum-smitten, fall upon the flocks,
 And midge-enraged retort by heaving rocks!

Hercules furens! It might make men smile
 Who can forget the cradle and the pile,
 The babe-choked serpents and the gods' applause,
 To see great souls so stirred by so slight cause.
 "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?"
 Sings VIRGIL. See the angry hero strain
 To hurl the stripling heavenward, grip of steel
 Close-clenched upon the hapless youngster's heel!
 "Those hands that grasped the heaviest club"
 should seek

A worthier work than warring with the weak.
 Meanwhile, sage policy gives place to pride;
 The lion-slaying club is cast aside,
 And what replaces the old lion's hide?
 Not Austria's calf-skin surely? No, at least
 'Tis not the fell of the ignobler beast
 That hangs upon "those recreant limbs," stout still,
 But "recreant" to wisdom and calm will,
 Awhile, awhile! The Nessus-tunic clings,
 Its folds constrain, its subtle poison stings
 The hampered hero into fury wild;
 Only the highest strength is calm and mild.
 ANTONY raged, CÆSAR was coldly still,
 "The dull cold-blooded CÆSAR," whose calm will
 Not e'en the Nile Enchantress could subdue.
 The conscious ANTONY too sadly knew
 His soul's superior. After all, 'tis poor
 "Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
 The horned herd," although the voice that shouts
 Is of a Stentor Swordsman, whom war's flouts
 Shook never. "Savage cause" to stir the brave
 To frenzy. What availed the thrice-whipped slave
 To mend MARK's fortune. ENOBARBUS knew
 Cold CÆSAR had "subdued his judgment too."
 Lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon, indeed,
 It shall not make wrath-gendered plans succeed
 In Policy's despite. Resume the club,
 Teutonic Titan, ere on Æta's hub
 A Hercules Infuriate make sport
 For cynic babblers of the baser sort.
 Or ere wise watchers must admit it true
 That your own hands your worthiest self subdue.

* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

A HINT FROM CLOUDLAND.

SHIP AHOY! MESSMATE,

FOR, my dear boy, I can see you! Not every day, my hearty! because, when it is foggy, it is a long way from Trafalgar Square to 85, Fleet Street. But you should hear my voice, *Mr. Punch*, and, if you can't, why, my dear eyes! here is my letter. Not that I used to garnish my conversation with such old-fashioned nautical terms when I was in the flesh. I put them in here and there because I have been so long mast-headed (or, rather, pillar-headed) in Charing Cross, that you would not believe me a sea-dog—you land-lubber!—unless I gave you a taste of the briny. And now, *Mr. Punch*, as you are a sensible person, who knows a marling-spike from a forecastle (please pronounce it "fokesle") yarn, I will assume that you want to learn the reason of my addressing you. Yes, you are right, my son of Neptune!—I have got a grievance. Having a grievance, I write to you—I select you in preference to the Editor of the *Times*, as I fancy that excellent and erudite gentleman has just now other fish to fry in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, and can't be bothered with the grumblings of a one-armed one-eyed old bronze statue stuck on a column, like Patience on a Monument! And that reminds me of what my grievance is. I am going to complain of a Monument, and ask you to get it removed. You hammered away at WELLINGTON until he was taken from Hyde Park Corner to Aldershot, and, if you get my monumental incubus carted off to Brighton,



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WAREHAM, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM ISN'T!"

or, better still, Jericho, you will deserve the thanks not only of the dead, but of the living.

You see, my heart of oak up here I can catch what they are saying down below, and I can assure you it is not pleasant listening. CHARLES THE FIRST made an awful row when they put up "the other one," and HAVELOCK was equally indignant. When NAPIER came he used language that really was dreadful, and reminded me of the sort of things the troops used to utter when they were doing duty in Flanders. He has kept it up ever since, and I am ashamed that GORDON (who has just joined us) should have to hear it. The worst of it—shiver my timbers!—it is justifiable. I ask you how would you like to have a person dressed in classical costume, on a circus horse, set up close beside you? And he is a person who did a deal of harm when he had the opportunity, and brought the monarchy, of which we are all so justly proud, into disrepute. He is the odd, the very odd man out, as they can't find any one to balance him. But even had he been the best of men, his statue is so utterly ridiculous, that it is a disgrace to the neighbourhood. After all, Charing Cross is not the place for a circus, and the effigy is absolutely meaningless, unless appropriately supplemented with the presentment of GRIMALDI in the habit as he lived. So cart the circus-horse and its rider away, my good *Mr. Punch*, and earn the everlasting gratitude of

Your sincere friend and admirer,

Sparrow's Nest, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

NELSON AND BRONTË.

P. S.—I see that some land-lubbers have been publishing my love-letters! It is fortunate for them that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from getting at them! Wait until I secure a ladder, and then, bless their dear eyes! they shall see what a British Tar can do with his fist, in the cause of law, literary copyright, and Beauty!

Check to the King!

KING DEATH, grim rider on the wan white horse,
 Has found too long at Courts his freest course.
 Now common-sense his dread career would check,
 Who has so often "won by a bare neck."

THE BAKER'S MAN.—There can be no doubt that all the supporters of *le brave Général BOULANGER* will answer to the roll-call.

THE PICKWICK SYMPHONY.

By One who Ought to Know.

"THE play's the thing," as the member of the football club said when they broke both his legs, smashed half-a-dozen ribs, and jumped on his stummick. Dessay it is, but it doesn't do for a man at my time o' life to be out late o' nights. But my son SAMMY—



A Dickens of a Cantata. The Sacred Lamp fitted with a new patent Pick-wick.

smart young fellow is SAMMY—'all-porter at the Ranunculus Club, said a *mattinee* wouldn't hurt me. "Vot's that?" ses I. "Do you take it 'ot or cold?" "Vell," ses he, "it depends upon the veather and the ventilation. It's French for a play in the arternoon. I've got a day orf o' Thursday, and I'll give you a snack in servants' all—and we'll go and see *Pickwick*." "None o' that, SAMMY," says I, pullin' him up short. "Never make game o' serious subjecks, as the man said when the barber larfed after cutting his nose off by mistake. If they're goin' to make fun o' the dear old Guv'nor, I'll let 'em see. Though I am seventy-four, I'm 'ale and 'arty, and can pop in my left pretty 'andy if they're up to any of their imperence." "Oh, you splendid old bounder," says SAMMY, larfin fit to bust hisself. "There's no imperence; it's a Dramatic Cantata." "Vot's that, SAMMY?" ses I; "if you don't condescend to talk English to your only father, I shall be sorry as ever I had you eddicated. All I can say is it don't sound proper; but if you'll pledge your word, SAMMY, as a 'all-porter and a gentleman, that my dear blessed old Guv'nor ain't held up to reddicule, I'll go."

And lor' what a time we 'ad in the servants' 'all! A *snack* he called it. Why the swarry we had at Bath years ago was nothin' to it, and Mr. John Smauker and Mr. Tuckle vere noveres along o' the affable young gents as sat down to dinner with us. They all 'ad heard o' me, and larfed and cracked their sides even when I talked about the veather and asked for the mustard; every one was so pleasant that I wanted to spend the arternoon there, with a glass o' hot brandy-and-water. But SAMMY cut me short when I was telling 'em all about the lark we 'ad at NUPKINS's, and said, quite undutiful-like, "Come along, my rosy old fernomenon, keep that till you publish your reminiscences," at which they all roared, till the Secketerry sent down his compliments and he vished to know if the kitchen-chimbley was a-fire. As it was, we were late at the Theatre—it was crammed full; but a friend o' SAMMY's, who had something to do with the Theatre—I think it was the Author—had kep' a private box for us; and there was pretty music going on, and a youth, not old enough to be trusted with a triangle, was conducting the band, and makin' beleeve to play all the music with a white stick as he flourished about. "Oo's that, SAMMY?" says I. "SOLOMON," says he. "Pell?" says I, larfin. "Shut up! you playful old porpoise," ses he. "That's the Composer." "Then vy don't he compose hisself," ses I, "instead of"—"Ss-s-sh!" ses he, quite sharp and unfilial, and up goes the Curtain!

There was my old friend, Mrs. Bardell—but, there, if Mrs. Bardell had only been half as pretty as Miss LOTTIE VENNE, there would have been no work for Dodson and Fogg, and I should have had none o' the Guv'nor's money, or should have run away with her that night I went up to pay the rent. If our Mrs. B. had only sung like that, it would ha' been a question who would ha' run off

with her fust—Me or the Guv'nor, or Winkle, or Snodgrass, or Tupman. Then Tommy Bardell comes in, and he and his mother sing together. Then the Baker comes upon the scene. I'd forgotten all about him; but now I remember the brazen-faced Lothair that I always used to see lurkin' about Goswell Street. I'm certain our Baker, though, couldn't sing half so well as Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON. I kept on noddin' my head to his delicious "Baker-roll," till SAMMY gave me a kick, and said, "Now, then, you mercurial old Mandarin, mind that old noddle o' yourn don't roll into the stalls." But when at last I saw the dear old Guv'nor—bless his dear old gig-lamps and gaiters—come on to the stage, I shouted "Hooroar!" SAMMY said it was Mr. ARTHUR CECIL; but I turned and said, quite solemn-like, "SAMUEL, my son, I don't believe you." There he was, with his dear old bald head, his capacious waistcoat, his blue coat, and his kerseymere pantaloons. When he sang a song about me, "*The Happy Valet*," I nearly kicked the front of the box out, and shed tears behind the curtain. Then to see the dear old chap sit down to breakfast so nat'ral-like with a real relish. Always singin' he was, and uncommon well he sang too. Vy didn't he tip us a stave like that at Dingley Dell? And when he wasn't, Mrs. Bardell she came in and took it up, and gradually got canoodlin' around him—jest as our Mrs. Bardell tried to do. Then they sang a "sympathetic duet"—then came the "*Bardell Bolero*," which everyone cheered. Still she led the dear old man on—oh, how my poor old Dad would have liked to see the artfulness o' vidders held up to reddicule in public,—and at last faints slick off in his arms, just like our Mrs. B. did. The Baker returns, Tommy comes in, Mr. Pickwick gets more and more perplexed, and the piece finishes just the minute before I was introduced to my dear old Master.

These players are bold enough—but they seem to know where to draw the line. They have had the temerity to impersonate Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Pickwick, and the Baker—but I don't think they are quite darin' enough to try to take off Sam Weller—that would be rather more than they could carry as the 'bus conductor said when they wanted to put twenty inside. "SAMMY," says I, when we were taking three dozen of oysters apiece before tea, "the author of your bein' is obleeged to you for your treat. Your snack was excellent, your oysters are capital, and your *Pickwick* is first-rate. And there is no one in the world can be a better judge of *Pickwick*—*Pickwick* was the only man who was a hero to his wally—than his old servant and faithful friend, your aged, but still lively parient, SAM WELLER."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FIFTH EVENING.

"THE other afternoon," began the Moon, "I saw a dear old gentleman coming out of a toyshop, laden with parcels. The people in the shop looked after him as he stepped into his carriage, and



supposed that he must have a number of nephews and nieces, whom he was evidently in the habit of spoiling. Now I knew that he had none but grown-up relations, and that he rather disliked children than otherwise, and so I followed him to where he lived, for I was really curious to find out what he would do with all the things he had bought. I looked through the windows of his room, and presently I saw him come in, and put all his parcels down, and carefully lock the door, laughing to himself as he did so with a glee of which he seemed half ashamed. I was afraid he would draw the curtains, but he did not seem to mind whether I saw him or not, so long as nobody else did. First of all, he cleared the table, and then he undid the packages one by one, and set out the toys. There was a little railway train that went by clockwork on a circular railroad, and he fitted the lines together, with all the stations and tunnels, and wound up the engine, which ran, whirring and clattering, round and round. It was really a pretty sight. Then he brought out regiment after regiment of the most beautiful tin-soldiers, and set them up in order of battle, and fired peas at them out of a cannon, till he was tired of that; and next he unpacked a village, and after that a model fort, until I could almost have believed that the table was part of the real world. He was perfectly happy, playing with them, and there was nobody to send him to bed until he was quite ready to go. And I knew that this had been the dream of his life ever since he had left off being a boy, and had had to amuse himself with grown-up things, or to work, without leisure even for serious play. Now he was rich, and retired from business, and able to please himself, without caring for the opinion of the world, and this was what gave him most pleasure.

"I am not sure," added the Moon, "that I have not seen old gentlemen, with nothing to do, and plenty of money to spend, who amused themselves in ways which I thought far more foolish. For all that, I sometimes wish he would ask a child or two in, now and then, to play with him—but he never does."

ROBERT'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

THE "appointed day" for our great experiment came on last Satter-day,—allus a slack day for us Waiters,—and we held our preliminary meeting a day or two afore, to settle all about our safeguards afore running of our fearfool risk. We then decided to have jest one glass of sherry and bitters afore leaving home on the day of the dinner, to prepare our poor insides for their sewer trial, and a glass of sumthink hot, strong, and sweet, reddy for us wen we got home. So on Satterday, as I have said, we boldly assembl'd, at 5 o'clock sharp, to meet our fate like men.



There was suddenly a werry unushal look of dogged resolushun, not to say depresshun, upon the countingouses of all nine on us, when we entered the ouse of ospitalerty selecked by our kind Ost, who received us with as much geneality, and ewen warmth, as if he had bin the Prime Warden of sum Prime Livvery Company, and had taken his preliminary glass of Sherry, &c., as we had. But in coarse he hadn't.

The fust thing as struck us rayther forcibly was, that he was not drest quite in the hi dress as his name woud have led us to xpect, as of course we was, and allus are, but we arterwards learnt as he was from the naybouring kingdom of Whales, which of coarse xplained it.

We began with clear Turtel Soup, as promised, and suddenly neether BRING nor RYMER could have beaten it. The one glass of Maryskeno to be drunk with it was sumthink quite diffrent to what we had xpected, but it wasn't at all bad, and BROWN ewen took a second without finching. But wen we cum to taste the 1874 win-tage of the Black Current Wine, with the biled Sammon, we fust looked at our Ost, and then at one another, and then we all put it quietly down, and took quite a long pull at sum Olimpia Water, a bottle full of which was most thortfully put before each on us.

With the ontrays we was handed some reel Orange Champagne, which, if not quite like sweet Click Oh, was suddenly quite as good as sum of the new brands as has been interdoosed lately, which praps aint saying much. With the remarkabel fine Saddle of Mutton that followd, we had sum Ginger Hale, which was not at all bad, and nicely warmed our somewhat estonished insides, which was becoming jest a leetle chilled at the large supply of cold water.

With the Game we had sum Punch, quite diffrent from any we had ewer tasted afore, and called Winter Punch from its preshus coldness, I spose.

The Orange Bitters with the Stilton was much admired, and was unanimously repeated, as it quite warmed us up after the Punch.

The Dessert a good deal puzzeld us, as there was such a wariety of drinks to choose from. We began with the fine old Strawberry Syrup of the sillybrated 1880 growth, and then tried the Mureller Cherry, and could distinektly tell the diffrence! But the faverite was suddenly the Old Gingerett, which was reelly quite warming and cumforting.

Weather we shoold have werry strongly objectked to a glass or 2 of fine old Sherry, as a last final settler, I declines to say; but BROWN, in proposing the helth of our nobel Chairman in a bumper of Pine Apple Cider, declared that not only was we much oblidged to him for his orspertality, but that we had all thorowly injoyed our rayther novel xperiment, and shoold not at all mind trying it again in the Summer, and we all shouted out, Here! Here!

I hardly expecs to be beleaved when I says that a reel Copperashun Deputy, tho' a werry yung un, came in and jined us at Dessert, and drank away at most of the lot as if he reelly preferred them to old Port and Claret, which of course he may have done, and aeshally said as we shoold all do the same if we woud but persewere!

And now as to the final werdick.

In the fust place, we spent a nice cheerful evening, thanks to our Ost and his frend the Deputy. In the second plaice, we didn't have nothink to pay. In the third plaice, we didn't none of us drink the glass of sumthink nice, as we had intended for to do when we got home. I, for one, didn't want it, and, besides, Honner seemed to forbid it, and there's Honner among Waiters as there is among—well, say other peeple. In the fourth plaice, we all seam to have slept the sleep of the temprate Waiter, and we hadn't not no hed-aches on the follering morning!

And I werrily beleaves that, if they cood jest manidge to hintroduce a leetle more ginger into the wariuous lickwids, and not hand round Black Current Wine with the biled Sammon, and, as I was told as the dinner didn't cost more than harf the ushal price, that a good many peeple as hasn't got quite so much money to spend as

other peeple, might be injuiced to try the new sistem, at any rate ocashunally, and most speshally in warm weather.

There's jest one other important matter, as will keep on a pegging away at me, and it's jest this—I allus finds as them as is most libberal with their wine, is allus the most libberal with their money to us pore ardworking Waiters; but the nateral hinference as surgests itself is such a paltry and shabby one, that I bannishes it away with all the contemp as it deserves.

ROBERT.

NOT QUITE WRITE.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Newspapers. To him enter a couple of Church Dignitaries.

First Church Dignitary. We trust we do not intrude, Mr. Punch? Mr. Punch (looking up). You, Archbishop! Always pleased to see you.

Second Church Dignitary. And having a great deal of leisure, Sir, I thought I would accompany his Grace.

Mr. P. Delighted to see you both. Well, what is it?

First C. D. (breathlessly). Have you seen the letter that appeared in the Times on the 6th of February—

Second D. (interrupting). About Journalism, and Sunday Observance?

Mr. P. Yes—I fancy I saw the heading—an excellent object.

Both C. D.'s (together). I wrote it—

Mr. P. I saw, now I remember, both your signatures. Well, your Grace and my Lord, what do you want?

First C. D. We objected to the appearance of a paper on Sunday—an entirely new departure.

Second C. D. Started by the London edition of the *New York Herald*.

Mr. P. Come, you are out there—how about the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, to say nothing of a number of London weekly papers with special Sunday morning editions?

Both C. D.'s We never read them, because they appear on Sunday.

Mr. P. Indeed! Well, of course, you are quite right to act up to your principles. And as, no doubt, you are consistent, I suppose you never see any morning paper on a Monday?

First C. D. What nonsense! Of course we do. How should we get on without the latest intelligence from abroad, and the latest comments thereon?

Mr. P. All of which are most probably written and set in type for you on the Sunday for the following Monday.

First C. D. (astounded). Dear me!

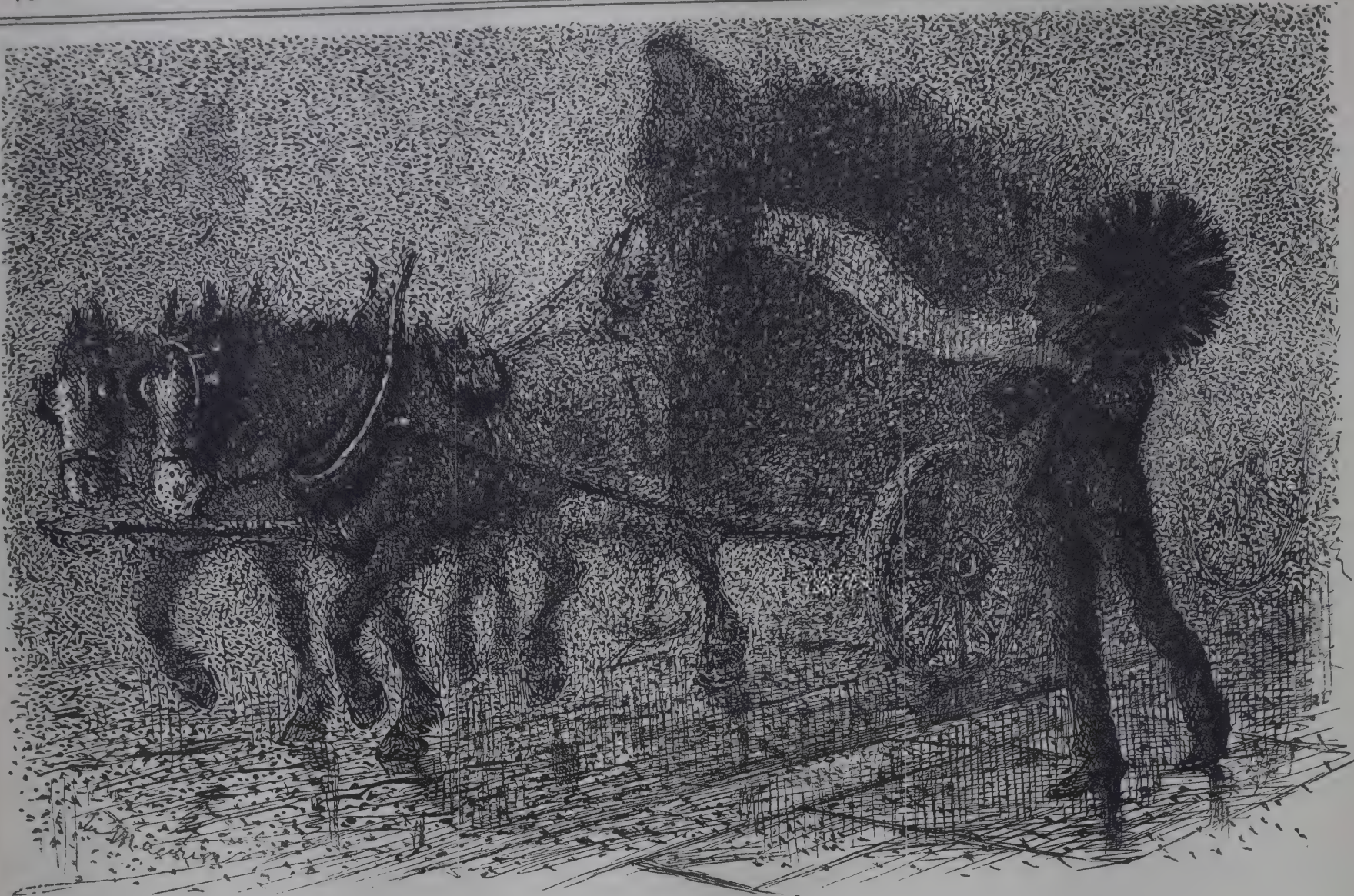
Second C. D. (astounded). You don't say so!

Mr. P. Yes, I do. And, pardon me, you really know very little about the matter. You see, the movements of the world cannot be ignored for two days out of the seven; and consequently there must be a paper published on a Monday. Of course there should be as little Sunday labour as possible, and I feel sure that in every newspaper office in the kingdom this rule is observed. The great point is, that there should be one day of rest in the week, and this point our trans-Atlantic contemporary seems to have overlooked. I do not think its omission will be to its ultimate advantage. As for the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* (both of them very old established papers), they have supplied the want of a comparatively small public for many years. I have no doubt you would find that in their cases no more work is done in their offices on a Sunday morning than in many a Fleet Street composing-room on a Sunday night. As to their distribution on the first day of the week—does it entail in their cases much more than getting a few tobaccoists, who would be open on a Sunday to sell cigars, to vend journals as well? Railways and cabs and omnibuses are necessary evils that we are forced to tolerate every day of the week, month, and year, and a news-cart or two on a Sunday morning are not so very alarming after all, especially if they carry to the home a paper that may outrival the attractions of the publichouse. You mean well, Your Grace, and My Lord, but a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. By all means secure one day of rest in the seven for everyone, but do not run a tilt against necessary labour, which, in the case of the London papers to which I have referred, is practically work very late on Saturday night or very early on Monday morning.

[Scene closes in as the Archbishop sedately makes his way to the office to subscribe to the "Observer," and the Bishop carefully produces the requisite funds for one year's order of the "Sunday Times."



All's wheel that ends wheel.



WINDOW STUDIES.

A HARMONY IN LONDON SMUT.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS!

OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

Bumble loquitur:—

Now wot did I tell yer? Oh, yus, they wos orfully down upon *hus*,
Mister JOBBER, yet werry fust orf they're as bad. Ah! a 'undered
times wus,

If you arsk *me*, my dear M. B. W. Oh! it's no end of a lark,
And *their* little game, dontcher see, can't be played up, like ours, in
the dark.

Publicity, Sir, is *their* motter, no sly 'ole-and-corner for them;
Which I 'opes as they likes the result. They was too jolly quick to
condemn [gents,

Dear Lord MAGGERYMORN and his lot, which a nicer more kind lot of
More liberal-like as to perks, or more easy at handy per-cents,
I never have known, nor don't want to. Reform? It's the greatest
of rot,

Mere Radical clap-trap, the patter of parties as don't know wot's wot.
I always did say it wos noisy as any big drum, and as 'oller,
And look at this ere County Council, afore it's got fair into collar!

So wise and so virtuous, ah! and so calm it wos going to be,
No rows and no robbery *here*; and behold it's all fiddle-de-dee!
Pooty nice state o' things, Sir, now ain't it? No politicks! that was
the word,

And they fought it all round just like cats, and them Rads, they
'ops in like a bird, [luck.

All along of *hus* being caught napping, *hus* Tories I mean, Sir, wus
No politicks? Wot I maintains is as that is the merest of muck.

Your Englishman can't chip his hegg, as Lord ROSEBERY said, with-
out *them*—

(Which *he* ain't not arf a bad sort; for a Radical Peer he's a gem)—
It was Party all over the place, 'cept a bit in the City, you know,
When LUBBOCK and ROSEBERY romped in, being kindly allowed to
do so.

But elsewheres it was fair pot and kettle, or hammer and tongs, wich
'you please,

And we *must* 'ave been napping, I say, or we ought to have licked
'em with ease,

Those blessed Progressists. New name, but it means the old thing,
and that's bad;

A Progressist's a Socialist sometimes, and always a rampaging Rad.
'Owsomever the P.'s got the pull, and oh! where's yer "No Politicks"
now?

Wy, their wery fust meeting was shindy, their second began in a row,
And wound up in a ramp; a fair swindle, a regular do. That there
FIRTH [berth.

Was always a bugbear o' mine, which no doubt he's his heye on a
Like the rest on us. Bumbles, or Bigwigs, or BOTTOMLEY FIRTHS,
it's all one, [be mighty prime fun

And Principles when they're spelt proper means Perks. 'Twould
If they hadn't three years to run loose in. These Aldermen ought
to ha' bin, [a sin,

Hevery one on 'em, titled and Tory, to keep the thing straight. It's
And a shame, and a scandal, I say. Never mind, they must 'ave the
fust go; [tables? Oh, no!

But when the three years have expired, won't we just turn the
Gerrymandering, Sir, is a game two can play at. We won't raise
much bobbery [jobbery

Now, but I'm sure as three years of their dashed Rad jobation and
Will jolly well sicken the woters, *hus* Tories will then 'ave our turns,
And then won't it be Bob's a dying with BOTTOMLEY FIRTH and that
BURNS? [year they can't;

They can't pull Law and Property down with a run, not in three
Their Perlice game and Ground-renting rubbidge will turn out a
proper old plant.

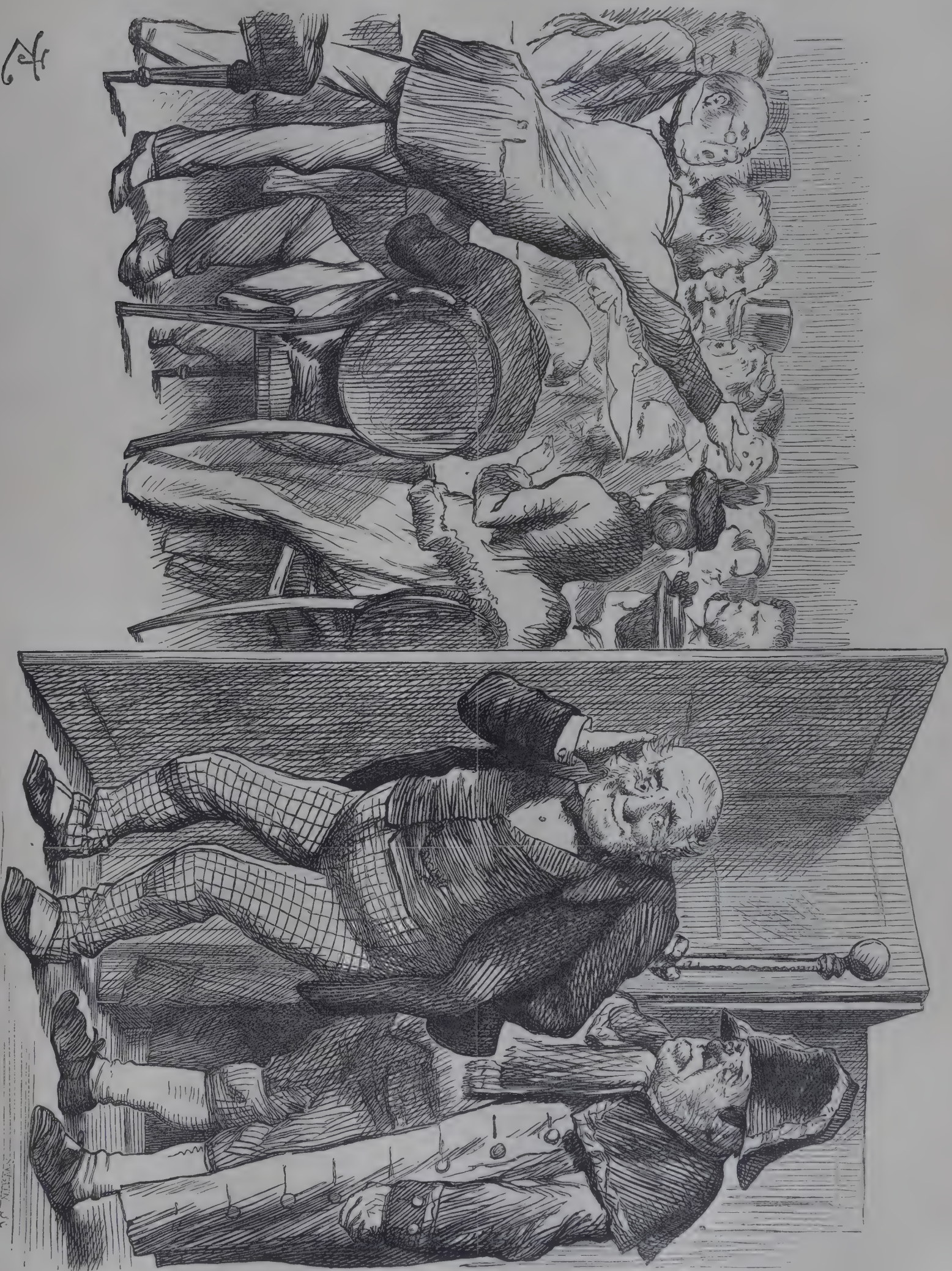
Or else I will eat my cocked 'at, Sir; I've 'eard all their kibosh afore;
The Purity-monger may spout, but its 'Cuteness and Cash as will score.
Think Monopoly's game is all up? Think the Masses will 'ave their
own way?

Yah! It's all very well for palaver, but, put to the test, it won't *pay*;
And things as don't pay never prospers, Sir, that is a moral, you bet.

They are up in the sterrups jest now, Sir, but we'll be upsides with
'em yet. [Big Job?

Won't they get in a precious fine 'ole when they tackle their blooming
Next election it won't be "No Politicks!" neither, that I'll bet a bob.

Well no, Sir, I mayn't be no prophet, I'm old and my orifice is 'umble,
But if this don't end in a fraud and a fizzle my name isn't BUMBLE!



LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS! OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

EX-MEMBER OF METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS. "WHY, THIS IS WORSE THAN IT WAS IN OUR TIME,—LADIES PRESENT TOO!"
EX-BUMBLE. "AH, SIR! AND THEY'RE ONLY JUST A BEGINNING!!"



"NOW, IF I JUMP IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY FALL OFF; AND IF I DISMOUNT TO OPEN IT, I SHALL NEVER GET ON AGAIN."

A VALENTINE.

TO AN ADVANCED WOMAN.

LADY, in the ancient times,
I had sung to you of love,
Mingling freely in my rhymes
Soft allusions to the dove.



Now you'd scorn
me if I wrote
What the old-
world poets
taught;
For, as your slang
goes, your
"note"
Is all philosophic
thought.

You are equal now
with man,
Rather better, as
it seems;
With amazement
do we scan
All your high am-
bitious dreams.

You would vote, and then hold sway
In St. Stephens, and methinks
Man must by the cradle stay,
While the child has forty winks.

Once we numbered 'mid your charms,
Soft low voice and tender eye;
Now you wave a Mænad's arms,
On the platform shrieking high.
Where is all the gentle grace,
Where the soft seductive glance,
In the bold virago face,
Like a "Pétroleuse" of France?

You go in for every "fad,"
Fancies that fanatics please;
Vaccination's counted bad,
Thus you help a dire disease.
Little children, though they learn
Ample lessons all the time,
Their poor pittance must not earn,
Since it is in Pantomime.

Lady, though you're now enroll'd
On committees, talking loud,
Trust me, in the days of old
You'd more reason to be proud.
Then no mannish maids we knew,
Man for woman's love would pine;
Can a cross between the two
Win me for a Valentine?

AN ALDERMANIC DIARY.

FIND that I've been made a "County Alderman" for London! Very gratifying, but haven't the ghost of a notion what I'm expected to do. It seems I've been "co-opted," which sounds like the Stores. Friend drops in, and tells me I'm elected "on the Progressive ticket," and that it's "a glorious triumph." Ask him, diffidently, whether as an Alderman I shan't have to eat a lot of dinners. Friend surprised; says that all that sort of thing is done away with; dining not a bit Progressive, it seems, and "we must leave luxurious banquets and wine-bibbing to effete old Corporation." Question still remains, What are my duties as Alderman?

Meet brother Aldermen at my first County Council. Find they are just as much at sea as I am about their future functions. A spirited debate going on about "Barking Outfall." Some Councillors want to abolish it and take London sewage down to East Coast. Vote for the Outfall, to save expense to rate-payers. Surprised afterwards to hear that "Progressive policy is dead against Barking." Warned by chief Wire-puller of Progressive Party that I'd "better be careful" how I vote. "Having been elected by reformers, I am expected to vote as a reformer," and more to the same effect. Annoying.

Invited to grand City banquet. Never been to one before. Go, and have a delightful time of it. Never realised what good fellows these City magnates are—almost as good as the wine they generously provide for their guests. Much gratified, too, to see what a lot they seem to think of me. Query—is the Corporation, after all, as effete as some people say?

Next Day.—Progressive Wire-puller calls. "Regrets to hear I was seen at a City banquet last night." I can't deny it. "Then all he can say is, that he hopes it won't occur again." I tell him that I hope it will occur frequently. He makes a slighting allusion to flesh-pots, and ends by saying that "there will be a proposal, from the reactionary Councillors, that Aldermen shall be invested with robes and a chain, and I shall be expected to vote against it." It seems that a robe and chain are considered the reverse of Progressive. Why?

Have voted—for the trappings! Regret to say, proposal lost, as most of Aldermen going in constant fear of the energetic Wire-puller, who organises the Party, and appears to disorganise most of its members. Go to another Civic spread, and get a City official—on my promising never to vote against the interests of the old Corporation—to lend me his robes and gewgaws, including massive gold chain. *Now* feel something like an Alderman.

Query.—Am I becoming a Retrogressor? Anyhow, can't be pushed out of my position for three years; so don't much care what the Progressive Wire-puller thinks of me.

Later.—Attend a still more sumptuous entertainment, this time given by a City Company. Fine institutions, old City Companies—not Progressive, perhaps, but hang progression! Go to bed in my robes and chain.

A PERSONAL ANSWER.

(By a Prejudiced Party.)

WHY should not Ladies smoke
The fragrant cigarette?
Ah! surely that is asked in joke,
My sweet-lipped pet!
I know the practice grows,
Like others that are baneful;
But see a "weed" beneath your nose?
The thought's too painful!



Personal? Why, of course!
Yet 'tis "most relative."
Answer of more conclusive force
How could I give?
Let females coarse and plain,
With lips none care to kiss,
Puff what is womanhood's worst bane,
Though manhood's bliss.
But you, with birdlike lips,
And breath like briars in June?
No! Take my earnestest of tips—
'Tis not in tune.
Take no foul cigarette
Beneath that dainty nose.
Heavens! Who would fuming Tophet set
Too near the Rose?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Direct Taxation.



FIGURATIVE.

Head Waiter (the Old Gent had wished for a stronger Cheese). "Hi! JAMES—LET LOOSE THE GORGONZOLA!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ECONOMICAL ENTERTAINING.—Your determination to show your friends how to lessen the expense of social intercourse, and to exemplify your idea by giving a cheap entertainment yourself, is certainly spirited, but we think on the whole we would advise you not to mention your project, as you propose, on the cards of invitation. Your idea of decorating your rooms with a dozen penny coloured lamps is tasty, and ought to afford some pleasure and surprise to the two hundred and fifty guests you talk of inviting. Sixteen shillings is not a large sum to spend on the supper, but as you say you are determined not to exceed this, perhaps your plan of laying it out on tinned oysters would be the most effective. They should be carefully re-served up on shells got from some adjacent dust-heap, and then, if their flavour be well smothered with Chili vinegar and Cayenne pepper, it is just possible that, coupled with the fact that there is nothing else to eat, they will pass muster, and even in some instances, be swallowed hurriedly with relish. We think your receipt for champagne-cup a little risky, one bottle of Jobson & Co.'s "Dry Creaming" (1889) being hardly enough to mix with the six gallons of water, as you suggest. Perhaps a bottle of cheap potato spirit, if added to the beverage, would help to give it character and a little more of the "go" usually associated with this fashionable drink. Your method of supplying the necessary music, by getting a mechanical street-piano into your hall, and giving the man ninepence to play it the whole evening at the bottom of the stairs, is in every way excellent. By all means secure the services of the drunken linkman you mention. Such an official is invaluable in assisting at the departure of your guests, and would, with his familiar sallies, lend a fitting *éclat* to the conclusion of the whole entertainment.

DEALING WITH A MUTINY ON BOARD A PLEASURE YACHT.—Your having started with your friend the Duke and a distinguished company for a cruise down the Channel, with a crew consisting of a crossing-sweeper, two Lascars, three "unemployed" riverside loafers, and an ex-pirate, under the command of a dismissed Boulogne steamboat-steward, who assured you he would be "quite sober as soon as he came on board," was hardly a proceeding that promised a very successful issue to your voyage, and we are not surprised to hear that at the close of the second day, when you had got out of the Thames, and beyond the immediate hail of every passing ship, you found yourself suddenly face to face with open mutiny. It must, as you describe, have been very annoying to you and your guests, just when you were preparing to sit down to a comfortable little seven o'clock

dinner, to have had your cabin invaded by the whole crew, hopelessly drunk, demanding a year's wages in advance, the key of the spirit cupboard, a free passage to America, and threatening to scuttle the yacht forthwith, if these outrageous terms were not instantly complied with. Your clearing out the intruders with a mop seems to have been a very happy inspiration. Of course, the correct thing would have been to have put the ring-leaders in irons, but as you say you had no irons on board, this was obviously impossible. Your subsequently sending the Duke "for'ard" in his slippers to read the Riot Act to them, while you watched him from the skylight with a loaded revolver, may be regarded in a certain sense as a substitute for this, and we think—though it led to nothing more serious than his Grace being obliged to retire under a shower of stout-bottles—was certainly a little risky. However, "All's well that ends well," and it was undeniably fortunate your chancing on that tug that eventually towed you into Margate. As you evidently made no terms with the Captain, you had better pay the £754 14s. 6d. he demands for his assistance, and not dispute it in the County Court. It is a pity that, on arriving, you quite forgot to hand your mutinous crew over to the local police, and that they all of them in consequence escaped.

AN AWKWARD REQUEST.—We can quite understand your feeling puzzled to know how to turn the hundred and fifty Bathing-Machines, of which you have lately come into possession under your Great Uncle's will, to any profitable account, but feel convinced that, if you only give free rein to a little invention and enterprise, that you will speedily solve the difficulty. Your idea of starting a Farthing Omnibus Company has no doubt something in it; but why not purchase a hundred and fifty coal-barges, clap a bathing-machine on to each, and supply the public with a cheap and serviceable house-boat? If you could do this, and manage to get them *all down at Henley by the next regatta*, we feel quite confident that you might do an enormous business, and make quite a little fortune. Anyhow, if worst comes to worst, you can, of course, as you suggest, get rid of them in half dozens through the columns of the *Bazaar* in exchange for piano-organs, bicycles, Japanese fans, guinea-pigs, concertinas, cranberry jam, rare postage stamps, and other attractive and useful articles, for, as you very sensibly point out, a bathing-machine is always a useful thing in itself, and sure to be in much request amongst English middle-class families, especially those located in inland county towns and suburban districts, where you might anticipate some difficulty in running across one at a moment's notice. Still, we think it is a pity that the Executors had them sent away from the sea-side, and delivered to you at your place at Wimbledon, without giving you any notice of their proceedings. It would have been, we think, better, had they first consulted you on the subject. However, no doubt you will get rid of them in time. We shall, of course, be glad to hear from you how you get on with their disposal.

PIGEONS AND CROWS.—The *Post* reports experience of "heavenly weather" at Monte Carlo—the shining hour improved by nobility and gentry, British and foreign, with the manly sport of pigeon-shooting. It needs not be said that pigeons are plentiful at the great Continental resort of gamblers and gunners. Besides the birds turned out of the trap, other pigeons are let into it, to be plucked only, none shot, except those who now and then shoot themselves, for example.



A COMPROMISE FOR THE CELT.—An evening Contemporary takes occasion to remark, that "The idealism of the Irish Celt was in the direction of taking other people's spices without payment." Not exactly so. Instead of that, he would much prefer to give his Landlord spice, and pay a peppercorn rent.

GOOSE SAUCE—PREPARED IN JAPAN.—It has been announced, with a flourish of paper trumpets, that certain enthusiastic Japanese propose to send Buddhist Missionaries to Europe and America. The originator of this project may be considered a proper gander in himself.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

FURNIVAL'S INN.

(By *Houquet Walkère.*)

In your still garden, when the bells are chiming,
When the rooks clamour, and the crocus blows,
And house-boat snails the border-bricks are sliming,
And light and shadow line the lawn in rows,



Think how, amid the roar of City traffic,
I make heart's music to the jarring din,
And spin *Alcaic*, *Elegiac*, *Sapphic*,
Taking mine ease in *Furnival's Old Inn*.

"*Furnival's Inn*, and *Furnival's outt*,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and *Furnival's there*,
Thorough the crescent, *athwart the square*,
Furnival's off, and *Furnival's on*,
Whither, ye Shepherds, *has Furnival gone?*"

Rolls there a 'bus by, or careers a hansom,
Rattles the peaceful *PICKFORD's* chariot-van,
Love still, with smiling eyes, will pay the ransom,
Still chant serene what man hath made of man.
Though on their prancing destriers the Templars
Stay not the traffic now in *Fetter Lane*,
The Mail-cart Knight reveres his great exemplars,
And drives his palfrey half as fast again.

Still, through a conflagrant spilth of splendour,
Vanquishing *Venice* and the lim lagoon,
The heart will yearn for *England's April tender*,
Singing, Go, rill, along with sober boon.
And, like some great Express to *Bath* or *Grantham*,
Gleams of your voice that day you came to tea
Mingle for ever with the old-world anthem,
Sung on May morns to *Tudor minstrelsie*,

"*Furnival's Inn*, and *Furnival's outt*,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and *Furnival's there*,
Over the crescent, and *through the square*;
Furnival's off, and *Furnival's on*,
Whither, ye Nymphs, *has the malapert gone?*"

YACHTING FOR THE PROSTRATE.—Rare and cheery opportunity. A confirmed Naval Valetudinarian, who has recently purchased a *Penny River Steamer* in an averagely good condition, is desirous of meeting with one or two cheerful but hopeless invalids, who, struggling for existence, think that they might possibly derive some benefit from the novelty and excitement consequent on joining him in a projected cruise down the Channel. The idea of the Advertiser, if the vessel prove seaworthy, would be to put in at all the recognised Hospitals along the Coast, and endeavour to obtain advice gratis from the Authorities. Applicants could come in their own Bath Chairs, which they could occupy during the whole of the voyage, being securely strapped to the bulwarks in rough and boisterous weather. For full particulars and terms apply to "Commodore," 5, Churchyard Place, Gravesend.—[ADVT.]

NECK OR NOTHING.

HER MAJESTY, having expressed her willingness to dispense with the daylight display of shoulders at her Drawing Rooms, in the case of applicants who can satisfy the LORD CHAMBERLAIN that on account either of "illness or infirmity or advancing years," they are entitled to a dispensation, it is probable that that functionary will find himself in some difficulty when called upon to discharge the rather delicate duty entrusted to him. However, let him take heart. He has merely to prepare the following brief paper of questions, and request every fair applicant to fill up as much of it as she will or can—and the thing is done:—

1. What illness have you had? State whether it was nettlerash, measles, one of the five fevers, or any other contagious or infectious disease that would necessitate your being wrapped up in its convalescent stage in an East wind?

2. Are you infirm? If so, state the nature of your "infirmity." Are you deaf, lame, or blind? Do you wear a wig, false teeth, or a glass eye, or are you able to mention any other artificiality about you that may warrant you in claiming the exemption on the plea of your being considered "infirm"?

3. If you put forward the excuse of "advancing years," give your age on your last birthday, and state, if you can, how your "advancing years" tell on you? Do you totter and stagger as you walk, and are you helped up the steps by the footman? Are you hopelessly imbecile? Is your memory either going or gone? or are you merely a middle-aged frisky matron, who tries to cut out her own daughters, who say of her, behind her back, "Oh! Mamma's too dreadful!" If not this, mention one or two signs, such as a paralytic stroke or two, indicative of the fact that you are generally breaking up, and should therefore enjoy the privilege of attending the QUEEN'S Drawing Room in a dress that will not accelerate the process by leaps and bounds.

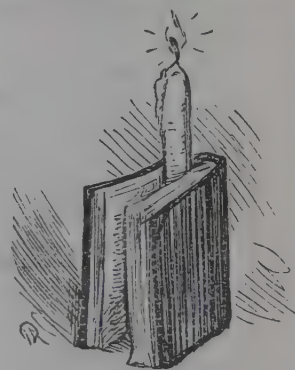
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." has it all to himself this week. He apparently has had a good time of it.

If Mr. FREDERICK G. KITTON's first Number of *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* is a good sample of what the whole work will be like—and there is no reason to suppose it is not—it is likely to be a valuable addition to the Biography of the Author of *Pickwick*. In the present Number there is a portrait of DICKENS in 1835, there is the portrait by MACLISE in '39. There are many additional Illustrations of great interest, and in the letter-press there is not a little that will be new to the countless admirers of our great Novelist. The whole work seems to be carried out with an exactness, and the most careful attention to minute detail, that renders it especially valuable.

Old Chelsea, by Dr. MARTIN. "All my eye and BETTY—" No! Beg pardon. "All the eyes of Dr. MARTIN"—seems to have been used to the best advantage in his "summer-day's stroll." If anything escaped him, he fortunately had Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL—he ought to be called Mr. JOSEPH PENCIL—with him, who has given countless graphic representations of "all that is good in Chelsea." A genial gossiping book. Chelsea is here pleasantly penetrated by pencil and by pen, and no one will be anxious to become a Chelsea pen-shunner.

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.



A Dip in a Book.

Sporting Intelligence.

VERY bad for sport of all kinds nowadays. If you want to shoot, it rains furiously; if you wish to hunt, it freezes vindictively. It is poor sport, after all, to stop at home. Much better to go to the Grainery at St. George's Hall, and hear a certain versatile entertainer give a solo on the CORNEY! (Ha! ha!!) He will tell you all about it, with wondrous *bonhomie* and spontaneity; with an utter absence of the dismal horse-collaric merriment of the "funny man," and with sparkling snatches of song and music. Go and hear him sing, "*I won't go out Shooting any more!*" "*Something to Kill*," the pathetic "*Squire's Song*," and "*The Old Banjo*." In a comfortable, well-warmed room, you will be quite independent of our detestable climate, and in *A Day's Sport* you will find an evening's amusement.

EPITAPH FOR THE GREAT TOWER OF PARIS (if it topples over).—"I fell!"

A PARADOX.—BOULANGER representing the Seine!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

'ARRY ON THE ICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow's Eighty-nine serving you? Fust time I've wrote yer *this* year. It's a pelting like fun as I start, and we're in for a drencher, I fear. Skates to-day seems as useless as snow-shoes; I've only 'ad mine on me twice, But I do want to tip yer the tale of the gammock I had on the hice.

The year began topping, dear pal, though old blokes as would doss in a bog So long as 'twas muckily warm, did complain of the frost and the fog. Fog and frost! The old gonophs may grumble along o' the cold and the dark, But they do me a treat. Who wants light when you're out for a lap and a lark?



Ony wish as they'd stay a mite longer, the frost more pertikler, old pal. That's the wust of our climate, confound it! It's jest like a flirty young gal, On the shift and the shove all the time. 'Ardly got your old skates out of pop, When the ponds, as wos stone in the mornin', at night is all slither and slop.

I don't lose no time I essure you; as soon as the puddles gits friz I'm down to the parks like a popgun; it's sure to be tidy good biz. If yer can't mount the irons, my pippin, and go for a fair rattle round, There is sure to be some barney on if there's mivvies and mugs on the ground.

Oh, the mugs and the mivvies, dear CHARLIE! Wot would life be wuth without them? [took 'EM.

It is sech as gives sport to hus snide 'uns. I went to Hyde Park and You know little 'EM of the Boro'; as smart as they make 'em she is, And I don't know a dashinger 'and at a 'op and a bottle of fizz.

Couldn't skate, so I hofferred to learn her; in course she wos on like a shot; You trust 'er, old man; she knows 'ARRY, and twigs that he's up to wot's wot. Pooty foot, too, she 'as, and no error; I tell yer it fair did me proud, [crowd. When I screw'd on the steels to them trotters, and steered her along through the

I'd been the day prevyus, but, bless you, the Bobbies was then on the ramp, And the trees was all 'ung with "Prohibits," the hice bein' thin-like and damp. "'Ware, oh!" wos the cry; but we worked 'em, mate, me and jest two or three more,

Till the hice-men wos reglar at sea, and the crushers went dotty ashore.

We dodged 'em, we did ducks and drakes with big stones as went skidding along, And bashed one or two gals on the hankles. In course this wos rorty and wrong; But the fun of it, CHARLIE, the fun of it! Lor', I did laugh fit to crack, When I shied a big chunk at a hice-hole, and caught a old bloke in the back.

He 'owled and went down like a hegg, and the crushers was soon on the nick, But A 1 ain't a sprinter, and 'ARRY for BOBBY's a trifle too quick. So we kep up the barney, dear boy, till the ice-men and slops wos that riled That they pooty nigh bust, and the ice, so the papers all spluttered, wos spiled.

Spiled! We didn't find it so, CHARLIE, not me and 'EM BATES didn't; no, Bit rough and cut-up round the edge; but we chanced it, and didn't we go? 'EM wos jest a bit sprawly, in course, and we sometimes came down with a run. But who cares for a cropper or two? Wy, the gals think it arf of the fun!

We cannoned a pair of rare toffs, fur and feathers, mate, quite *ah lah* *Roose*! We wos all in a pile on the hice, and the swell he let hout like the doose. But his sable-trimmed pardner, a topper, with tootsies so tiny, dear boy, Well I do not believe she arf minded, a spill is a thing gals enjoy.

"'Old hup, Miss," I sez; "no 'arm done: it's all right hup to now, don'tcher know,"

And she tipped me a look from her lamps, as was sparklers and fair in a glow. If she didn't admire me—well, there, 'ARRY don't want to gas, but 'EM BATES Got the needle tremenjus, I tell yer, and threatened to take orf the skates.

I soon smoothed 'er feathers down, CHARLIE. But, oh! the rum look and the smile

As that other one tipped me each time as we passed. She'd a heye for true style,

She 'ad, and no error. Lor', bless yer, the right sort *they* knows the right sort, And that's wy I 'old as Park-skating's a proper Socierty sport.

Helps the great Modern Mix, my dear feller. You know 'ARRY ain't a low Rad. And if there is one thing I 'ate like bad whiskey, old man, it's a Cad.

All your levellers ought to be squelched. Skilly round is the biggest of hums, But the dough in Society's Cake's getting more and more mixed with the plums.

They ain't all at top, not the plums ain't; it's stirabout now, my dear boy, If a gent who ain't flush with the ochre, yet knows 'ow to tog and enjoy, Courts and Clubs, big Ball Marsquees, ancetrer, ain't no call to look down on *him* 'Cos he's one on 'em, CHARLIE, at art, though he mayn't 'ave shoved into their swim.

Suppose I struck ile or nicked nitrates! Lor bless yer, the swells would soon find I wos born for their Mix, dear old pal, me and them being all of a mind. [round on the skates, Then me and that sparkler in sables might do a waltz Though at present I 'ave to put up with grey Astrikan cuffs and 'EM BATES.

Well, my turn may come, mate, who knows? There's lots like me now come out top row; Of course the thor bunnicked the hice hup afore we 'ad 'ad a fair go. [will carry Howsomever, the Winter ain't over; as soon as a kid it The very fust ones on, you bet, will be 'EM, and yours, bobbishly, 'ARRY.

BIG GUNS AND LITTLE ONES.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Speech of Lord WOLSELEY at the Prize Distribution of the Artists' Rifles (Volunteers). Enter to him the Adjutant-General.

Adjutant-General (saluting). Trust you are satisfied with my littlespeech, Commander-in-Chief-Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. Punch. Hum! Flowery as usual. Not quite up to the mark, perhaps, of those wonderful manifestoes you used to send from Egypt, my Lord.

A. G. Well, Sir, you see they were so much better done subsequently by Mr. London County Councillor AUGUSTUS HARRIS, that I thought it as well to discontinue them. But what did you think, Sir, of my reference to the step we are taking in the right direction?

Mr. P. What, getting new swords and bayonets ready, to supply the place of those that broke at Suakin?

A. G. (confusedly). No, Sir, I don't think I touched upon that matter. (Regaining his habitual self-confidence). No, I alluded to the offer that has been made to the Volunteer Artillery of two hundred and fifty-two field-guns.

Mr. P. Pardon me, my Lord—but gammon! Call that a move in the right direction, why they are all of an obsolete pattern?

A. G. But still they will be useful for drill.

Mr. P. And the Volunteers, in exchange for these old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, are to return into store the 40-pounder rifled breech-loaders they already possess! A nice arrangement truly! How are the gunners to learn their breech-loading drill?

A. G. (vaguely). By joining Schools of Instruction or something.

Mr. P. Come, come, my Lord, you are too sensible to mean what you say. As a matter of fact only officers are entitled to attend the schools. And how many (non-coms. and commissioned combined) can afford the time?

A. G. (shifting his ground). Well, Sir, at any rate, it's introducing a novelty.

Mr. P. It hasn't even that questionable merit. There were numerous Volunteer Field Brigades (one of the best was the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) until the War Office took it into (what it is pleased to call) its head to break them up.

A. G. Well, Sir, as I suppose, we shall have to submit to you, in the long run, what would you advise?

Mr. P. I advise nothing! I order that the obsolete guns be returned into store, and that ones of the latest pattern with all the most recent improvements be served out to the Volunteers in their stead.

A. G. (grumpily). Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. Just see that the Reserve of Officers (that most useful body of men) are properly treated. After a man has served twenty years, grant him a step of brevet rank. It is only just. The auxiliary Forces have this advantage, why not the Reserve?

A. G. (making a note in his book). Certainly, Sir. Yes, Sir. I will see that your suggestion is carried out. Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. I am busy. So you, my Lord, can go! [Lord WOLSELEY salutes and exit, while Mr. Punch gives his mind to matters of more serious import.

A SPECIAL Costume has been designed for the Lady-Alderman—it is called the Aldermantle.

MAMMONITE THRIFT! OR, THE HEROD OF OUR DAYS.



Mr. Punch. "ESTIMATES! YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FURTHER FOR YOU TO LOOK AFTER, MR. SMITH—THE SURPLUS POPULATION!"

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial-fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones."
Tennyson's "Maud."

"The strongest statement in favour of infant insurance is that it encourages thrift."—Mr. Braxton-Hicks on "Infantile Insurance."

"It is clear, he remarks, that to allow a poor parent to effect an insurance on his child's life gives him a direct interest in its death."—The "Times" on Mr. Braxton-Hicks's Letter.

"THRIFT, thrift!" Oh, convenient Death!
Wise counsel he whispereth under his breath
Into pitiful poverty's ear!
Poverty makes even parentage keen
At catching his sinister hints. 'Tis a scene

For a new *Danse Macabre*; that bald bony nowl
Crape-canopied craftily set cheek-by-jowl
With the conscienceless vassal of Beer.
"Thrift, thrift!" It is surely the last subtle shift
Of the Spectre to pose as a preacher of Thrift!

True, Mammon and Mors have been ever allies;
But here is a scene that might almost surprise
The Moloch for whom they both cater.
The cynical grin of the fiend of the flame
Might melt to a look of compassionate shame
At sight of the Golden God's last little game,
Which should bring a hot blush to a satyr.



"NOT NEGOTIABLE!"

Impecunious Lodger. "JEMIMA, DID YOU ASK MRS. MAGGLES WHETHER SHE WOULD TAKE MY I. O. U. FOR THIS QUARTER'S RENT, AS I'M RATHER——"

Maid of All Work. "YES, SIR, AND SHE SAY SHE WON'T, SIR, NOT IF YOU WAS TO HOFFER 'ER THE 'OLE HALPHABIT!"

TO CHLOE.

To have some more Supper.

I ASK not again to encircle that waist,
Though prettier never a girdle has graced;
That our feet in the fetters of rhythmical bars
May twinkle together, like hide-and-seek
stars;

I look not again for the flush on thy cheek,
The eyes that of mystical maidenhood speak,
The rabblesome sunlight of clustering curls,
And the dancing delight of the dearest of
girls;

I seek not to bind you for waltzes far on,
When one, or the other, or both, may be gone,
Nor to throw others over, with falsehood and
pain,—

But let us, my fair one, have supper again.
Should I slip in alone I should quail at the eye
Of the waiter who served me with turkey and
pie, [fare,

Who plenshed my plate with the choicest of
And filled up my glass with assiduous care.
But happy and bold with a chivalrous grace,
With you for my object I'll make for a place.
I do not desire you to drink or to eat, [sweet,
Coquette with the Clicquot, or toy with a
But I, gentle lady, with might and with main,
Will really and truly have supper again.

Then leave we the Arabs, Venetians, and Japs,
The satin-skinned beauties in charity caps,
The tricky young pinafores creatures in
socks, [clocks.

And the slim scintillations of ankles and
The sweet fishermaid from some myrtle-clad
coast,

The statue diviner than sculpture can boast.

The youth in a velvet of willow-leaf hue,
The dashing Hussar in his medals and blue;
Like pattern in paper on waiting-room wall,
Like crests of the billows, that rise as they
fall,

Love's fancies in endless procession advance,
But supper stands firm in the swirl of the dance.
For you and for me in the wonderful crowd,
Nay, let us confess it, some fancy cries loud,
And the swoop of the music, like gales of the
spring,

Brings tidings of summer to come on its wing.
But I find that the costume of FRANCIS THE
Develops inordinate hunger and thirst; [FIRST
So seek we the supper-room, silent and cool,
With the Bandit and Milkmaid, the Fairy and
Fool,

And list to the soul-racking music unmoved,
And eat unmolested, and laugh unreprieved.
For the world it is weary, and true-love is vain,
So let us, I pray you, have supper again.

POLITICS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

THE following appears in the *Daily News*:—

GOVERNESS, dismissed from Conservative
clergyman's family for her Gladstonian views,
desires the assistance of her party in getting
SITUATION as COMPANION, or to teach young
children, immediately.

Undoubtedly this is a case for the considera-
tion of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the same way, had
the lady been dismissed from a Liberal clergy-
man's family on account of her Salisburian
notions, the matter should have received the
immediate attention of Lord SALISBURY. At
the same time, we object to any Governess

having "views," and we deprecate the intro-
duction of politics into the schoolroom. If
this kind of thing were allowed to go on, poor
PATERFAMILIAS would never have a moment's
peace. When he sought the quiet of his
home he would be made miserable by the
"views" of rosy Radicals or gleesome
Gladstonians; he would be annoyed by the
orations of Home-rulers in home-spun,
Tories in tailor-made frocks, Liberals in lace,
Conservatives in crinoline, Socialists in short
petticoats, and Fenians in frills. In fact, he
would find the house divided in most un-
parliamentary fashion.

A DIGNITARY ON DANCING.

THE Bishop of BEDFORD is willing
That girls for Terpsichore thrilling
Should join in a "hop"
Such as bigots would stop—
Bilious duffers! Bravo, Bishop BILLING!

Nay, more; this most sensible Bishop,
Knowing innocent girlhood will wish hop,
Would lead off the dance
If he had a fair chance!

Bigots will not find custom at his shop!

But, oh! won't these bigots just fish up
Complaints, and a scan: mag: soon dish up
Against kindly BILLING?

But *Punch* bets a shilling
Good Christians will back up the Bishop.

Sour faces at this will be screwing,
But dancing does not mean undoing.

"Saints" given to curse
Blameless joys, may do worse
Than smile upon BILLING—and Cooing!

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I learned that it was your desire that I should, so to speak, sample the London Theatres, not only for the benefit of the Metropolitan Public, but for the information of the greater part of

CHARACTERS IN GOOD OLD TIMES Plate I



"Good Old Blood and Thunder."

the civilised world (always "coming to town"), I was delighted, as I knew I should at length have an opportunity of seeing Mr. WILSON BARRETT once more in a romantic character. This pleasing tragedian is, in my opinion, at his best as a persecuted hero of Melodrama. I admit that some like his *Hamlet* (which certainly is a creation that would not be considered incongruous in the Tottenham Court Road), while others, I confess, find more pathos in his *Claudian*, than in all the "serious moments" of Mr. TOOLE in *Paw Claudian* (good as that popular gentleman is in the character) put together. For all that, personally, I prefer Mr. WILSON BARRETT in some such impersonation as *John Langley* in *Good Old Times*, than in any other. It is delightful to hear him declaiming, in the centre of the stage, the noblest sentiments. It is magnificent to find him brave but luckless during three-fourths of a piece, to come out braver than ever and overwhelmed with good fortune in the last quarter. In *Good Old Times* (I did not quite understand the title, but fancy it may be meant as a subtle compliment to the "leading journal," when I suggest that *Good Old Punch* would be better), Mr. WILSON BARRETT is a Sheriff of Cumberland, who has a mad clergyman known as "*Parson Langley*" (this is the only way I can account for this strange ecclesiastic being seemingly dispossessed of his property by his own son, and certainly wearing the gaiters of a bishop) for a father. As Sheriff, he has married Miss EASTLAKE, who, for some reason or other, shirks meeting the murderer of her father,—a murderer who also happens to be her lover, and who has concealed his identity under an assumed name. Mr. BARRETT becomes jealous



A Dangerous Situation. The Part-Author with his (fowling-) piece.

of this former lover, when he pays him a visit on Christmas Eve (which is being kept festively in Holme Place, Derwentwater, with two motto-cards and a few sprigs of holly), but upon finding subsequently that he (the murderer) has been shot by his (the Sheriff's) wife, obligingly takes the consequences of Miss EASTLAKE's crime upon his own shoulders. Those consequences entail transportation for a series of years to poor Mr. WILSON BARRETT, for life to Mr. LEWIS WALLER (the excellent representative of the

in the play is where Miss EASTLAKE, cleverly disguising herself as MARIE ANTOINETTE, takes her convict husband into her household without his discovering her identity. This is the nobler conduct on her part, as the persecuted Mr. BARRETT continually carries about with him a gun that he handles so recklessly that it must be the terror of all those within its range in the neighbourhood. In the course of this charming situation, Mr. BARRETT laments that he (the infant in question unhappily being defunct) "will never see his baby boy." And there are few who do not join in his sorrow, as a long line of *Langleys* (with speeches to match) is a prospect that offers to most persons a weird fascination. In the last scene the mad "*Parson*" arrives in Tasmania (apparently with the insane idea of causing Miss EASTLAKE to be hanged) is united to his son, and all ends happily. This being so, it is unnecessary to add that the heroine ceases to be MARIE ANTOINETTE by discarding her wig, and, having done so, becomes once again the comely *Mrs. Langley*.

I can conscientiously recommend *Good Old Times* to those who like the more ancient form of Melodrama. It reminded me frequently of *Good Old Skelt*, not to say *Good Old Penny Plain* and



A Theatrical Float. (Sketched from behind the Scenes.)

Twopence Coloured. On the first night the Panorama was a little unmanageable, and consequently it was a comfort to me to see that Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who was very much to the front in a stationary canoe) was accompanied by his Chaplain, as I cannot help thinking that it would have been an extra trial to this always courteous Tragedian had not the presence of a Clergyman exercised a restraining influence upon what would naturally have been, under such trying circumstances, the bent of his eloquence. Had I been in his place as part Author and leading Actor, I know that I should have found great difficulty in uttering noble sentiments behind the scenes to the stage-carpenters. However, all's well that ends well, and *Good Old Times* ended very well indeed. Both Mr. WILSON BARRETT and Miss EASTLAKE received any number of floral souvenirs—a demonstration which gave the former an opportunity of displaying once again his pluck and common sense. This time not behind, but before the curtain. A bouquet caught fire, and Mr. WILSON BARRETT immediately put it out with his boots.

Of the other theatres, I may say that *Nadgy* is doing well at the



A Very Cold Audience. (Suggestion for the Stalls in Mid-winter.)

Avenue, and *The Balloon* at the Strand. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, I am told, has strengthened his legs in *Sir John Falstaff*, which were thought at first (by the hypercritical) a little thin for the part. This versatile Actor seems to be able to accomplish everything—he can even supply his own understudy! *Pickwick* is flourishing at the Comedy, and *Macbeth* is drawing enormous audiences to the Lyceum.

Visitors to London should go to all the theatres; because, truth to say, there is something worth seeing in every one of them. Probably by the time these lines are published, the weather will be positively charming. However, when I went the rounds, I found the roads covered with ice and snow, and furs and wraps for evening dress *de rigueur*. So cold was it, that it was with genuine reluctance that I found myself

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

ROBERT WITH THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

WHETHER it was quite a wise thing of the old Copperashun to allow the new body as has got to perform the rayther difficult task of guvverning the rest of London in the same grand style as the old City is guvverned, —to meet in their butifool Counsel Chamber, remanes to be seen, but it suddenly was a bold and an ansun thing to do, and so in course they did it. And I was there on Toosday larst to see how the new-comers behaved theirselves.



There wasn't quite the same amount of quiet dignerty and quite-at-homishness among 'em as when the reel owners of the plaice takes their seats, and in course the haspecks of the plaice was sumthink quite diffrent. The new Lord Mare, if he is one, didn't make much of a appearance, for I arldy expecks to be bleeved when I says as he didn't wear no butifool Robe of Offis, and still wuss, no Cocked Hat of Power! In course the nateral result follered, and scarcely nobody paid atenshun to what he sed, and so they set to work to eleck sumbody else in his plaice, which acshally took 'em just about 2 hours, altho amost ewerybody was agreed that, as they were most on 'em Raddiels, they coodn't do better than have yung Lord ROSEBERRY. I think as BROWN must have been rong when he told me as they had got nineteen Aldremen among 'em, for I ony seed one a setting on their onnered bench, and he hadn't no Skarlet Robe on, and, as has bin said, a Alderman without his Skarlet Robe is no ansumer than a live lobster.

The butifool Counsel Chamber seemd just about to fit its new ockepants, but I opes as they won't forget as they're ony Quarterly Tennants and allreddy under notice to quit.

I seed quite a lot of the old ritefool Owners up in the Gallery, and they looked on at the rayther noisy perceedings, I think, with more estonishment than hadmirashun. But they had a good menny broad grins at the rayther noomerus mistakes as the yung Counsellors made. Seweral Pints of Order was called for, but, I rayther think, as many on 'em, judging from their thirsty looks, wood have preferred ordering Pints of quite a different kind. Why the wery artiest larf of the hole arternoon was caused by the alushun of one Counsellor to a "Shampane Supper!" Ah, my poor hard-working London Common Counsilmen! you may hutter such delishus words, and cheer 'em to the Ecco, as you did on Tuesday arternoon, but they will never be anything more reel to you than recklecshuns of a fairy dream!

At the end of the 2 hours of not werry hinteresting tork, xcept when one onerabel Counsellor called another onerabel Counsellor a Trayter! Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY was elected Chairman in plaice of the other almost unanimously, and went and took his seat in the Lord Mare's onered chair. And then came the treat of the arternoon, and that was the new Chairman's speech, which I most respectly calls a reel staggerer. In the fust plaice he sed as he had never spent two more uncumferal hours, for they had all bin a torking about him all that time, and he wasn't alowd to say a word. He then estonished us all, Counsellors, and Common Counselmen, and Waiters, and all by declaring that he quite agreed with the few gentlemen as had woted against him that, neether by traning, or capacity, or xperiens, was he at all fit for the plaice! Of course I naterally thort as he was about to give it up, but he didn't, but occypied the Chair for about two hours, and, allowing for what we're accustomed to in Lord Mares, did it werry credibly. How the old sperrit bubbles up in a true man! One of the new Common Counselmen, who is also a old Common Counselman, kept adressing the new Chairman as "My Lord Mare," at which they all larfed, but I've werry little dowt but that my Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY wished as it was true. Who nose but that the singler mistake may be the ferst thing to put the hambishus idear into his Lordship's honnerd hed.

Sum great Feelosofer has remarked that you can allers form sumthink like a currect idea of the amount of branes in a Publick Assembly, by the preportion of ball deds among 'em, as it is the hactivity of the brane as wares off the hare. Judging the New Counsellors by this standpoint I shoold say as they compares werry unfavorably with the Ouse of Commons where the habsence of hare is remarkabel.

The Counsel broke up about 7 a clock, and most on 'em drove away direckly ether in their own private Carriages or Cabs. But a considerable number lingered about jest as if they thort as the grand

Old Copperashun might posserbly ask 'em to dinner, and it woodn't have bin at all a bad idear for the new Fust Commoner to have invited 'em to a nice snug little dinner at the Gildhall Tawern. There's nothink like a hinterchange of good wishes over a glass or two of good old wine to smooth away diffrences and make things ginerally plessant, and it must naterally have caused jest a leetle feeling of gelosy to arise in the buzzums of at any rate sum of the New Counsellors, to think that they was leaving the old Home of Ospitality without so much as a stirrup cup to elp 'em on their long weary pilgrimage to Bethnal Green or Bermonsey.

ROBERT.

THE NAGS' TALE.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of London horses has just taken place (in response to an urgent "whip") to consider the state of the streets, and to support the action of the horse-owners and horse-lovers who recently met at the Barbican Repository to debate the same subject.



Light and Leading.

A Bay Mare proposed that their respected friend, the Sorrel Nag, having once had the honour to run in the Derby Race (*cheers*), should occupy the Chair.

The proposal was voted by acclamation.

The Sorrel Nag, on taking the Chair, begged to thank his assembled friends for the honour they had done him.

He supposed every horse present understood the object of the meeting. (*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*) He believed a gathering had recently taken place in the City, at which some very sensible opinions were expressed as to the execrable state of the London pavements. (*Cheers.*) After all, men could not know so much about that sort of thing as horses themselves. Men laid the pavements, and horses used them. It was the horses that slipped—the men only whipped. (*Laughter, and cheers.*) He would now invite suggestions from any horse present. (*Cheers.*)

A Cab Horse, whose name failed to reach the reporters, in a lively and humorous speech, described the awful condition of asphalte when greasy. The wood pavement was little better. What was wanted was scouring when muddy, and this scouring could take place at night. (*Cheers.*) If that were done, and gravel strewn in slippery weather, they would have very little to complain of. (*General cheering.*)

A Brewer's Dray Horse hoped his presumption—"No, no!"—in rising to address such an aristocratic assembly of horses would be pardoned. He knew he was called clumsy, but then he was very strong. (*Cheers.*) What he could not understand was, why the Authorities insisted on laying wood or asphalte at the bottoms of hills, just where a horse's real collar-work began. (*Cheers.*) He would rather sacrifice his oats any day than have to go up Ludgate Hill in a greasy thaw. (*Sympathetic cheering.*)

A Spirited Roan said he noticed that the City people were going to form themselves into a Standing Committee to watch the state of the roads. The Horses who had to use the roads were a *falling* Committee. (*Laughter.*) He thought it was very appropriate that the Authorities to appeal to about the slimy nature of the pavements should be the Commissioners of Sewers. (*More laughter.*)

A Piebald remarked that he should like to say a few words about shoes, which he feared were a necessity of what was called civilisation. He had recently had to change his shoe-maker—

The Chair-Horse, interposing, remarked that he thought they must keep off the subject of shoes; to which the Piebald replied that the difficulty was to keep them on. (*Laughter.*)

A Bus Horse said that what he chiefly complained of was having too heavy a load behind him. To expect two horses to drag a cumbersome machine uphill and down dale, with an average of twenty passengers constantly in it or on it, was sheer cruelty. (*Cheers.*)

Another Bus Horse said in the Company to which he belonged, the horses were well treated. (*"Oh!"*) He meant what he said. He would never condescend to draw what was called a "Pirate," belonging to some needy private jobber, who could not afford to treat his animals properly. (*Cheers, and "Question!"*)

A vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had taken part in the City meeting being proposed, the Chair-Horse requested those present to signify their assent in the usual manner, by holding up their hoofs.

The Vote being carried without a single neigh, the audience then dispersed to their respective stables.



A Turn for the Turf (a sketch by Horse-lie).



HARDLY CONSISTENT.

Brown (to Smith). "UGH! THERE GOES JONES, AS USUAL, WITH A CROWD OF ADORING DUCHESSES HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM! HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIUS TOADYING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"

"A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!"

SOUND an alarm, ye brazen trumpets, sound,
And call the brave, the eager brave, around!
Of an old lay the latest of new versions.
Twang! Tootletoot! List to the fourfold bray!
How mighty heralds multiply to-day,
And how increase alarms and excursions.

Time was when trumpets twain sufficed to rally
Two rival hosts. They twangled musically,
Competing horns in well-set antiphony.
But now four-square to the four winds they blow
Conflicting blasts, loud, gentle, fast, and slow,
Cacophonous and querulous of tone.

The Jewish ram's-horns blew in unison
Round Jericho, but this strange four find fun
In harshly hurtling forth discordant shindy.
One wonders much what stable party-wall
Will be the first to totter and to fall
At this sonorous summons wild and windy.

The public tympanum has long been strained
By vigorous *reveillés* that have rained
All the recess in ceaseless *charivari*
From brazen lips and loudly-braying throats,
Till sense has wished the noodles and their notes,
With other nuisances, at—well, Old Harry.

Bugles and penny-trumpets silence now
Before the rousing right official row
Of the four heralds in their motley tabards.
Now hurrying hotly up, the rival hosts
Will tumble with loud tumult to their posts,
Maces will lift, and swords will fly from scabbards.

Tan-ta-ra! Tory SMITH, that herald sleek,
Sounds an advance that is not wild or weak;
So think at least the troops that heed its summons.

Toot-toot! That seems a friendly echo on
The brazen bass of Herald HARTINGTON,
Big-lipped, the steadiest twangler in the Commons.

Hark! *Tirra-lirra!* Surely that is not
The silver clarion of Sir LANCELOT;
'Tis strident, strong, a blast to fret and frighten.
See, see, the Grand Old Trumpeter, with lips
Full-puffed, and nervous tremulous finger-tips,
Is blowing stoutly, like a Grand Old Triton.

No want of wind! Some hold there's overmuch,
And that the ancient stately truth of touch,
Famed in old tourney days, has now diminished;
But blow he can, like Boreas, and will blow
Until the tourney's issue all men know,
Or the old Herald's fiery course is finished.

And in his rear what blast is that which blown
Appears to blend and mingle with his own?
The harp upon the tabard's scutcheon only!
Yes, 'tis the new Hibernian Herald, he,
Whose *tirra-lirra* has so little glee,
Who, fixed amongst the four, yet looks so lonely.

Blow! Blow! Alarums and Excursions soon
Will follow. 'Tis a more than doubtful boon,
This innovation of the Fourfold Flourish.
Blow! Blow! But, Heralds all, remember pray
Your business is not *all* brazen bray
Wisdom on wind alone you cannot nourish.

SCARCELY FIRST CHOP.—COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK, to judge from his demeanour towards ambassadors and others with whom he is brought in contact, exhibits himself in the character of a chip of the old block. A chip that (if rumour is to be believed) has recently been cut.

THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS ALDERMAN.—Miss CONS, of course!



SWAIN J.C.

“A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!”

(“ALARMS, EXCURSIONS,” &c., &c.)



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Cautious Craner. "HI! I SAY! WHAT'S THE OTHER SIDE?"

Sportsman (just landing). "YOU ARE!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

In the course of the prosecution of PATRICK MOLLOY for perjury a witness of the name of DELANEY was examined, and informed the Court that he was "a convict undergoing penal servitude for life," for having conspired to murder Mr. Justice LAWSON. A little later Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS, the most courteous of Counsel, had occasion to recall this misguided and luckless individual, when the following dialogue is reported:—

"MR. MATTHEWS: I think, DELANEY, you wish to make a correction in your evidence. You said on Friday that you had not seen the prisoner from the year 1882 until you saw him in the dock here, when you gave evidence. Is that so?—Witness: No. I saw him in Holloway Prison.

"Where you are at present detained?—Yes."

"Where you are at present detained" is delightful, and suggests reflections of the pleasantest character. Why should we not be polite with our prisoners? After all, harshness is a relic of barbarism. We have it on the authority of OVID that the polish of social life "*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*," and surely the Bench and the Bar should lay the lesson to heart. Instead of the usual painful conclusion to the more serious trials at the Central Criminal Court, which commences with "Prisoner at the Bar," and ends with "mercy on your soul," why should we not have something like the following?—

SCENE—The Old Bailey.

The Audience are awaiting the delivery of the Sentence.

Judge (assuming his black cap). MR. WILLIAM SIKES, will you favour me by kindly standing at that Bar for a few moments—I will not inconvenience you for many seconds. Thank you. I must ask your pardon for wearing my hat while you remain uncovered, but the fact is this Court is terribly draughty, and I find that even my wig is not a sufficient protection against the chance of my taking a sudden chill. Coughs and colds are so very prevalent at this inclement season of the year. Hem! I am sure we are very much obliged to you for giving us so little trouble. Thanks to you, the evidence upon which the jury have founded the verdict they have just delivered is of the clearest possible character, and they have had no difficulty consequently in arriving at a just conclusion. I am sure that you will wish to join with me and the LORD MAYOR who

sits on my right in offering them our sincerest recognition of their valuable services. I will not weary you with the details of a matter in which you have taken a prominent part, and with which, therefore, you are equally conversant as myself. It is my duty, however,—a duty which is at once a pain and yet a pleasure,—to inform you that the law requires certain formalities to be observed which I am convinced will meet with your entire approbation. On leaving the particular portion of the Court which has been graced with your presence on this most interesting occasion, you will be invited to return to the apartments you have recently occupied. You will find that my worthy friend, the Sheriff, has studied your comfort by providing a handsome carriage and pair for your convenience. It is heartily at your service, and I hope you will have a pleasant drive. A little later, the Sheriff will call upon you and submit other arrangements in contemplation, for your consideration. I have no doubt everything will be entirely to your satisfaction, and—you will pardon the innocent pleasantry—that enough rope will be given to you. We must not be too strict with persons like yourself, accustomed to have their own way. In conclusion, believe me, you have my earnest desire for your future happiness. I must now reluctantly say adieu, as we both have engagements that require immediate attention—moreover, I am unwilling to trespass further upon your goodnature. I have the honour to wish you a pleasant afternoon.

[Raises cap, bows, and exit.]

Surely this would be an improvement upon the present painfully disagreeable formula. Perhaps Mr. Justice HAWKINS (who has not unfrequently taken a part in proceedings somewhat similar to those to which we have referred) might like to inaugurate the new régime? His Lordship is never wanting in courtesy, even now. Were he to advance in the direction we have indicated, we feel sure that, in a very short time, it would be a genuine pleasure for all of us to hang upon his every word.

Chess So!

[Dr. KING, Bishop of LINCOLN, is about to be tried for ritualistic practices.]

WHAT, going to try the great Bishop of LINCOLN?

A terrible thing for a layman to think on.

Their game? Oh! it's not an unusual thing,

A Bishop to move to give check to a KING.



SO VERY LIKELY!

"SHALL I TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE DAWG WHILES YOU 'RE A SHOPPIN', MISS?"

DOWN SOUTH.

Villa Rouge-gagne, Monte Carlo, Feb. 14.

CHER ET CARO MONSIGNORE PUNCHIO,

HERE at 9.30 A.M., having just finished my early chocolate and my fragrant cigarette *per esser felice*—the adjective reminds me of what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said when, after telling her nephew not to smoke in the dining-room, she found him with what he called "a fragrant weed" in his mouth, so that, as she said, "I caught him in *fragrante delicto*"—but this quite "*en parson*," as the waiter said when he saw his white tie reflected in a looking-glass—here I am, sitting out amid the orange and lemon trees, feeling myself making part of a Burne-Jones picture, in summerish attire, under a sunshade, looking out on to the blue Mediterranean, down on to the hot and dusty road to Nice, and up at the saffron-coloured tiles and the pale white-and-yellow walls of the Citadel of Monaco. It is too hot to walk much—except, presently, down hill, as far as the terrace of the Casino—so I prefer to bask beneath the pleasant verandah while I read the day before yesterday's *Times*, which recounts how London is in difficulties, as usual, with the snow, how the sun has shone fitfully, for a few minutes at a time, during the day, and, in a general way, how beastly the weather is everywhere but here.

On Monday we had our share of wind, for there was what Mrs. RAM terms "a Minstrel," which raised blinding clouds of dust, and one minute you were hot, and the next you were cold, the whole entertainment "presenting," as the dear old lady above-mentioned says, "a complete illustration of one of ALLSOP'S Fables about the Sun, the Wind, and the Traveller." But to-day life is worth living,—and it would be still more so if one could look back without regret to the result of last night's *roulette*, when I lost quite fifteen francs, or could anticipate with certainty the successful issue of planking down the maximum on a single number,—and, at the present moment, life would be perfectly enjoyable, if two dirty raffish-looking troubadours, with a couple of guitars, had not invaded the gardens, and commenced a serenade. Where are the police? Where is the army of Monaco? They don't expect police, but they do expect "coppers." And I shan't be happy till they get them. Their style and manner reminds me of the Derby Day, and of the itinerant musicians whom one sees

outside public-houses in London, pursuing their calling, or rather, their bawling. I fancy under the influence of a Franco-Italian sky I am dropping into poetry. "It's the fine weather brings them out," says our confidential waiter at the Hôtel Windsor, "*Comme les oiseaux au printemps*," which is small compliment to the birds.

Everybody here, in this wonderful Casino! Many who, I imagine, must be neglecting their professional duties "to serve tables." Some excellent people would like to see each of these tables a "*tabula rasa*," but where's the special and particular harm, any more, that is, than in horse-racing, card-playing, Stock Exchange speculation, or any other form of gambling?

Perhaps all gambling is bad,—I don't say it isn't, and I certainly am far from saying it is,—but why is this particular form of it at Monte Carlo to be denounced as so utterly monstrous?

"Why," says some one to me, "notice the faces round the tables! Look at the people! Did you ever see such a set? Look at the women, regard the men! The Demon of Play has seized them all! It is a Pandemonium!"

"Quite so," I reply, "and by the way I observe several distinguished English Statesmen and highly respectable English ladies in that crowd—and—and—as the red hasn't turned up for the last four times, I shall put on *les quatre premiers*, and on red—excuse me." And turning to apologise to my companion for interrupting his flow of moral conversation, I find I am addressing myself to a perfect stranger, and that my virtuous friend has contrived to get a seat, and has his money on in four different places. The Mediterranean is blue, the oranges and lemons are yellow, the sun shines brightly, the air is exhilarating—health before everything by all means. But at Monte Carlo—as in Denmark where there was something rotten in the state *tempore Hamletto*—"the play's the thing"—*il n'y a que ça—rien ne va plus*—and so I finish my brief correspondence just to let you know where I am. Well, I am on the four first, the middle dozen, and red. I sign myself yours truly, singing—

"MONTE CARLO IS MY NAME!"

P.S.—I have returned from the Casino. Yes. The gambling ought to be stopped. The weather is chilly. I will have the fire lighted. Such a fire! Only wood—no coals. Bah! Why come here for health and change of climate? Isn't good honest snow and muck in England, and no sun, better than losing 500 francs in three-quarters of an hour? And to think that if I had only put on the *quatre derniers*, instead of the *quatre premiers* (as I did), I might have won something fabulous. I shall send for my bill. Where's a cheap restaurant? Shall I have one turn more at the tables? Well, just one. To-night.

P.S. No. 2.—Lovely night! Beautiful moon! Stars magnificent! Such an atmosphere! Who would stop in England, and, above all, in smoky London, if they could only get out here? Let me see; I'll just empty out my pockets—750 francs; that leaves me 250 to the good. After all, there's no harm in gambling; merely *pour passer le temps*. And then the place is so healthy! Why, one can be up till two in the morning, and take anything and everything, and smoke any amount, without feeling the effect. The air is so exhilarating. Shall stay here a few days more. Shall I play again? that is the question. At present I am inclined to say, *Monsieur, faites votre jeu! J'y suis!* I send you this as a sort of diary just to show you what good the climate here is doing to

Yours truly, M. C.

Those Happy Japs!

(Mem. by a Parliamentary Cynic.)

AND so, without riot or revolution, Japan has got a brand-new Constitution, The which, according to quidnunc and quacker, Was the one lack in the great land of lacquer. From the Mikado's rule to true M.P.-dom Is a long stride in the great March of Freedom. Our western progress is more slow and breezy. Those Japanese do take it Japaneasy! They've taught in Art (though some that as an error rate) Next they will teach us how to job and perorate!

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."—Running away from the Policeman.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—New Session opens to-morrow; old one seems to have closed only yesterday. Time coming when we shall refuse to make two bites at cherry, and, meeting on 1st of January, shall adjourn on Christmas Eve, as we did last year. Found OLD MORALITY here taking last glance round before battle begins. Looks plump and pleasant. Has laid in new stock of copy-book headings, a few culled from foreign languages.

"A little more flowery some of them," he said, affectionately turning over leaves of stout note-book, "but I fancy they'll fit in."

"Heard you were not coming back," I said. "Reported that you were going a step higher to consort with the Barons of England."

"Well, if you listen attentively you may hear a good deal of me that is not actually consonant with truth. Never was any foundation for this particular fable. Shall never desert the Commons until they wear me out."

Glad to hear this. OLD MORALITY not as brilliant as DIZZY, nor as eloquent as GLADSTONE. But everybody likes him, and wishes him luck in the new Session.

Business done.—Going to begin.



MEETING OF THE GODS.

SWAIN '88

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTH EVENING.

HEAR what the Moon told *Mr. Punch*:—"I knew an Ant some time ago. He belonged to the class of worker Ants, though he had been too much disturbed in his mind of late to attend to his duties. Often of a night, when I was at my full, and all the other ants in the hill were busily engaged in their various labours, he would come to the entrance of the ant-hill, and gaze up at me with sorrowful, hard, bright eyes. Frequently the other Ants would follow, and endeavour, by striking him with their *antennæ*, to recall him to the work he was born to perform—but he heeded them not. He complained bitterly that the whole universe was in league against him. Many a time has he reproached me for what he called my 'cold and passionless serenity'—and yet I could not help it," the Moon said, plaintively, "and I was really sorry for him. For a long time I did not know the reason for his unhappiness—I thought it was what in Germany is called '*Welt-schmerz*,' or despair over problems in life which his intelligence was powerless to solve. This is not uncommon among the more thoughtful Ants, and is a very sad thing to witness, because there is no certain cure for it.



"However, it was worse even than this, as I learnt a few nights ago. It was not to me, after all, that he confided his sad secret, though I happened to be shining when he unburdened himself to a Soldier Ant who was on sentinel duty at the gates. They conversed, of course, by touching one another with their *antennæ*, but I understood them quite well. From what passed, it appeared that this unhappy Ant was indeed to be pitied. He was suffering, as he said himself, from the pangs of hopeless love, an attachment for one so far removed from him in station that any return was impossible. The Sentinel was a rough old warrior, and I thought he might have shown more sympathy. Females, such was his opinion, were not worth so much fuss being made over them; he recommended the other to 'be an Ant,' and forget his infatuation, but this, the Civilian Ant declared, was out of the question while he lived. Then, gathering courage, he disclosed who it was that was the object of his passion; and I myself grew pale as I heard, for I could not have imagined such audacity. When I have told you, it will be your turn to be shocked. You may even disbelieve it, though it is quite true—the object of this misguided lover's attachment was no less a personage than the Queen of the Ant-hill herself! With *antennæ* that were quivering with emotion, he described how he had first beheld her, sitting in the State Apartment, surrounded by *pupæ* and eggs, and how he had never been the same Ant since. Yes," said the Moon, thoughtfully, "I have seen many lovers in my time, some of whom were in much the same position. I have seen ANTONY at the feet of CLEOPATRA, I have heard the lutes of RIZZIO and of CHASTELARD—but that poor, humble, labouring Ant showed a passion more really volcanic than any I had ever witnessed before. He absolutely rolled in the dust, and bit his hind legs in the agony he suffered, though the Sentinel remained unmoved by it all, and, as soon as the hapless lover had grown calmer, summoned the guard, and informed them of his monstrous presumption. Next I saw that they marched back through the gates into the Ant-hill with the labourer Ant between them—a prisoner. The whole affair must have been kept very secret," concluded the Moon, "for, up to the present time, I have not seen a word about it in any of your papers. Yet I should like to know his fate, for I have not been so interested in anything I have seen for a very long time."

IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

On bleak Bayonne
No sunlight shone.

At Biarritz
Wild hailstorm-fits.

At Jean de Luz
Fur coats we use.

A peep at Spain
Blinded with rain.

At crested Pau
Shut in by snow.



Drifting to Lourdes;
By fog immured.

At Arcachon
Re-rained upon.

And at Bordeaux
A gale did blow.

My box I pack,
And hurry back,

Never to roam
Again from Home.

The Curse of Koshiu, by the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. *Curse-o'-Koshoo!* Sounds like a sneeze, doesn't it? But, anyway, this is not a book to be sneezed at. It is an original story, treated in an original manner, which is mighty refreshing in these days, when most novelists run in the same groove. It is a thrilling romance, written in Japan, with real Japanese sensation, properties and scenery painted on the spot. It is a genuine Japanese story, which is not, to an untravelled chap, an easy task to write—a capital bit of Japanese lacquer, which should not lack a large number of readers.

THE IMPROMPTU ARMAMENT.

A Lay of the Gunless Fleet.

"It has been circumstantially stated, that at least 15 great war-ships are useless for purposes of defence or attack, because they are without guns."—*Universal Review*.

"It's as fine a fleet as you'd put to sea,
If you come to measure by steam and tons;
But you see, my Lord, it's no use to me,
If it ain't got none of them blessed guns!"

It was a rough old Admiral who spoke,
And then a muffled oath or two he swore.
The First Lord smiled. He recognised the joke.—
The French in force were threatening the Nore.

For war had on a sudden been declared,
And things had gone,—well, just a little wrong.
In fact *Whitehall* had not been quite prepared,
Although on paper they had come it strong.

The Channel somehow had been deftly cleared:
And now the sole force left, the foe to meet,
Was, as the evening papers truly "feared,"
These fifteen vessels of the Gunless Fleet!

And so the First Lord thought it out a bit.
"Look here," he cried. "Don't fear. We'll see you through,
You'll have your ships all right and trim and fit;
And this is all, you know, you'll have to do."

"Behind the Horse Guards—there, two guns you'll find;
They mayn't, perhaps, prove quite the proper sort—
But take 'em. Then a third I've in my mind,
At Margate, by the flagstaff on the Fort."

"On Ramsgate pier you'll find a couple more.
If of their size you're going to complain,
Well, go to Mr. HARRIS. He's a store,
And p'raps might lend you some from Drury Lane."

"If you want more, there's some cracked thirty-twos
They'll let you have, at Portsmouth, I'll be bound.
So, though if not quite up to modern views,
Your fleet in guns won't be half badly found!"

"So set about your work without delay!"
The Admiral responded, "Yes, my Lord!"
And gloomily went on his darkened way,
And, in low spirits, got his guns on board.

They had but one a-piece. He shook his head
As he, in tears, surveyed the sorry sight:
And then he called his Captains, and he said,—
"D'you know, I think, we didn't ought to fight."

"But here's my orders sealed." He looked them o'er,
Then shook his head again. "It's all no go!"
He cried—"we've got to stop 'em at the Nore!
So follow, Mates; I'm off to meet the foe!"

Then they set sail. They hadn't far to run
Before they met the foe, and did their worst,—
Which wasn't much, for every British gun
That day, soon as they fired it, straightway burst.

And so the Frenchmen triumphed down the line,
Sank half the fleet, and took the rest in tow;
Sailed up the Thames, crushed Woolwich by a fine,
And with a shot or two laid Greenwich low.

And when the *Times* came out next day and moaned
In three long leaders o'er the "base defeat,"
And let the First Lord have it hot, and groaned
At his shortcomings with his "Gunless Fleet;"

Until it stirred the mob, who then and there,
Determined jobbery should have its fall,
Dragged the First Lord from his official chair,
And lynched him on a lamp-post in Whitehall.

Rough justice, p'raps—but still it served its turn;
For to the Board the revelation came,
That this new lesson they might have to learn,—
That public trust was not a party game!

And since that day each First Lord has relied,
The chances of invasion to prevent,
On ships with proper ordnance supplied—
And not on an "*Impromptu Armament*!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 21.—I am very much concerned at LUPIN having started a pony-trap. I said, "LUPIN, are you justified in this outrageous extravagance?" LUPIN replied, "Well, one must get to the City somehow. I've only hired it, and can give it up any time I like." I repeated my question, "Are you justified in this extravagance?" He replied, "Look here, Guv.; excuse my saying so, but you're a bit out of date. It does not pay nowadays, fiddling about over small things. I don't mean anything personal, Guv'nor. My boss says, if I take his tip, and stick to big things, I can make big money!" I said I thought the very idea of speculation most horrifying. LUPIN said, "It is not speculation—it's a dead cert." I advised him, at all events, not to continue the pony and cart; but he replied, "I made £200 in one day; now suppose I only make £200 in a month, or put it at £100 a month, which is ridiculously low—why, that is £1250 a year. What's a few pounds a week for a trap?" I did not pursue the subject further, beyond saying that I should feel glad when the Autumn came, and LUPIN would be of age, and responsible for his own debts. He answered, "My dear Guv., I promise you faithfully that I will never speculate with what I have not got—I shall only go on JOB CLEANAND'S tips, and as he is in the 'know,' it is pretty safe sailing." I felt somewhat relieved. GOWING called in the evening, and to my surprise, informed me that, as he had made £10 by one of LUPIN'S tips, he intended asking us and the CUMMINGS round next Saturday. CARRIE and I said we should be delighted.



Nobody did it.

January 22.—I don't generally lose my temper with servants, but I had to speak to SARAH rather sharply about a careless habit she has recently contracted of shaking the table-cloth after removing the breakfast things in a manner which causes all the crumbs to fall on the carpet, eventually to be trodden in. SARAH answered very rudely, "Oh, you are always complaining." I replied, "Indeed, I am not. I spoke to you last week about walking all over the drawing-room carpet with a piece of yellow soap on the heel of your boot." She said, "And you're always grumbling about your breakfast." I said, "No, I am not, but I feel perfectly justified in complaining that I never can get a hard-boiled egg. The moment I crack the shell it spurts all over the plate, and I have spoken to you at least fifty times about it." She began to cry and make a scene, but fortunately my 'bus came by, so I had a good excuse for leaving her. GOWING left a message in the evening that we were not to forget next Saturday. CARRIE amusingly said, "As he has never asked any friends before, we are not likely to forget it."

January 23.—I asked LUPIN to try and change the hard brushes he recently made me a present of, for some softer ones, as my hair-dresser tells me I ought not to brush my hair too much just now. January 24.—The new chimney-glass came home for the back drawing-room. CARRIE arranged some fans very prettily on the top and on each side. It is an immense improvement to the room. January 25.—We had just finished our tea, when who should come in but CUMMINGS, who has not been here for over three weeks. I noticed he looked anything but well, so I said, "Well, CUMMINGS, how are you? You look a little blue." He replied, "Yes; and I feel blue, too." I said, "Why, what's the matter?" He said, "Oh, nothing, except that I have been on my back for a couple of weeks; that's all. At one time my doctor nearly gave me up, yet not a soul has come near me. No one has even taken the trouble to inquire whether I was alive or dead." I said, "This is the first I have heard of it. I have passed your house several nights, and presumed you had company, as the rooms were so brilliantly lighted." CUMMINGS replied, "No. The only company I have had was my wife, the doctor, and the landlady; the last-named having turned out a perfect trump. I wonder you did not see it in the paper. I know it was mentioned in the *Bicycle News*." I thought to cheer him up, and said,—"Well, you are all right now?" He replied,—"That's not the question. The question is, whether an illness does not enable you to discover who are your true friends." I said such an observation was unworthy of him. To make matters worse, in came GOWING, who gave CUMMINGS a violent slap on the back, and said, "Hollo! Have you seen a Ghost? You looked scared to death, like IRVING in *Macbeth*." I said, "Gently, GOWING—the poor fellow has been very ill." GOWING roared with laughter, and said, "Yes, and you look it too," CUMMINGS quietly said, "Yes, and I feel it too—not that I suppose you care." An awkward silence followed. GOWING said, "Never mind, CUMMINGS. You and the Missis come round to my place to-morrow, and it will cheer you up a bit, for we'll open a bottle of wine."

January 26. An extraordinary thing happened. CARRIE and I went round to GOWING'S, as arranged, at half-past seven. We knocked and rang several times without getting an answer. At last the latch was drawn and the door opened a little way, the chain still being up. A man in shirt-sleeves put his head through and said, "Who is it? What do you want?" I said, "Mr. GOWING. He is expecting us." The man said (as well as I could hear, owing to the yapping of a little dog), "I don't think he is. Mr. GOWING is not at home." I said, "He will be in directly." At this moment CUMMINGS and his wife arrived. CUMMINGS was very lame and leaning on a stick, but got up the steps and asked what the matter was. The man said, "Mr. GOWING said nothing about expecting anyone. All he said was he had just received an invitation to Croydon, and he should not be back till Monday evening. He took his bag with him." I was too indignant to say anything. CUMMINGS looked white with rage, and as he descended the steps, and struck his stick violently on the ground and said, "Scoundrel!"

A WEATHER WAIL.

"I wonder whether, bless your eyes,
Can any man be weather-wise!"—*Songs of a Sangarorum.*



WHAT is the use of forecasts and barometers?

Silly the study of air and of sea.
Useless are weather-cocks, warn-
ings, thermometers,
Storm-drums and signals mean
nothing to me!

Hopeless the conning of clouds and
hygrometers,

No one can tell what the weather
will be!

*Captious the climate, I
think you'll agree,*

*No one can tell what the
weather will be!*

Weather-wise prophets, precise
and emphatical,

Heed not their prating at night
or at morn!

Do not take notice of twinges
rheumatical,

Treat all catarrhical symptoms
with scorn;

Disregard dartings in regions he-
patical,

Mind not the shoot of your
favourite corn!

*Thoughtless the Clerk of
the Weather is he—*

*No one can tell what the
weather will be!*

Lured by the sunshine, so bright
and magnetical,

How you will grieve if your
Gamp you've forgot!

If in fur garments you're peripa-
tetical,

Doubtless you'll find that the
day will be hot:

Should you wear clothes that are
thin and æsthetical,

Then the Nor'Easter will blow
—will it not? [as she,

Coy as a woman, and fickle
*No one can tell what the
weather will be!*

THE WATER-COMPANIES' VIEW.—An eye to the Main Chance.

LA FRANCE'S LAMENT.



"I HAVE no Men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe!"
So CLEOPATRA cried in mournful mood,
(TENNYSON tells us so).
My only woe is of another kind.
'Tis no MARK ANTONY
I seek; my sorrow is that I can find
No Men to govern me.
MARK ANTONY indeed! That steel-clad tool
Of silken fingers? Nay!
Rather some CÆSAR who at least can rule.
And where is such to-day?

They come like shadows, and they so depart,
These mannikins of mine.
Not one with a strong head and dauntless heart
Like a fixed star to shine.
GAMBETTA's gone, brave little THIERS is dead.
No CÆSARS they, and yet
That fiery spirit, that sagacious head,
I cannot but regret.
Nay, even perjured LOUIS, for a space,
Made shift to stand and seem
The hero he was not. But this new race
Of pigmies? A bad dream!

Not AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds,
In my disordered state;
Midget to midget, rather. My heart bleeds
O'er such a petty fate.
TIRARD to FLOQUET, and to TIRARD whom—
In, say, six weeks or so?
No Men to govern me, that seems my doom,
And that's my only woe.
But for this Phrygian cap I could cry out
For CÆSAR's self again;
If there be any CÆSARS—which I doubt.
BOULANGER? He may strain,

And strut, and crow; but, after all, a cock
Is not an eagle—no!—
And yet—and yet—when all the others mock
My hopes, rise, fall, and go,
E'en a NAPOLEON *pour rire* attracts.
He poses well, but then
Should disillusion come when he once acts?—
I'm sick—for want of Men!
[Left lamenting.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN AMATEUR MENAGERIE.—Your determination to make the two full-grown Bengal tigers and the boa constrictor, that have recently reached you as a present from your friend the Indian Nabob, the nucleus of a little private Menagerie, which you purpose starting for the amusement and entertainment of your friends, does credit to your spirit and enterprise, and your temporary sojourn at your invalid Uncle's suburban residence seems, on the whole, to offer some conspicuous advantages for the inauguration of your little project. It is certainly a matter of congratulation that, with the aid of the sixteen dock labourers who brought them, you were able, by getting their heads into a couple of coal-sacks, to move the tigers up to the back drawing-room; and that, though they have torn down the looking-glass, the chandelier, the wainscoat, and have eaten away the inside of a cottage-piano, as you keep them supplied with a fresh leg of mutton every half hour, you may consider that, for the moment, at all events, you have them fairly under control. Your having, however, consigned the African lion you purchased at the Wild Beast Emporium at Mile End the same evening to the bath-room, though only a temporary measure, strikes us as slightly injudicious; for, in the event of your invalid Uncle wishing to take his customary bath before retiring to bed, the creature could hardly be got out of the way at a moment's notice without the intervention of at least a dozen policemen, provided with red-hot pincers, gags, and other suitable apparatus, thereby causing a commotion, calculated to act prejudicially on the nervous system of any one who, like your Uncle, is under strict injunctions from his Doctor to avoid, at all costs, any unusual or unnecessary excitement. The elephant that you have managed to get into the front area seems all right, though his "trumpeting" all night appears to have annoyed your neighbours opposite; but it is a great misfortune that you have let the boa constrictor escape out of the attic window, and that it should have terrified a five o'clock tea-party next door by coming down the drawing-room chimney. By all means send round a clothes-basket for it, with your apologies, as soon as it is dark, and keep it in future, as you propose, in the linen-cupboard. As your Uncle is still keeping his room upstairs, perhaps it would be as well not to mention the arrival of the creatures, especially as you are intending, as you say, to get them all down to-morrow to the house of a friend in the country, who has given you leave to bring a few domestic "pets" with you. Yes, certainly, if you can't get an omnibus big enough, take them all down in a furniture-van. The elephant, by the way, might walk. It would perhaps be as well to arrive in the dark.

RARE PLANTS.—The itinerant vendor who persuaded you that he was letting you have a selection of "the choicest Orchids out" at one-and-twopence a dozen, must have been deceiving you. We don't know the *Tropica gigantiflora Hackneywicki*, but feel sure you can't have been offered the correct thing at two plants for three-halfpence. We are afraid that you have been taken in.



'THE FOURTH ESTATE.'

Dapper Gent (former Employer). "WELL, BOWSER, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? WHAT ARE YOU—?"

Bowser. "THANKY, SIR, VERY WELL, SIR. I'M ON THE PRESS NOW, SIR."

Dapper Gent. "OH, INDEED! EDITOR?"

Bowser. "NO, SIR. I DIRECT THE WRAPPERS, SIR!"

VERY EARLY SPRING.

(By a Mixed-Impressionist.)

The day lengthens
In crocus and daffodil light;
The cold strengthens,
Till one's wife is a regular fright;
Blinding and choking,
Like a storm in a desert of sand,
Is the dry joking
Of the well-meaning mud in the Strand.
Snowdrops tranquil,
Glad of their snowdrop lot!
Fragrant jonquil,
Hyacinths, sixpence a pot!
Yellow in Jaffa
Oranges, juicy and sweet;
Yellow in daffa-
downdillies sold in the street!
Copper and amber
Over St. Clement Danes
The clouds clamber,
Then—oh, my hat!—how it rains!
An hour's journey
By a leisurely local train,
And, furzy and ferny,
Here is the home again.

The tree-tops feather
The sharp, cold line of the sky;
In the windy weather
The clacketty mill-sails fly.
The brown furrows
Follow the sturdy team;
On sandy burrows
Patches of sunlight gleam.
(The breezy vision
Is banish'd from fancy's eye
By fierce collision
With a corpulent passer-by.)
Like solemn Hindoos
The night-clouds are swathed in white,
And the shop-windows
Shame them with shameless light;
But day lingers
Over the weary land,
With wan fingers
Soothing its sleeping hand,
As a lone mother,
Weary with anguish wild,
Her grief will smother
Nursing a neighbour's child.

IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is about to publish a *History of the Round Table*. He would doubtless like to end his prose epic as Lord TENNYSON did his poetical one, with a "Passing of ARTHUR" (BALFOUR).

ON COMMISSION.

Preliminary and Explanatory.—I must confess that I felt very greatly gratified when my learned friend, Mr. TOBY, Q.C., M.P., having work in "another place," asked me to "take a note," for him, of the proceedings now claiming attention at the hands of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and Messrs. Justices SMITH and DAY.

"Just jot down what occurs to you, BRIEFLESS," he said. "You see we have a pretty full report in the daily papers, to say nothing of the verbatim shorthand note supplied by the Court itself, so that I am not very anxious about the evidence. But I should like to know how it's going. I give you the greatest latitude, and would suggest (if you have no objection) that you should not robe, for you will be more at home without your wig and gown."

I did not quite follow my learned friend's reasoning in the last particular. However, without further preface, I append the "note" taken in the unconventional fashion that has received his recommendation.

Tuesday, February 19.—Some difficulty in obtaining a seat.



Reserved for the Press.

Seemingly the place, if any, to which the green ticket I held entitled me was occupied. Upon remonstrating, I was informed that I could not possibly have it, and I felt that as I was not in my robes, I was practically powerless. I was glad at length to sit amongst the gentlemen of the Press, for whom a limited number of places had been reserved. The rest of the Court was occupied by persons who certainly did not look in the least like journalists.

I was forced, I fear, to be the cause of great inconvenience. I cannot sufficiently thank, under these trying circumstances, two eminent descriptive writers who, in the most courteous manner imaginable, permitted me, so to speak, to occupy a moiety of their laps,—each supplying one of their knees for my accommodation. However, in this position I suffered under the disadvantage of having to take my note with a very friendly (but still an) elbow in my ribs on one side of my body, and an equally friendly (but still equally an) elbow in my ribs on the other. My situation was further distracted by the movements of one of the officials, who while the Court was present, was forced to give directions to somebody (who I fancy was sitting on someone else's hat) in dumb show.

The proceedings commenced with an application by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to commit someone for contempt of court. My hearing is scarcely so good as it used to be, and I regret to say I did not quite catch what passed. And this was the stranger, as Sir CHARLES and the President spoke with their customary distinctness. I asked a gentleman near me to tell me what had happened.

"The same old game," was the immediate reply. "RUSSELL to get the affidavit and the rest of the bag of tricks, and then those chaps on the Bench will think it over."

Scandalised at this disrespectful reference to their Lordships, I turned my attention to the witness-box, and found Mr. MACDONALD (the Manager of the *Times*) in possession. I must confess that I was astounded at the acuteness shown by this gentleman in answering some of my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH's questions. His candour, his shrewdness were equally remarkable. As for my learned friend, he acquitted himself so admirably, that I made a mental note that, should an opportunity ever occur, I would do my very best to get him to consent to act as my devil. During the hearing a point of law was raised—Had a Counsel the right to ask the Manager of a newspaper for the name of a contributor? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL contended that he had, and when asked (by Mr. Justice SMITH) for a case, gave the instance of a witness refreshing his memory from a diary or an account-book. The Court



Reserved for the Public.

having (so it appears to me) shown some dissatisfaction that the name of the cause referred to had not been disclosed, I beg to supply the omission, speaking roughly, from recollection. I ask leave to instance the unreported case of *Brown v. Jones*, or was it *Smith v. Robinson*?

Wednesday.—As I had been so seriously inconvenienced on the previous day by having no seat, that I had had to abandon my note-taking prematurely, I entered the Court early. My right to sit down again being challenged, I appealed to the universally respected Secretary to the Commission for redress. That learned gentleman, having explained to me the scope of the verb hypothecate, most courteously invited me to occupy a seat in the box usually reserved for the Jury. I was very grateful thus to find at length a spot, the possession of which could not be challenged, as I had hitherto felt a sort of Nineteenth Century forensic embodiment of the old legend (immortalised by the pen of SUE, and the pencil of DORÉ) of the continually perambulating pedestrian, who, although travelling all the world over, had a legal domicile in Palestine. And here I may note that I was much amused at the changes of position of some of the spectators from day to day. The movements of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, for instance, reminded me of a game of chess. On the Tuesday this eminent statesman had occupied a seat with the Junior Bar, but on the Wednesday he had moved down a bench, and, so to speak, had taken a Q.C.—presumably my learned and respected friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, who did not appear during the sitting. Then there was Professor BRYCE (whose Lectures before now have filled me with a sensation of indescribable awe), who occupied a place next to a well-known artist, who on the previous day had been on the other side of the Court, and during the adjournment, presumably, had (once more to use the chess phraseology) "castled." The genial Professor appeared to take a great interest in his neighbour's sketches, and seemingly frequently encouraged him to renewed exertions with a smile of friendly approval. This being the case, I was sorry to find, later on, Mr. BRYCE shifted away from his neighbour, and carried (by a sort of Knight's move) from the right of the Bench to the left of the Witness Box.

The feature of the sitting was the cross-examination of Mr. HOUSTON by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. It is my candid and deliberate opinion that more searching questions could not have been put to this witness, even had I cross-examined him myself.

Thursday.—I notice that a great deal depends upon the Ushers of the Court. Seemingly, when one of these officials thinks a statement of sufficient importance has been made to cause a sort of bold whisper (and thus warrant the parenthesis "Sensation" in the daily reports), he shouts "Silence!" He adopts the same plan to mark the proper insertion of "laughter" after some one has audibly smiled. To-day, for the first half an hour or so, there being nothing to do, the Ushers had a grand time of it. The Secretary was also well to the front. The celebrated Parnell Letters were examined in the course of the day's proceedings, and then came his opportunity. This resembles in some degree what followed, thrown into a dramatic form:—

Mr. Attorney (addressing Secretary courteously). Will you be so good as to separate these two letters, which, I find, are in the same case?

Secretary (very distinctly). You are quite right, they are in the same case. (*Solemnly.*) I put them in the same case myself, for convenience. (*As a concession.*) But if you think they will be more convenient in separate cases—(*with an air of authority*)—I will have them divided, and put into separate cases at once!

Mr. Attorney (bowing deferentially). If you please.

Secretary (good-naturedly). Certainly. (*Decisively.*) The letters shall be put in different cases forthwith.

This dialogue, heard in a dead silence, was really most impressive and interesting. Exciting, however, as was the evidence given during the sitting, the day's sensation was, in fact, the sensation of the Day. It has been suggested (in my opinion most improperly) that the excellent Justice of that name, has occasionally, during this protracted inquiry shown signs of weariness. I must confess that, when the occasion warranted it, his Lordship was very much awake indeed. Several times during the course of the examination and cross-examination of Mr. PIGOTT, Mr. Justice DAY showed that he was following the inquiry with as much interest as the most excited spectator. It may have been a surprise to those who had a preconceived idea of his Lordship, but to those who have long known him as one of the ablest Judges on the Bench, and one of the wittiest and kindest of men, this demonstration of acute intelligence caused no sort of astonishment.

At the luncheon adjournment one of the officials, as usual, was good



The Sensation of the Day.

enough to give information on seemingly abstruse points of law to the more intelligent and younger members of the aristocracy, who very properly seemed to regard him as a second edition of that admirable legislator the present LORD CHANCELLOR. Again Sir CHARLES RUSSELL conducted his case with an ability that made me feel regret that I could not claim him as a pupil who had read in my own chambers.

Friday.—We have at length reached the end of the week, and my



STUDY OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

"Amongst those present was Mr. B-rne J-n-s, who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings."

N.B. However, it is not suggested that the above sketch was extracted from his portfolio.

he asked, in a tone suggestive of great doubt, "Am I wrong, in supposing that you are a Member of the Bar?"

This to me! After practising for— Well, such is fame!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

WATERLOO!

(A LONG WAY AFTER LORD BYRON.)

Being a Lay of the Leash written at the great Coursing Cup Meeting of 1889.



But Colonel NORTH's great puppy's flying feet
Forge well ahead, the black-and-tan can't score.
Great Herschel though his victory doth repeat;
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before,
Comes the great final struggle. How the people roar!
And yet bad luck poor Herschel doth befall,
For Mr. HORNBY's favourite, one must fear,

note. I must confess the last few sittings have been exciting ones, bristling with surprises. To-day the "laughter" and "sensation" were genuine enough. Whatever the Commission may yet bring forth, it will have served to prove that "Buckshot FORSTER" was the kindest-hearted and gentlest of men. Once again Mr. Justice DAY was very much on the alert as Mr. PIOROT's statements were tested after the customary fashion.

During an adjournment, I had a pleasant chat with one of the officials, who (so I understood) had known everyone connected with the Law Courts for nearly half a century.

"Then," said I, with a pleasant smile, "you must know me."

"Well, Sir," he replied, evidently searching his memory, "I never forget a face, and yours, somehow, seems to be familiar to me"—He hesitated a little, as if about to put a fishing question. Then

he asked, in a tone suggestive of great doubt, "Am I wrong, in supposing that you are a Member of the Bar?"

This to me! After practising for— Well, such is fame!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Is grvelled by that last fierce rush of all,
That hare was a fair demon, fleet as deer,
And there's a voice prophetic in our ear
Which hints to-morrow Herschel won't be well,
And Fullerton will have the pull, that's clear.
Yes, Miss Glendyne as ever ran right well,
But to young blood at last in rattling Troughend fell.

Third day! There is much hurrying to and fro,
And gathering crowds, and signals of distress.
Backers are pale that but two days ago
Flushed with the cheerful prospect of success,
Herschel runs pluckily, but the stern stress
Of yesterday's grueller foils him, though he tries
The North Star still is in the ascendant. Yes!
Troughend beats Danger Signal, shouts arise
And Fullerton and Troughend share the well-earned prize!

And there is mounting in hot haste; the weed
Lights at pale lips, luck tends the Colonel's car;
He paid huge price for those two dogs indeed,
And well they've served him in the long-drawn war.
And the cheers thunder peal on peal afar,
The Cup is his, bought at a tidy sum.
Next year we'll follow the Great Northern Star,
If to the slips again his dogs should come;
But this year's "Waterloo" is o'er—the cry is, "Home!"



A LITTLE LESSON FROM MONTE CARLO.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

DRIFTING.

(By Houquet Walkère.)

"WILL we walk a little faster?" said the Miller to the Maid.
"There's the Cooper close behind us, and a Miller's ne'er afraid;
But 'twould make the laddie's heart beat sair beneath the chestnut shade,

If he saw us walk together in the hey-day, yeo-ho weather,
Since hand in hand a week ago we' you the Cooper stray'd."

"Oh, Miller, Miller, Miller," the winsome lass replied,
"In flow'ring rush and meadow-sweet that grow the stream beside,
The ferry-boy his ferry-boat against the bank has tied;
Then, sweetheart, blithe and merry, you shall row me o'er the ferry;
Though Cooper JOHN is cross and sad, the stream is deep and wide."

He has row'd her o'er the river; they have climbed the fencing slight,

Where LETTICE fair, the laundry lass, has hung the kirtle white,
And in Farmer GILES's clover-field their troth they're fain to plight;
But the brindled bull was feeding, broke in upon their pleading,
And toss'd them o'er the palings in the golden evening light.

Up to the star-land sailing,
Over the pleasaunce paling,
It is merrie, merrie merrie in the crimson evening glow;
Birds in the orchard housing,
Kine in the clover browsing,
And a ferry-boat is drifting fast where deep weir-waters flow.



WHAT TOMMY DREAMT ONE NIGHT

AFTER MISS SMITH HAD TOLD HIM THAT THE MAMMOTH WAS LIKE AN ELEPHANT, ONLY EVER SO MUCH MORE SO—AND THAT ITS LIMBS WERE LIKE THE TRUNKS (AND ITS TRUNK LIKE THE LIMBS) OF THE TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

Mr. Nestor-Punch speaketh:—

Who knows not Ilion's tale? How, dropped from heaven,

Pallas's statue, to King Ilus given, Assured the safety of Troy's citadel So long as Troy that image guarded well?

True patriot's charge was the Palladium's Neglected, lost, or out of due repair, [care; Its power-protective property was lost To traitors shrinking from its charge or cost.

For what could reconcile "the blue-eyed maid" [trayed?

For her stol'n statue, and her tower be—"For so religion and the gods ordain, That if you violate with hands profane

Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn."* [learn

JOHN BULL, from the old legend you may Opportune lesson. Trust your *Punch*, old boy, And take to heart this ancient Tale of Troy.

Traitors kick out, strike dogs of faction dumb, England, like Troy, has her Palladium, BRITANNIA rules the waves! The brave old

boast [cost. If you'd maintain, you must not count the BRITANNIA's self in crested helm arrayed

Resembles wondrously the blue-eyed maid Whose shield was Troy's assurance, and whose spear, [fear.

Unblunted, shook Troy's fiercest foes with The helm, the trident, and the buckler, JOHN, Are arms that Pallas would be proud to don

As goddess-guardian of our sea-girt isle. One pictures Neptune, with a pleasant smile,

* VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, II.

Placing his tri-pronged fork, the emblem grand

Of ocean rule, in his great sister's hand.

"Here you are, Pallas! JOHN's a pal of mine, My pet and partner on the billowy brine; Your head-piece and my trident ought to be Combined to keep him ruler of the sea— Minerva armed by Father Neptune! Come! That's something like a New Palladium!"

Twig, JOHN? The truth is patent to your eyes, Though put by *Punch* in semi-classic guise. Ilion's Palladium was Minerva's form—

Whilst Troy held that, no foe its walls might storm:

Ours is BRITANNIA, armed to hold the main, So that no foe our citadel may gain; 'Tis yours to keep the Sea-queen helmet-

crowned, Her trident pointed, and her buckler sound. That duty to fulfil grudge no expense,

England's first need is National Defence. Patriots no wise expenditure would spare To keep our great Palladium in repair,

Which lost, or left to fall into decay, England, like Ilion, shall have seen her day; Her pride is lowered, and her hope is sped,

Then let Ulysses come, or Diomed, Alien astuteness, foreign valour, creep Into our citadel what time we sleep,

Or count our coin, we by false thrift ensnared, For valiant onset shall be unprepared, And lost in petty reckonings of pence,

Lack time or heart for National Defence. No, JOHN; to do you justice, you'll not mind The cost of your Palladium, if you find Its guardians vigilant in honest care,

And its proud panoply in full repair.

'Tis their first duty, all too long ignored, They've spent your money, but have not restored

That tutelary figure to such state As only makes you master of your fate.

What mean those blunted points—that dented shield? [should yield.

Not thus the crest should droop, the neck Erect and *cap-à-pie* the shape should stand, Vigour at heart, and valour in its hand.

Cost money? Yes, good GOSCHEN, without doubt, [he's about,

And BULL—like *Punch*—would know what In loosening his purse-strings once again,

So often loosed aforetime, and in vain. No trumpery temporary patching, pray,

To furbish our Palladium for a day; No squandering of millions, spent *sans* wit,

On arms that bend, and helm that will not fit. No, put it once for all in sound repair,

JOHN BULL's Palladium, and he will not care To haggle over pence. But fumble on,

As you, and those whom you succeed, have done

This many a weary year, and JOHN, tired out By rival bogglers turn-and-turn-about,

Each potent in self-praise and party curse, Till each guards the Palladium—and the

purse; Kicks out the rival duffers—and does worse. JOHN will declare the whole bad squabbling

batch Not patriots but Sinons; not a match For hostile Greeks, or champions, or spies.

But warders who invite the foe's surprise, Like those of old Troy's Temple, who slept on, Waking to find death near, and their Palla-

dium gone!



PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

LORD SALISBURY. "FIRST, WE MUST PUT *THIS* IN ORDER."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "H'M!—IT WILL COST A LOT OF MONEY!"

MR. BULL. "I DON'T MIND,—IF YOU'LL ONLY DO IT THOROUGHLY!!"



"CLEVER WITH HOUNDS."—MR. TOPPLE'S SECOND HORSE.

MOANS AT A MATINÉE.

"For years we've come to this decision,
That lovely woman blinds our vision!"
The Gloomy Gargler of the Ganges.

In a well-cushioned ten-shilling Stall,
An elderly gentleman sat;
But he sat and saw nothing at all—
His vision was barred by a Hat!



For a lady was
sitting before
—I fear the
old gent
muttered,
"Drat!"—

When he saw
that her lady-
ship wore
A marvellous
steep-le-
crowned Hat!

It obscured e'en
a glimpse of
the stage,
With feathers,
and flowers,
and plait;

And the playgoer got in a rage—
His pleasure was spoilt by a Hat!

All the music he heard, it is true,
And sound of the dance—pit-a-pat;
But of singers and dancers the view
Was hid by that horrible Hat!

Thus for aught he could tell of the play,
He might have been blind as a bat;
He had nothing to do but survey
The build of a frivolous Hat!

So he dodged it each side with a frown—
And, testily, murmured he, "Cat!"—

He got up, but they all cried, "Sit down!"
He wished he could sit on that Hat!

Now let Managers quickly decide
To issue at once their fi-at,
That the ladies should all be denied
Such tyrannous use of the Hat.

For why should we ten shillings pay—
Can Managers answer me that?—
To see, at a long Matinée,
Just naught but a feminine Hat?

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. SEVENTH EVENING.

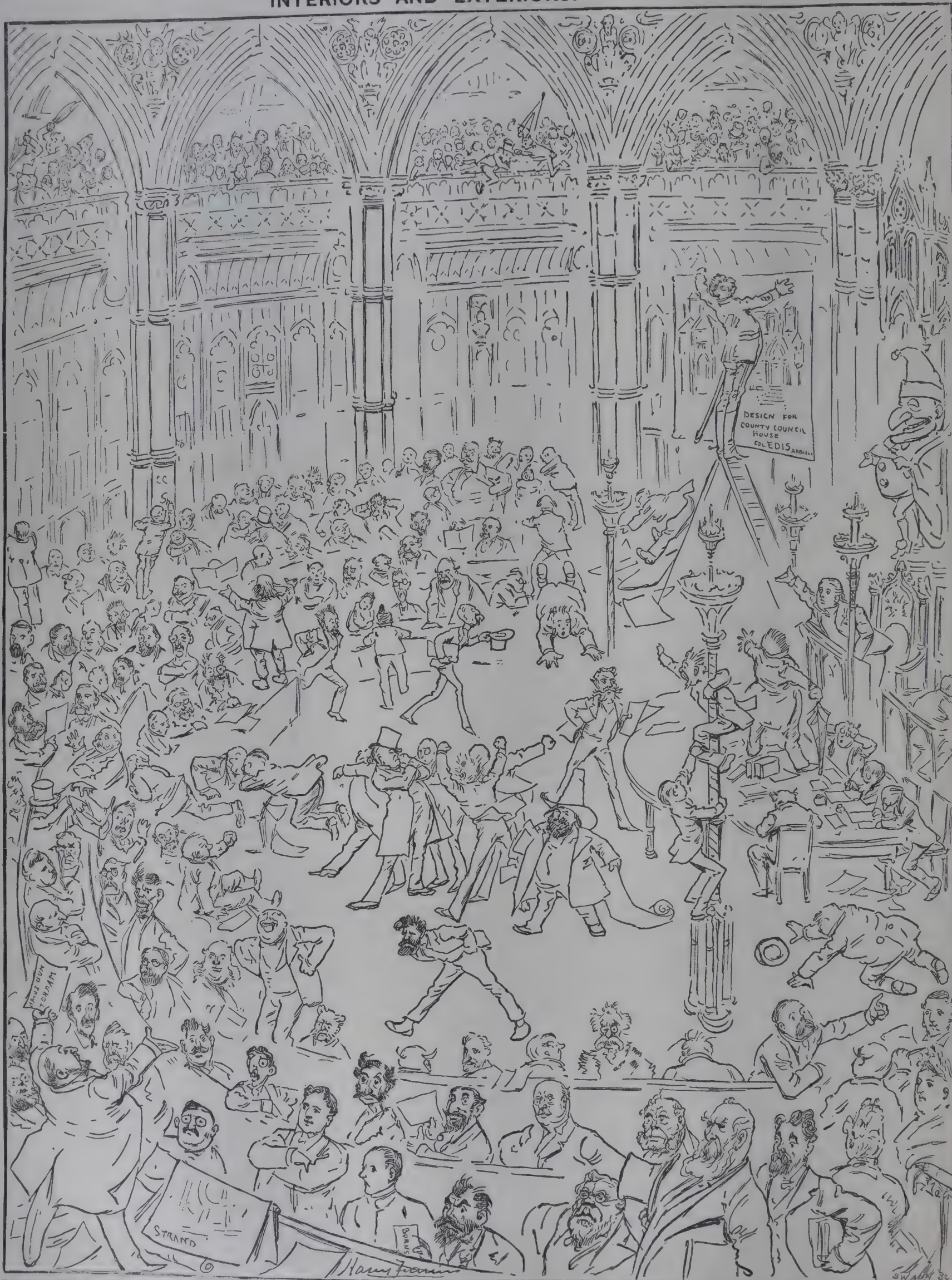
"I LOVE the Children," said the Moon,
"especially the quite little ones—they are
so droll. Why do you look like that? I
will know. . . . Oh, so HANS ANDERSEN
declares I said the same thing to him long
ago, does he? I should have thought it
would have been more polite to put it down
to a 'literary coincidence;' but, as you will
probably be able to find all that I was going
to tell you in his book, I shall evidently
waste my time in talking to you!" said
the Moon, looking distinctly flushed.—"Good
evening!" and, drawing a cloud around him,
he promptly became invisible. Mr. Punch,
however, "lay low and said nuffin," and
presently, as he had foreseen, the Moon came
out again. "If you really want me to go on,"
he said, in a much milder tone, "I will—
but please have the goodness not to mention
HANS ANDERSEN to me again. I know very
well that I am not clever, and that he was a
genius—but, for all that, one doesn't care to
have words put into one's mouth, even by a
genius, does one?"

"Last night, then, I shone down on a small
garden at the back of a suburban villa. Two

children, a little boy and a still smaller girl,
were digging in one of the side-beds; both
looked very solemn, and this was proper, as
they were engaged in a sad occupation. They
were burying the little girl's doll, which had
died that morning, of scarlet fever and old
age. At least, the boy said so most positively,
and his sister,—although she would never
have discovered for herself that the doll had
died, and could not, even now, see any striking
difference in her ap-
pearance,—had too
much respect for his
opinion to dream of
contradicting it. So
the doll—a forlorn-
looking object, cer-
tainly,—was being
buried, and the boy,
who was grave-digger,
undertaker, and chief
mourner, all in one,
was enjoying himself
in a decent and sepul-
chral fashion. Before
he had quite finished
digging the hole,
(which he made deep
enough to hold a doll's
house), the little girl slipped quietly away,
because, so I thought at the time, she could
not bear to stay to the very end. Presently,
however, she came back, carrying some little
china dishes, which, to my great surprise,
she placed in the grave with the doll. 'For
the worms!' she said in a whisper, and I
really think she found an odd comfort in
this forethought of hers, for when I left the
pair, she was planting a garden-stick bearing
an appropriate inscription above the doll's
resting-place with what was almost a cheer-
ful air."



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 58.



MEETING OF THE NEW LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL.

"BUS"-ING ON THE CHEAP.

(What it may Come to.)

CONDUCTOR, I have come from Hammersmith, and wish to be set down at the Bank. Here is a half-penny—could you oblige me with change?

What! Twopence for the journey from Greenwich to the Royal Exchange? Oh, this must be a Pirate Tram, and I shall certainly speak to a Policeman.

It is satisfactory to have hot-water tins and the electric light provided in the 'busses of the Universal Omnibus Company; but I should feel more comfortable if the Conductor always got his "Sunday off."

This Tram Line must be a triumphant success! Not only does it return fifty per cent. dividend to its shareholders, but it takes passengers from Hampstead to Croydon for three-halfpence, and gives them mulled claret in winter, and iced champagne-cup in summer, gratis, on the journey.

No wonder that the Underground Railway has closed its stations and gone into the Insolvency Court. The rivalry between the "Road Saloon Company" and the "General Car Company" is so great that the latter actually carry their passengers for nothing, and supply them with concertina melodies, sandwiches, and the daily papers to beguile the tedium of the way.

Yes, that "wheeler" certainly does appear to be rather thin, and I am convinced that he is only supported on his legs by the rigidity of the pole to which he is attached. But it is, of course, impossible for the Company to pay thirty per cent., and carry passengers fifteen miles for a penny, without economising their quadrupeds' oats.

Hi, Conductor! I asked to be put down at Hyde Park Corner, and here I am at Piccadilly Circus! Why, the man looks just as if he had been asleep! It's abominable, and I shall complain to—eh, what? "Only five hours' sleep last night," do you say? "And fourteen hours' work a day, Sundays included?" H'm! Result of free competition in fares, I suppose. But is that the same thing as fair competition?

DUE SOUTH.

Evening of the Fifth Day.—Beautiful night for walking home. Moon bright. Air fresh. Charming place! Lovely weather! After many ups and downs at the tables, I have come off a winner of ten francs. Had I lost ten francs, I do not think the night would appear to me so lovely as it does. It is a long way up to the Villa Rouge Gagne, so my companion, who says he is out to "see life," purposes taking light refreshment *en route*. Among the many light refreshment-places here, one of the most successful seems to be an English Bar, on a small scale. Here distinguished compatriots stroll in after the tables, to take a "John Collins"—I believe this is the name of the harmless beverage—or a few oysters and stout, or a glass of beer, or spirits and water. Odd to come all the way from London merely to play roulette in a hot and crowded room, and afterwards to sit at the bar of a small public-house overlooking the blue Mediterranean. But I do—and so do very many others. In front of this bar, within the last few minutes, the policy of an empire could have been quietly arranged over a "John Collins" or glass of whiskey-and-water and a cigar. We stroll out into the moonlight, and just look in "Chez PETERS." Here, while the dignified but obliging and industrious Monsieur PETERS serves behind the bar, sportsmen gather round the simple marble-topped tables, discussing pigeon-shooting, and strange stories of the chances of war, at *trente et quarante* and roulette. One very big man, with a loud voice, is energetically recounting to a small circle of admirers some wonderful *coups* that he had made at the tables. Thirty thousand francs at one go is the lowest amount he will condescend to talk about.

"I put down, Sir," says he, emphatically thumping the marble table with his fist, and addressing no one in particular, "four times I put down a thousand francs at each corner, and one of the numbers came up every turn."

"No!" exclaim some young men who are listening, open-mouthed.

"Very odd!" drily remarks a shrewd-looking person, with the cynical air of an elderly Mephistopheles.

"Yes, Gentlemen, I did," says the big man, emphasising his narrative with more thumps on the marble



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

"WELL, I MUST SAY GOOD-BYE, MISS GREEN. I'VE GOT MY SERMON TO PREPARE."—"OH, SURELY YOUR SERMONS NEED NO PREPARATION!"

table, "and then I put down forty on *passe*, a hundred on *six premiers*, and another forty on 22. They all turned up, and so I went on, and that evening made just eighty thousand francs, in something under an hour."

"No!" again murmur the younger portion of his audience, while the elderly Mephistopheles, lighting a cigarette as he raises his eyebrows, and observes, "Did you really? Very strange!"

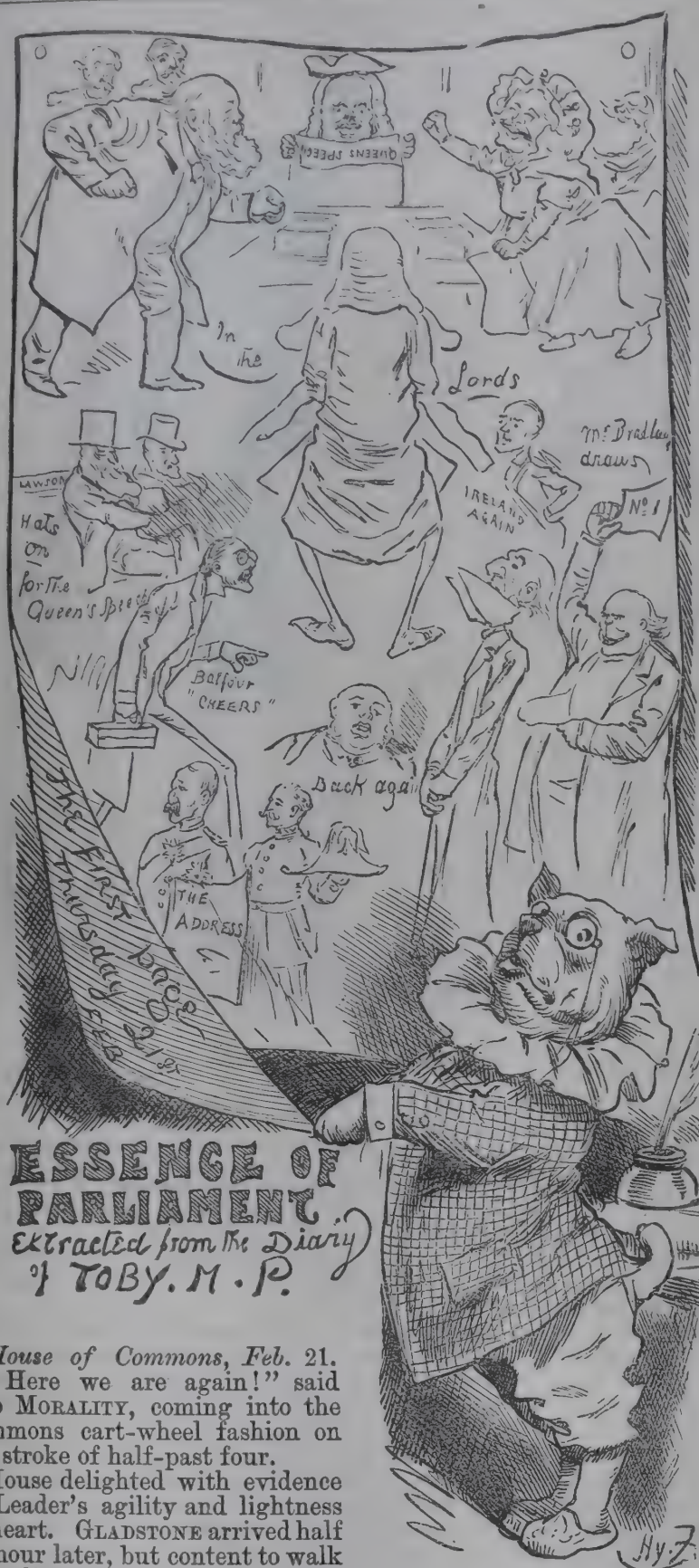
I certainly became interested in his stories. They made me thirsty. Some one suggests oysters and stout. I think, hearing of all these vast sums of money being won, has given me a strong inclination for oysters and stout, as suggested. Though I had not thought of them before, I now feel that I can't possibly go on for another five minutes without them. An additional incentive is, that the friend who has joined us, and who suggested this form of nourishment, is in excellent spirits, having unexpectedly won forty francs, and offers to provide the entertainment at his own expense. Offer immediately accepted. And so we sit down to oysters and stout, and bread and butter "*Chez PETERS*," at Monte Carlo, and for all that we see of the Southern sky, the brilliant moon, and the blue Mediterranean, we might as well be at *RULE's*, in Maiden Lane, or *WILTON's*, in King Street, St. James's. But when we leave "*Peters*," and walk up the hill, then we feel the effects, not of the supper, but of the invigorating air, and the clear atmosphere; and as we look upwards at the deep blue sky, and the brilliant moon, we say to one another, Shakspearially, "'On such a night' we could stay out for any length of time, and walk anywhere, without fatigue"—which sentiment may be more poetically expressed in the words of the immortal bard, who sang, "We won't go home till morning, Till daylight doth appear." As a matter of fact, it is, 12'30, and we retire now, one of the party to Villa Rouge Gagne, and the other two to the Hôtel Windsor.

On a Current Controversy.

(By a Sufferer from Smoke.)

No Coal! That's a prospect of which we the cost shun,
Though seventy years hence, *savants* say, 'tis our goal.
But Coal has cost me such a deal of exhaustion,
I could almost desire the exhaustion of Coal!

WHEN dear old Mrs. R. was visiting her American cousins, "there was nothing," said she, "that I enjoyed so much as the Terrebene soup and sparkling Micawber wine!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Extracted from the Diary
 of TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Feb. 21.
 —“Here we are again!” said OLD MORALITY, coming into the Commons cart-wheel fashion on the stroke of half-past four.

House delighted with evidence of Leader's agility and lightness of heart. GLADSTONE arrived half an hour later, but content to walk in ordinary fashion. “All very well for young fellows like O. M.,” he said, “to betray this sportiveness. Another letter makes all the difference. G. O. M. must eschew such vanities, and reserve strength for the final and crowning labour of his life.”

HARCOURT, into whose sympathising ear these words were dropped, squeezed his revered Leader's hand, and wiped away a tear.

A pretty full House of Commons; but the Lords looked more lively, with benches well filled, rows of ladies in the gallery, and crowd of Privy Counsellors on steps of Throne; Bishops turned up in serried row, representing Peace below the Gangway, whilst LONDESBOROUGH and PENRHYN, in military array, fittingly embodied martial strength of Great Britain. GRANVILLE played prettily around the Speech, dealing some nasty thrusts as he smiled. Brought up SELBORNE in state of almost Pagan wrath; accused GLADSTONE and his colleagues of “organising opposition not against the policy of their opponents, but against the administration of the Law.” The MARKISS, with few rapid touches, sketched in real picture of Irish Question—O'BRIEN struggling into his small-clothes; HEALY dashing out of Police Court, and HARRINGTON mourning for his moustache. Noble Lords chuckled hugely over this, and, there being nothing more to be said, went home.

In Commons even less show of fight. Everybody agrees that there

shall be row over JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address: but that not coming on till Monday. In the meantime two sittings to dispose of. At eight o'clock some one proposes Count Out. Very nearly done, but just fails, and speech-making goes on till midnight.

OLD MORALITY in fine form. Sells the House once or twice by approaching table with portentous air, pausing till profound silence reigns, and then making formal announcement. Irish Members noting his serious look, thrilled by his deliberate manner, thought he was at least about to proclaim a Province in their unhappy country; so cried, “Ha! ha!” “Ho! ho!” and “PIGOTT!”

O. M. sternly regarded them, making their flesh creep: then solemnly said, “I beg to remind the House that, under Standing Order No. 16, unopposed Bills may be brought in before the commencement of public business to-morrow.”

Made impressive oration in reply to GLADSTONE's disquisition on Speech from Throne. “I trust,” he said, “due regard will be had to the exigences of the public service and to the duties this House has to discharge to the country.” Later, evidences of foreign travel manifested themselves. Extolling the Government as the custodian of English honour abroad, and the fructifier of its happiness at home, OLD MORALITY, glancing at his note-book, said: “*Eviter les contre-façons! Exiger le véritable nom! Se méfier des imitations! Quant à moi, M. le SPEAKER, je frappe seulement sur la boîte!*” and suiting the action to the word, he brought his clenched hand down on the brass-bound box.

This splendid passage strangely moved audience. Two distinguished members of Parisian press in SPEAKER's gallery.

“*Quel homme!*” cried M. JOHNSTON, of *Le Figaro*.

“Wee, wee!” said M. BROWN-JONES, of *Le Temps*.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—Business of Session really begins on Monday; but something must be done to-night, to keep up appearances. So BRADLAUGH, taking foreign affairs under care, discourses at length about Suakim, Red Sea, Thibet, China, coming home by Leicester Railway Station, where, as he told House, he “met a railway porter.” Understood that Ireland shall stand over till Monday. JOHN O'CONNOR no party to such arrangement. Gradually drawing himself up to full length, discoursed about state of country between 1880 and 1841. Everyone going to sleep, when PARNELL came in with news that CAREW had lost not only his flannel shirt, but his hair and moustache. BALFOUR tried to laugh the little incident away; but Opposition very angry, and sitting closed in a storm.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

The Rule of the Ring.

RING here, and ring there. Everything seems to indicate That Mammon his right to sole rule means to vindicate.

He'll ne'er be content

Till, at sixty per cent.,

The whole Solar System is run by a Syndicate;
 And then some shrewd knave, since Old Sol is our one light,
 Will want to establish a “Corner in Sunlight!”

PITY THE PUGS AND POODLES!—On Monday, March 4, a Dramatic and Musical Entertainment is to be held at Grosvenor House, for the benefit of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. A host of talent will assist in the good cause. Mrs. BANCROFT and Miss ELLEN TERRY will both be there to kindly give their services. Fearless of a possible attack by his *protégés*, a WOLFF (a gentleman, although a Herr) will play the violin, and a GEE GEE give a musical sketch. There will be songs, too! And all for a guinea, or half-a-guinea! Surely this will not be an extravagant price for a ticket, although the money will go to the dogs!

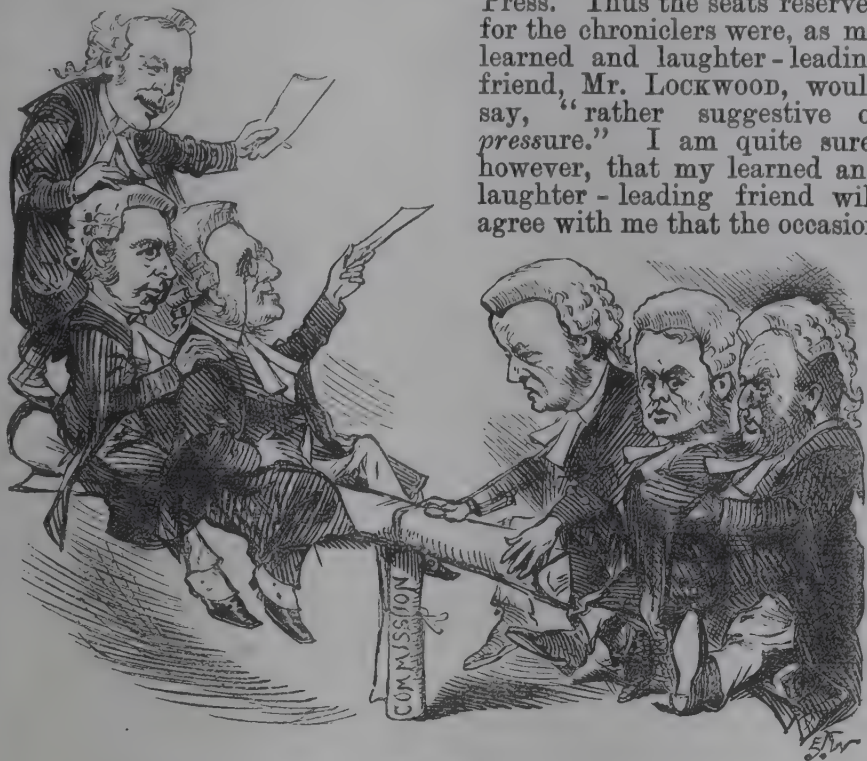
IDIOTIC REASON.—The only excuse the absurd people have who want to pull down GEORGE DANCE's picturesque old prison—that has frowned on London for more than a century—is that such a proceeding will render Newgate nugatory.



Long John.

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, February 26.—Quite delightful to find so many persons of distinction turning their attention, at length, to the Law. The wife of an eminent ex-Premier was accommodated with a seat amongst the Press. So far as I can understand, it seems to be a rule of Court, when in doubt as to what to do with an importunate celebrity, to find him or her (as the case may be) a seat amongst the Press. Thus the seats reserved for the chroniclers were, as my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, would say, "rather suggestive of pressure." I am quite sure, however, that my learned and laughter-leading friend will agree with me that the occasion



See-Saw.

scarcely warranted a distinctly mirth-provoking display of what (in our opinion) might be termed forensic jocularity. For the occasion was certainly a solemn one.

On the Commissioners taking their places, after bowing to the Bar (by the way, I fancy their Lordships must sometimes miss the cordial courtesy of the briefless brotherhood who have had to surrender their benches to others), there was a slight pause. My learned friends, the leaders on both sides, were present, but the witness-box was empty. Then it transpired that Mr. PIGOTT (a gentleman whose cross-examination, I think I may venture to say, without laying myself open to a charge of contempt, was becoming quite a feature in the case), had removed himself without giving reasonable notice of his intention so to do. Immediately Mr. ATTORNEY—(by the way, how sincerely my learned friend Mr. SOLICITOR must regret that he is not associated with his brother Law Officer of the Crown in this deeply interesting case)—had announced and proved that Mr. PIGOTT was *non est*, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in his most persuasive manner,



Ready for a Box.

eloquence. Then there was quite a competition for a place in the witness-box. Mr. SOAMES was Sir RICHARD's candidate, and Messrs. LEWIS, LABOUCHERE, PARNELL, and persons of lesser note were ready to represent the other side. Ultimately, Mr. SOAMES appeared, and gave additional particulars about Mr. PIGOTT's correspondence—a correspondence always of a more or less interesting character. After Mr. GEORGE LEWIS had been called, came an adjournment—nay, I believe many adjournments—in fact, I do not think I should be far out if I describe the day's proceeding as "intermittent adjournment." The order was somewhat as follows:—1. Fiery

asked for a warrant for the witness's apprehension. To this the Bench consented, after acknowledging, in suitable terms, Sir CHARLES's

address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL about something or other. 1. Mild remonstrance of the Bench. 3. Renewed fiery address. 4. Desire of Mr. ATTORNEY and "the friends, with whom he was associated," to consider their position. 5. Adjournment. Their Lordships' appearances and disappearances were not only frequent, but (from a spectacular point of view) most pleasing—the Commissioners seemed to be taking part in a new figure of a sort of forensic set of legal Lancers. The "setting" every time the Commissioners appeared on the Bench of the Judges to the Bar was full of a semi-gay and semi-gloomy grandeur. During the absence of my learned (but slightly embarrassed) friend, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, and those with whom he was acting, my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, occupied his place, and I have reasons for believing employed his brief leisure in preparing proofs that, had they been made exhibits in the case, would, I fancy, have illustrated the situation in a manner entirely satisfactory to all parties. And here I may note, that during the absence of the Commissioners, their ever courteous Secretary served as a truly admirable *locum tenens*. One of the most dramatic situations of a day full of excitement was the moment when a loudly-talking audience were hushed to a deathly silence to hear the ever courteous Secretary ask (in tones at once solemn and business-like) for the name of the constable who should be charged with the duty of apprehending PIGOTT. The day's proceedings were brought to a pleasant close by a merriment-compelling joke of Sir JAMES HANNEN about "catching a hare," which sent me and the rest of my learned friends into hearty but respectful convulsions.

Wednesday.—Again the Court was crowded. Since the adjournment it appeared Sir RICHARD WEBSTER had devoted his whole attention—"almost entirely every second of his time"—to the grave matter claiming their Lordships' consideration. My learned friend handed to the Court a packet bearing a superscription, which was alleged to be in the handwriting of Mr. RICHARD PIGOTT. Sir JAMES HANNEN gave the necessary permission to the ever courteous Secretary to read the documents which the packet was found to contain, and the obliging official (with the zealous aid of talented assistants), carried out his Lordship's instructions. The documents consisted of a signed confession, witnessed by Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and a brief but cheery letter from Mr. PIGOTT, pleasantly intimating that he "would write soon." The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then made a statement, in which he presumed (and, if I may humbly suggest, rightly presumed) "that everyone would agree with him that no one ought to attach any weight to the evidence he (PIGOTT) had given." He further expressed sincere regret, in which I think all of us (and I even venture to include the persons accused in the number), must have shared, that the letters received from Mr. PIGOTT had been published. Mr. PARNELL was then called, and on oath denied the authenticity of the letters which had been imputed to him—he had neither written them nor authorised them to be written. He moreover gave evidence of his skill as an expert in the comparison of penmanship. During the examination of this witness Sir CHARLES received assistance from my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH, whose services in the case (if I may be permitted to suggest) have been of very great and very distinct value. My learned friend's learned leader listened with the greatest attention to his Junior's remarks.

However, this did not create surprise, as Sir CHARLES is well known for the marked courtesy he invariably displays to those members of the Outer Bar who have the honour to act with him. Shortly afterwards, as there were no other witnesses ready for examination, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER having also expressed a desire for further time, the Court adjourned. Thus the proceedings of this sitting only occupied about forty minutes, and were not quite of so exciting a character as those of the previous day. Indeed the rising of their Lordships was at so early an hour, that my learned friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL did not consume his usual self-strengthening "refresher"—a compound in a soda-water glass, that, from a distance, suggests

some delicious preparation of coffee. However (and I have no doubt my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, will confirm the assertion), the documents received from Mr. PIGOTT were in themselves a "refresher" of a sufficiently supporting character.

Friday.—Only formal evidence and paper-reading. However, the law-loving spectators were cheered by the promise that an important statement would be made to them on the following Tuesday.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



A Refresher.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

REALA.

Another Study from Life, after "Ideala."

SHE came among us with a flourish of trumpets, and we have never been able to get rid of her since. We have leaped over her, careered around her, and yelled at her. Yet there was nothing very remarkable about her. I think something was wrong with her hair. But she had those lustrous and translucent eyes, like great saucers of whelks, which thrill yet confound the unobservant spectator with a sense as of some remote and ill-disciplined longing. She had curious notions on the subject of dress, and it was never easy to say exactly what she had got on. Sometimes she would appear in a sort of loose bed-curtain that fitted her like a sack; sometimes in a *cretonne* tea-gown *bouillonné*, with a ruching of antimacassars; but whatever she wore it was sure to be staring and inappropriate. "It isn't the clothes that make the woman, but the woman that makes the clothes," she said to me one afternoon, throwing off with her rich aluminium laugh one of those profound philosophical aphorisms that used to fall from her so plentifully at about this time; and we all clapped our hands and capered after her.

It was at a garden-party at the Bishop's that I first met her, and she was in one of her absent moods. A performance of Punch and Judy had been provided for the entertainment of the guests, and she was seated opposite this watching the progress of the story with a rapt and earnest gaze, slowly helping herself the meanwhile from a large plate of muffins that she had unconsciously appropriated and held on her lap. At length she reached the last half-slice that made up the dozen, and apparently realised the feat she had accomplished, for she rose with an impatient sweep of her head, and made for the house. I don't think she can have been feeling very well after that, but we were anxious to see what she would be up to next, and we followed her. REALA was in a curious mood that afternoon. She found the dear good old Bishop fast asleep in an American rocking-chair with his feet on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and she tilted him out of it under the grate. We quickly rescued him, and sat him up on a sofa, and rubbed his legs for him, but on being informed what had happened, he only smiled feebly and shook his good old head and said, "It was so like REALA!" REALA meantime was supremely unconscious of the whole incident. She had taken the red-hot poker from the fire, and in a dreamy abstracted manner was drawing patterns with it on a blue satin ottoman. On one of us pointing out to her the damage she was doing, she suddenly looked up with a surprised smile, and saying, "Dear me, I thought I was stirring the fire!" deposited the poker, still red-hot, in the gold-fish globe. In less than two minutes the fish were boiled, and as she swept out of the room, humming the refrain of a low music-hall comic song, we all with one accord, echoed the good old Bishop's words, and said, "How like REALA!"

But a great change had come over REALA latterly. We had all noted it, and agreed that her moral nature had undergone a pantomimic-transformation scene. The truth was she had met JERRYMANDER. I don't know where she picked him up. "I just saw him, and went for him," REALA had said to me one day, with her own marvellous incisiveness of expression, when I asked her about him. She had found him at the Pauper's Cosmopolitan Palace of Superfluous Delights, a colossal undertaking to which he had been appointed managing director. She was at that time thinking of putting *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* into blank verse, and I fancy she went to him to give her a hint or two how to set about it. They took in the half-penny papers at the palace, and so she would naturally have had these to fall back upon as a library of reference.

But it was a peculiar institution. It had been founded by several millionnaires, for the purpose of supplying indigent paupers with useless commodities. These were arriving all day, at the front entrance, in waggon-loads; and JERRYMANDER's spacious eight-windowed room, to which they were continually being transferred, afforded a spectacle of chaos and confusion that defies description. The splendid Louis Thirteenth silk-brocaded furniture of the apartment was literally covered with piles of jam tarts, diamonds, pork chops, heads of celery, unstrung pearls, rich Eastern silks, choice *objets de vertu*, patent



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

He. "BY JOVE, IT'S THE BEST THING I'VE EVER PAINTED!—AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE IT TO MARY MORISON FOR HER WEDDING PRESENT!"

His Wifey. "OH, BUT, MY LOVE, THE MORISONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO HOSPITABLE TO US! YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HER A REAL PRESENT, YOU KNOW—A FAN, OR A SCENT-BOTTLE, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

blackening-bottles, polishing-paste, jewellery of the most delicate description, kitchen utensils, cases of British wine, and a thousand-and-one other miscellaneous articles.

Here REALA would sit watching JERRYMANDER as he rushed raving about the room, tearing his hair, and maddened by the confusion and disorder which he was powerless to control. They would be for hours together like this, then he would suddenly start up and say, "There is no means of getting a sandwich in this confounded establishment; let us come to the railway buffet round the corner, and have a regular champagne luncheon." REALA asked no questions, but followed him. And this went on daily. But things came to an end at last.

One afternoon, when the customary champagne lunch was over, and they had returned again to his quarters, JERRYMANDER, looking at her almost savagely, said, "I tell you what, this can't go on."

REALA faced him steadily, and drank him in with her large melting saucer eyes. "Can't you guess?" he hissed, slowly. Then he groaned and tore his hair, and rolled about the floor, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable emotion, knocking over chairs and tables as he proceeded, and scattering pearls, pork chops, diamonds, patent medicines, mechanical toys, and new potatoes in every direction in his progress. REALA got on a chair and watched him.

"I guess," she said softly, to herself, "I had better get out of this." Then she left him.

After this, she disappeared for several years; but one evening, when we had invited a few dozen friends to meet the Bishop at a quiet little dinner, she suddenly turned up with the railway omnibus, and took us all by surprise. We rushed at her in a body, gave her three cheers, and carried her up in triumph to the drawing-room. She bounded from us, and came down with a heavy *pirouette* upon the good old Bishop's toe. He started with the pain, and, rubbing his glasses, said, "Why! bless me, if this isn't REALA!" "Yes, my Lord," she answered, chucking him, in her old familiar manner, playfully under the chin—"and, what is more, I've come to stay for six months." She had—for she is with us still—and how we shall ever get rid of her again—Goodness only knows!

THE LITTLE FLIRT'S LETTER.

"There is no doubt about it. There is a distinct and steady decline in the time-honoured office of a Chaperon; and, as far as we can see, there is every prospect that this much-maligned, long-suffering individual will soon cease to exist."—*The Lady.*

My dear Mr. Punch, I must shout *Hip! Hurrah!*
You really don't know *how delighted we are,*
To read there's a prospect, at no distant day,
Of ending the grim chaperonical sway:
When girls will be able to do as they please,
With no one to counsel, or worry, or tease!—
When I may sit talking with *Someone* alone,
Unmindful of frowns from a prim Chaperon!



If I'm at the Play, in the smartest of frocks,
And BERTIE should chance to look in at our box:
(He's tall and extravagant, well-dressed and dear—
A poor younger son, who has nothing a year!)
I know why he comes, for he's bored with the play,
I see, by his eyes, what he's longing to say—
Though forced to reply in my frigidest tone,
I wish I could strangle my stiff Chaperon!

'Tis hard that I always am under her thrall,
That I ne'er can escape at a rout or a ball;
She vows I shall dance with Sir CHARLES CLARRIVERE,
Because he's a banker with thousands a year!
He's fat, and he's gouty—just look at his shoes—
If ALGY should ask me, I'm bound to refuse!
Though none can valse better than he, I must own
Such partners are gall to my sharp Chaperon!

Her eye is a piercer, which few can evade—
I loathed her last Sunday at Prayer-Book Parade!
When innocent HUGHIE, who tried to look good,
Found all his nice speeches were misunderstood.
She saw through my semblance of haughty disdain—
He spelled for an invite to luncheon in vain!
How I longed for some power to swiftly dethrone
And quite disestablish my strict Chaperon!

Thank goodness, the Chaperon's dynasty's past,
And there is some chance of enjoyment at last!
Her dull, rigid reign let us try to forget,
The irksome restraint of her cold etiquette:
For we will decide what is quite *comme il faut*,
The men to be danced with, the people to know!
So, dear Mr. Punch, let it widely be known,
In future a girl is her own Chaperon!

"If I've no appetite," says Mrs. R., "I always find
the best thing to take is a glass of nice Manila Sherry
and Anaconda Bitters, about half-an-hour before dinner."

Bo-Peep in the Peers.

LORD CARNARVON would keep
From the Peers all "black sheep;"
Says SALISBURY, "Where will you find them?
Let them alone,
There are few, almost none,—
Best go on our way, and not mind them!"

DUE SOUTH.

MONTE CARLO, February, 1889.

ON my road to the Casino at Monte Carlo I meet HODGKINS, PETERSON, and FLICKMORE. "How have you done?" I ask, as I am collecting all the information I can about the country, so to speak, in which I am about to try my fortune.

"Pretty fair," answers HODGKINS. "Not bad," says PETERSON. "Might have been worse," observes FLICKMORE.

"Lost five hundred louis first day," says HODGKINS, looking sharply at his two friends.

I smile sympathetically. Five hundred! Dear me, a large sum to lose. And I began to think that I'd better reflect before I tempt the hazard of roulette.

"We picked it up next day, though," puts in PETERSON, also looking round at his companions, and smiling.

"And the second day were two thousand to the good," says FLICKMORE. "Not pounds—louis; but not bad business even in that."

Bad business, indeed! I wish it would happen to me even in francs—or half francs, for the matter of that. I am eager to know the system.

"Well," answers HODGKINS, "you see it's a little difficult to explain and to carry out, unless you're really going in for it. Perhaps you'd hardly understand it."

Well, I think my powers of comprehension are quite up to this; I mean that, if these three chaps, who are mere *flâneurs* on the face of the earth (except when they are in their business in the City) can master the system, I'm pretty sure that I can.

"Can't you give me an idea of it?" I ask, almost piteously.

"Well," says FLICKMORE, "it takes a day to carry out properly, even with luck, and it requires three fellows to play it. We're a Syndicate, and we bring in five hundred apiece. Lose that, we stop."

Thank you. Much obliged. I needn't trouble them for their system, as I am not "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and so can't be a Syndicate.

They are going in to the Casino, and pass me on the steps. Now what shall I do? While I am meditating on my plan of campaign, Lord ARTHUR STONEBROKE, passing me hurriedly, cries, "Halloa, old chap, going in to break the Bank, eh?" I reply, as he halts for a second by the door, as carelessly as I can, as if I hadn't quite decided whether I should let the Bank have another day's grace or not,—"Well, I don't know." And then I pay him the compliment of asking "what he is going to do," as if to imply that my movements shall be decided by his.

"Oh," says he, in an off-hand manner, "I'm just going in for a flutter before dinner. Only taking in five hundred louis."

I nod to him pleasantly, and he passes in, and disappears. "Only five hundred louis to play with before dinner!" I am debating with myself whether I shall put on three five-franc pieces all at once, or extend the operation as they used to do the torture of the rack by doing it in three turns. Shall I stop at three five-franc pieces, or shall I go on to six? Let me see—five five-franc pieces are a sovereign, and therefore ten make two sovereigns. I wish one could make two sovereigns—and that one be myself.

First Decision.—I settle that it is better to have the ten five-franc pieces in my pocket, in case I want to play.

Second Decision.—The number of my coat is 200. I've often heard that a man backing the number of his coat, or multiple of it, or some division of it, makes a heap of money. *Happy Thought.* Try it. I ask SMITHSON, who has been an *habitué* for years, how he would divide 200 so as to make it into playable numbers. SMITHSON, with an air that inspires me with confidence, says offhand, "Put on the *six premiers*—that includes the two—on the middle dozen, so does that—on the *pair*, which includes the 20, and on zero, that's your game." And, nodding knowingly to me, he walks away with the satisfied air of a man who has done the best he can for a friend, and who, throwing off the responsibility there and then, leaves the friend to do the best he can for himself. I note it down, and determine to act upon it. It is, one fiver—I mean one five-franc piece—that is, four-and-twopence, only it sounds more sporting to speak of them as "fivers"—one fiver on the first six numbers, another on the middle dozen, another on "even," and another on zero. Good. Stay—that makes four all at once, and I only intended to put on three. If I lose these, then on go four more—that's eight—and I shall only have two left.

I decide to change a third sovereign—just as well to have fifteen "fivers" (silver fivers) in my pocket as ten.

I enter the room. I walk up to the Changers' bureau, and get my fifteen French five-franc pieces in exchange for three beautiful golden English sovereigns. It doesn't seem fair, to begin with. I look upon them as counters, and three sovereigns seems a lot of money to pay for fifteen counters. I go to a roulette-table in first room. Crowd. No getting near it. I see PETERSON with a pile of gold before him, looking very serious; behind him stand HODGKINS and FLICKMORE. Their eyes are on the table. They don't see me. Next moment the *croupier* cries out something that I don't catch, and the effect of it is that a lot of money is swept off one way, a lot another, and then HODGKINS and FLICKMORE seem to breathe again as PETERSON has notes and gold pushed towards him with the *croupier's* rake. Somehow I don't like this table. I leave it. I don't even visit the one opposite, and enter the middle room. Here the table at the lower end has an attraction for me. Some one standing by one of the *croupiers* just moves out, and leaves a momentary vacancy, which fate seems to point out to me as the very place for me. It is almost opposite *pair*, which just suits my plan, the only difficulty being to get at the other end of the table, and deposit my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, and to get

it back again, with the companion which it ought to win, from that distance in safety. At the tables I have often heard of old French women collaring what doesn't belong to them; and then, indignantly protesting that the expostulating Englishman had tried to rob them.

This rather sets me against the middle dozen. Also somehow I don't fancy zero. If I snub the middle dozen and zero, then I only need risk two fivers each time, and this will give me more sport for my money. And, after all, on the middle dozen you only get two to one, and the odds against zero turning up are greater than against anything else on the table. Besides, instead of losing four each time, I should only lose two. For all these excellent reasons I decide to follow only half of my friend's advice, and I select the *six premiers* and *pair*. When shall I begin? No time like the present. Now: this next turn. I brace up my nerves, I give a nod that the Duke of WELLINGTON, at Waterloo, might have copied, when he shut up his telescope with a snap and gave the word to charge, and producing two five-franc pieces, I lean over the man in front, and with a polite "Pardon, M'sieur!" I take his rake from him, and push my piece on to *pair*, nearly jobbing him in the eye with the handle as I draw the instrument back again. Elderly Frenchman looks up angrily. I feel hot and awkward: I foresee a duel, and so give him a smiling apology to turn away his wrath (which it doesn't), and then catching the *croupier's* eye—not with the rake this time, but figuratively with my eye—I ask him to shove my other five-franc piece on to *six premiers*, which he does with a careless air as if it didn't matter two-pence to him (and it doesn't), or to anybody (no more it does except to myself and family), what becomes of this absurd stake.

Then I draw back, fold my arms, try to appear utterly indifferent, look round the table to see if I can spot a friend to nod to, fail, and then I keep my eye on my pieces, and stoically await the issue. "*Rien ne va plus!*"—click!—it is over. *Vingt-cinq*—middle dozen and uneven. Thank you—five-franc pieces, fare ye well!

Two more on the same. Same business of jobbing Frenchman's eye with rake, catching *croupier's* eye, folding arms, awaiting verdict—which *nineteen!*

Thank you. Exeunt second supply. Upon my word, I think I'll try the whole lot at once. *Six premiers*—zero (hate zero)—*pair*—and middle dozen. I do. MIDDLETON comes up at the minute. "Doing any good?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. As I turn round, the number is called—I don't see what it is—but whatever it was, I find that it was neither zero, nor *pair*, nor middle dozen, nor *six premiers*, and all my pretty chicks are gone at one fell swoop. No, I'll limit myself to two. It's quite enough to lose at a time. And those two shall be—stay shall I change my plan—evidently I'm not in luck. Wish I hadn't asked SMITHSON how to divide 200. Also wish I'd never heard that some gamblers choose the number of the ticket given them for their coat, and have immense luck with it. Stupid story: it's stories like this that lead one so astray.

My last two. I object to zero. The first six have played me false. The middle dozen can no longer be trusted. *Impair* has once stood my friend. Suddenly the number 19, which has nothing whatever to do with my calculations, seems to stand out from the rest, and invite me. It absolutely seems to say, "Put five francs on me, and one on the red." My whole plans are deranged. Nineteen is staring at me. "You'll regret not planking down on me," it says. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Faites!*" Fate it is. Once more "pardon," and I job the irate Monsieur in the eye with the end of the rake. On to the 19 plump, *en plein*. Already I see the *croupier* preparing to pay me thirty-five times my stake. Shall I put another, the other—and the last—on something? If so, on what? The ball is whizzing round! The second—shall I on zero? SMITHSON said zero—it was part of his original plan—as I catch the *croupier's* eye—an inspiration. "*Six premiers, s'il vous plaît!*"—he pushes it on just where I would give any amount—another five francs to recall it. The *croupier* opposite says, inexorably, "*Rien ne va plus!*" and—click! zero!! Ha! ha! and I was within an ace of putting on zero. O SMITHSON! When I tell you that, after asking your advice, I've not acted on it, you will think I've been making a fool of you—and of myself.

Shall I change another sovereign? And try another table? I will. I go to the magician who warily examines and changes the gold into silver behind the pigeon-hole of the bureau, and get my five-franc pieces. Odd! this time as I slip them into my pocket, I feel as if I'd won them from the man behind the pigeon-hole, and somehow, I experience the pleasant sensation of having somehow or another got the best of him in a bargain. To which table shall I go? What plan shall I pursue? With SMITHSON'S I can only play once with four francs, and if I lose, then once with one. At this moment up comes BYNGLEIGH.

Now and Then.

A LITTLE while ago the Knights of the Modern Round Table, were, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "within sight of each other." Now they appear (politically speaking) to be taking sights at each other all round.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the most recently produced piece at the Princess's will, no doubt, sooner or later, find its way to the Provinces, I give you a few particulars for the information of all England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. It is "a new Romantic Drama," and also "a Tale of the Turf;" it is called *Now-a-Days*, and is written by Mr. WILSON BARRETT (again to quote from the programme), "the most popular actor of the age." So far as incident is concerned, it is



Now-a-Days.

very like *Flying Scud* and *The Odds*—two sporting Dramas that were exceedingly popular some ten or twenty years ago. There is also a savour about it of the *Run of Luck*, which was produced a little while back at Drury Lane. The dialogue is rather uneven—some of it not very good; some of it very far from bad. The author introduces us to a strange set, in which are included a "heavy father," who makes an honest livelihood by gambling; a pathetic bookmaker, who is the bosom friend of a country squire; a masher jockey, who is joyfully accepted as the said squire's son-in-law; and a wicked baronet, whose better nature comes well to the fore in the last Act. So far as I am aware, it is not a very correct realisation of modern society. To go into details, the scenery is excellent, and the acting quite as good as the piece deserves. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD greatly distinguishes himself in the part of a low-class betting man. It is a very clever sketch, and quite worth seeing. Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who reminded me not a little of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), appears in a character that I fancy is intended to be more comic than tragic, but of this I will not be sure. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is the pathetic bookmaker, and certainly the creation is an interesting one. Still I think the two brothers might swop parts with advantage. Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE, "the sole lessee of the theatre," is also included in the caste. I may add that the "most popular actor of the age," although fairly amusing in the last scene (especially when he condescended to show nothing but his legs kicking over a hoarding), was more to my taste as the *Silver King*, or even in *Hamlet*. I shall not be surprised if *Now-a-Days* is very well attended during Lent.

The Yeomen of the Guard is going merrily at the Savoy. The music improves on acquaintance, and the acting is excellent all round. Sir ARTHUR, I fancy, will not be required to supply anything better to fill this popular house for a very long time to come.

Weather, as I write, bitterly cold, consequently I shiver as I sign myself, once more at home,

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

What Next?

(By a Votary of the Weed.)

THESE Leagues are just getting too doosed despotic.

There are Leagues against Landlords, and Leagues against Drink; And now here's another called "Anti-Narcotic,"

Whose object—confound it!—is—what do you think? To put out our pipes, and taboo our Tobacco!

By Jove, Mr. Punch, 'tis too much of a joke!

Many Leagues we to faddist, fanatic, and quack owe.

But this?—Well, thank goodness, it *must* "end in Smoke!"

A MISSING COLLIE.—"IGNORAMUS" writes to say that he went to the Collie Show held last week at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and was disappointed. Among all the Collies, he didn't find a single CIBBER.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macwhuskey." "WEEL, MY BRAW WEE ENGLISH LADDIE! HERE HAVE I COME A' THE WAY TO LONDON TO VEESIT Y'R GUID FEYTHER AND MITHER, THAT BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM TO SEE ME IN THRUMNITROCHIT LAST YEAR—WHERE YE RODE A COCKHORSE ON MY KNEE! D'YE MIND ME, THE NOO?"

The Braw Wee English Laddie. "OH NO—I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND MAMMA!"

BLOW IT, BOREAS, BLOW IT!

A PLAIN MAN'S ODE TO MARCH.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"ROARING moon of daffodil and crocus!"
(As I think you once were dubbed by
TENNYSON.)

Clear us of foul cants that blind and choke us,
And you'll earn our benison.

Your East Wind is an ill wind to most of us,
Torment to our lips, our lungs, our livers;
Giving to the suffering human host of us
Shock, and smarts, and shivers.

Yet if you will only waft away from us
Much that makes our public life so hateful,
Blow the foul miasmas of the day from us,
We shall be quite grateful.

Life, dear March, is getting *too* mephitic.
Clear us, if you can, of scurril shindy,
Party Pasquin, and log-rolling critic,
Spouter wild and windy.

Blow away the blatant Boanerges,
And the perorating public liar.
Yes, the year on vernal verdure verges,
Whiff from budding briar

Soon shall greet us when abroad we wander;
But there's an effluvium foul and sickening—
'Tis the pestilential breath of Slander,
Daily, hourly thickening.

Oh, for any Boreas-cum-Eurus,
Though as fierce as HARCOURT'S hot
polemic,
That should clear the atmosphere, and
cure us
Of this epidemic!

This fierce Saturnalia of Spitefulness,
This base Billingsgate of mutual "slating,"
Robs the dawning Spring of all delightful—
'Tis asphyxiating. [ness—

Blow these mad M.P.'s, all blare and blether,
Madly bent on mutual provoking,
While in all this fury of foul weather,
Public spirit's choking!

Blow these big and little party papers,
Basely slandering and boldly lying,
Whilst amidst their mean, malignant capers,
Common sense seems dying!

Blow the whole vile, venomous fraternity,
Tools of huckster greed or party profit,
Who, for pence, would make to all eternity
Public life a Tophet!

Yes, loud March, I own I do not love you;
But I'd brave your asthma and bronchitis
If you'd scatter—*is* the task above you?
Malice's mephitic.

Cant, and calumny, and mean mendacity,
Cloud our civic atmosphere—all know it.
If March winds can clear the foul opacity,
Blow it, Boreas, blow it!

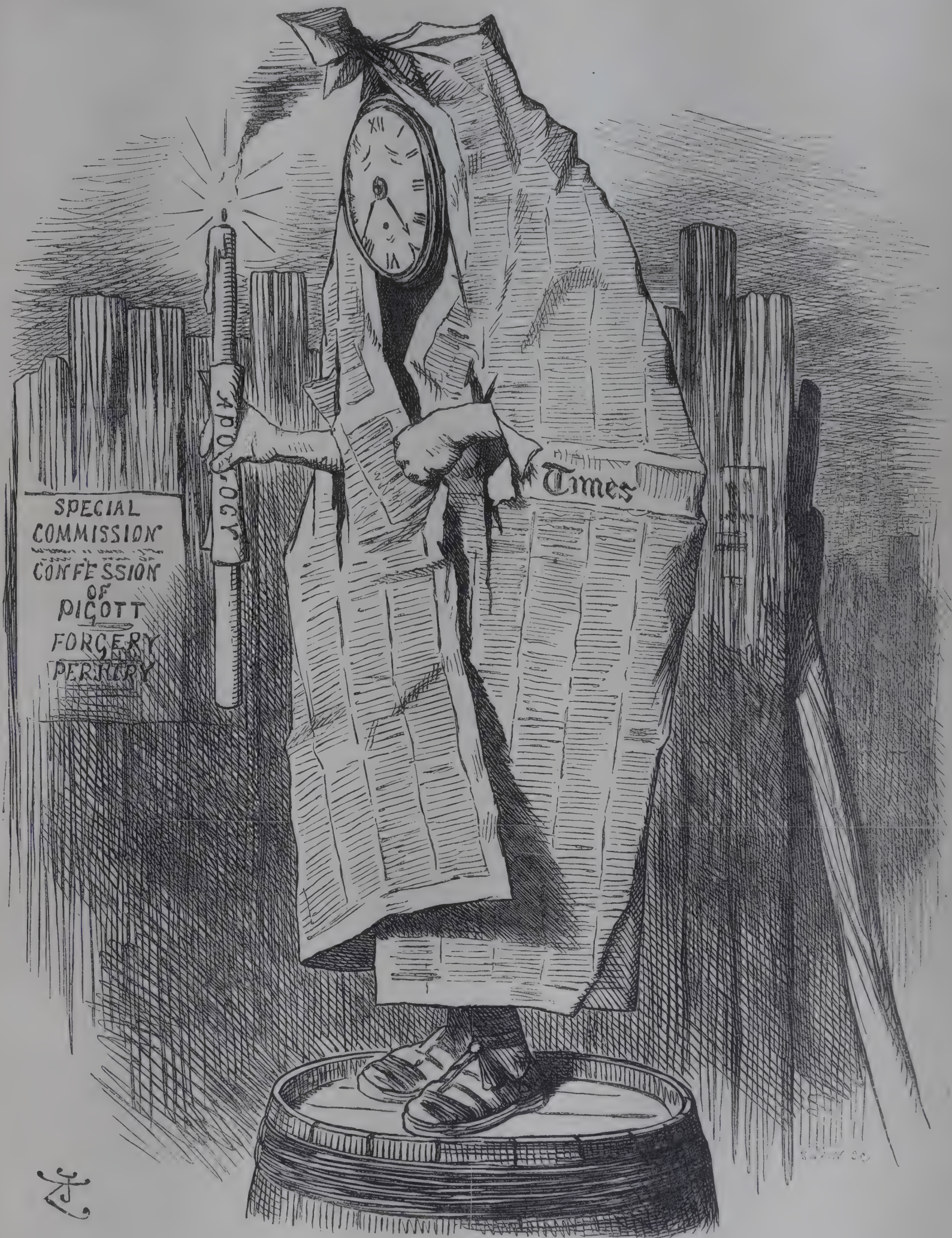
VERY O.U.D.-ACIOUS!

"Ho! Lictors, clear the way!" This is just what the Lictors at the Oxford revival of *Julius Caesar* failed to do. They didn't even "clear" the Curtain, but got their "fasces" mixed up with it in such a curious fascion that the audience tittered. Probably they were not aware that Lictors and "sticks" have been connected from the earliest classical ages.

Then, weren't there too many women and children about the stage? We confess not to know much about these classical occasions, but surely when a revolution was going on, all the little Roman girls didn't appear in the streets? Anyhow while *Antony* was making his funeral oration they seemed superfluous.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA must have revelled in that Scene of the Forum! He and Mr. HALL between them have made an admirable thing out of it. The Temple of Janus and the Capitol in the background are picturesque, and so is the "Rostra" in front—so-called, we were told by an undergraduate who accompanied us, because it was the place where the Roman "beaks" used to give judicial decisions. Some old Roman wag had actually painted pictures of beaks on the pedestal! Very disrespectful! Perhaps one of the classical children before-mentioned as pervading the performance did it.

As a whole, the play was good, and interesting. Lovers of the Bard might have done much worse than take a return-ticket to the Isis to see it.



PENANCE!

"HIS HONOUR ROOTED IN DISHONOUR STOOD,
AND FAITH UNFAITHFUL MADE HIM FALSELY TRUE."—TENNYSON.



JUST OFF!

'RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!'

'HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!'

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. EIGHTH EVENING.

"THERE is a Blind Man whom I know very well," the Moon told Mr. Punch. "He has never seen me, but I have seen him for many years now. All his dogs I have known, too—some of them really intimately, for most dogs are in the habit of telling me their private affairs, when they are tied up alone and I am at leisure to listen to their grievances. One dog of his was a particular friend of mine, and it is about him that I am going to tell you this evening. He was a terrier, with long bluish hair, and a face that somehow always put me in mind of a pansy. His master had trained him very well, and he was naturally intelligent. Every morning when the Blind Man left his lodging, the dog would take him to a corner, where the omnibus passed, and, when he had seen him safely inside, would run away across the Park, and wait for his master there; and when the omnibus arrived, and put him down, the dog's leash was fastened on again, and he led the Blind Man to a certain passage behind a church, where he sits all day and makes nets. I have seen this myself on many a morning, when I have been up later than usual. And the dog would lie by his side with a tin cup under his chin, and, whenever a passer-by dropped a coin in the cup, the dog would thump his thanks with his tail on the pavement. He was, of course, deeply attached to his master. One night, when I came out as usual, and looked down into the deep narrow passage, I found the Blind Man sitting all alone; and for many nights after that he sat there, netting by the light of a candle stuck in a lump of clay, with no dog by his side. The fact was, that some thief (who must have been more wicked than most thieves) had stolen the poor man's dog. However, before very long, a kind-hearted person gave him another—a great ugly lurcher this new dog was, who would not wag his tail even for silver, and who growled, and showed his teeth, if any stranger attempted to pat him. Still, he was honest and faithful, in his way, and his master soon grew used, and even attached to him.

"Well, and this is my real story:—One evening, long after this, I saw another dog come hurrying down the passage, and I recognised him instantly—it was the pansy-faced terrier, the one that had been so cruelly stolen. He was greatly changed, and, I am glad to say, for the better, since I had seen him last. Then he had been gaunt,

and his coat harsh, and uncared for; now he was sleek and smooth, he wore a silver collar, and his hair was carefully parted all down the middle of his back. But, for all that, he seemed overjoyed at getting back again to his old master, and the leash, and the tin cup, and lying still all day, and he danced round him, barking violently, and leaping up frantically to fondle and caress him.

"The Blind Man sat there, puzzled. He could only recognise objects by the touch; and this silky-coated, well-fed animal, did not remind him in the least of his shaggy old servant—he imagined it was some gentleman's pet, who had taken a sudden fancy to him. I longed to tell him who it was; but a poor Moon can't do everything, and I found I could not make him understand me.

"All at once the original dog saw his successor, and grasped the situation in an instant. Before he could take his old place, he must drive the intruder away—so, though he was no match for the lurcher, he flew at him furiously.

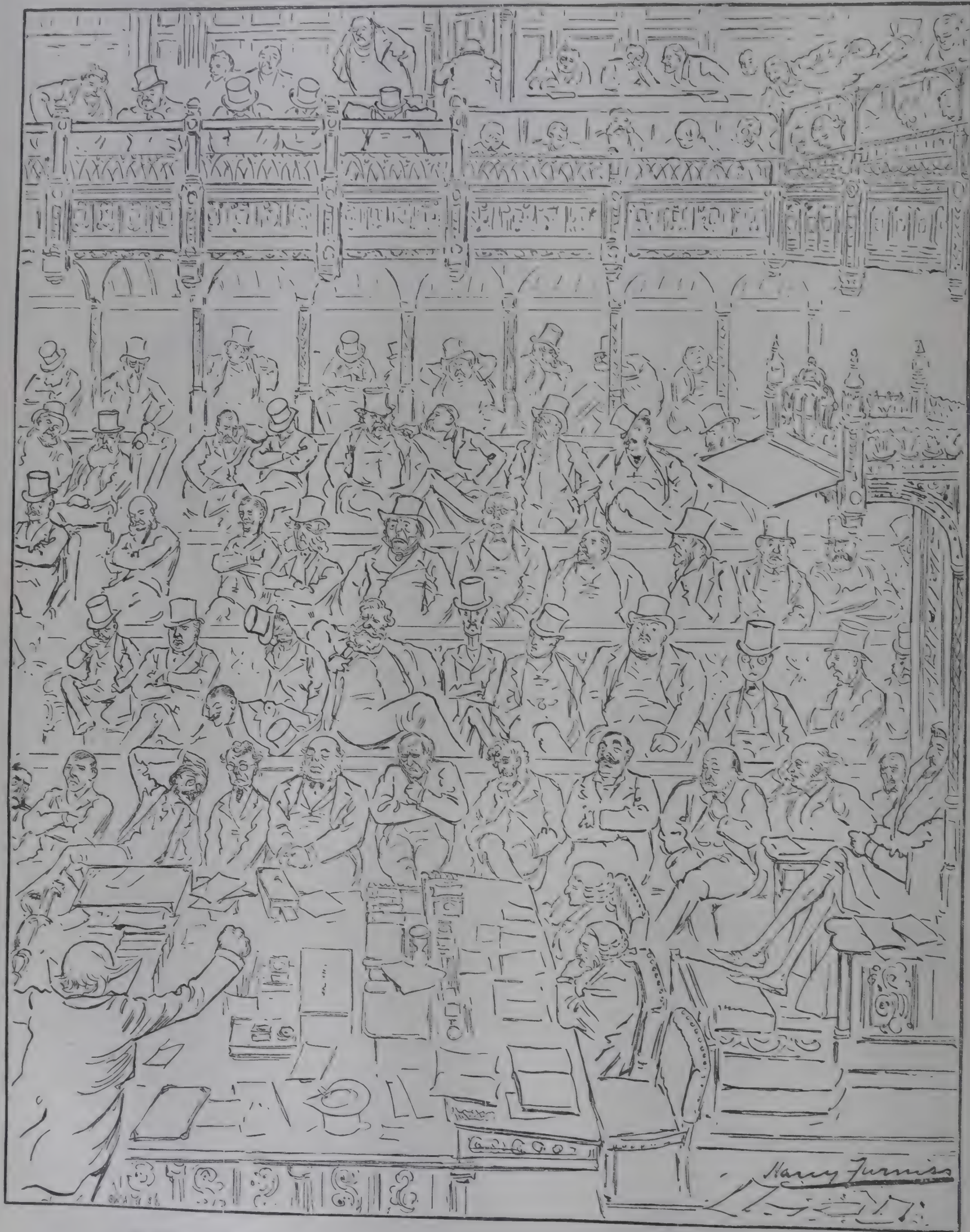
"There was a terrible combat; the coppers flew out of the tin cup, and went rolling and chinking over the flagstones; the lurcher, though hampered by his chain, fought savagely, and the pansy-faced terrier was generally undermost, though that was, in some ways, better for him, for then he escaped the heavy stick with which the Blind Man laid about him in all directions.

"The fight could only end in one way; the lurcher was so much stronger, and the original dog seemed to get so much more than his share of the stick. He fought on as long as he could, but at last he saw that he was beaten, and must give it up. So he disengaged himself, all torn and bleeding, crept up to his master's side, and licked his hand once more, in token of forgiveness and farewell, and then limped away, whining, into the darkness, while the lurcher, still grumbling, coiled himself up, and, after licking his wounds a little, went to sleep.

"I think," concluded the Moon, "that the defeated dog went back to his new owners, where he was certainly much better off, and he has certainly never returned to the passage again. I am sorry for him, nevertheless, and I wish he could have been allowed to stay."

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—Anglo-Saxon is being hurriedly acquired in Biarritz in honour of the QUEEN'S visit. A shopkeeper already hopes "to be a ritz person" before HER MAJESTY'S departure.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 59.



ROUGH SKETCH OF MINISTERIALISTS LISTENING TO THE G. O. M.

BELGRAVIA V. BOHEMIA;

OR, ART AND ADVERTISEMENT.

SCENE—A Studio. *The Bohemian speaks:—*

So his picture's sold, and mine isn't!
 Well, I own it is rather a blow.
 My coat is so painfully shabby,
 And my friends are so painfully low.
 They say that I keep in the background,
 Don't put myself forward enough,
 For these are the days of advertisement,
 Paragraph, Posters, and Puff.
 Well, no one can say that of *him*,
 No bushel hides *his* little light;
He's nobbled the Press pretty well,
 And perhaps, after all, he is right—
 There's nothing *he's* kept from the Papers,
 Nothing *he's* ever conceal'd.
 Except, p'raps, his talent for painting,
 And that is—as yet—unreveal'd.
 You may read of the servants he keeps
 Of his butler, and coachman, and groom;
 Of the size of the bed that he sleeps in,
 And how many sleep in a room.
 Of the lemony-pink of the doorway,
 The hall with its luminous mauve;
 And the duck-weedy green of the boudoir,
 And the soft yellow-tinted alcove.
 The lamp that's so quaint and artistic,
 With its gentle and soft diffused light—
 So soft that you can't see to read by it.
 And certainly can't see to write,
 You can read of the terrible quarrel
 He had with his whilom dear friend
 When one of them wanted to borrow
 And t'other dear friend wouldn't lend.
 You can read of the parties he gives,
 And the dresses the fine ladies wear, [them,
 With the names of the firms who supplied
 And a list of the "smart" people there.
 Some two or three ladies of title,
 Who really don't know why they go; [dear,
 "But those artists you know, are so odd,
 And quaint in their ways, don't-cher know."
 Then forsooth he declaims about Art,
 The Beautiful, Chaste, and Sublime;
 How Art must be kept Pure and Holy;
 Art is not for *now*, but *all time*!!
 F'auth! why can't he try and be plainer,
 And placard himself once for all
 With sauces, and boots, and mix'd pickles,
 On ev'ry street-boarding and wall?
 But why should I bother about him,
 It's no use to snarl and to whine;
 If he chooses to crawl in the gutter,
 It's surely no bus'ness of mine.
 What reason have I got to grumble?
 I'm not badly off as I am.
 What I've earned, I have honestly earned,
 And never by shoddy or sham.
 I've plenty of friends at my back,
 Tho' you wouldn't describe them as "smart;"
 But they've brains and, moreover, they've
 what

Some "smart" people haven't—a heart.
 So I think I'll go quietly on
 Independent and free while I can,
 After all, tho' my coat is so shabby,
 There's something in being a Man!!
 I wonder now if he remembers
 The old student days long ago—
 There were four of us chumming together
 In a little back-street in Soho—
 How hungry we were in those days,
 And how seldom we had any meat.
 When we hadn't we eat baked potatoes
 "All hot," from a can in the street.
 I wonder now if he would come
 And sup with us three as of yore?
 No! I don't think he'd like baked potatoes,
 And beer from the public next door.
 No! Farewell, my old student friend,
 We can never recall the old days.
 You stick to your new-found Belgravia,
 And I to Bohemia's ways.



"A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH."

Nephew. "HOLD UP, UNCLE! PEOPLE 'LL THINK YOU 'RE SCREWED!"
Uncle (the Wedding Breakfast had been hilarious). "SHCREW'D! NO, NO, SHEORGSH! NO'
 SH' BAD 'SH THAT! 'SHAME TIME—DON' LE'SH BE"—(lurching heavily)—"OSHT'NTAS'HLI
 SHOBER! 'CAN'T BEAR OSHT'NTASH'N!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 25.—House wore business air to-night. Two days spent in getting ready for work; ready now. Opposition Benches crowded; electrical condition; going off in startling pops at slightest provocation. ATTORNEY-GENERAL innocently brings in two Bills. One deals with Criminal Evidence, the other with Disclosure of Secret Official Information. Amazing reception from Opposition as he strolls towards table with measures in hand. A quick-witted spontaneous flash of humour.

Windbag SEXTON, who always underlines his jokes, fearful lest meaning of this should escape attention, asks whether one of the Bills will prevent disclosure of documents and information in possession of the Government in a case in which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL holds a brief for one of the parties?

"PIGOTT! PIGOTT!" Irish Members cry. A new sort of incantation this; a strange weird light illumines countenance of JOSEPH GILLIS as he utters it; it stops the mouth of

CHIEF SECRETARY when presently he rises to reply—"as if it were spigot," says JOHN O'CONNOR, who is presently going to prison, and in meantime claims all sorts of licence. It breaks out now and then *à propos* of all kinds of unlikely things, but always with the same effect.



"Here to-day—gone to-morrow."

Got his notes with finely-turned, adroitly balanced sentences; but has learned how to use them. Good hard-hitting, slashing, debating-speech.

"By far the best thing MORLEY has done yet," said WHITBREAD. "He has discovered the secret of his certain success. Always marvel to me that his platform speeches should be so effective, and his House of Commons lectures so inadequate. What he had to do when standing at table of House was, to imagine he was on the platform at Newcastle. Did it to-night, and made a great hit."

Weighty words these. No one who has not lived in House of Commons for twenty years knows how wise is WHITBREAD. "Solomon in all his habiliments," as LAWSON says, "was not half as impressive as WHITBREAD'S waistcoat."

BALFOUR brave to the last; his back to the wall. So far from being depressed, he is defiant. Instead of retreating, sallies forth on encompassing array. Perfect the single stroke by which he smote O'BRIEN and GEORGE TREVELYAN. TREVELYAN, he said, had gone so far as to found upon the eloquence of O'BRIEN the argument that he ought to be treated better than other people. "About the merits of Mr. O'BRIEN'S style," BALFOUR went on to say, with a graceful obeisance to TREVELYAN, "no man has a better right to judge than the Right Hon. Baronet. Few have had fuller experience of it;" an awkward reminiscence of the days when TREVELYAN sat in the place of Chief Secretary, and the Irish pack, who now applaud, nightly howled at him.

Business done.—JOHN MORLEY moved Amendment to Address.

Tuesday.—Only one subject of conversation in either House to-day.



Saunderson's Bottle-holder.

Comedy and tragedy take turn in debate. Comedy, SAUNDERSON, full of quips and cranks, keeping the House in constant roar. Tragedy by JOHN DILLON, pale-faced, dark-haired, sad-voiced, denouncing a system of Government, which

The Opposition hilarious, uproarious; the Ministerialists depressed, dumfounded. The most potent word in the English language just now.

This, or something else, inspires JOHN MORLEY to most successful effort in Parliamentary debate since he took his seat. Thrown aside all that academical manner that formerly handicapped him.

he says "breeds PIGOTTS as corruption breeds worms." SAUNDERSON brought down prodigious number of *impromptus* neatly written down on note-paper. WARING takes charge of manuscript, as, sheet after sheet, SAUNDERSON flings it back on the bench. Also carries in hand a tumbler containing refreshment. Hands it up at regular intervals, occupying spare moments with collecting and rearranging the used-up manuscript. A pretty, touching sight!

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—Thought just now there would be bloodshed under black shadow of gallery on left of SPEAKER. An outburst of angry conversation; a sudden tussle; and O'HANLON discovered on his legs excitedly throwing his arms about.

"I want this Gentleman to apologise," he said. "I'll just give him a minute to think, and if he doesn't apologise I will—"

What O'HANLON contemplated drowned in roar from shocked House. "This Gentleman" evidently HAVELOCK, who sat bolt upright looking into space.

This was O'HANLON'S second incursion into proceedings. A few minutes earlier had interjected remark from one of the side-galleries and been repressed by SPEAKER'S stern cry of "Order!" Had thereupon descended, entered from behind SPEAKER'S chair, skirted bench from which T. W. RUSSELL was addressing House, and, *à propos de bottes*, persuasively whispered in his ear the magic word, "PIGOTT!" Precisely what followed is a matter of contention. HAVELOCK, called upon for explanation by SPEAKER, said he "happened, by accident, to come into contact with O'HANLON." O'HANLON, on the contrary, shouted out, "The Hon. and Gallant Gentleman, as I suppose I am bound to call him, comes over and throws himself on me." However it was, here was O'HANLON angrily regarding the clock, and narrowly limiting HAVELOCK'S opportunity.

"I'll not give him much time," he said. "Just a minute to think."

What a position for a man who had ridden into Cawnpore and won the Victoria Cross! Only sixty seconds and his blood would dapple the walls of the House of Commons! CHAPLIN, standing at Bar, in Heavy-Father attitude, held his breath.

SPEAKER attempted to bring about strategic movement in relief of gallant General. Called on RUSSELL to proceed. RUSSELL went on with his remarks; hadn't got through many sentences when O'HANLON discovered once more on his legs, waving his arms semaphore fashion, blood-thirstiness in his eye and a crumpled copy of the Orders in his hand.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he roared, "I beg your pardon again, but he says I had better get out of this." "He," the indomitable HAVELOCK.

SPEAKER interposed with increased gravity, and HAVELOCK, casting on O'HANLON a glance that should have withered him, stalked away with his still uncrushed head defiantly upcast.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—G. O. M. resumed Debate to-night. Seems to have renewed his life, like the eagle, in foreign parts. Voice come back in all its force; bubbling over with high spirits, particularly tickled by proximity of CHAMBERLAIN; goes through some high comedy scenes with him, amid rapturous cheers from Pit and Gallery. Parties in the Stalls a little glum. Been the usual *lever de rideau*, in which Ministers called over the coals about alleged connection with the departed PIGOTT. TIM HEALY got his back up; cross-examines OLD MORALITY with pitiless persistency. HARCOURT tries to put an oar in; but not to be mentioned in same boat with TIM.

Just before midnight ended Debate, PARNELL turns up. Enthusiastic reception; disposition to chant, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," stopped by SPEAKER. *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY'S Amendment to Address rejected by 339 votes against 260.



The Heavy Father of the House of Commons.

AN IMPERFECT RIDDLE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—When it is wound up. Obviously. Only then the watch will go, but the Company stops.

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 5.—The aristocracy becoming slightly bored with Law. Still a fair number daily tax the amiability of the ever-courteous Secretary. Having settled in our places, the Commissioners prepared to take the armchairs, which had been arranged beforehand for them at an angle calculated to allow of their entrance with a dignity fitting to their exalted station.



"Well supplied with noble counsellors." Shakespeare.

There was the usual bow from the Bench to the Bar, which, alas! had no briefless brotherhood (in the back rows) to gratefully and gracefully return it! Then Sir JAMES HANNEN gave a decision about the admission of certain newspapers, which, it was alleged, had been used by the staff of the Land League for disseminating disaffection. That decision once known, Mr. ATTORNEY was called upon to read the paragraphs complained of. It was then that I fully appreciated how disastrous it would be were ladies ever admitted to the Bar. I could not help feeling that had two aged females been in the place of my learned friends, Sir RICHARD and Sir CHARLES, there would have been any amount of squabbling and loss of time. As it was, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. ATTORNEY was ready on the instant to go on, and that he received the greatest possible assistance from his learned friends on the other side. The Commissioners could scarcely conceal the gratification they evidently felt in presiding over so happy a family. It was a pretty and touching sight to gaze upon Sir RICHARD as he turned to his learned friends and asked, "Are you ready?" In a moment any number of miscellaneous documents were handed to him—all, no doubt, of the greatest possible value, if put in at the proper time. Mr. ATTORNEY's gratitude to "those associated with him" seemed to be unbounded, and he constantly called for Mr. SOAMES, no doubt to express to that learned gentleman his warmest acknowledgments for the valuable assistance that was being so copiously extended to him. Then came a few witnesses full of "information," as, no doubt, my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. LOCKWOOD would say, as they were *informers*—hence the smile-compelling pleasantry. The last was seemingly a youth of somewhat tender years; and when my learned and laughter-leading friend suggested that Mr. RONAN should wheel the witness home (after re-examination) in a perambulator, the Court became quite Christmassy in its merriment before adjourning to the morrow.

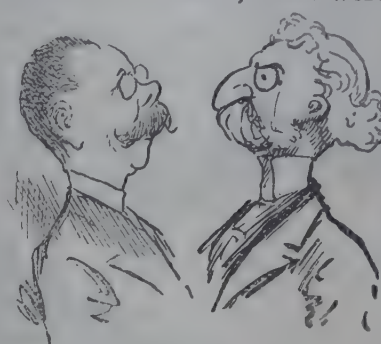


Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., kindly assists Mr. Ronan to act on Counsel's Advice.

Wednesday.—Interest in Law once more on the wane. The perusing of extracts continued at the rate (after taking into consideration the expense of the inquiry), of I suppose, about a pound or so a minute. However, this rather costly exercise was of distinct value to my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH, who had the benefit of a reading lesson, personally conducted by Sir JAMES HANNEN. "May I ask you, kindly," said the revered President of the Probate Division, courteously but firmly, "to raise your voice, and hold your head up?" For a moment I almost expected to hear his Lordship add, "And slap your right leg with your cane, Sir, and wink at the girls!" I hasten to say, with heartfelt respect, that Sir JAMES gave no such martial, but entirely unlaywerlike direction. Moreover, it is only just to my learned friend (whose services in the case have been of the greatest value to his leader) to express my opinion that had he received such an order he would have hesitated, and rightly hesitated, to have carried it into execution; and this would have been the more commendable, as my learned friend has other than forensic claims to the title of "Junior," and Beauty in the Court has never lacked representatives. But it will be patent to everyone that it is no part of a counsel's duty (even under direction of the Bench) to recognise female comeliness by the sudden drooping and upraising of a wig-surmounted eyelid. This reminds me that some of our forensic perukes are far from perfect. Had I frequent occasion to renew

my own, I should go to Mr. Fox (whose wigs at the *Maske of Flowers* at Gray's Inn during the Jubilee were, so to speak, the toast of the Bench and the Bar), who, I feel sure would always fit me to my entire satisfaction. To return, the reproduction of the speeches of eminent statesmen and others (declaimed in his most brilliant style by my learned and energetic friend, Mr. ATKINSON) had certainly one advantage—it nearly cleared the Court. After the midday adjournment, the proceedings (like "grey shirtings" on certain interesting occasions in the City), became more "lively." Thanks to the gallant conduct of my learned and fiery friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, there were several little "scenes in Court" (subsequently found of great benefit by the gentlemen of the Press) and now and again there was quite a "sensation." I left before the adjournment, and was surprised to hear a rumour that, after my retirement, in spite of the ample room in court for all present, the President was reported to be quietly sitting upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL with every sign of satisfaction.

Thursday.—A further falling off in the attendance. Mr. SOAMES (the most hard-working of solicitors) of course was present, and if Mr. GEORGE LEWIS was less *en évidence*, that learned gentleman left matters in the able hands of a most efficient representative. It was a very pleasing sight to see the principal conversing with his devoted adherent. My learned and fiery friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, however, was instrumental in giving a distinct interest to the proceedings. With evident disinclination (for he assured us that he was "singularly averse" to interrupting anyone), he somehow contrived to have quite an exciting little altercation with the Bench by (so it seemed to me) the introduction of contention-breeding interpolations. He also cross-examined a witness with a verve and a go that may have recalled to some of us the most respected memories of that grand old institution, the Ancient Bailey. But when he accused my learned and apparently rather depressed friend, Mr. ATTORNEY, of making an "audacious request," I reluctantly confess I could not enthusiastically follow on the same side. However, we were so pleased when we learned that Sir RICHARD expected to complete his case in the course of a day or two, that Bench and Bar seemed prepared to forgive and forget everything. As a matter of fact, when the Commissioners retired for the week, they took their departure with an air of relief that conjured up a vision in my mind of three of the best and ablest of our Judges dancing with dignified joy in their own private apartments.



A Consultation.

And now, as this seems to be a suitable time for explanation, perhaps I may be permitted to make a personal statement on my own account. I have reason to believe that there has been some surprise expressed that I have not myself been "retained" either on one side or the other in this very interesting case. I must admit that it is certainly a fact that no brief has been delivered at Pump-handle Court (up to date) desiring me to appear either "with me the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," or "with me Sir CHARLES RUSSELL." However, on reflection, I commend the judgment of Messrs. SOAMES and LEWIS in making what at first sight may have appeared (to the uninitiated) an omission. I venture to suggest that it may have occurred to certain eminent Solicitors in Ely Place and Lincoln's Inn Fields, that perhaps, if at any future time I desired to enter Parliament, I might wish to join that august assembly untrammelled by associations which, although absolutely professional, to the lay mind might be suggestive of Party predilections. And not having been engaged in this matter, of course such bonds, so far as I am concerned, are non-existent. For the rest I feel sure the Juniors associated with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL have got on very well without me; and as for the case of the *Times* (especially that branch of it that engravers would scarcely term "proofs before letters"), I honestly do not think any effort on my part could have materially improved it.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



Au revoir!

Au revoir!

THE OSPREY AND THE EAGLES.

"The abdication of King MILAN of Servia . . . has at length fallen like a thunderbolt on the State-craft of Europe."—*Times*.



FALLEN at last, but not quite like a thunderbolt!
 Osprey is hardly a Jovian bird;
 Rather a fowl that will, after big blunder, bolt;
 Timid rapacity's slightly absurd.

True birds of prey should be boldly belligerent,
 Dauntless in danger, and strong on the wing;
 Crises on cocktails will act as refrigerant,
 Courage he needs who of air would be king.

Fish-eating Osprey—men do not think much of him;
Not e'en a white-tailed Sea-eagle is he. [of him,
His prey, when he's pressed, he lets slip from the clutch
Shrieks, and seeks safety in flight o'er the sea.

Aquila imperialis is chasing him;

Osprey now hears his strong wings on the wind,
Hates him, but has little fancy for facing him,
Hooks it—but leaving his booty behind!

Obrenovitch Osprey, you never were eagle-like,
Jackal at best to true kings of the air.

Nemesis long on your track has hung, beagle-like,
Destiny's down upon those who can't dare.

Yes, you have made a big splash, there's no doubt of it,
Dropping your prey in this summary style.

Poor puzzled fowl, you are surely well out of it,
Osprey; but *après*? A deluge of guile,

Or war's cataclysm? The prey you have parted with,
Drops from your clutch; will it fall where *you* please?

Swift on your track two true eagles have darted, with
Eyes on that prey. These are turbulent seas,

Wild and wind-swept from the East; fierce and furious
Swoop those two fowls in competitive chase,

Whilst on his crag, in an attitude curious,

Watching the fray with a Sphinxian face,

Perches a third one, Teutonic; the Thunderer

Throned on Olympus might own him for mate.

He is no rashly belligerent blunderer;

Watchful as Memnon, he's silent as Fate.

What shall the issue be? Poor pusillanimous

Osprey, the Eagles are gathered; you go!

Iron-winged might is not mild or magnanimous,

Aquila's ever a pitiless foe.

Into whose claws will the quarry you're frightened from
Fall in the end? The horizon looks black; [from,

When the far East a fresh storm shall have lightened

Which of those Eagles will ride out the wrack?

DR. ROBSON ROOSE has written an admirable article on the Water Supply of London in the current Number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Seemingly, we poor Cockneys are fairly well off, if we take care to keep a filter in the house. However, it is as well to see that it is not supplied (like another philter) by some modern *Dr. Dulcamara*. While thanking Dr. ROBSON ROOSE for his really valuable contribution to the welfare of mankind, *Mr. Punch*, in dealing with the subject, has a natural preference for a rather more spirited policy—a policy which would include in its scope lemon, nutmeg, alcohol in various forms, and other pleasant ingredients. The water used in this mixture should of course be heated to a suitable temperature.



AN APPEAL.

"NOW, SMITHERS, LET ME EARNESTLY EXHORT YOU TO TAKE THE PLEDGE."
"CERTAINLY NOT, MY LADY! I'M NOT ONE O' YOUR PEOPLE AS CAN'T KEEP SOBER WITHOUT GOIN' AND TAKIN' HOATHS ABOUT IT!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

NINTH EVENING.

"Not very long ago," said the Moon, "I shone down on the deck of a large Emigrant Ship, which was just leaving its moorings. It was crowded with people—men, women, and children, and many of the faces I saw wore a very sad expression. They were leaving the country of their birth, and the friends and scenes they had grown up and lived amongst, to begin life again in a strange land; so it was not wonderful if they were not in the best of spirits. Still they bore up bravely, especially the men, though some of the women wept a little behind their shawls, and the children cried too, for company and the strangeness of it all. But they were sensible people at heart, and they quite understood that it was best for themselves, their country, and everybody, that they should go. They were strong, industrious, and sober, but there was no room and no work for them at home, the population was too large already, and by going they were making it better for the others who remained. And in the New World, far away, with their energy, industry, and health, they would be sure to prosper and become a credit to the colony. All that they knew—and yet, now the time had come to quit the old country for ever, they could only feel how dear it was; and some of them would have given all they had in the world just then to be allowed to stay in their own land, even though they starved there."



Moonshine.

"As the great ship began to move slowly, another vessel passed it

quite close in the opposite direction. Its deck was as crowded as the first, and the passengers on both thronged to the sides and looked curiously at one another. I could not help noticing," said the Moon, "what a difference there was between the two sets of passengers. The first were peasants and artisans, sturdy, honest-looking, self-reliant, pinched some of them by recent privations, but all belonging to a class of which a great country might well be proud. Of the others—those in the vessel that was arriving—as much could not be said. They were undersized degraded-looking creatures, ignorant and filthy, of whom their own land was only too glad to be rid. They were coming to your shores with vague ideas of getting more money and living better than at home. I know what will happen to them!" said the Moon, "for I have seen it many a time. They will fall into the power of some of their own countrymen, only a little less degraded than themselves, and they will become slaves, herding together in horrible dens, and spreading disease and squalor and general bestiality in the neighbourhood they dwell in."

"And as the English emigrants looked at these foreigners, I know what the thought was which rose unbidden in all their minds. 'If there is no room for us,' they were asking with their sad eyes, 'Why is there room for these?'"

"And, upon my word," concluded the Moon, "although I suppose your clever statesmen could answer the question satisfactorily, I have not found it so easy myself!"

Nemesis.

(By a Sufferer from the Ring in Copper.)

THAT huge Copper Syndicate came a huge cropper!

Hooray! Like Hood's laundress they shiver and quake;
For, like her, they went in for "Skying the Copper,"
And blew up themselves—by mistake.

NEW NAME FOR THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. "SULTAN."—Ground-Rice.

DUE SOUTH.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.

WHAT I did with BYNGLEIGH, who came up after I had lost my little all, and had changed some more gold into five-franc pieces, I will recount on a future occasion. At present a day must intervene, a *fête* day, which removes me away from the tables, and takes me over to Nice. Certainly, being at Monte Carlo, let us go to the second day of the "Battle of Flowers." This is March the 4th, and the Battle of Flowers does sound such a summery proceeding.

"Mrs. GRAYLING and her niece MABEL want to see it," says Mrs. GRAYLING's brother-in-law, the generous TAPLIN, who, when out for a holiday, likes to do the thing well; "and so, if you'll come,"—this to me,—"I'll take the lot of you. One more or less makes no difference."

Being delighted at hearing that my presence will make no difference, I embrace the offer.

The carriage is at the door. There are two baskets of flowers and two bouquets. This looks like the First of May, old "Chimney-sweepers' Day." It may "look like" the First of May; but with a



Going to the Battle of Flowers at Nice.

cutting North wind, with just a touch of East in it, it *feels* like the time of year it is; namely, the fourth day of March, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. At all events there is no fog, as there probably is in London at this moment. The sky is clear, the Mediterranean is blue, the sun is bright, the view is lovely; yet the wind is cutting. We take rugs, wraps, and overcoats, but out of compliment to the appearance of the place, with its hedges of geraniums, its red roses on the walls, the spreading palm-trees, the cactuses, the olive-trees, and the prickly pears, "all a-growing" and looking tropical—(how they do it is a wonder to me! I am inclined to think they're most of them sham, the deception being connived at by the authorities, and kept up by the hotel-keepers and the Casino officials at an enormous cost)—so, as I say, out of compliment to the tropical "scenery and properties," we decide on *not* having foot-warmers in the carriage.

TAPLIN, huddled up in rugs, with only the upper part of his head, under a pot-hat, appearing above (so to speak) the bed-clothes, exclaims, from time to time, "There's a beautiful view!"—nodding at it, for he won't take his hands out from under the coverings,— "Lovely, isn't it?" to which we all assent, the pair on the back seat not turning their heads to look at it, for fear of getting a stiff neck and being "struck so;" and then TAPLIN, wriggling down lower than ever under his counterpane and blankets, murmurs, with conviction, "But, *I say*, it is cold!" And so say all of us, and all snuggle down under the rugs. For all this, we are going to the celebrated Battle of Flowers at Nice.

Nice.—We pull up at the *Restaurant Français*. Descend. Nice is *en fête*. Flower-baskets everywhere. Fans for sale. Ragged urchins with baskets of flowers. Everybody moving about. Fortunately we find one table unoccupied. We swoop down on it, and occupy it bodily. We are here for the Battle of Flowers; so *à la guerre comme à la guerre!*

Restaurant doing enormous business. Crowd too big for the small room. Prices up probably in consequence. It will be "breakfast at the fork out." Head-waiter imposing personage, but with his wits about him. Good breakfast and good wine. We begin to feel warm and comfortable.

"Amusing scene," says Mrs. GRAYLING, patronisingly. Miss MABEL is delighted with everything. TAPLIN says, "I don't see anything very Carnivalish about the place." Miss MABEL exclaims, "Oh, don't you think so!" She is evidently afraid that if Uncle TAPLIN begins to be disappointed with it, he may suddenly decide to return without seeing any more. So she continues, "Why, Uncle, look at all the people! And then, you remember, we saw that figure of King Carnival sitting in a ship as we drove in!" "Ah, yes, so we did," replied Uncle TAPLIN, brightening up. Whereat we all brighten up too, and Uncle TAPLIN insists on our having some old

Burgundy, whereupon we brighten up still more, and become warm and genial. We expand like the flowers, and by two o'clock, when we get into the carriage again,—this time with the rugs concealed, and only the flowers displayed,—we are all in full bloom. The North wind has blown itself out,—at its own luncheon, perhaps,—at all events, we don't feel it so much in the town, and the sun is shining.

Everybody is now *en fête*. Shops are closed, all business suspended for the rest of the afternoon. It is the Flower Derby Day. All sorts of Tom-fools among the populace in false noses, dominoes, as Pierrots, and in a variety of shabby fancy costumes, the odds and ends of costumiers' old clothes. A carriage comes along, being one mass of flowers, wheels and all. It is Jack-in-the-Green on wheels. These faded costumes, and ruddled cheeks, these clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, do certainly recall my boyish recollections of Chimney Sweeper's Festival in London, with My Lord and My Lady, Pantaloon, the Swell, and Clown with the ladle collecting the coppers.

It is a great day for the *Niçois* 'ARRY and 'ARRIET. It is a great day for everyone who has anything in the way of a fan or a bouquet to sell. Any price. How much for that fan? "Fifteen francs." Bah! "Then how much will Monsieur give?" Monsieur will give a third of the price. "Oh, impossible!" Monsieur passes on, and purchases two fans (with which the ladies are to protect their faces), for one franc each. "Let's have two good bouquets," says Uncle TAPLIN, becoming enthusiastic; and the ladies exclaim, "Oh, yes, do! Let's!" So Uncle TAP purchases two bouquets, and our coachman, being an ingenious creature, and a bit of an artist in colour,—having already decorated his horse's heads with small nosegays,—now takes the carriage-lamps out of their sockets, deposits them in a shop (I hope with a trusty friend), and in half a minute, the two bouquets have replaced the lamps, and give quite a gay and festive appearance to our equipage.

Basket after basket of flowers is offered to us. Ten francs, nine francs, any francs, down to one franc, according to size. Here's a good basket-full. How much Madame? Madame replies readily, hazarding a likely price, "Monsieur shall have it for nine francs." Monsieur, who is hard at a bargain this morning, won't hear of it. What, then, will Monsieur give? Monsieur will give five francs. "Tenez!" she exclaims, shoving it into my hands, "*prenez-le, prenez-le!*" She won't wait—the bargain is concluded—she is afraid I shall change my mind. I take the basket, and, my hands being full, I ask Uncle TAP for the money. "*Et encore un franc pour le corbeille!*" shrieks the lady, who is a type of a *Niçoise* as an outside-Covent-Garden market-woman.

"Hey, what's that?" asks Uncle TAPLIN, suspiciously, under the impression that something has gone wrong with the bargain.

"One franc more for the basket," I say, carrying it off to the ladies.

"All right!" says Uncle TAP, much relieved, and pays up.

Boys surrounding us, begging to be taken as *ramasseurs*. Fortunately some one has told me beforehand that a *ramasseur*, at two francs for the afternoon, is necessary as a sort of running footman, to pick up the nosegays, and return them to the carriage. I select a sickly-looking chap, who really does seem in want of a job. Five francs he wants. No. Three. Very good, he'll undertake it for three,—and will Monsieur pay beforehand? No, Monsieur won't. This engagement being made, our successful *ramasseur* shows that he is not quite the sickly creature he appears, by kicking and cuffing all the smaller and unsuccessful candidates for our *ramasseurship*, and then he mounts by the side of the coachman, and we are off to the *Promenade des Anglais*.

At the entrance we are stopped, and a *louis* is demanded. "Halloa!" says Uncle TAPLIN, induced to resent the demand as an imposition on confiding foreigners, "What's this for?" I remember the Derby Day, and remind him that even in free England we have to pay a guinea to take our place among the coaches on the hill. "Ah, so we do!" says Uncle TAPLIN, and seeing the matter in a different light, and rather pleased that this price of admission should be an imitation of an English custom, he pays it with cheerful alacrity, and the coachman receives a yellow ticket, while for one franc more, our consumptive *ramasseur* has purchased a Carnival fool's cap, which is the badge of his official connection with our carriage, and so we enter the rank as combatants in the Battle of Flowers.

The Drive is not crowded at first. It is railed in on both sides. There are mounted *gendarmes* keeping the course, and, occasionally, when tired of standing still, taking short sharp gallops from one



Before the Battle.

point to another, on the evident pretence of giving each other orders, or delivering official messages. There are important personages, stewards of the course, on foot, wearing red rosettes, who are very ill-tempered, cross, and fussy. By the *Hôtel de la Méditerranée* the crowd is really dense,—but never at any one point, or at any part all along the course, does it ever exceed the crowd to be seen in Hyde Park by the Serpentine on a fine day at the first meet of the Four-in-hand, or Coaching, Club. Here are the Tom-fools and clowns, and other professional gentry going about just as the acrobats, and the conjuror, and the strong man, and so forth, do on the Derby Day. There are very few good turn-outs, and the presence of *voitures*, hired traps, and vans, are rather suggestive (to the Englisher of Cockney experience) of a “day out” with the Foresters, ‘Appy Ampton, or Odd Fellows. There is a band playing somewhere, which is to be heard occasionally.

“When is the battle going to begin?” asks Mrs. GRAYLING, who is a trifle nervous.

“O Aunt!” exclaims MABEL, “look—they’re throwing already.” And scarcely are the words out of her mouth than three small nose-gays fall lightly into our carriage, and a fourth drops outside, which is immediately picked up and given to us by our *ramasseur*, who from this moment has his work cut out for him. A gaily-dressed lady drives by, and throws a bouquet at Uncle TAPLIN.

“Ha!” he exclaims, his eyes sparkling with delight at the compliment thus paid him by the fair stranger, and he discharges one at her, which misses. Mrs. GRAYLING receives nice little nosegays on her bonnet or her face, and returns them with a graceful sort of movement, as if she were curtsying on her seat. Miss MABEL becomes energetic, and goes in for rapid pelting, keeping the consumptive *ramasseur* hard at work.

“Really,” says Uncle TAPLIN, chuckling, “this is capital fun.” Here comes at him a small bunch of violets, which he returns so quickly that it gently hits his assailant—a very pretty woman—on the corner of her ear. “Aha!” laughs Uncle TAP—“and all done with such good-humour! Oh!” he cries, suddenly, “who the deuce did that?” as a heavy-handled bouquet, bound with wire, gives him a stinger on the cheek. I can’t help laughing. “That was a nasty one,” I say, and, seeing a big man, in a white hat, pass, I hurl the heavy bouquet at him. Bang goes his hat, and there is a shout of laughter. It is too late to retaliate,—he has been driven off one way, our carriage another.

“Capital!” I exclaim. I’m really getting quite warm with the exertion of throwing. I select prominent personages, on coach boxes, or sitting up at the backs of the carriages.

“Now look here,” I say to Uncle TAP, “see me catch that chap on—Ha! conf—.” A heavy blow, as if from a tennis-ball, catches me behind the ear, another whack in my eye, and a third bang on the cheek—“*en plein*”—as we say at roulette. Shouts of laughter from the bystanders. My cheek is smarting painfully, and my eye is watering. This is horse-play. This is not good-humoured. That blow on my ear—my, how it tingles!—was vicious, distinctly vicious. I prepare a heavy, well-wired bouquet. If I could only catch the confounded fellow who—Ah! bang on my hat. I turn sharply and discharge, savagely, my life-preserver bouquet,—“as an olive-branch out of a catapult,”—whack, on to the nearest Tom-fool’s head. He flinches and goes down to avoid, whereupon, my life-preserver bouquet catches an entirely



After the Battle.

innocent person, standing just behind him. A laugh—and a whack at me—right on the tip of my nose—which feels smashed in. Nose-gay indeed! I feel my nose is anything but a nose-gay now. Shouts of laughter, in which Uncle TAPLIN joins. This reminds me suddenly, that I must keep my temper, or at all events, keep up appearances of being in the best possible humour; otherwise, if the crowd becomes nasty, vegetables might follow. So I take my punishment smiling.

Mrs. GRAYLING and MABEL have recognised lots of friends, and have been pelting and pelted right and left. Once MABEL gets rather a nasty one, and retaliates with all her might and main. Mrs. GRAYLING has her hat knocked on one side, which gives her a momentarily dissipated appearance; but she only smiles, and tosses back upon her fierce assailant a pretty little bouquet, making her usual half-curtsey on the seat, and then puts her hat to-rights.

Happy Thought.—As our baskets of ammunition may be soon exhausted, let us attract the fire of others upon ourselves by feigning to be preparing to throw. This succeeds admirably, and in a few minutes our baskets are choke full again.

Some one cries out, “There’s the Prince of WALES!” and in the distance we hear the band playing our National Anthem, but I am unable to catch sight of His Royal Highness, as, just when I am

raising my hat to salute him, I receive a heavy bouquet full in the face,—“*en plein*” again,—and can’t distinguish even the most distinguished persons for the next couple of minutes.

Having driven up and down the promenade three times, and having, all of us, received “nasty ones,” more or less, in the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, isn’t the amusement becoming a trifle monotonous? Isn’t the fun a little forced? Isn’t it rather devoid of “life” and “go”? “Is there anything else to do or to see?” I ask the driver when we get into a quiet part of the promenade where there is only a single line of carriages. The coachman shrugs his shoulders; no, this is all. “*Tout ce qu’il y a à faire, ou à voir.*” When does it finish? Well, about 4.30, the coachman says, naming an early hour, as he probably is becoming tired of it, and wants to get home to tea.

“It’s not well arranged,” says Uncle TAPLIN, with his hat smashed in, and one side of his face as red as a rose from a recent violent blow.

“No,” I reply, feeling very hot and very angry, because with a swollen cheek, a burning ear, and a partially discoloured eye, I have not been able to be revenged on

“The Man who struck O’Hara”—(Oh, if I had only been near him with a thick stick! I’d have shown him what a Battle of Flowers ought to be, and be blown to him for a coward!).

“Let’s turn back and cut it,” I suggest. Yes—the ladies have had enough of it.

We are not vanquished. We do not retreat. No; we simply don’t want to play any more—and—ha!—a drop of rain! Rain it is! and rain it will be, when it once begins. So hurry back, Coachman. Out with the bouquets, in again with the lamps, lighted this time, for the gloom is coming on, all the forces are routed, and in full retreat we drive along the road to Monte Carlo, arriving in time to vaseline our wounds, and prepare for dinner.

It has been a glorious fight, this Battle of Flowers. Not quite so lively as we expected, and yet a little too lively occasionally. We all agree that it is a pretty sight. But Uncle TAPLIN and myself are of opinion that it is badly managed, and that the horse-play spoils it.

In excellent form for dinner. The very evening for a glass of real good champagne. Now in France, as a rule, this is just what you can’t get, pay what you will for it. But, to the eternal praise of Signor ZUCCHI (of our Hotel) be it recorded, that he is able to produce for our benefit Pommery and Greno ’80, and very soon we are all unanimous in our expression of opinion that the Battle of Flowers at Nice is well worth seeing, that we wouldn’t have missed it for anything, that all the pelting was most good-tempered, and that if there were, now and then, a little horse-play, it must be expected from a crowd; and—after all—didn’t we join in it as heartily (and as fiercely) as any one? Certainly. Another bottle of Pommery, ’80 or 84, and here’s the health of the Battle of Flowers at Nice!

Tips to the Two Sides.

To an Ululating Unionist.

“UNION is strength,” when sense cements communion,
But strength (of language) is not always Union!

To a Shrieking Separatist.

“FORCE is no remedy”—that’s true, of course.
Then why seek remedy in (verbal) Force?

“Dust Ho!”

“A FAIR day’s work, and a fair day’s pay!” used to be considered the modest ideal of male labourers. A day’s labour of eleven hours knee-deep in a foul-smelling, disease-disseminating dust-heap, for *tenpence* seems, according to recent Clerkenwell revelations, to be the wretched reality amongst some of our modern women-workers. If this is how our “Golden Dustmen” gather their gold, the cry will be, not “Down with the dust!” but “Down with the Dustmen!”

OF THE TURF TURFY.—The case against Messrs. SANGER, on account of the accident to the “Baldwin Pony” was dismissed by the Bench. “Quite right too,” says little PLUNGER. “Betting may be illegal—more or less—but it would be a pretty state of things, by Jove, if a fellow were liable to be had up for the quite too awfully common misfortune of ‘dropping a Pony,’ dontcher?”



Sudden Interruption of the Battle of Flowers at Nice.
“Sauve qui peut!”



KINDLY MEANT.

SCENE—A Dance at the Portman Rooms (late Madame Tussaud's).

Ingenuous Masher (to Ancient Chaperons). "AW—I SAY—AWFULLY DRAUGHTY HERE, DON'TCHERKNOW. WON'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE 'CHAMBER OF HORRORS'?—THEY'VE GOT A STOVE, AND YOU'LL FEEL SO MUCH MORE AT HOME THERE, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

A WHITEHALL CANTATA.

ARGUMENT.—The Wizard of the Admiralty attacked in his Official Mystic Domains by Malcontent Spirits of the Opposition, defends his programme, and ultimately, spite the intervention of the Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price, carries it through triumphantly amidst the acclamations of his supporters.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

WE wait here in our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you leave undone or do,
Keen to exult o'er every slip and blunder
That indirectly may be traced to you.
We care not for your facts, nor what your
case is,

The whole may be well drowned in party din,
Provided it supplies us with a basis
Of ousting you,—and getting ourselves "in."
So mark us. If you prove to demonstration
The Navy for its work is all too weak,
And that the very safety of the Nation
Hangs on your getting the increase you seek:
If you prove this, and count on our assistance,
You'll find that you'll be disappointed quite,
For what you say is black, with much per-
sistence

We're perfectly prepared to swear is white.
And this we'll do with will right true and
hearty,
For as a Politician you must know
That when the question's simply one of
Party, [way go.
The "Country" to the dogs may straight-
So here we keep our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you do or leave undone,

And mean to trip you up. You're safe to
blunder,

And if we oust you, then begins the fun.
But as for danger threatening the Nation,—
That possibly may be, or not, the case:
But anyhow it means to us Salvation.
If it, 'mid chaos, brings us into "place!"

THE ADMIRALTY WIZARD.

What venom'd streams on Office seem to pour
From these malignant Opposition shelves!
And yet, such sentiments I've heard before!
When "out," we've given vent to them our-
selves.

But as my wish at present's to keep "in,"
I'll with my spirited demand begin,
And boldly public agitation meet
By asking means to build a brand-new fleet!

CHORUS OF ALARMISTS.

Ask what you will! For untold millions call.
We're dazed with terror, and we grant you all!
[They are about to kneel to him, when The
Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price
slowly rises from the depths of an official
wastepaper-basket. The Malcontents
crowd about him, and greet him with
manifestations of welcome.

THE MELANCHOLY DEMON OF PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE.

Not so! Already far too much you spend!
Why fancy every foreign Power your foe?
In every neighbour you should see a friend,
And at no outrage e'er resentment show.
Should war break out by chance, amid the
scare [prepare.
'Twould be quite time your programme to

A HALF-PAY ADMIRAL (*con fuoco*).

Great Heav'n! Must I such rubbish sit and
hear!

[Addressing The Wizard of the Admiralty.
We'll listen, please, to what you've got to say.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY
I think that I can make my purpose clear.
Shall I begin?

CHORUS.

By all means. Fire away!

SONG.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY.]

WITH reproaches too long I've been loaded
That the Navy's deficient and weak;
Till, by experts and Admirals goaded,
At length I've determined to speak.
It appears that, if we were invaded,
We should have no first line of defence
And, of this as you all seem persuaded,
You will not mind a little expense!—
And Twenty-one Millions is all that I ask,
With which to accomplish this National task.

Don't imagine the matter I'm hot on,
Though I badger you here for a Fleet:
It's the experts who've put the whole pot on,
And have left me no means of retreat.
So I've bid the Departments get ready.
If the F. O. meantime makes no slips,
In five years, should things keep pretty
steady,
You'll possess your new "seventy ships,"
So give me the Twenty-one Millions I ask,
And I'll soon accomplish the National task!



NAILED TO THE MAST!

CHORUS (*finale*).

Gleefully your Millions voting,
All your facts and figures noting,
We will give you what you ask.
So all Opposition scouting,
Nothing fearing, nothing doubting,
Set about your promised task!

[The Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price sinks once more, and disappears in the official waste-paper basket, as the Malcontents cover away in the distance, crouching in threatening attitudes, while the rest join in a wild dance around the Wizard of the Admiralty, who surveys them with a sickly smile of satisfaction as the Scene closes.]

PAINTER-ETCHERS IN PALL MALL.

It has been said that "pleasure is pain in disguise." If that be the



case, possibly pain is but pleasure masquerading. Any way, painter-etchedness, as exemplified by the Exhibition now open at the Royal Water Colour Society's Rooms, is in all respects likely to produce joyous sensations. The President, Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, contributes over 140 examples, and if we see more of his work than anybody else's, he is doubtless aiding the success of the show by contributing so largely to the collection. Most of the exhibitors seem to have "got the needle," and having got it, it is needless to say

they have used it with point and dexterity. There are over 350 examples on the walls, and in most of them the lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. It is strange that in so large an exhibition of needlework there is but little that is So-so.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN A NUTSHELL.

OUR Policy, friends, may be briefly displayed:
Keep out Foreign Labour, keep in Native Trade!
Protection's our ticket, Free Trade is no go;
We have small faith in MILL, but we've much in MONROE.
Of alien Cadgers we'd make a good clearance;
We won't interfere, and won't stand interference.
If 'twixt East and West seaboard we wish for a shorter way,
Uncle SAM, it is clear, must be boss of the water-way.
We won't trust for freedom to Franks; what Lord BYRON meant
I mean—we will not have "hostile environment."
We are quite snug at home, and have no need to "collar."
But—well, you may just lay your bottomest dollar,
Our continents Europe must not take a stand in;
We'll want North and South—by-and-by—to expand in.
We'll leave—for the present—the small states their freedom,
But Europe must kindly "hands off" till we need 'em.
We'll respect foreign flags, in the spirit and letter,
If they'll respect ours—and, by Jingo, they'd better!
We do not much mind "diplomatic adjustment,"
If we get the pull; if we don't, there's a dust meant.
Our Surplus—well, that need not much rough your hair, if
We trim things a bit without touching the Tariff.
That's sacred, of course. If you don't make a bother,
You bet, we shall fix it up, somehow or other.
Protection we'll back without making it bigger,
If "sections" you'll drop, and—make use of the Nigger!
Civil Service Reform? That, of course; bless you, yes!
We shall tackle that job, with the usual success.
Party Service from office a man won't disqualify
(A principle that which a CATO might mollify),
But fraud or incompetence winked at by Me?
Snakes! What do you take me for? Fiddlededee!
I'll do quite as much for Civilian Virtue
As CLEVELAND—and that, I suspect, will not hurt you.
That's all—save the usual rhetorical flourishes.
Our Big Bird o' Freedom its noble youth nourishes
On—whatever comes in his way. While he carries on
This game, it's all right with that Fowl—and with HARRISON!

NEW CLASSIFICATION.—The division of Society into the "Classes" and the "Masses," though popular at present, is vague and inexact. Society is really made up of Toilers, Idlers, and Criminals; which may be fitly called, respectively, the Working, Shirking, and Lurking Classes.

A DOG'S TALE!—THE STORY OF STING!

[N.B.—Please to remember the poor Bow-Wows, who are in a sorry plight at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea.]

AH! Sting! my old friend, as you sit by the fire, and gaze so contentedly into the coals,
Can I wonder when men have no need of their hearts, why it should not be true that some doggies have souls?
It is folly to say that you never have thought, when you turn from your retrospect into the past
And leaving the vision of what might have been, you rest your dear eyes on your mistress at last!
Ah! many's the mile, in this weary old world, we have jogged on together in sun and in snow,
There was never a pain at my heart but you felt: there is never a day of distress but you know;
When joy has been with me you've capered at heel, in days less distressful, 'neath sunnier skies,
But the tears that in solitude wetted my cheeks, were mirrored, dear Sting, in your faithful old eyes!

Come, leave that old rug where you're scorching your nose, and turn round and round in your home on my lap,
And see if we both can reflect and recall how I found out my friend, and poor Sting a mishap. [cry touched each sensitive heart.
I was strolling alone round old Lincoln's Inn Fields, when a piteous Ah! it pierces me now, that sharp anguish of pain, "Run over, 'a poor little dog,' by a cart!"
And the brute drove away with a laugh and a leer. There were few who could help, but a hundred to see.
So I pushed through the crowd, and your eyes fell on mine, as with poor damaged paw you came limping to me!
To the Hospital straight, with my friend in my arms, who moaned, and then licked me in pain and despair;
But at night, when I'd done all my work in the wards, my patient I found in my Hospital Chair!

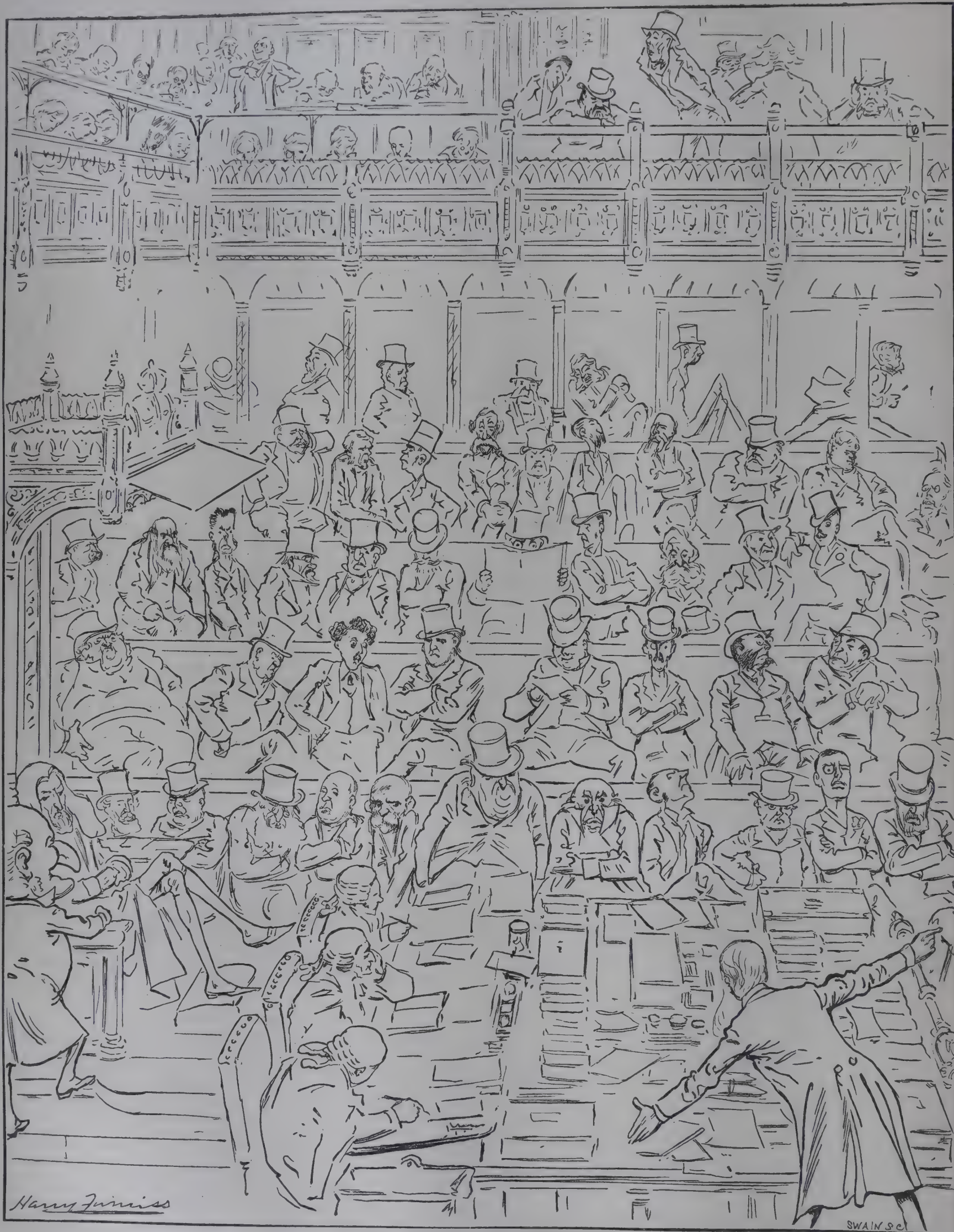
Ah! Sting, you old scamp! Shall I ever forget, when you took to your food and were able to play,
That I found your chair empty! A desolate hearth! for the friend I had found—well! had bolted away.
Then I flung myself down in disconsolate mood—the ingratitude yours, and the folly all mine,
But at last from my reverie woke when I heard at my door most distinctly—a scratch! then a whine!
I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—bless your heart, never tell me that dogs' cannot think—when I saw
The Dog who was well—with a tear in his eye—was conducting a friend who had damaged his paw!
Alone he had hunted his playfellow out! Alone he had helped his lame friend up the stair,
And at night, curled together, a paw on each neck, my Sting with his Snip were asleep in their chair!

And now, my old friend, as we doze by the fire, our wandering done, we are lonely at last! [from both of us, into the past!
For Snip, who once gambolled around us in youth, has travelled
When I think of the years that have faded away, I look in your face, and I surely see there
The eyes of a friend who has never proved false, and the sign of the love that you meant me to share!
The dear ones who loved and caressed us are gone; we gave them our hearts; there was nothing to save,
But the picture of parting that never is lost, and a rest on the hill by a desolate grave! [faithful companions a crumb,
Let us never forget just a shelter to give, and to throw to your
Since the fate that denies us the voice of a friend, can comfort our hearts with a Love that is Dumb!

GOOD WOOD!

THAT delightful writer on Natural History, the Rev. J. G. Wood, died the other day, to the regret of everyone who ever dipped into his multitudinous books. Notwithstanding its unfailing industry and perennial charm, his prolific pen was unable to make provision for his sick widow and her six children. The Vicar of St. Peter's, Kent, where Mr. Wood resided, has made an appeal to the public in this case, which he says is "very urgent," as it is surely very deserving. If every reader, boy or man, who owes any number of happy hours to the author of so many charming works, were moved to pay some minute portion of his debt by sending his mite to the "J. G. Wood Fund," that Fund would speedily become a pretty plump one. Mr. Punch gladly announces that the mites in question—may they be many!—may be sent direct to the Rev. ALFRED WHITEHEAD, Vicarage, St. Peter's, Kent, or to the "J. G. Wood Fund," Messrs. HAMMOND & Co., Bankers, Queen Street, Ramsgate. Now, boys!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 60.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION LISTENING TO MR. BALFOUR.

A VICAR OF —?

THE Vicar of Great Barling
Is of bigots quite the darling,
Denunciation equally applying
(To his Bishop's small content)
Unto dallying with Dissent,
As to other deadly sins—like theft and lying.

O Rev. F. A. GACE,
You *must* be a babe o' grace,
A (let us hope) anachronistic rarity!
One feels, did you begin
At codifying sin, [Charity!
Your cardinal transgression would be—

THE USE OF MICE IN POLITICS.

RIDICULUS MUS, who, according to the old fable, once released the lion from a net, may yet save the British Lion from the meshes of female domination, which some deem to be closing on him. A meeting of a Woman's Suffrage League is said to have been hurriedly broken up by the scare created through the sudden apparition of "a little mouse"! Fancy, strong-minded Blue-Stockingdom beaten by the tiny household rodent! The ladies were assembled "to appoint female Candidates for Poor Law Guardians." To them in solemn conclave gathered, enter one little furry creature with sparkling eyes and long tail, and lo! a hasty gathering of skirts, and a flurried flight! Would-be Women Guardians scattered by "the most magnanimous mouse." Fancy a modern Mock-Heroic on the "Battle of the Female Suffragists and the—Mice!" The "Rat" has long had his place in the Political World. Now is the time for the Mouse. The story has, of course, been denied, and perhaps is too good to be true!

A Song of Street Barriers.

AIR—"The Wolf."

[The County Council threatens the existence of Street Bars and Gates.]

'Tis the County Council's hour,
Ducal Landlords harsh and dour.
(Won't it make their blue blood creep?)
Street-bars shall not longer keep.
Cabby soon shall freely prowl;
("Compensation!" Dukes will howl.)
Gates and Bars will fly asunder!
Won't the Landlords call it plunder?

A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE FRENCH.—

The seasons of the year do not seem to affect the success of the *Babes in the Wood*, at Drury Lane. Ever since Christmas the theatre has been crammed daily, and when Easter is reached, the house is sure to be crowded, or as "our lively neighbours across the Channel" would say *pacqued*. Meanwhile (they might also remark) the *Babes*, even in Lent, are visited nine times a week by the *carème de la crème* of Society.



"THE RESERVE FORCES."

Militia Officer. "AUGH!—A NEW MAN. AH—'VE YOU BEEN IN 'SERVICE BEFORE?"

Recruit. "YES, SIR."

Officer. "AUGH—WHAT REGIMENT?" Recruit. "MRS. WIGGINS'S COACHMAN, SIR!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, March 4.—Things delightfully dull to-night after fervour of last week. At Question Time Irish Members tried to get up little breeze about mysterious movements of Head Constable PRESTON. HARCOURT, incited by previous successes from below Gangway, followed on same tack. MATTHEWS blundering as usual; but even that didn't succeed in bringing on a row.

"Must have a quiet night sometimes," OLD MORALITY pleaded. "Quiescence plays in daily life the part of nitrate on the exhausted soil. It fructifies it; or, as I might say, it makes it fruitful."

Some promise of diversion from unexpected quarter. Anonymous Gentleman rose from Bench behind Ministers; attempted to counter-

veil designedly awkward question by HARCOURT as to vagaries of Lieutenant in Command of Detachment of British Army at Church at Clonmel on Sunday. Diligent inquiry made known fact that anonymous person was THEOBALD, the Member for Romford. This question his maiden speech; evidently prepared with great care. But, whether owing to nervousness or bad writing, could not make out contents of manuscript. Doggedly stuck at it; forged ahead, mixing up alternate lines; talking about the "Commanding Priest" and the "Reverend Officer." At last, SPEAKER interfered; suggested notice had better be given of question. THEOBALD, looking up over manuscript, affected not to see SPEAKER; stumbled on again; loud cries of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER and THEOBALD on their legs together; THEOBALD only got two more folios to read: might do them at a trot. Came another cropper; not quite clear whether the

priest was "publicly rebuked by said officer," or whether said officer was publicly rebuked by priest.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, with increased sternness.

"Order! Order!" roared Irish Members.

THEOBALD, popping head again up over manuscript, looked round the House with anguished expression, and sat down on his hat. Irish Members, soothed by this little incident, subsided, and talking went drowsily forward. *Business done.*—Still harping on Address.

Tuesday.—A little froth left on top of Parliamentary bottle. Wanting to know all kinds of things about secret interviews between emissaries of the *Times*, and prisoners in cell. Emissaries alleged to be Government officials. COBB very anxious to know how the Chevalier LE CARON came to be introduced to Mr. HOUSTON; whether an official of Scotland Yard gave the Chevalier a number of confidential documents, forming part of correspondence that had come into ANDERSON'S possession in his official capacity. MATTHEWS, assuming early-morning attitude of Sphinx, knows very little about anything. What little he does know, declines to disclose. BALFOUR equally reticent. Irish Members pepper away. HARCOURT, unable to resist temptation, plunges in, and splashes round. BALFOUR and MATTHEWS, standing back to back, face the crowd. After squabble, lasting nearly an hour, attacking forces withdraw. BALFOUR reclines in graceful attitude on Bench; HENRY MATTHEWS mops his forehead, and wonders why he should have consented to be HOME SECRETARY.

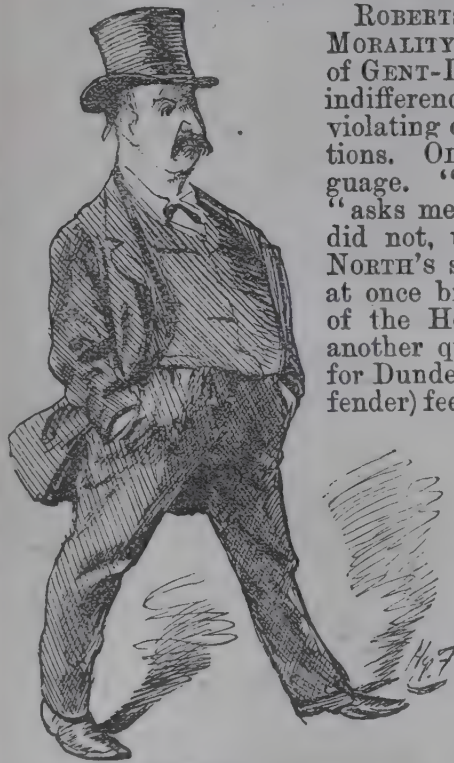
AKERS-DOUGLAS moves new writ for Kennington in place of GENT-DAVIS. GENT-DAVIS person of renown. His history told in two chapters and eight stars; thus:—

CHAPTER I.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., brings action against Mr. Punch.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., comes a cropper. No longer M.P. *Exit.*



Robertson, M.P.

"Yah! yah! yah!" roared ROBERT FOWLER. Cheer taken up from all the Ministerial Benches, and SMITH resumed his seat suffused with consciousness of virtue. *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Wednesday.—A Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame sort of day. CUNNINGHAME speaking when Debate on Address adjourned at midnight; comes up quite fresh this afternoon, and continues speech for an hour. Then enter CONYBEARE, and exit the few Members left by CUNNINGHAME. CONYBEARE growls and snarls for space of an hour and a quarter. Subject, neglected condition of Working Classes. FENWICK points out that a day has been secured for regular, full discussion of subject on Motion by BROADHURST. A working-man himself, representative of a great constituency, FENWICK will have nothing to do with Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame. Rather hints that they are wasting time and spoiling



Inquiring Cobb.

good cause. OLD MORALITY moves Closure. BRADLAUGH votes with Government.

"Ha! ha!" said PICKERSGILL, gloomily regarding Member for Northampton. "The time will come when Brother BRADLAUGH, too, will join the Gentlemen of England, and go out to dine with Dukes."

Business done.—Address voted.

Thursday.—W. REDMOND wants to know whether it is true that on night of his arrest Dr. TANNER was obliged to sit in a chair, the HOME SECRETARY having omitted to provide him with a bed? Irish Members prepared to be thrilled with this fresh enormity. But presently REDMOND wishes he hadn't spoke. HOME SECRETARY tells plain unvarnished tale. Draws with firm yet sympathetic hand cosy picture of TANNER, seated in only armchair possessed by Scotland Yard, specially drawn in for him, with whiskey *ad libitum*, sandwiches *ad infinitum*, and cigars of the best British make.

The O'GORMAN MAHON listened with glistening eyes. "Begorra!" he says, smacking his lips, "if that's the way they're treated at Scotland Yard I'll get taken up meself. Go and see about it at once." And he strode forth with his stately gait.

W. REDMOND still takes tragic view of situation.

"Does the HOME SECRETARY," he asked, "mean to say that cigars and sandwiches are a sufficient substitute for a bed?"

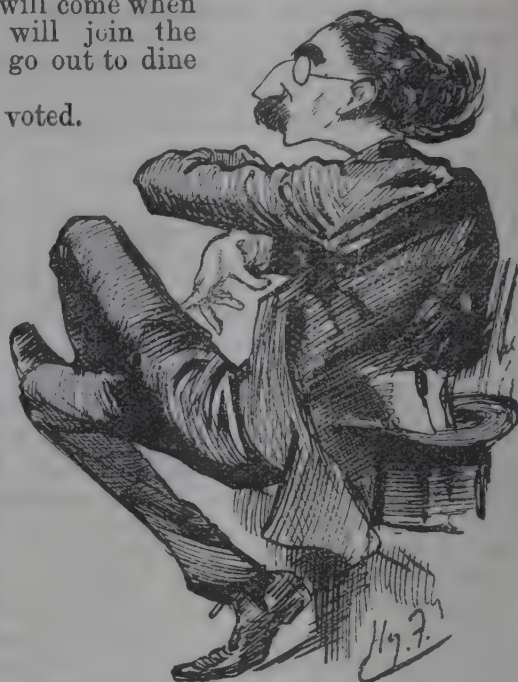
"My Right Hon. friend," said OLD MORALITY, coming to the table, "has asked me to answer the question of the Hon. Member. As we have all read somewhere, the bearing of his observation lies in the application of it. Are sandwiches and cigars a sufficient substitute for a bed? he asks. I answer, 'That depends.' If you have a sufficient quantity of sandwiches, and they are spread out mattress-fashion, accommodation for a night's repose might be obtained. I would point out to the Hon. Member that if choice is open to him, it would be well to select beef as the viand, being softer—I may say more springy—than ham, especially ham of American or highly-salted brands. The cigars, also presupposing that they are furnished in sufficient numbers, would, properly treated, admirably serve the purpose of a bolster. I have now given the Hon. Gentleman every information in my power, and I sincerely trust that he will accept the explanation as



"Going to see about it."

satisfactory, and that we shall be permitted to go forward with the business of the House. HER MAJESTY'S Government have nothing to hide in the matter, their single object being to consult the convenience of the House, and perform their duty to the QUEEN and the Country." Loud cheers greeted these few remarks, and the subject dropped. *Business done.*—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in scheme for strengthening Navy.

Friday.—That subtle humorist, JACKSON, prepared little surprise for House to-night. Sort of double-cutting joke. Ministers and Ministerialists thought they were going to have a good grind at Supply, already in urgent state. Opposition had noticed Supply not put down in first edition of Orders, and assumed it could not come on. Notice absolutely necessary to dealing with Supply. Nett consequence was, that it could not be taken, and sitting cheerfully wasted. By Ten o'Clock everything wound up, and surprised, if not delighted Ministers, went home. *Business done.*—None.



Anxious about Bradlaugh.

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Those who had come to see those eminent Counsel, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD, must have been disappointed as neither of my learned friends put in an appearance, during the whole day. However, my learned friends, laughter-leading and fiery, were admirably represented by Mr. R. T. REID, a gentleman of infinite jest and judgment, and consequently the appropriate spokesman in Parliament of the rollicking borough of Dumfries. The artists of the illustrated papers were also in attendance, ready to seize upon, for pictorial embellishment, such striking incidents as "Mr. GEORGE LEWIS drops his eyeglass," or "Mr. HARDCASTLE, the accountant, examines the bankers' pass-book," or to give a carefully-finished sketch (that, if executed, would have a distinct historical value) of "Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the Secretary, attentively reads a letter asking for seats." By the way, it seems



Sudden appearance of a Mysterious Stranger on the Bench.

a pity that the artists in question do not now and again depict subjects a little more sensational. For instance, on this occasion, a visitor appeared conspicuously on the Bench, whose identity no one could ascertain. It was suggested that he might be a Judge.

"Not one of our lot," said an official of the Court.

"Nor an Irish Judge either," returned a gentleman of the Press, who, from the purity of his accent, I imagine, must have been an Englishman born in Dublin.

If the Bar for the defence was weak in members, the *Times* was exceptionally well represented. All the leaders were present; and it was a touching sight to see Mr. ATTORNEY offering to assist Sir HENRY JAMES to examine a Witness. My learned and right hon. friend, the Ex-Home Secretary, however, seemed to me a little ungrateful when he asked the Senior Law Officer of the Crown to elect to keep silence, or to examine the Witness all by himself. The feature of the sitting was the committal of this very Witness to gaol for contempt of Court. The man was rightly described as

"insolent" by Sir JAMES HANNEN, and richly merited his fate. Nothing could have been more dignified than the bearing of the revered President when he ordered the fellow to be taken "to prison," which sounded (especially as it was followed by the man's immediate removal by a door under the bench) like a command to "throw the recreant into the deepest dungeon beneath the castle's moat." During the luncheon interval the Court showed their entire confidence in the strength and determination of their ever-courteous Secretary by leaving the Witness (a person of powerful proportions) in his safe custody until their return. The man, who was removed by an elderly official, complained as he went "that



Taking a little Coffey.

his was a case of intimidation of the worst sort." The fellow's name was COFFEY—a fact that, I fancy, suggested a thought to Mr. Justice DAY (a thought that, if it ever existed, however, was never revealed) that "COFFEY, in prison, would be suited to a T!"

Wednesday.—Unquestionably a great day for Ireland. In the

first instance my learned and erudite friend, Mr. MURPHY, Q.C., had an opportunity of declaring to the world in general, and to Mr. ATTORNEY in particular, that the 17th of March was the date of the *fête* of St. Patrick. Encouraged by this valuable assistance, to be generous to others, Sir RICHARD, in his turn, once more gave Sir HENRY JAMES the benefit of his support and advice, when my right hon. friend the ex-Home Secretary had a Witness under examination. It is needless to say that Sir HENRY made suitable acknowledgment of the kindness. The second time "Ould Ireland" scored, was when Mr. BIGGAR, representing himself (and really no better representative could be possibly found for so difficult a rôle) showed how much was lost to the Bar, and even the Bench, by the Hon. "apparition in person" (if I may use such a term) not having qualified for the Lord High Chancellorship. On two distinct occasions, Mr. BIGGAR was well to the fore, obtaining results that must have filled him with (perhaps) surprise, and (no doubt) sincere gratification. The rest of the morning was taken up with the last of the *Times* Witnesses, tempered with the occasional appearance of Mr. SOAMES, as a sort of forensic Chorus, explaining everything to everyone's entire satisfaction. I was glad to see during the sitting my ever-courteous friend, Mr. CUNNINGHAM, also seizing an opportunity for personal distinction. It having become necessary to produce a letter, the Secretary set to work to hunt it up, and during the interesting process managed to give quite a little entertainment. Mr. CUNNINGHAM, by his expression, (while engaged in the search), contrived to suggest anxiety, doubt, sorrow, hope, determination, despair, and ultimately triumph. When the letter was at length run to cover (in a portfolio), Mr. CUNNINGHAM produced it with the air of a conjuror, who, after piquing curiosity by several simulated failures, finally draws from a seemingly empty hat an unexpected bundle containing a loaf of bread, a wig, a bird-cage, and a pair of infantine leggings.

It was not until after the midday adjournment that the case of the *Times* concluded. Then it was that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL (who had been away during the morning, leaving my learned friends, Messrs. REID and ASQUITH, to represent the accused during his absence), rose to put several questions to the Bench. He asked would the Commissioners make any interim report. "No," courteously explained the President, on behalf of himself and colleagues, "they would not," on the principle (so I understood), that it is bad in law to make two bites at a cherry. Then Sir CHARLES explained the great possibilities of expansion the inquiry possessed. He made a calculation, which seemed to suggest that, under certain pleasing and favourable circumstances, the Commissioners might be invited to sit, "it might be for years, it might be for ever." He assured their Lordships that he was well aware that, if necessary, they would willingly assent to such an arrangement. No doubt he was right in his assumption, but, as a matter of fact, the Commissioners gazed into vacancy as they listened to this merited recognition of their devotion to duty with a stare painfully eloquent of the strongest emotion. My learned friends for the *Times* also looked



Rather a Black look-out.

rather black. Then Sir CHARLES held out a brighter prospect. If they might adjourn until Tuesday fortnight, he fancied that he would be able to so arrange the case for "what he might term" the defence, that a great portion of it might receive development by the Easter Vacation. He (with the consent of his learned friends) would be the only Counsel to open the case. He laid a stress upon the word "counsel" no doubt with a view to leaving Mr. BIGGAR the opportunity of making an oration, the eloquence of which might live in the memories of generations yet to come. With a sigh of either sorrow or relief (I cannot say which), the Commissioners immediately assented, and the Court stood adjourned until the 2nd of April—the morrow of a festival that to many present had possibly a certain weird significance.

Thus my note ends. Whether I shall reopen it depends upon the claims that my clients may advance to my time and attention, as I (like the rest of the Bar) have made it a golden rule never to accept retainers to be in two or more places at once.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



QUITE AT HOME.

Madame La France. "AH! MONSEIGNEUR, SOYEZ LE BIENVENU!" *M. le Duc.* "ET—SANS ADIEU, CETTE FOIS, J'ESPÈRE."

Le Brav' Général. "ENCHANTÉ, MONSEIGNEUR! À BIENTÔT, MADAME."

[Il se sauve.]

"Arcades Ambo—blackguards both."

SOME of the amenities of the Kennington electors are worth notice, as specimens of political polemics. A (supposed) Radical abstracted Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's watch. By way, perhaps, of retort-uncourteous, a (believed to be) Conservative threw a lump of "concrete" at Mr. BEAUFOY. Whether the "abstract" argument or the "concrete" one be the worse or weaker, it is hard to say; but at any rate neither is conclusive—save of the irrational ruffianism of the rascals who used them.

REFRESHMENT FOR SPECIAL COMMISSION.—COFFEY, real Mocker, roasted by Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C.

A Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots.

SINCE Faction, ever on the wing,
Vents folly in and out of season,
The most unreasonable thing
Is to expect it to show reason.

MR. STANHOPE says that the Ordnance Department are at last on their mettle, and are going to make up for lost time. It is to be hoped, for the sake of avoiding disappointments, that the material may not prove identical with that from which they have latterly been undertaking to supply the country with its big guns.



THE COMING EXHIBITIONS.

Smudger (who thought he really would "score" with his Landscape this year). "Now, WHAT OUGHT I TO GET FOR IT?"
Art Critic (Candid Friend). "THREE MONTHS!!"

[And pulls it all to pieces!]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.
TENTH EVENING.

"ONE evening last year," began the Moon, "I looked down into a school where they were giving away the prizes. The school staff sat in a row on a platform, and as the Head Master read out the names, one by one, of the boys who had obtained rewards, each came up blushing to receive it from the honoured guest of the evening, generally stumbling at the top step, and marching back amidst



handclapping from his schoolfellows and the visitors. At last one boy was called up, and the Chairman shook hands with him as usual, and presented him with the largest and handsomest prize of all—but, curiously enough, no applause followed from his schoolfellows, and as he made his way back to his seat beside his parents, there was a distinct sound of hissing. His father looked indignantly all round him through his gold spectacles, and his mother patted his hand, and admired the binding of the volume, which had the school arms on it in gold, but the boy did not seem to care to open it, as he sat there with burning

cheeks, while a little girl, who was in a seat some way behind, looked at him with pitying and curious eyes. After the prize-giving there were performances, and I saw them all from beginning to end. The boys dressed up like real actors, and acted scenes from plays in Latin and Greek, at which their parents, though they did not understand a single word, were thoroughly delighted, for it showed that their sons were receiving a really good education and fitting themselves to succeed in life. But the visitors whose sons were not acting thought the performance dull. The last play was in English, and in this the boy who had won the biggest prize took the principal part. All the visitors were delighted with him, for he looked very handsome and gallant in his stage-dress, and spoke his lines boldly and clearly; but his school-fellows made a point of applauding everybody else, and when he was called before the curtain, there was hissing to be heard again from the back benches. The little girl, who had asked her brother the reason of this unkindness, was told in a whisper that it was suspected in the school that the boy had won his prize unfairly, and that was why they were hissing.

"When it was all over and the visitors were going away, I happened to look down on the playground, and there, by the fives' courts, still wearing his gay dress, I saw the prize-winner who had been hissed. And the little girl must have seen him too and managed to slip away, for, as I was looking, she came out, looking rather shy and strange, and went straight up to him. 'I just wanted to tell you,' I heard her say to him, 'not to mind a

bit what those horrid boys say. I don't believe you cheated!'

"But he broke away without a word, leaving her standing there puzzled and a little offended—for he *had* cheated, and that was the worst of it!"

"NOW, SIR!"

WHEN a crass Sir Oracle
 Vents his bumptious Big-Bow-Wow, Sir,
 Everyone his class may tell
 By his frequent use of "Now, Sir!"

When your platform Boanerges
 Rants forth what he calls a "rouser,"
 Every pointless "point" he urges
 Starts with an emphatic "Now, Sir!"

When a fool "writes to the Papers,"
 ("ANTI-HUMBUG," "VINDEK," "TOW-
 SER"),
 Volubly he struts and vapours,
 And his "note"'s the frequent "Now, Sir!"

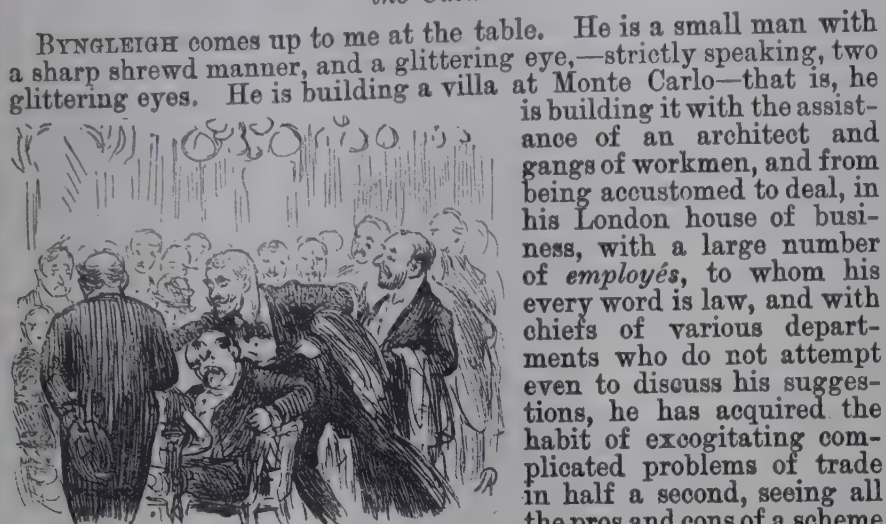
Was there ever pompous prig
 Swelled a shirt-front, hitched a trouser,
 But conceived it brave and big
 To belard his bosh with "Now, Sir!"?

Whilst a bumptious bore has breath,
 Vanity finds vent, somehow, Sir,
 And the Noodle's Shibboleth
 Is the fierce thrasonic "Now, Sir!"

PLEA FOR POLITICAL OFFENDERS.—High Treason being the highest crime known to the law, therefore let everybody convicted of it be treated as a First-class Misdemeanant.

DUE SOUTH.

Still at Monte Carlo—After the Battle of Flowers—Return to the Casino.



"Messieurs, faites le jeu!"

Napoleon, and of giving his orders with the same promptitude and decision that characterised the commands of the Iron Duke. His word, nay, even his opinion, is as the very concentrated essence of the spirit of the laws of the Medes and Persians. He stands behind me and closely follows the progress of the game.

"Well," he says in his crisp chirrupy manner, with his head a little on one side, addressing me, while he never takes his eyes off the board, "Well, what are you doing?" Now at this minute, I am hesitating whether I shall put on the *six premiers* or the sixteen *en plein*. "No good going on numbers," remarks BYNGLEIGH, curtly; "you won't do anything at that. Go on red." But I point out to him that on red you can win only the amount you stake.

"Well, he returns, "if you do that often enough, you'll make a good lot."

"No," I reply, with dogged determination, "I've made up my mind to go on the first six."

"I shouldn't," he says, decisively. But I do. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*" and I've lost.

"Told you so," says BYNGLEIGH, with a dry laugh, and shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "if you will insist on running contrary to my advice, you know what to expect."

I quote to him the authority of SMITHSON, an old hand. SMITHSON, I remind him, advised me to put on the first six, the last dozen, and zero. "Oh, SMITHSON doesn't know everything," retorts BYNGLEIGH.

This I admit is true; but still, having trusted to SMITHSON, and SMITHSON having been right,—and if I had only stuck to what he told me, I should have been by now a richer and a gayer man,—I am a little hurt to hear SMITHSON'S advice so contemptuously treated by BYNGLEIGH. I can't help telling him that SMITHSON has played here for years over and over again, and that—

Here BYNGLEIGH cuts me short by saying authoritatively,

"It's no use dodging about the table. You put on the red,—that's the best game."

No, I beg his pardon, I will put on the 16 to 21 "*transversal*," and also back the middle dozen.

It turns up "three, red," which is neither in my transversal nor in the middle dozen, and I lose on both. If I had stuck to my "*six premiers*" I should have won five times my stake, and only lost the middle dozen one.

"But it was red," says BYNGLEIGH, persistently.

Yes, it was; but I shall stick to the numbers. I like transversal. I like the *quatre premiers*, which includes zero, for which you get, as I explain to him, eight times your stake, and this time I shall go on the four first and the middle dozen.

"I wouldn't," says BYNGLEIGH, shortly. "I should go on the red."

I put my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, then, by an inspiration, on "*impair*," and finally I am just saying to the *croupier*, in my sweetest and politest manner,—nay, the words are actually on the tip of my tongue—"Les quatre premiers, s'il vous plaît," when BYNGLEIGH jogs my elbow and draws my attention to a large amount which somebody is putting on the red, and, by an otherwise utterly unaccountable *lapsus linguae*, I suddenly say, "*Six premiers*" instead of "*quatre*," and, before I can correct the mistake, the magic words, "*Rien ne va plus!*" are uttered, click goes the ball, and "Zero" turns up! Zero counts for *quatre premiers*, but not for *six premiers*, and I've lost again.

"Red's put in prison," says BYNGLEIGH. I mentally wish that he was sharing red's fate, that is while I am playing. "It'll win, you'll see."

It has been red so often, that I feel confident it can't come off this time. I tell BYNGLEIGH it was his fault that I didn't win just

now, because he jogged my elbow, and distracted me just at the critical moment.

"Oh nonsense!" he replies, with an irritating chuckle. "You go on the red."

"No, I don't care about colour. I feel an inspiration to try the middle dozen, and *impair*. It is 16 (red) which is in the first dozen. Lost again!"

"You would do it," says BYNGLEIGH, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme disgust at my inconceivable obstinacy. "It's no use your going on numbers. Stick to a colour."

"Which?" I ask, in despair.

"Ah," he replies, with another shrug, and a short cynical laugh—"I hate a short cynical laugh—"I haven't been watching, but I should say black for choice."

Savagely I throw down one piece on black, and another I place *en transversal* 16 to 21, and, just as I am doing it, I feel a strong impulse to put it on 13—18. By a sudden impulse, and begging somebody's pardon for rubbing his ear the wrong way as I lean energetically over towards the *croupier* at the end of the table, I place a piece on the last dozen. "*Messieurs! faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*"—it will soon be *rien ne va plus* with me—and—click!—up comes 14 red. Lost on all!

"Ah," says BYNGLEIGH, smiling sardonically, "you oughtn't to have gone on the black."

"But you said black," I retort, annoyed at his perversity.

"Oh," he replies, with the same irritating cut-and-dried laugh, and the usual shrug, "you mustn't go by me."

"Look here," I say to him, in a manner which is described in the "business" of an operatic *libretto* as "with concentrated emotion,"

—"look here, you bring me bad luck. I wish to goodness you'd go away." I feel that this is childish superstition. But, if you begin gambling, you'll find yourself giving in to all sorts of superstitions, —and you can't help it.

BYNGLEIGH shrugs his shoulders again, and saunters off. I remain, and go on losing. Then I stop playing, just to see if I should have had any luck. I say to myself, "This time I should have put a five-franc piece on 13 and black." I stand calmly watching the table. No one puts on 13. "*Messieurs*," &c. Somebody suddenly stretches out his hand and puts a pile of gold coins on 13. "*Rien ne va plus!*" 13 by Jove!!! Now, that's worse luck than anything else. I turn away. "*Rien ne va plus!*" I retire into a corner and reckon. Bang has gone one hundred and seventy-five francs. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

It is just on eleven, and I stop at the last table. BYNGLEIGH is here. He shows me five pieces he has just won. "I went only on red," he says, smiling triumphantly. His manner implies that I am an idiot for not having done the same as he has. "Now," he cries, "look here!" and he chuckles in anticipation of good luck, as he puts his money on red and even. It turns up black and uneven. Bang have gone two out of his five. "The black's turn now," he says, and reaching out his hand deposits his three pieces on black. In a second it is raked up and disappears with all the other stakes, the *croupiers* descend from their perches, the servants are covering up the table, the players are dispersing, and BYNGLEIGH is left grabbing at the cloth, and exclaiming,

"Here! Hi! I hadn't any go for my money!"

But no one attends to him, the rules are inexorable, and BYNGLEIGH has lost all his hard-earned gains, and a trifle more into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," I say, not so much to console him as to rebuke him for having previously lectured me on my method of playing, and for his irritating style to me in the hour of my adversity, "there is no rule in this sort of thing. It is all luck."

"Yes," he mutters, bitterly, "and bad luck too."

"Let's go to 'Zero's,'" suggests JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, coming up in a great-coat and muffler, for it is uncommonly cold. We visit "Ciro's"—popularly known as "Zero's," which is a small American-English drinking-bar, where very soon some fifty persons crowd into a small space calculated to accommodate, with careful adjustment, about thirty-five. And here we are, on a balmy moonlight night, balmy but freshish, within a stone's throw of the blue Mediterranean (which we can't see), in the land of the Sunny South, sitting in a small bar, drinking Scotch whiskey-and-water-hot, gin-sling, "John Collins," stout-and-bitter, all of which beverages are, as is well known, peculiarly characteristic of the Sunny South of Europe.

Crop v. Crop.

A CRUSADE against Rooks? To the thought ere one yields,
One must see how the whole matter looks,
By comparing the "State of the Crops"—in the fields,
With the "State of the Crops"—in the rooks.
We thought our black friends deleterious vermin ate.
Pause ere the poet-loved birds you exterminate!
Let us be sure how the rooks fill their craws,
Nor silence the chorus of caws—without cause.



MY BOYS.!!

COMING OF AGE.

H.R.H. (log.) "ONLY £50,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON HIS MOST LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND NOW THE EXTENT OF HIS ACQUIREMENTS IS WORTH DOUBLE THE SUM. GENTLEMEN, HE'S A WO-O-ONDERFUL BOY! YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS NOT YET ABLE TO WALK ALONE, WILL BE ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT OF MASTER COLONIAL INSTITUTE, AGED TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY."—[Vide Speech of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Colonial Institute, March 13.]

A WELL-EARNED TESTIMONIAL.

LET every Theatre-goer give a hand, with plenty in it, to Mr. MADDISON MORTON, author of *Box and Cox*, and numerous first-rate farces. A Committee has been formed for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to JOHN MADDISON MORTON. Address "WALTER AMDEN, Secretary of M. M. Testimonial Fund, Terry's Theatre, 105, Strand, W.C." It is hoped that besides this Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and his co-librettist in *Cox and Box* will be able to arrange a special performance with the assistance of Mr. D'OYLY CARTE, of this celebrated triumphviretta, which would not have existed but for JOHN MADDISON MORTON at the Savoy Theatre. By the way, Messrs. WARD and LOCK have published a volume of *Plays for Home Performance, by the Author of "Box and Cox,"* with a short preface by J. M. MORTON himself, and an interesting monograph by CLEMENT SCOTT. J. M. M. acknowledges his indebtedness to "French Material," and the Theatrical Bookseller and publisher, of 89, Strand, would also be willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to MADDISON MORTON for a considerable amount of dramatic work, which has contributed to his French material prosperity.

Vi et Armis.

A CRASS social tyranny dominates France,
'Gainst which Common Sense seems to have scarce a chance.
Yet would she attain true Civility's goal,
She must free her fair hands from "the Duel Control."

ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.—The other day the ATTORNEY-GENERAL wanted to purchase an original engraving—something of WEBSTER'S, R.A., probably—and the collector with whom he was dealing advised Sir RICHARD that the only really valuable originals were "proofs before letters." Mr. ATTORNEY gave up the case, and left the shop.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

(By a Prejudiced Spectator at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the Visit of the American Baseball Team, Monday, March 11, 1889.)

HUMPH! "New York Herald" wants to know what we think of the game, and sends round cards of inquiry to take our votes, eh? Hardly formed an opinion yet,—except that it's a beastly day. Wonder how "All America," and "Chicago" like playing their great national game in a fog on a mud-swamp. (No, my man, I'll not fill up the card yet. Give me time.) What a lot of left-handers! Fine-built fellows though, and natty dress. Look at that broad-shouldered chap in spotless—Bang! By Jove what a downer! He's not spotless now either; plastered with Surrey slime from neck to ankle. Doesn't seem to half like it. What are they up to? Look to me like a lot of tipsy fellows in a fog. Somebody sprawling every half minute. Find it difficult to follow the game, and as to the scoring—well, do they score at all? Br-r-r! it is cold! All out? Why, I hardly knew they were in. Score? Nothing? And after all that scampering and stumbling! Rum game this!

Ah! that's a good spank! First fair hit I've seen. But what a skyer! Caught? Why, of course; dropped into field's hand as easily as an egg into a cup. What are they doing now? Ah! there's a swipe! Run, Sir, run!!! Why, he never stirs? Foul hit? Oh! hang it all! What with misses, and fouls, and skyers, and stumbles, and other mysterious movements I can't understand, they don't seem to score at all! It may be all very scientific, but we "don't get no forrader." Yes, they do catch well, certainly, and throw straight, only nothing seems to come of it.

Pitcher throws as if he were pelting frogs in a pool. As to Catcher, he looks a cross between *Falstaff*, a fencer, and a Thames diver. Game resembles a glorified—and more dangerous—Rounders, only nobody has made a "rounder" yet, as far as I can see. Gr-r-r! it's cold, yes, and "slow," distinctly slow! Without the prolonged charm of cricket, or the swift, short excitement of football, but with all the tedium of the one, and all the mud-tumbling of the other. Will that do for our N. Y. H. friend? Hardly, I fear.

What, all over? Why, they've done nothing yet. Oh! interval of ten minutes, eh? To take breath, and talk to the PRINCE, I suppose. Hope H.R.H. enjoys it inside the Pavilion. I don't outside. "Perfect frost?" "Utter fraud?" "Game for kids?" "Boshiest business I ever saw?" Well, well, Gentlemen, I won't say I don't agree with you, to a certain extent; but don't put these sentiments down on the N. Y. H. cards. It might lead to—well, a breach of International Amity, eh?

Out again? Well, let's hope they'll make it a little more lively this time. Don't look as spick-and-span as they did at first. Too much Oval mud about them. Why are they always tumbling over those indiarubber hot-water cushions—(oh! bases are they?)—and dirtying themselves so dreadfully? Part of the game? Humph! Probable, but hardly explanatory. Hooray! First genuine cheer of the afternoon. Good hit, that; what, at Cricket, we should call a "swipe to the boundary," for—how many, four or six is it? Eh! What? Game altogether only five to two? Oh! dash it all, that's too draggy. Worse than SCOTTON at the wickets.

Humph! Slow again. And, by Jove, half the Spectators have "muzzled," like the rain. Think I shall do likewise, for I'm cold as ice, can't see anything but muddle and mist, and don't feel to care much for seeing anything more. Eh? Game's at an end? Well, well—and who's won? Don't know? Neither do I—nor care. Smart fellows, quick as cats, and straight as catapults. Should think they'd make splendid "fields," rattling "throws in," and superb "catches"—at Cricket. But their skill all seems chucked away at this game. "More scientific than Cricket?" Bosh! "Likely to be popular in this country?" Walker! Fancy a grown-up Rounders, with few hits and scarcely any score, superseding Willow and Stumps! Don't understand the game? Well, no, I daresay not, and up to now, somehow, I don't seem to want to.

Oh! "Chicago" won, did she? Bully for Chicago! No, my man. I will not fill up the N. Y. H. card, thankye! Never "down upon" a fellow's wife, children, wine, cigars, country, or favourite game! I love America, but if I gave my true opinion about Baseball it might not be flattering enough to make public for a penny. And now, for a 'nip!"



Base Bawl.



TROP DE ZÉLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A VERY CHARMING BABY! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"

Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!"

Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR YOUNGEST?"

MR. MIDSHIPMAN UN-EASY;

OR, MISCHIEF AFLOAT.

First Middy. Come along, CHARLIE! There's nobody looking. Won't we have a lark with the old Commodore's Big Gun?

Second M. Well—ahem, RANDOM—I—ah—don't quite know (hesitates).

First M. Don't quite know? Then, what are you here for? Thought we were in the same boat this time, CHARLIE. You don't mean to say you funk it, after all?

Second M. Not a bit of it. But what is your little game, RANDOM?

First M. Our little game, you mean. Why, to spike the Commodore's Big Gun, to be sure. Preposterous old piece of ordnance, though the old potterer is so fond of it. Yah!

Second M. Well, I don't think very much of it myself, I must say. 'Tisn't the sort of Gun I should like to see run out for action. But as to spiking it,—well, don't you see that's a strong order, RANDOM. Besides, what good will it do?

First M. (derisively). What good? Well, CHARLIE, you are a chap! Thought you had more devilry in you than that. (Sings.)

Goosey, goosey, gander!
Don't stay there and ponder,
You can't be the plucky chap
Who fought aboard the Condor!

Second M. Well, you see, RANDOM, I don't like the Gun, but I don't want to betray the ship or upset the Admiral.

First M. (sneeringly). Don't you, now, Master Goodchild? Nor yet have a dig at that cocky duffer, GEORGIE HAMILTON, I suppose, or a fling at spouty FORWOOD, or give ARTHUR HOOD one in the wind? Oh, you are a good boy, CHARLIE! Haven't GEORGIE and the rest of them been putting the kibosh on us for ever so long, saying that all was serene with the old Barky, and that we were troublesome youngsters, who wanted a good rope's-ending? Haven't they smuggled up to the Commodore and got us put out in the cold? And now, after stultifying themselves by admitting we were right

all the time in saying the ship wanted fresh armament, this paltry pea-shooter is their Big Gun, the best they can do! Why, CHARLIE, you can't have the spirit of a powder-monkey to stand it.

Second M. Well, I must confess it isn't my idea of a Big Gun! But, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread.

First M. Bah! Copybook Cant, CHARLIE. You've been sitting at the feet of OLD MORALITY. Burst up this bad Big 'Un, and they'll be forced to get a better.

Second M. And meanwhile?

First M. Meanwhile—we shall have a jolly lark, to be sure. Ah, CHARLIE, this isn't the sort of chat you gave us last voyage, when GEORGIE HAMILTON sat upon you so cheekily in spite of my backing you up. I began a fight with the Big-Wigs two years ago, and I'm not going to back down, as you seem inclined to do.

Georgie-Porgie, RANDOM's fly
Means to land you one in the eye.
Guess that when I've had my say,
Georgie-Porgie'll run away.

Hope you won't do ditto, Master CHARLIE!

Second M. No fear! But I'm not going to round on the Admiral or betray the ship, RANDOM. That seems your racket, as far as I can make out. You're such a restless kind of a Midshipmite, you are. Larks are all very well, but spiking guns and scuttling ships go a bit beyond a joke. I should like to see the old ship with a better Big Gun; but, till she's got it, I'm not going to spike this; so I tell you. It seems to me, as the song says, that a true sailor should be

All as one as a part of his ship.

First M. (impatiently). Bah! You're not half a chap, CHARLIE!

Infirm of purpose, give me the—spikes!

I mean to have a try, anyhow. So here goes!

"THE 'COPPER' RING."—Sulky Policeman about Charing Cross refusing to interfere. [See recent articles on West End after Midnight, and Police Reports, *passim*.]



THE GOVERNMENT BIG GUN.

MASTER GRANDOLPH (*Mr. Midshipman un-Easy*). "WHAT!—NOT SPIKE IT, CHARLIE?—OH, YOU AIN'T HALF A CHAP!—I'LL HAVE A TRY!!!"

ECHOES OF THE STREET.

"On afternoons, in London streets,
The Winner is proclaimed by boys;
And ev'ry wretched lad one meets,
Flouts Losers with prodigious noise!"
The Saladmonger.

WHEN the day is nigh done,
And good folks have begun
To think they will homeward be strolling—
Comes a voice, does there not?
Through cab-clatter, I wot,
And busses eternally rolling;



It is piercing and shrill,
And proclaims with a will
Much comfort for toiler and spinner;
You know, without doubt,
From the news-vendor's shout,
That someone or something 's a
"Winner!"

If times have been bad,
And you're sulky or sad,

While little enough in your purse is,
If a victim to fate,
You can naught contemplate
But unbroken chains of reverses:
If you're feeling put out,
Or you're threatened with gout,
(As trying to saint as to sinner),
You are apt to get riled,
For it makes you so wild,
To hear such a shouting of "Winner!"

If you've just had to part
With the girl of your heart,
Who better loves some other fella;
If the rain-clouds descend,
And you find that your friend
Has taken your silken umbrella;
If you hail cabs in vain,
As you trudge through the rain,
While late, minutes thirty, for dinner—
How you'd like then to flay
Those young imps, by the way,
Who wildly ejaculate "Winner!"

When, in spite of the cram,
You ne'er pass your exam.,
When plays you've annexed are detected;
When your novel's a frost,
Your election is lost;
Or your wonderful picture rejected—
Still each urchin will yowl
O'er your downfall, and howl—
Like a fiend o'er your fate he's a grinner—
He will gaily rejoice
At the top of his voice,
And blithely vociferate, "Winner!"

THE attempt of his Servian friends to get M. PASCHITCH, the celebrated outlaw, whose only fitness for the post is supplied by the fact that he has been frequently chased across country by *gendarmes* for acts of brigandage, appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, appears, as might have been expected, to have created a considerable hitch in the recent settlement of affairs at Belgrade. It need hardly be added that the *hitch* in question was supplied in the person of M. PASCHITCH himself.

THE ICE CARNIVAL.—According to the rather chilly reports we've seen, the Ice Carnival appears to have started with more or less of a frost. Rather a dull affair if contrasted with A Nice Carnival.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

(New Economic Version. For the use of Cheap Patriots and Purlind Party Spouters.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of our land,
And guardian Chancellors sang this strain:
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves—
Provided always that her cash she saves!

Nations not half so rich as thee
Must pay up sharp, or prostrate fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free—
On blunders big and taxes small!
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

Still Mammon-nurtured shalt thou rise,
Whilst other nations are stone-broke;
Absorbed in small economies,
Deriding danger as a joke.

Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.
Thee haughty tyrant ne'er shall tame;
His fleets shall sink, his tars shall drown;
Whilst, vowed to the gold-grubbing game,
Our Crown we risk—to save a crown.
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

To thee belongs the God of Gain,
Commerce's golden grain thou'lt reap,
And thine shall be the subject main—
If thou canst rule it on the cheap!
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

The Muses, mute as a dumb hound
For thy bare coasts feel scarce a care;
Blest Isle, where blundering knaves abound,
Burst guns, and ships that need repair!
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves,
Whilst FaCTIONS fight, and the Exchequer
saves!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT'S the odds so long as you're happy?" is a popular quotation, but, like many popular quotations, its meaning is not absolutely clear. We would, however, vary the phrase, and say, "Take *Long Odds* if you'd wish to be happy!" Possibly, from a sporting point of view, this may be not altogether correct; but from a literary standpoint it is an "absolute moral." HAWLEY SMART has now contributed over a quarter of a hundred stories for the delectation of the reading public, and this one, his latest, shows no diminution in his power as a novelist. *Long Odds*, though in three volumes, oddly enough, never seems long; it is full of dash and sparkle, and thoroughly amusing from start to finish.

"Pickwick and Principle, always be thorough; Hie thee, boy, hie thee, away to the Borough!" So sings Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in the Dramatic Cantata at the Comedy Theatre, and this might almost be adopted as the motto of a most interesting and valuable volume, entitled, *The Inns of Old Southwark*. Both Mr. WILLIAM RENDLE, with his pen, and Mr. PHILIP NORMAN, with his pencil, have hied them away to the Borough to some purpose, and they have always been thorough. No pains have been spared to be exact down to the most minute details; and yet the terrible statistical dryness which is the characteristic of most books treating of antiquarian subjects, is altogether absent. Mr. RENDLE's knowledge of Southwark, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London, is "extensive and peculiar." He had an intimate knowledge of



the old Inns in the old days, long before the Demon Demolition had commenced what it is fashionable to call "improvement;" he has an excellent memory; he has an intimate knowledge of "authorities;" and he is teeming with lore concerning the old quarter and its associations. In his work he has been admirably seconded by Mr. NORMAN, who, besides contributing some of the best pictures in the volume, has superintended and arranged the whole of the illustrations which accompany the text.

THE LAY OF THE LADY CANVASSER.

A Study in Social Development.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to touting
For Party votes, her pleasant way
Is different from the male's mad shouting,
But still she has her little say.

She does not stand at
the street-corner
And wave her arms
like semaphores,
Of "chuckers" she is
no suborner;
By other little tricks
she scores.



She "takes a book"
(and well she
knows it),
And on her canvas sallies forth;
And by St. Jingo how she "goes it"
From East to West, from South to North!

Amongst the poorest of the Voters,
In humblest "diggings" she will pop;
She shrinks not from the smell of "bloaters,"
She shuns not the cheap barber's shop.

To her affairs of State are riddles,
Not hers to know or reason well,
But oh! the awful taradiddles,
The Lady Canvasser can tell!

She tells them with tremendous unction,
She tells them with a smiling face;
You'd think bold lying was the function
Designed by Nature for her race.

She fibs not feebly; no small "cracker,"
No timid trifling with the true.
She outs with some colossal "whacker,"
And sticks to it till all is blue.

With open mouth the workmen's spouses
Listen to "proofs" of GLADSTONE'S crimes;
The small shopkeeper's wife she rouses
With awful tales about the "Times."

"That rival Candidate," she gurgles
Into the Voter's ready ear,
"Is a bad man; 'tis thought he burgles,
'Tis known that he gets drunk—on beer!"

"He beats his wife, he was a waiter,
He is an awful atheist,
To our good QUEEN at heart he's traitor!"
Such hideous "facts" who could resist?

As to insidious suggestions
Of nameless sins—with such she teems;
Her whispered and soul-withering questions
Haunt honest Voters in their dreams.

And so, unscrupulous, seductive,
Our latest Siren proudly floats
On Party waves, with wiles obstructive
Of truth, but telling much on—Votes.

Development? Some social DARWIN
May show the genesis of her,
Meanwhile they who would Party war win,
Can't slight the Lady Canvasser.

MOTTO FOR AN OLD POET ABOUT TO PUBLISH.
—"See me re-verse!"

ADMITTED BY BOTH PARTIES.—The present
state of Kennington,—Hope-less.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 61.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATIVES BELOW THE GANGWAY.

MORE DISCLAIMERS.

MR. FROUDE, having written to a Correspondent to say that he had been recently converted to a belief in Home Rule, there is no further reason why the following letters from other distinguished writers should not also be made public:—

SIR,—There is no truth whatever in the report that I have determined to “give up Science,” and have enrolled myself as a Member of the “Salvation Army.” Whilst there are knaves in the world, such statements will occasionally be made, and, whilst there are fools extant, I suppose I shall be troubled by being asked to contradict them. The further reports that you mention—to the effect that I am about to publish a book, entitled *Genesis; an Answer to the Pseudo-scientific Attacks of Arrogant Agnostics*, that I contemplate entering a Monastery at Jerusalem, and that I have adopted a hair-shirt next to the skin, by advice of “General” BOOTH, are equally silly, and devoid of foundation. You can make what use you like of this letter. It is the last you will get from
Yours crustily, T. H-XL-Y.

To P. PRY, Esq., Coventry.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is the distance from the centres of information at which you reside that causes you to be so strangely ignorant of my opinions on Home Rule and the Parnell Commission. You may certainly contradict the rumour which you say you have heard, that I am writing a magazine article in defence of the Ministry, and of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER in particular; also that I am about to stand for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and as an “out-and-out supporter of the Unionist Government.” It is true that my services to the Gladstonian party—of which you seem curiously unaware—fully entitle me to election by some enlightened constituency; but at present, and until that constituency turns up, I must content myself with newspaper Philippics.

Yours positively,

FREDERIC H-RR-S-N.

P.S.—Be careful about the spelling of “FREDERIC,” if you have this letter printed. The last time that I saw a K added to my Christian name I remained senseless for five hours.

S. MACPHERSON, Esq., *The Hermitage, Mull.*

SIR,—The shortest way of answering your silly letter is to contradict each statement *seriatim*. I have not “in a fit of tardy repentance ordered my booksellers to destroy all the historical works I have ever written.” I have not given up “History,” nor do I intend “devoting myself in future to the production of cheap sensational fiction.” I have not altered all my opinions as to the unspeakable nature of Turks owing to the decoration of the Third Order of the Medjidié having been conferred upon me. I have not been insulted by being offered any such decoration,
Yours categorically,
COLE NEIGH HATCH, Esq. E. A. FR-M-N.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—STANHOPE made statement on introducing Army Estimates. Able, clear, and succinct; most cheering account all round; we’ve got the men, we’ve got the guns, only want the money too. A trifle over half a million in advance on last year’s estimates was what STANHOPE asked for, a mere nothing compared with state of perfection to which Army being miraculously brought.

“Not very well up in Army matters,” said Sir W. LAWSON, “but confess this puzzles me. Only other day we heard from the Colonels that we couldn’t put an Army Corps in field under a month, that our forts were ill-manned, badly gunned, things generally gone to the dogs. Now STANHOPE makes out that we’re invulnerable and irresistible. Like to hear Our Only General on the subject.”

GRANDOLPH sitting in corner seat worrying his moustache. Sat there in same attitude last Thursday when GEORGE HAMILTON brought in Navy Estimates. When he’d finished, jumped up and demolished him. Having thus finished off First Lord of the Admiralty, how would he deal with Secretary of State for War? OLD MORALITY, nervously rubbing his hands, turned from time to time and furtively regarded countenance of his young old friend.

“What do you think?” he whispered to GOSCHEN, “Is the Young Min friendly?”

“Probably not,” said JOACHIM, with vivid recollection of Thursday night when GRANDOLPH,



The Woolwich Infant.



THE FINE OLD SPIRIT.

“BUT IF YOU REALLY THINK JONES HAS INJURED YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHY NOT CONSULT SOME CLEVER LAWYER?”

“LAWYER, INDEED! WITH MEN OF MY STAMP, THE ONLY POSSIBLE REPLY TO A MAN OF JONES’S, IS THE HORSEWHIP, SINCE IT CAN NO LONGER BE THE SWORD!”

thirsting for Lord GEORGE HAMILTON’s blood, rudely brushed JOACHIM aside in springing on him.

But GRANDOLPH a great Parliamentary artist. Knows nothing so depressing as monotony. If he had not smitten HAMILTON hip and thigh on Thursday, he might, to-night, have torn STANHOPE to tatters. Having appeared with success in one character on Thursday, judged it best to select another for Monday. Accordingly, bespattered STANHOPE with praise. Declared he had never listened to a statement of the kind with more satisfaction; resumed seat amid murmur of grateful applause from Treasury Bench; whilst Opposition smiled a knowing smile.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting to discuss Army Estimates. Proposition being nothing more important than to vote £5,400,000 in shape of Army wage, attendance strictly limited. No one anything particular to say, except, perhaps, PICTON and CREMER. These high military authorities having gone into the matter, come to conclusion that STANHOPE’s proposals are quite unnecessary. So far from increasing Army forces, PICTON would decrease number of men; moved Amendment to that effect; CREMER of same opinion. STANHOPE, having also gone into matter, stood by his propositions, and military men taking part in Debate cruelly ignored Amendment before Committee.

Whilst PICTON speaking, Colonel HUGHES, of Woolwich, performed original and striking strategic movement. PICTON talking disrespectfully of improving the make of guns when the Woolwich Infant appeared in doorway, which he temporarily blocked; moving slowly down floor he got into position on eminence facing enemy. Could have blown ’em all clean away if he could only have gone off. But the SPEAKER, probably fearing con-

sequences, withheld match, and Opposition escaped. But demonstration equally effective and weighty. "A twenty-three-tonner, at least," said DUFF, admiringly gazing over bulging proportions of the voiceless Infant. Vote for men carried only after Closure. OLD MORALITY quite apologetic in moving it. "I am under the necessity," he said, "of moving that the Question be now put."

Very different from old times, when he used to be always on the pounce. This carried vote for men; but STANHOPE wanted money too, and urged that the few moments remaining might be utilised for passing vote. This was enticing opportunity for CURSE OF CAMBORNE to rise. Thrust hands deep in trousers' pockets, as he has seen corner men do, and, scowling darkly around, began speech calculated to occupy rest of sitting, and leave Government moneyless. But this was only CONYBEARE'S fun; didn't really mean to do anything, but couldn't resist opportunity of remarking that "the Government is a discredited and disgraced faction, who know that they appear in the face of public opinion with a halter round their necks."

LECHMERE, who had first place at evening sitting for a motion with respect to public hangman, showed disposition to regard this as personal question. But he was kept out of the fray, and vote agreed to.

Business done.—Votes in Supply. *Wednesday.*—Missed JOSEPH GILLIS a good deal this Session. Like distinguished countryman, JOSEPH GILLIS cannot be in two places at the same time—unless he were a bird. A very shrewd sly old bird is JOEY B., devilishly sly. Dropped in this afternoon on his way home from Probate Court. Smiled grimly at BALFOUR and his declaration that "not humanity, but politics" is at bottom of all the bother kicked up about treatment of O'BRIEN in prison. Heard with approval JOHN MORLEY'S brief and trenchant reply. Went out to Division, but did not follow the giddy throng who thereafter hastened home. JOSEPH GILLIS resumed his seat, leaned his expressive head on his generously open palm; his two eyes twinkled like stars as he watched OLD MORALITY packing up his copybook headings, getting ready to trot off with all the eager delight of a schoolboy. Six o'clock close at hand; nothing more could possibly be added to the cares and worries of the day; House almost empty; hand of clock approaching six, when Adjournment must necessarily take place; pleased expression on OLD MORALITY'S face grew in quiet intensity; SPEAKER, with eye on clock just rising to declare House adjourned; half a minute to six; and behold! JOSEPH GILLIS on his feet, with right arm outstretched signalling the SPEAKER to resume the Chair. Through the quietened House rang the familiar voice: "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I wish to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury, if he will cause Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. to be prosecuted for selling libels?"

The SPEAKER: "The question is that the House do now adjourn." That was his remark, not at first sight *à propos*, but quite effective. Remaining Members trooped out; JOSEPH GILLIS radiant with delight, OLD MORALITY an older and a sadder man. *Business done.*—Prisoners (Ireland) Bill thrown out by 259 votes against 193.

Smile and smile to be a Member for Liverpool.

Thursday.—In Committee all night on Naval Estimates. CHARLIE BERESFORD a good deal to the fore. Incidentally defines a naval engagement. "One of the principal objects in war," he says, "is to knock the hostile Captain's head off." This way of putting it greatly inspires Committee. Proceeded with celerity to vote £3,201,700, wages of men and officers; and a trifle of £1,061,000 for clothing and victualling. "There," says WHITELEY, smiling his

smile, clasping his knees with his hands, "they ought to knock a good many hostile Captains' heads off for that."

JOHN LUBBOCK perambulating House in search of GOSCHEN, who keeps out of way. Wants to get definite pledge from him that he means to deal in his Budget with the question of light sovereigns. "Why should we be behind a wretched little country like Servia?" says honest JOHN. "What do they do when they get a light Sovereign? Why, they change him; and that's what I want GOSCHEN to do with our light sovereigns." *Business done.*—Army Estimates.

Friday.—After dramatic disappearance of Dr. TANNER, a fortnight ago, and subsequent references to his sandwiches and cigars at Scotland Yard, general impression been that he was comfortably in prison. But the ways of Irish prisons past finding out. TANNER turned up to-night in ordinary dress; no signs of manacles about him; hair cropped short, it is true, but that was matter of precaution voluntarily taken when crisis seemed imminent.

"I won't," said the Doctor, when prison-gates loomed close at hand, "leave BALFOUR an eighth of an inch of hair." Nor did he. Personal appearance, for some days before final retirement, suggestive of having had his head scalded. But the prison barber certainly circumvented. Buzzing about to-night with gigantic green rosette in button-hole. As House adjourns, wants to know from CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER whether any intelligence has been received respecting Kennington Election? GOSCHEN stares grimly straight before him, and House adjourned. *Business done.*—None.

"SPRING'S DELIGHTS."

"SPRING'S delights are now returning"—and though they return somewhat slowly, as far as genial weather, flowers, early vegetables, and sunlight are concerned, they return with unusual vigour at the



Artful Dodger among the Pictures.

spurred them on to greater efforts. The great charm of these rooms is that they are light, spacious, and airy, that there are comfortable seats, and that every picture is hung where it can be seen. At some shows we are grateful for the "skying" of pictures. At the Institute we should not be, for there are very few bad pictures in the collection. Among the notable contributions may be mentioned those by the President, Messrs. KEELEY HALSWELLE, FULLEYLOVE, W. L. WYLLIE, W. L. THOMAS, SEVERN, ORROCK, MAY, C. J. LEWIS, YEEND KING, EDWIN HAYES, CHARLES CATTERMOLE, CHARLES GREEN, DOLLMAN, CAFFIERI, J. A. FITZGERALD, TOWNLEY GREEN, GORDON BROWNE, J. NASH, HOBDEN, KILBURN, PYNE, HATHERELL, WARDLE, CARLTON SMITH, W. LANGLEY, F. M. EVANS, EAST, AUMONIER, STANILAND, and E. J. GREGORY. There are over eight hundred contributions, and the show is one of the best the Institute has collected since they have been at their present gallery.

Spring's delights also return in considerable force and variety at the French Gallery. Mr. WALLIS has reared a very attractive collection of exotics in his pleasant conservatory at Pall-Mall. Though the collection is not large, it is choice, and the eye does not become weary, or the brain fatigued. Here one can emulate Mrs. Blimber, and become a bee, and sip sweets pictorial, as she desired to have a tasting order amid authors classical. We can improve each shining hour, and flit from MEISSONIER to HOLMBERG, and from HOLMBERG to HEFFNER with huge content. We can gather artistic honey all the day, if we are so minded, from JOSEF ISRAELS, FIRLE, POETZELBERGER, ADAN, DE HAAS, DE MUNKACSY, KRÄMER, MOULINET, VON SPANYI, OEHMICHEN, WAHLBERG, BERTRAND, COROT, MUNTHE, DUVERGER, AUGUSTE BONHEUR, BENLUIRE, and Mrs. BENHAM HAY. A pleasant pictorial banquet, well ordered, and excellently served, which is not likely to interfere with the most critical of digestions.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

NOTES ON THE PLAY.

A Letter about "The Weaker Sex."

MY OWN DEAREST ANGELINA,

As you begged me to see Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the new drama at the Court Theatre, so that I might tell you all about it, I outraged my feelings by going to the play without you and accompanying JACK CHAPPUIS instead. Need I say that you were never absent from my thoughts for a moment, and that I did not enjoy my dinner at the Epicurean Club in the least? How can I care for anything when you are away from me? However, as the piece did not begin until 8:30, JACK and I had plenty of time for a smoke, a cup of coffee, and a Kümmel before attending the performances. *The Weaker Sex* is by Mr. PINERO, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, and many excellent plays.



"Six of one and two of the other."

For the old Court Theatre he wrote *The Magistrate*, and two other capital three-act farces which made the fortunes of the then lessees. As Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are playing in it, I need scarcely say that *The Weaker Sex* is not a three-act farce, although I have seen those admirable artists at their very best in such pieces as *A Scrap of Paper* and the *Queen's Shilling*. But, as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, I regret to add, are shortly to leave us for America, of course it was only appropriate that they should bid us adieu in something sad, and *The Weaker Sex* is sad indeed. The story can be told in a very few words. Rather a feeble person is jilted by *Mary* (subsequently *Lady Vivash*), goes to America, turns poet, changes his name, and comes back to England engaged to *Rhoda*, *Mary's* daughter. But *Mary* has never forgotten him, and tells him so. Then the rather feeble person who loves *Rhoda* better than *Mary*, and his own comfort more than either, goes back to America, and the Curtain falls upon his never-to-be wife and his



"How happy could I be with neither."

found-to-be-impossible mother-in-law weeping in one another's arms. I believe when the piece was played in the Provinces, the rather feeble person (who must have been weak indeed to have preferred the daughter to the mother), married *Rhoda* and *Mary* paired off with someone else. The new ending reminded me strongly of a pathetic little one-act drama, in which the KENDALS made their mark at the Haymarket many years ago called *Faded Flowers*, wherein the hero, finding his lost love married to his dearest friend, although still attached to himself, nobly effaced himself by accepting expatriation for ever. How good Mr. KENDAL was in *Faded Flowers*! And how good Mrs. KENDAL is in *The Weaker Sex*! In fact, without her never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance, I question whether the piece would have been successful. She could not possibly have been better, and yet, somehow, her superb acting did not bring tears to my eyes. This was not the fault of the actress, but the play, which when all is said and done, is not a pleasant one. Much as I like your revered Mother (to whom kindly remember me), should anything happen to you, I do not think it would be your latest wish that I should lead her to the altar, and sorry as I felt for *Mary* and *Rhoda*, and even the rather feeble person, who seemed to be passing his

entire existence in making melancholy trips to America, there was something so essentially comic in the situation, that for the life of me I could not cry. This was a great disappointment, as I like to be touched. JACK CHAPPUIS was equally indifferent, but then he is not in the least intellectual, and yawns at everything except a Gaiety burlesque. In real life I fancy *Mary* would have boxed *Rhoda's* ears soundly, and sent her back to school for another twelve months.



"We should know one another."

For the rest, the satire upon Woman's Rights (which more or less made up the remainder of the piece), although fairly amusing, did not strike me as particularly novel.

And now, darling, I must say good-bye.

Your ever loving,

EDWIN.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

By a Rabid Anti-Woman's-Rightist.

WHILST male Voters only, Rads or Tories,
Have the vote will the Election-Rough rage,
There is one thing that "emollit mores,"
'Tis—so we are told—the Female Suffrage.
"Cherchez la femme," an old sagacious quip is,
She's at the bottom of War, Madness, Murder.
Will politics be purged by the Xantippes
From wrath and rancour? What could be absurder?
As well, when rival roosters will not cease
Their war, drive Partlet in—to keep the peace!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GETTING A GOOD VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—Your idea of hiring a couple of coal-barges, putting a brass band on board, asking your two hundred friends, and tacking them on to half-a-dozen steam launches, and then proceeding to view the race by leading the van, and going over the course in front of the contending crews, strikes us as a happy idea full of novelty, and only requiring, as you say, a little determination and energy to enable you successfully to carry it out. You ought certainly by this means to manage to get a capital view of the race; though, of course, as you suggest, if you cannot keep up the pace, and happen to get in the way, it may be rather embarrassing to the competitors, and may possibly involve you in some disagreeables. No, we would not advise you to take the River Police into your confidence. Take care to be early on the scene—say, at about 3 A.M., and take up your position—and stick to it. We shall be glad to hear how you have got on.



Back Again.

ONE note of music sound we, *inter alia*,
A note of joyful welcome to
Composer FREDERICK COWEN, who
Returns, a conquering hero, from Australia.

GOOD OMEN.—Mr. JOHN HARE's new Theatre will not be opened in March. The proverbial association, therefore, of "March" and "Hare" will not be realised in this instance.

MR. MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD THE THIRD."—A thorough Ciberite.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE EEL.

A Ballad of an Unequal Battle (with Apologies to Benny the Bo'sen.)

"Well, he" (Mr. BALFOUR) "is rather a slippery customer. He is like an eel. If you want to get hold of him, you must have sand upon your hand."
—Sir W. Harcourt at the Lambeth Baths.

THERE was a Elephant,
Brave boys!
And a lumbbersome brute was he;
With tusks and a trunk
Calculated for to funk,
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree,
Brave boys!
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree!

There likeways was a Eel,
Brave boys!
So slithersome, and slippery, and slim.
Now eels (for which you "sniggle")
Are the things to writhe and wriggle,
But there's none of 'em can twisticate like
him,
Brave boys!
There's none of 'em can twisticate like him!
Now that lollopping Elephant,
Brave boys!

That Eel was werry anxious for to cotch,
With a view to his spatchcocking
(Which in course was werry shocking),
So that Elephant was always on the watch,
Brave boys!
That Elephant was always on the watch!

But that limber Eel, he likeways had a heye,
Brave boys!
And that heye was fixed upon the Elephant.
Says the Elephant, says he,
"I will cotch you, as you'll see!"

THE FAT OF THE LAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE that an effort has been made by some misguided persons to establish a service of "Smoking Omnibuses" in London, which perhaps might, without impropriety, be called the "Service of Man," considering that none but members of the male sex would use such conveyances. Now, as I habitually ride in these cumbrous but still undoubtedly useful vehicles, I should like to suggest various reforms in them which *are* sorely needed, which is not the case with "Smoking Busses." Sorely needed! Ah! Sir, that expression recalls to my mind many a dreadful experience of an omnibus interior, when there have been six on one side and half-a-dozen on the other. I myself on such occasions have been "sorely kneaded" by the elbows of other passengers; I happen to be thin, and, perhaps, I feel the grievance (and the elbows) more on that account.

By some mysterious law of Nature, which no philosopher has yet explained, the persons who use omnibuses at a time of day when they are likely to be crowded are always stout. What is the result? The result naturally is, that an annexation of space rightfully belonging to us thin passengers follows; these elephantine individuals either "push us from our seats," or deposit themselves and their adipose tissue on our laps.

To remedy this all that is required is for the Omnibus Companies to erect a neat and compact weighing-machine at the entrance to their vehicles, so that the moment a passenger puts his foot on the step his correct weight would be registered on a dial. If he (or especially she) scaled over a certain number of stones, it would be the duty of the Conductor to inform him (or her), as politely as he could, that the conveyance was already "full inside," or that it had a case of measles in it, or that its journey ended at the next street—or whatever other excuse for non-admission his ingenuity and mendacity might suggest. Then there might be special roomy omnibuses constructed to meet these painful cases of corpulence, into which no thin person might intrude. But, for the convenience of the public, I would really suggest that the motto for ordinary busses should be, "Abandon fat, all ye who enter here!"

I have a good many other reforms to mention, but perhaps the above will be as much as your readers can digest at one sitting, so I will for the present subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch, as yours devotedly,
EIGHT-STONE-SIX.

WHEN the Chevalier, Sir VERNON HARCOURT, rode full tilt at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, he aimed a blow at him which was intended to cut down his opponent's salary. Fortunately for Sir RICHARD, it failed; but, at the moment, there was a thrill of excitement in the Ladies' Gallery—the fans were agitated; and yet, in the absence of Sir CHARLES, there wasn't a rustle to be heard in the House.



THE LOVE OF NATURE.

First Chappie. "LOVELY PLACE, MONTE CARLO, ISN'T IT? SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!"

Second Chappie. "BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH SPLENDID AIR, TOO!"

First Chappie. "SPLENDID!—A"—(pause)—"LET'S GO INTO THE CASINO!"

[*Exeunt to the tables, where they remain for the rest of the day.*]

The Eel he wunk, and arnseder, "Yah! you can't,"

Brave boys!

That Eel he wunk, and arnseder, "Yah! you can't!"

The hefforts of the Elephant were huge,
Brave boys!

But they didn't, somehow, seem for to avail.

He trumpeted and snorted,

And he trampled and cavorted;

But he couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail,

Brave boys!

He couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail!

For he sinuously slithered, slopped and slipped,

Brave boys!

Till the Elephant almost began to feel,

That although the Elephant

Is a ponderous giant,

He is scarce the sort of brute to cotch a Eel,

Brave boys!

He is scarce the sort of brute to cotch a Eel!

Then that Elephant he ups and says, says he,

Brave boys!

"I have got a ticklish task upon my hand;

But how'er he twist and squirm"

(Says that ponderous Pa-chy-derm),

"I shall cotch the wriggler yet—by means of sand,"

Brave boys!

"You cannot hold a Eel, except with sand!"

So a basket of fine silver sand he gets,
Brave boys!

With a view to cotch that slithery Silver Eel.

Toes and trunk he then dips in it,

And, says he, "In half a minute

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Brave boys!

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Then he blusters, and he flusters, and he pounds,

Brave boys!

Like a Mastodon a-dancing of a reel.

But, in spite of grab and clutch,

He finds he can't do much,

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel,

Brave boys!

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel!

A quick grab! a slick grab!! He's ours!!!

Brave boys!

When—fwish! The thing's like lubricated steel!

No sport could well be grander

(To a cynical by-stander),

But—he hasn't cotedched that Eel,

Brave boys!

No, he hasn't yet cotedched that Eel!

A SHOW THAT APPEALS TO THE UNDER-
STANDING. — The forthcoming Exhibition of
Boots and Shoes.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

By a Sleepy Sufferer.

SEND not thy song before dawn to me,

Rousing my soul from sweet sleep;

Bringing the shuddering yawn to me,

Making my tympanum creep.

In morn's dim somnolent error

Giving me twitchings of terror,

Raucous asthmatical SW-E-E-EP!

MRS. RAM says that a dry air does not agree with her. It tickles her throat, and she doesn't like a tickling in her throat. So she is going to Bath, where, "I am informed," she observes, "there is so much humility in the atmosphere."

"In a Pickwickian Sense."

MR. BRADLAUGH thinks that JOE

Is too egotistic (Oh!)

For a funny reason. Why?

JOE says "we" instead of "I."

I is Ego, BRADLAUGH dear,

So you can't be right, that's clear.

JOSEPH, who's an artful feller,

Takes a tip from Mr. Weller.

He means "I," but, don't you see?

Simply spells it with a *We*!

MOTTO FOR AN (EX) M. B. W. BLACK-MAILER.
—"Give me neither poverty nor Ritchies!"

DUE SOUTH.

Last few Days at Monte Carlo.

THE winning of one five-franc piece brightens existence. The loss of sixty sours it. Such is life at Monte Carlo.

One more Attempt.—At first table on the left. "Good business," says TOM WHIFFLER, showing me a handful of notes, "just played three coups. Two thousand francs. Not bad, in five minutes, eh?"

"What did you go on?" I inquire, earnestly.

"I went on the dozens. First dozen, then middle dozen. Middle dozen," he adds, "was first-rate," which sounds as if he were talking of oysters. And off he goes, the lucky chap, nodding airily to me, and "chortling in his joy."

Think I'll try the "middle dozen." Difficult to find a place, so



Cooks Tourists.

crowded. I notice several people here, whom I had always understood, were "anything but well-off," playing with piles of notes and heaps of gold. How do they do it?

"Oh," JOHNNIE SPOFFERD explains, "they're playing with the Bank's money." Yes, but how did they get the Bank's money? I can't. On the contrary, the Bank gets mine.

Squeezing myself in close to a *croupier*, I present him with two five-franc pieces, and request him in the sweetest possible tone,—all novices address the *croupiers* in the sweetest tone, possibly with the idea of ingratiating themselves with them, and so squaring it somehow, as if being on speaking terms with a *croupier* could assist you to win,—to put one on the "six

derniers," and the other on "douze premier." Fifteen turns up, and I've lost. Then I try 19 *en plein*, and the first six, and again I lose, whereupon I change to a *transversal* which includes 19 (I've a fancy for 19), and *impair*. *Trente-trois* turns up. Out of it again. Whereupon I give up my fancy for 19 and leave it. Immediately up it comes! and this happens also with *trente-trois*.

Lost sixty francs. Time to go and dress for dinner. Chilly air. They cover up all the flowers and shrubs at 4 P. M. So the beauty of the place is artificially kept up. North-east wind. Queer sort of sunset. Seen sunsets twice as good as this in England, when I hadn't lost sixty francs. Meet DORDLY TAPP going to his hotel, "The Paris," to dinner. How has he done to-day? Any good? No, DORDLY has lost.

"Beastly place," he says, "and so cold too, eh?"

I remark that there is an odd sort of sunset.

"Ah!" replies DORDLY, "that is a queer sunset. Rum colour. I remember a sunset exactly like that the night before the earthquake. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if there wasn't a *tremblement de terre* to-night. There's one comfort, this place felt it less last time than any other on the Riviera. Still it's not pleasant. If I'd won, I should be off to-night, but I must have another turn at the tables. Ugh! Horribly cold!" and he shivers—he has a *tremblement* all over him—and hurries off.

One more Attempt at the Tables, after Dinner.—Luck turns. I say to Mrs. WETHERBY (who has had wonderful luck and made £1500), "Shall I put *en plein* on 32?" She replies quickly, "Yes!" It turns up. 32! by all that's lucky!

"I told you I should bring you luck," she says, as I receive thirty-five times my stake, which was only five francs—[ah, why didn't she tell me to put on eight louis?—and so pocket one hundred and seventy-five francs, that's seven pounds, in a second, merely for risking four shillings and twopence. This is exhilarating. This is the air of Monaco. I ask Mrs. WETHERBY, as she is so lucky, to stand by me, and give me some more tips.

"Ah!" she replies, smiling, "I'm afraid my luck has gone. I don't feel as if I could advise you correctly again."

"Shall I leave it on?" I ask, allud-

ing to my five-franc piece, which is still lying on the 32.

"I think I should," she answers. "You may as well leave it on." But though her tone no longer inspires me with confidence, yet I leave it on; but, *rien ne va plus*, and the *croupier* takes it off. I'll



Going "A cheval."

take myself off. I'll be satisfied with this for to-night. Let us regale ourselves. Really nothing is so easy as winning. I meet friends. I tell them, seriously, as if it were a feat of dexterity or a well-calculated stroke of business, requiring great acumen and shrew, sharp clear-headedness, how, without any system, I put *en plein* on 32, and it turned up.

"Had you got the maximum on?" asks DORDLY TAPP, who has had a fair evening of it.

"No," I reply, carelessly; "no, I hadn't got the maximum on. Only a small stake." I don't tell him it was merely a five-franc piece. Probably my one bit of luck will be magnified into thousands, as any one, who subsequently tells the story, may credit me with having put on any stake that suits his fancy.

Eight louis in my purse, and a lot of five-franc cart-wheels in my pocket. We regale. DORDLY has won, he says, a hundred. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD at once decides that DORDLY shall stand treat.

"How about the earthquake?" I ask DORDLY.

He has forgotten all about it. "Earthquake?" he asks, "What earthquake?" I remind him of the melancholy forecast he made only a few hours since. "Oh!" he exclaims, there's not a chance of one. I thought over it again, and now I remember it was quite a different sunset when we had the last earthquake. Besides, with such a lovely night! What stars! what a moon!"

We agree—JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, too, who has won a trifle—that Monte Carlo is a beautiful place, and that the nights are magnificent.

"I like this place," says JOHNNIE SPOFFERD—"it's so foreign. One couldn't do this sort of thing in London." It is half-past mid-

night, and JOHNNIE, wearing a soft felt hat, cocked very much on one side, is perched on a high stool in front of the bar,—not at "Zero's," but "chez PETERS." He has just finished a plate of devilled oysters, and is now drinking stout, and enjoying a pipe. No, certainly, *we*—when we come abroad—manage these things better in France, in the Sunny South. But why travel all the way to Monte Carlo, in order to sit on a high stool in a public-house, to eat devilled oysters, to drink stout, and to smoke a pipe? We discuss this walking back to the hotel (1 A.M.), and JOHNNIE SPOFFERD's opinion, freely expressed, is that "he's blowed if he don't think that the nights at Monte Carlo are about the best part of the amusement."

I find out that whenever DORDLY TAPP has had a bad time at the tables, he becomes an alarmist. I meet him next day with the longest face possible. What's the matter?

"Matter, my dear fellow? Haven't you heard?"

"No, I haven't. What is it?"

"My dear fellow, there's measles and scarlet fever all over the place. We're going to pack up and be off at once."

"Really? It's very sudden. How did you hear all about it?"

"Oh, everyone's talking of it. Two or three persons died yesterday. And the place has no drainage. It's really too bad. I shall be off. Good-bye."

I confess I can hardly believe it, but I can't help repeating to several people what DORDLY TAPP has told me. No; they've not heard anything about it, but nothing is more likely. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD remembers to have heard a whisper about it before he arrived. Uncle TAMPLIN can't recall where he also has heard some rumour of the sort. And so within an hour or so there will be a scare sufficient to clear Monte Carlo.

"Well," I inform Uncle TAMPLIN, "DORDLY TAPP and his wife have packed up and are going off." And this I subsequently hear him repeating to his sister and niece, who at once commence the study of *Bradshaw*, with a view to as speedy a return as possible.

Next afternoon, going down to the Casino, I meet Mr. and Mrs. DORDLY TAPP. He and his wife are beaming with joy. "Halloa, not gone!"

"Gone!" he cries, "No; why should I go? Bless you, I've just been and won two thousand louis. Shall stay here any length of time."

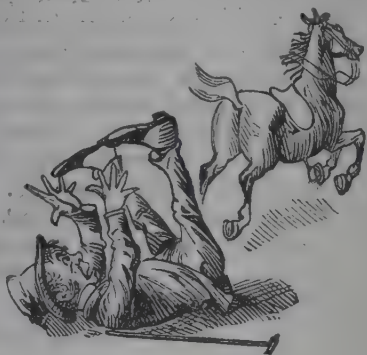
"Well," I say, "but the measles or scarlet fever"—

"Oh, yes," he returns, in an offhand manner, "I did hear something about it, but my wife inquired and found it wasn't true." Mrs. DORDLY confirms this statement with an emphatic nod. "Oh," continues DORDLY, "it's all right. Monte Carlo's the healthiest place in the world."

"But you said yesterday that there was no drainage?"

"Did I! Ah, yes, so I did."

"But I asked two Doctors," interposes Mrs. DORDLY, coming to her husband's relief, "and they both say that where there are smells there is no danger, and there are lots of smells here; so it's all right. They explained about the gases, but I don't understand it. And," she goes on, "wasn't I lucky, while DORDLY was winning his two



"En plein."

thousand, I made a hundred louis, all out of a poor little five-franc piece to start with! I do like Monte Carlo! *Au revoir!*"

"Ta! Ta! *au plaisir!*" says DORDLY, jauntily, as they go into the Grand, where they have a dinner-party.

I return to Uncle TAMPLIN and explain. The ladies call on Mrs. DORDLY TAPP, and hear from her the Doctors' account of the salubrity of Monte Carlo, and in another hour or two the scare will be heard of no more—that is, not until some one has lost heavily, and is in a general way disgusted with everything and everybody.



Obit, March 21, 1889.

TO THE MELANCHOLY MEMORY OF
THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.
IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE INSTITUTION.
FLUSHED, IN THE EARLIER YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE,
WITH A LAUDABLE AMBITION
TO COMMAND THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE RATEPAYERS.
IT GAVE AN EMBANKMENT TO THE THAMES,
DRAINED LONDON,
AND SUDDENLY SHOWED THE WORLD
HOW JOBBERY COULD BE ELEVATED TO THE LEVEL OF THE
FINE ARTS;
THEN FIGHTING TO THE END, IT WAS MORE ANXIOUS
TO LEAVE AN INHERITANCE OF SPIE TO ITS SUCCESSOR,
THAN TO RETIRE FROM THE SCENE OF ITS LATE LABOURS WITH
DIGNITY TO ITSELF.
UNWEPT, UNREpentANT, YET UNHUNG,
IT HAS PASSED FOR GOOD AND AYE TO THAT OBLIVION
FROM WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND
PHILOSOPHICAL RATEPAYER
MAY THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AS WELL,
FOR THE INTERESTS OF MUNICIPAL HONESTY,
THAT IT HAD NEVER EMERGED.

"No Love Lost!"

(At the Gaiety Theatre.)

AWAY flew LOVE! But, LOVE's wings clipped,
Back to England LOVE was shipped.

"Is CHIVALRY STILL POSSIBLE?"—"Certainly. Look at the list of Knights!" says the doughty Sir SOMERS.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. I.—THE PATRIOTIC.

THIS stirring ditty—so thoroughly sound and practical under a its sentiment—has been specially designed to harmonise with the recently altered tone of Music-Hall audiences, in which a spirit of enlightened Radicalism is at last happily discernible. It is hoped that, both in rhyme and metre, the verses will satisfy the requirements of this most elegant form of composition. The Song is intended to be shouted through music in the usual manner by a Singer in evening dress, who should carry a small Union Jack carelessly thrust inside his waistcoat. The title is short but taking:—

ON THE CHEAP!

First Verse.

Of a Navy insufficient cowards croak, deah boys!
If our place among the nations we're to keep.
But with British beef, and beer, and
hearts of oak, deah boys!—
(*With enthusiasm.*) We can make a shift
to do it—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*With a common-sense air.*) Let us
keep, deah boys! on the Cheap,
While BRITANNIA is the boss upon
the deep,
She can wollop an invader, when he
comes in his Armader,
If she's let alone to do it—On the
Cheap!

Second Verse.

(*Affectionately.*) JOHNNY BULL is just as
plucky as he was, deah boys!
(*With a knowing wink.*) And he's wide awake—no error!—not asleep;
But he won't stump up for ironclads—becos, deah boys!
He don't see his way to get 'em—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

So keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
(*Gallantly.*) And we'll chance what may happen on the deep!
For we can't be the losers if we save the cost o' cruisers,
And contentedly continue—On the Cheap!

Third Verse.

The British Isles are not the Continong, deah boys!
(*Scornfully.*) Where the Johnnies on defences spend a heap.
No! we're Britons, and we're game to jog along, deah boys!
(*With pathos.*) In the old time-honoured fashion—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*Imploringly.*) Ah! keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For the price we're asked to pay is pretty steep.
Let us all unite to dock it, keep the money in our pocket,
And we'll conquer or we'll perish—On the Cheap!

Fourth Verse.

If the Tories have the cheek to touch our purse, deah boys!
Their reward at the elections let 'em reap!
They will find a big Conservative reverse, deah boys!
If they can't defend the Country—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

They must keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
Or the lot out of office we will sweep!
BULL gets rusty when you tax him, and his patriotic maxim
Is, "I'll trouble you to govern—On the Cheap!"

Fifth Verse (this to be sung shrewdly).

If the Gover'ment ain't mugs they'll take the tip, deah boys!
Just to look a bit ahead before they leap,
And instead of laying down an extry ship, deah boys!
They'll cut down the whole caboodle—On the Cheap!

Chorus (with spirit and fervour).

And keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For we ain't like a bloomin' lot o' sheep.
When we want to "parry bellum,"

[*Union Jack to be waved here.*

You may bet yer boots we'll tell 'em!
But we'll have the "bellum" "parried"—On the Cheap!

This song, if sung with any spirit, should, Mr. Punch thinks, cause a positive *furor* in any truly patriotic gathering, and possibly go some way towards influencing the decision of the country, and consequently the fate of the Empire, in the next General Elections. In the meantime it is at the service of any Champion Music Hall Comique who is capable of appreciating it.

* Music-Hall Latinity—"Para bellum."



LINES ON BASE-BALL.

(By an *Æsthetic and Sentimental Young Lady.*)

I FEEL THAT I COULD WATCH BASE-BALL
WITH INTEREST, AND EVEN PASSION—

IF BUT THE PLAYERS WOULDN'T FALL
IN THAT EXTRAORDINARY FASHION!

THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

OH dear! This is getting too dreadful!
A decent old buffer like me,
With a heart full of care, and a head full
Of family business, you see,
Can *not* be expected to stand all this shine,
And yet do his duty, as I would do mine.

A noisier lot o'er the bottle
I never have seen in my life.
Each other they threaten to throttle,
There's nothing but shindy and strife!
And as for myself, I am always in dread
Of kicks on my shins and of boots at my head.

I can't think it part of my duty
To serve as a cockshy all round.
That 'ARCOURT—ah! he is a beauty!
That TANNER—oh! ain't he a 'ound?—
Are always, whatever I do, at full pelt,
Till my pitiful case e'en a LABBY might melt.

The House is just getting too awful,
The guests seem eternally "screwed."
They always were jeery and jawful,
But now they're so doosedly rude.
In vain I smile sweetly, in vain I speak fair,
Only twig my new necktie, just look at my hair!

For an old and respectable Butler
To be lammed by a LABBY's too bad.
Then MORLEY—his insults are subtler,
But make me feel equally mad.
E'en GLADSTONE, who ought to know better,
Will try
To land me a cork in the eye, on the sly.

Confound it!—(I trust that's not swearing,
'Tis not OLD MORALITY's line!—
This treatment is getting past bearing,
I really shall have to resign.
My duty I feel is—by Jingo! there goes!
A boot in my back and a tray on my toes!

A more aggravatin' young fellar
Than TIM I declare I ne'er knew.
I'm proud of the famous old cellar,
I've no fault to find with the "screw;"
But they break half my bottles, the best in
the bin,
When they're cockshying me. It's a shame
and a sin!

I'm a Butler of worth, fine-old-crusted,
Not one of your champagne sort,
But steady, and quite to be trusted,
As mellow and mild as old port.
But, dash it, I will *not* be greeted with hoots,
And pelted with bottles, and battered with
boots!

I really shall have to give warning,
If this sort of shindy goes on.
I'll give Master the tip in the morning;
I *think* they'll regret when I'm gone.
I'll stick to my duty as long as I can,
But there's still some pride left in the Simple
Old Man.

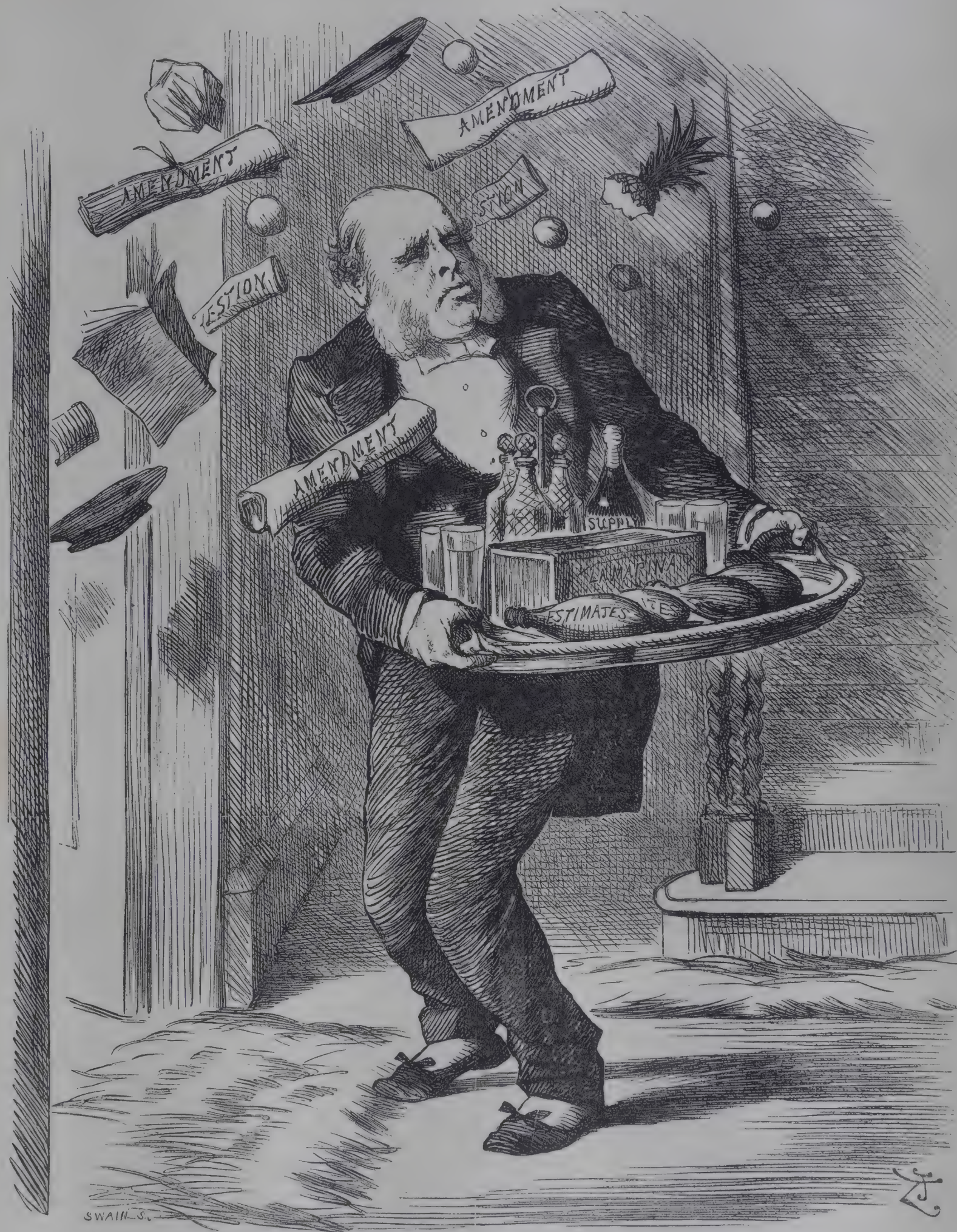
And yet—well, I'm nuts upon Master,
At home with the bin and the tray.
'Tis the guests who bring row and disaster,
The *Family* beg me to stay.
So I think I will pocket my temper, and
smile,
And hold on to my office—at least for awhile.

SONG OF THE BLACK SHEEP.

(Warbled by the *Expostulating Peer.*)

TELL me what is a "black sheep"?
Does it mean a lack of *nous*?
On the Benches going to sleep?
Never entering the House?
Living p'raps beyond one's means?
Having lots of unpaid bills?
Going too much behind the scenes?
Selling advertised Quack Pills?
Coming quite the City dab,
Speculating in a shop?
Starting a spry Hansom cab?
Singing at a Monday Pop?
Whist,—with cards hid up your sleeve?
"Getting at" a favourite horse?
Settling day mere make believe,
Till you're warned off every course?
Coming out with a decree
Granted in a certain Court?
With umbrellas making free,
Doing things "you didn't ought!"
Piling up a sorry heap?
Is this being "a Black Sheep"?
Is so, the wool that's on my back,
As yet is not precisely—black!

THE LAST OF THE BARONS was in a happy
vein when trying the breach of promise case,
Miss Smith v. Mr. Avery, the butler, who
looked uncommonly glum when the verdict
was £70 to Miss SMITH, the laundress.
"Avery man in his humour!" the merry
Baron is reported to have said to himself—an
excellent audience—as he quitted the Bench.



THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

W. H. SMITH. "OH DEAR, OH DEAR! IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO GO ON, IT WILL BE MY IMPERATIVE DUTY TO GIVE WARNING!"



"Age cannot wither—nor custom stale
His infinite variety"!

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "OI'M SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN
O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 8.—It does seem hard I cannot get good sausages for breakfast. They are either full of bread or spice, or are as red as beef. Still anxious about the £20 I invested last week by LUPIN's advice. However, CUMMINGS has done the same.

February 9.—Exactly a fortnight has passed, and I have neither seen, nor heard from, GOWING respecting his extraordinary conduct in asking us round to his house and then being out. In the evening CARRIE was engaged marking a half-dozen new collars I had purchased. I'll back CARRIE's marking against anybody's. While I was drying them at the fire and CARRIE was rebuking me for scorching them, CUMMINGS came in. He seemed quite well again, and chaffed us about marking the collars. I asked him if he had heard from GOWING, and he replied that he had not. I said I should not have believed that GOWING could not have acted in such an ungentlemanly manner. CUMMINGS said, "You are mild in your description of him; I think he has acted like a cad." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the door opened, and GOWING putting in his head said, "May I come in?" I said, "Certainly." CARRIE said very pointedly, "Well, you *are* a stranger." GOWING said, "Yes, I've been on and off to Croydon during the last fortnight." I could see CUMMINGS was boiling over, and eventually he tackled GOWING very strongly respecting his conduct last Saturday week. GOWING appeared surprised, and said, "Why, I posted a letter to you in the morning announcing that the party was 'off, very much off.'" I said, "I never got it." GOWING, turning to CARRIE, said, "I suppose letters sometimes miscarry, don't they, Mrs. Carrie?" CUMMINGS sharply said, "This is not a time for joking. I had no notice of the party being put off." GOWING replied, "I told POOTER in my note to tell you, as I was in a hurry. However, I'll inquire at the Post Office, and we must meet again at my place." I added that I hoped he would be present at the next meeting. CARRIE roared at this, and even CUMMINGS could not help laughing.



February 10, Sunday.—Contrary to my wishes, CARRIE allowed LUPIN to persuade her to take her for a drive in the afternoon in his trap. I quite disapprove of driving on a Sunday, but I did not like to trust CARRIE alone

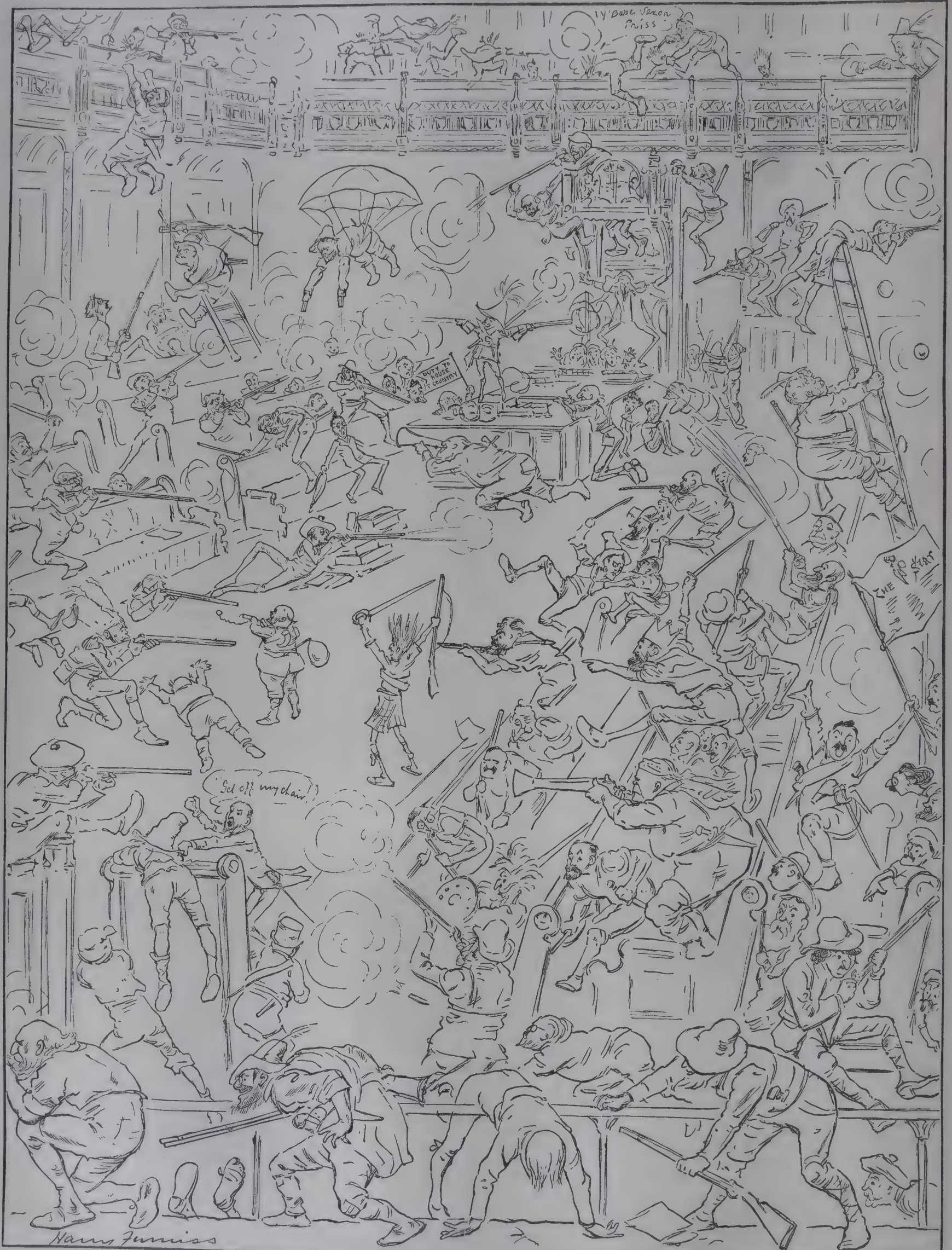
with LUPIN, so I offered to go too. LUPIN said, "Now, that is nice of you, Guv., but you won't mind sitting on the back seat of the cart?" LUPIN proceeded to put on a bright blue coat that seemed miles too large for him. CARRIE said it wanted taking in considerably at the back, LUPIN said, "Haven't you seen a box-coat before? You can't drive in anything else." He may wear what he likes in the future, for I shall never drive with him again. His conduct was shocking. When we passed Highgate Archway, he tried to pass everybody. He shouted to respectable people who were walking quietly in the road to get out of the way; he flicked at the horse of an old man who was riding, causing it to rear; and, as I had to ride backwards, I was compelled to face a gang of roughs in a donkey-cart, whom LUPIN had chaffed, and who turned and followed us for nearly a mile, bellowing, indulging in coarse jokes and laughter, to say nothing of occasionally pelting us with orange-peel. LUPIN's excuse, that the Prince of WALES would have to put up with the same sort of thing if he drove to the Derby, was of little consolation to either CARRIE or myself. FRANK MUTLAR called in the evening, and LUPIN went out with him.

February 11th.—Feeling a little concerned about LUPIN, I mustered up courage to speak to Mr. PERKUPP about him. Mr. PERKUPP has always been most kind to me, so I told him everything, including yesterday's adventure. Mr. PERKUPP kindly replied, "There is no necessity for you to be anxious, Mr. POOTER. It would be impossible for a son of such good parents to turn out erroneously. Remember he is young, and will soon get older. I wish we could find room for him in this firm." The advice of this good man takes loads off my mind. In the evening LUPIN came in. After our little supper he said—"My dear parents, I have some news, which I fear will affect you considerably." I felt a qualm come over me, and said nothing. LUPIN then said, "It may distress you—in fact, I'm sure it will—but this afternoon I have given up my pony and trap for ever." It may seem absurd, but I was so pleased, I immediately opened a bottle of port. GOWING dropped in just in time, bringing with him a large sheet, with a print of a tail-less donkey, which he fastened against the wall. He then produced several separate tails, and we spent the remainder of the evening trying blindfolded to pin a tail on in the proper place. My sides positively ached with laughter when I went to bed.

February 12.—In the evening I spoke to LUPIN about his engagement with DAISY MUTLAR. I asked if he had heard from her. He replied, "No; she promised that old windbag of a father of hers that she would not communicate with me. I see FRANK MUTLAR, of course. In fact he said he might call again this evening." FRANK called, but said he could not stop, as he had a friend waiting outside for him, named MURRAY POSH, adding, he was quite a swell. CARRIE asked FRANK to bring him in. He was brought in, GOWING entering at the same time. Mr. MURRAY POSH was a tall fat young man, and was evidently of a very nervous disposition, as he subsequently confessed he would never go in a Hansom cab, nor would he enter a four-wheeler until the driver had first got on the box with his reins in hands. On being introduced, GOWING, with his usual want of tact, said, "Any relation to 'Posh's three-shilling hats'?" Mr. POSH replied, "Yes; but please understand, I don't try on hats myself. I take no active part in the business." I replied, "I wish I had a business like it." Mr. POSH seemed pleased, and gave a long but most interesting history of the extraordinary difficulties in the manufacture of cheap hats. MURRAY POSH evidently knew DAISY MUTLAR very intimately from the way he was talking of her, and FRANK said to LUPIN once laughingly, "If you don't look out, Posh will cut you out." When they had all gone, I referred to this flippant conversation, and LUPIN said sarcastically, "A man who is jealous has no respect for himself. A man who could be jealous of an elephant like MURRAY POSH could only have a contempt for himself. I know DAISY. She will wait ten years for me, as I said before. In fact, if necessary, she would wait twenty years for me."

RADICALS used to stigmatise their Conservative opponents as "bigoted Tories." At the present time the Ministerial Bench may be fairly described as "Pigotted Tories."—*Vide "Webster's Dictionary," New Edition.*

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 62.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE HOUSE.

SWAIN SC.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Faithful "Co." says that he has had a grand time^e of it lately. He has been thoroughly enjoying Mr. INDERWICK'S *Side Lights on the Stuarts*, which he describes as



Book'd.

"one of the most amusing books he has ever read. Although written in a thoroughly popular style, it contains a mass of the most interesting information, and is a solid addition to historical research." He adds that its rather unpretentious title imperfectly describes a work which, while sure to be found in the hands of the general reader, is also worthy of a prominent place on the book-shelves of the antiquarian and man of letters. He has also read Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Neighbours on the Green*, a number of short stories, which are welcome in their collected form. *Harvest*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER," did not impress him. It contains some clever sketches of studio life, but the motive is unpleasant. *The Quick and the Dead*, which has created more sensation than it deserved, he says, reminds him of bread-and-butter, boarding-school, SWINBURNE, and hysteria. He has been delighted with "*Heart to Heart*," the latest song of Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN, the world-famous composer of "*I Arise from Dreams of Thee*." It seems strange to "Co." that he should have to write of "Mr." SALAMAN. After fifty years of admirable labour in the cause of musical art, surely the composer of half a century of the sweetest song should be nothing less than "Sir CHARLES." Although "Co." hopes that the learned Musician's day is far from over, yet, in the cause of justice, he would like to see him become a Knight.

FACT OR FANCY?—A meeting of persons connected with the "corn and milling interests" was lately held at the Corn Exchange Tavern, Mark Lane. This accounts for the revival of Pugilism as evidenced by the merry little mill that came off quite pleasantly, without any unpleasant police interference, ten days or so ago. But how is "Corn" mixed up with it? Well, this may be also in the interests of the Ring, that is, of some sort of Ring. "The Milling Interest" would imply a revival of Pugilism. To be sure, the ideas suggested, as above, may seem to be somewhat mixed.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Principal Tomkinson. "BY THE WAY, MR. GREEN, IN YOUR NARRATIVE YOU HAVE SCARCELY GIVEN SUFFICIENT PROMINENCE TO THE DEFENESTRATION OF JEZEBEL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—Cross-examination of Ministers recommenced to-day. HOME SECRETARY and CHIEF SECRETARY have high old time. Booming BALFOUR in Ireland having been put down by the military, horse and foot, baiting BALFOUR in Parliament goes on merrily. GLADSTONE, MORLEY, and HARCOURT put questions from Front Bench. HARCOURT'S long training at the Bar suggests to him desirability of moving that all witnesses not under examination shall leave the Court. HOME SECRETARY, he thinks, should withdraw whilst BALFOUR is put to the question. On reflection recognises inconvenience of the arrangement. Would utterly foil those brilliant movements by which, having drawn the admission from BALFOUR that he approved Dr. BARR sending a letter to the *Times*, he swoops down on HOME SECRETARY and asks him whether he reproved Dr. BARR for publishing a letter corrected by CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland?

Only a section of examining counsel sit on Front Bench. Below the Gangway, half-a-dozen, eager and persistent, tumble over each other in haste to put fresh questions. TIM HEALY, quiet, acute, far-seeing, most terrible inquisitor of all; Windbag SEXTON, insolent and over-bearing, threatens to move Adjournment, when House shows signs of impatience on his thirty-fifth appearance; McNEIL, tempestuous, inarticulate, incoherent,



Old Morality.

blazing with wrath, his mouth full of emotion and interrogation.

"I don't often come here now," said CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding scene from distant side-gallery. "Can't stand the worry and the noise; but must say, at this distance, like to hear McNEIL joining in the conversation. Carries patriotism to extremest, even picturesque extent. Some of them wear sprigs of shamrock. TANNER hails approach of St. Patrick's Day by decking himself in green ribbon of atrocious shade. O'HANLON has altercations under Gallery with distinguished Military Officer; but McNEIL has the subtlest, most original way of proclaiming his nationality. One has been taught to connect the potato with Ireland, the hot potato for preference. Now, McNEIL always addresses the Chair in a tone of voice that suggests that, in addition to his passing remarks, he has a hot potato in his mouth. Curious effect; rather taking from a patriotic point of view;" and CHRISTOPHER, exhausted with this unusually long harangue, slowly rose to his full height, fixed his eye-glass, buttoned his new gloves, and strode forth.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—JENNINGS was to have made speech to-night on question of Pensions. Didn't mean to say anything about the Marlborough Pension, which has been commuted, and so leaves GRANDOLPH at liberty to back up his able lieutenant. But at spectacle of OLD MORALITY sitting limp on Treasury Bench, watching the hours pass

resembling each other, inasmuch as no progress made with Supply, JENNINGS's gentle heart was touched. Postponed Amendment, and saved up speech. Has got hold of a capital subject, and deserves encouragement. Shall back him up myself on parallel lines. Mean to take up the subject of the Rat Catcher. Just handed in Notice of Motion, which will appear on paper to-morrow.

"TOBY, M.P. To reduce the Vote for the Royal Palaces by the sum of £18, being the salary and emoluments of the Rat Catchers at the Royal Palaces of Buckingham and Windsor."

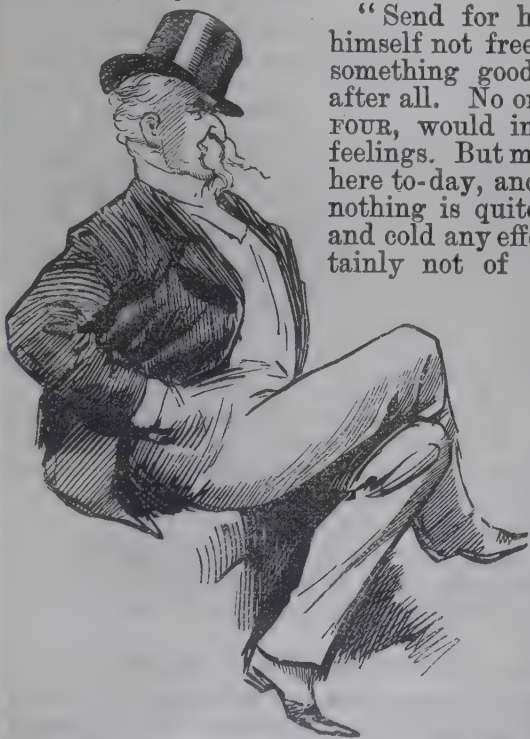
Buckingham Palace man has £8 a year and residence; Windsor Castle dignitary runs up to £10. These sums paid year after year during present reign. Shall move for Return, going back to 1837, showing how many rats have been caught per annum per Palace. Not quite the breed for the business myself, but I know a friend who occasionally indulges in the rat business, and who would, if he could be induced to devote his attention to the affair for twelve months, not leave a rodent on the premises. Why should British taxpayer, in addition to other burdens, pay £18 a year for rat-catchers, when there are thousands of unemployed dogs starving in our streets? No desire to set class against class, but here is indefensible incursion upon the rights of a not unimportant portion of the community.

[These are quotations from my speech; look a little bald, perhaps, as they stand, but shall work them up. Believe HARCOURT's very best impromptus don't look any better at first.]

Morning Sitting; spent it in discussing whether and when we shall take Vote on Account. OLD MORALITY wants it on at once, and done with. Opposition burning with desire to discuss it; but, before they begin, want to know when they will be expected to finish? On this, talk for four hours. HARCOURT takes full share, in spite of engagement at Lambeth Baths to-night to deliver set oration. Meet him going out; condole with him; tell him his health too precious to the country to be trifled with. He says "Yes," but doesn't mind sacrificing himself for public weal.

"Besides, dear boy," he whispers in my ear, "it suits me exactly. Should like every day to make a speech or two in Commons, and address at night public meeting; say there all the things I cannot say in House. Don't you see?" *Business done.*—Hardly any.

Thursday.—Occasionally words pass between Irish Members and BALFOUR. They boo him; he intimates state of feeling with respect to them not altogether inspired by respect. But these only little affectations of manner. Deep underneath runs stream of affection binding Chief Secretary and Irish Members. They cannot bear him out of their sight; grudge every moment that parts them. To-night BALFOUR a little late in taking seat. Irish Members looked on vacant place with yearning eyes. TIM HEALY, not usually regarded as emotionable man, after long wrestling, breaks down. Cried aloud in broken voice for BALFOUR, and would not be comforted. Had question on paper addressed to him; declined to put it to anyone else. Other Irish Members, who had hitherto dissembled their love, blurted it all out when TIM gave way. In vain Solicitor-General for Ireland proffered his services. Wouldn't have him. BALFOUR, only BALFOUR!



An Authority, V.C.

at him; cheered vociferously. Immediately after began banging him about the head, pinching him, pulling his hair, and otherwise maltreating him. But that's their way.

"They're like women," says FRASER, V.C., an authority on the

subject; "petulant, puling, but passionately devoted. Scratch your face in the morning, and hang round your neck as the dusk of evening deepens."

Business done.—Charges and allegations against Government.

Friday.—A long and lively night. ATTORNEY-GENERAL accommodated with seat in the dock. HARCOURT pluming himself on reminiscences of occasional practice at the Bar, assumes character of prosecuting counsel. Couldn't put on wig and gown; made up for omission by assuming his most funereal manner. Draped himself in woe, as it were; spoke with stifling tears in his voice. More than ever like *Uncle Pumblechook*. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been *Pip*, and news had just come that, after all, his fortune was illusory, *Uncle-Pumblechook-HARCOURT* could not have been more severely self-righteous, more deeply pained (for *Pip*), more ex-cruciatingly humiliated (for *Pip*), or more supremely gratified (for *Pip's* sake), with his own immensity of perfection. Looking on, one almost expected to see him stretch out hand across table and rumple WEBSTER's hair the wrong way, as *Uncle Pumblechook* used to rumple *Pip's*. But the table too broad; so contented himself with making suitable gesture indicating what he would have done if he could only have reached the culprit. Storm rose high whilst ATTORNEY-GENERAL was speaking. One time J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed upon by COURTNEY, and ordered out for instant execution. Swore an *alibi* and just got off.

"Remarkably lucky man, O'BRIEN," said HENRY BRUCE, "always being sentenced to something or other, and getting off at last moment."

Business done.—Vote on Account passed.



The Bruce.

KING COAL'S DEFENCE.

I AM old King Coal
(That jolly old soul),
Philanthropic, and pious, and proper;
A patriot King,
Not the boss of a Ring,
And I have no connection with Copper.
I am grieved to declare
There are lies in the air;
And I hear of most scandalous rumours
That I, (who am just,)
Am projecting a Trust,
Which will dreadfully damage Consumers.
Oh, thundering shame,
King Coal to defame!
My honour, of course, I must vindicate.
A Corner in Coal?
No! I hold, on my soul,
That the worst form of sin is a Syndicate.
I merely intend
(As a general friend)
To form a benign "combination,"
To—buy up the mines,
On such liberal lines
As to help every class in the nation.
Landlords to assist,
And the Capitalist;
I desire of no class to be spoiler.

But oh! the chief aim
Of King Coal's little game
Is to help the poor subterranean toiler.
I'm trying to please
Coal-owners, Lessees,
Also Workmen, Consumers—the fact is,
My theory is
That good will is good biz,
And I want to reduce it to practice.
It's really sublime,—
(Or it will be in time)
For I think you'll admit it's a rarity—
To find a "Big Boom"
In whose breast there's no room [Charity.
For aught save the Spirit of Pure Love may find fault
With Copper or Salt,
But Coal's a warm-hearted old codger;
He never would hurt you,
He's chock-full of virtue,
And hates the Monopolist dodger.
So let us all join
To buy up (not purloin)
The Coal-mines in Capital's tether.
We soon shall be found
Most fraternally bound,
And—we'll all make our fortunes together!

"Hands All Round."

HAMILTON's scheme scarce satisfies Lord CHARLIE, Lord RANDOM seems, of course, a trifle snarly.

Well, here's a Naval Toast which *can't* be wrong:

"Strength to the Fleet, and Fleetness to the Strong!"

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

(An Imaginary Interview.)

His Majesty King Richard (bowing profoundly). Sire, this visit does me infinite honour.

His Majesty King Punch (graciously). Not at all. Pray be quite at your ease. Royal meetings are just now the fashion. I am very pleased to see you—the more especially as I want to ask you a few questions.

Richard. Which it will be my delight and privilege to answer.

Punch. Just so. And now King Dick, *dic mihi*, when it first occurred to you to assume the Royal Dicknity. I imagine that at the

Lyceum you represented two gentlemen at once.

Richard. I did, Sire. I subsequently became a French Baron, and a little later a German Prince. In the ordinary course of promotion, I have now arrived at the rank of a Monarch, and one of these days I hope to become a Roman Emperor.

Punch. You are contemplating a Neroic character, I believe. I wish you success. But to return to

Richard. I have a



The "Shade" of Henry.

vivid recollection of the performance of my talented friend, HENRY IRVING, who also has some claim to the title of Duke of Gloucester, has he not?

Richard. Undoubtedly,—at the Lyceum. I feel sure that HENRY IRVING must have been greatly gratified at the success which attended in so marked a degree the dual impersonation to which you, Sire, have so kindly referred.

Punch. Assuredly! I believe you have taken trouble to represent SHAKSPEARE'S great tragedy worthily in every detail. (*Richard bows.*) This being so, will you kindly inform me why the two Bishops who attend you immediately before your interview with the Lord Mayor of London, wear white tea-gowns?

Richard. To mark the eccentricity of their characters. It is obvious that they must be very quaint ecclesiastics to spend their time in discussing theology with hump-backed Dick.

Punch. I see! But did the Bishop of ELY usually go about in the gorgeous but eccentric robes he wears in the Council Chamber?

Richard. Yes, I think so, and that gives the point to my jest in sending him in his magnificent get-up to go and pick strawberries in Holborn.

Punch. I perceive that you have given the matter most careful attention. But why do the other Members of the Council huddle up in a corner round a table where they can be scarcely seen?

Richard. Firstly, because they are afraid of me; and secondly, because the stage is left more at liberty for the perambulations of personages of greater dignity.

Punch. Thank you! Do you know whether America was discovered before the Tudor period?

Richard. I fancy that COLUMBUS landed on trans-Atlantic soil for the first time in 1492, about seven years after the Battle of Bosworth.

Punch. That is also my impression. Then how comes it that STANLEY speaks with an accent that suggests that he must be a citizen of the United States?

Richard. It is a new reading, and triumphantly proves that SHAKSPEARE was not for an age, but for all time.

Punch. I am obliged to you! Will you tell me who stage-manages the tragedy in which you so frequently take part?

Richard. A gentleman in whom I have the greatest possible confidence—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. I consider him my *alter ego*, the Dr. Jekyll to my Mr. Hyde.

Punch. I see! Will you then kindly suggest to him—among several other matters of which, when I have an hour or two to spare, I could give you a list,—that if the rafters painted to resemble solid timbers in the Council Chamber were not visibly stirred by every draught, the illusion would be more complete and convincing?

Richard. Certainly, Sire; but do you really think while *Richard* is on the stage there are eyes for aught else?

Punch. I really do. For instance, I can imagine no better representative of dear little *Edward the Fifth*—the Shakspearian *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, just a size larger,—than Miss BESSIE HATTON. When she was on the stage, I really quite lost sight of Your Majesty. She is a young lady of the greatest promise,—the clever child of a clever father,—and is sure to rise in the profession she has adopted. She bears herself with dignity, tenderness, and grace, and her elocution is irreproachable. Then Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as the Queen-Mother is good,—but a little inclined to overdo the keening (no, the Edmund-Keaning you do not overdo),—and Mr. NORMAN FORBES is most mirth-provoking as *Catesby*.

Richard. Is he not, Sire! Especially when he has to walk about in armour, giving forth quaint sounds in the last Act! Oh, he would be the death of me, did I not die by the sword of *Richmond*.

Punch. Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, as the Breton Masher of the period, *Richmond*, throws a new light on the character. And now, as to yourself?

Richard. Ah, Sire, your conversation is indeed becoming interesting. Have you anything to suggest?

Punch. Why, yes. In your dual part of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* you were weirdly successful. Don't you think the Shakspearian play would be even more attractive than it is, were you to double *Richard* with *Richmond*, and arrange to fight single-handed?

Richard (ecstatically). A revelation! You will come to see *Richard* again?

Punch. I will, when you give practical effect to my suggestion. Till then, farewell. [Exit.

Richard. Adieu! (*He ponders.*) If I played *Richmond* too! The idea is magnificent! Now, let me see,—if I do, I must, of course, restore to the character a number of lines that at present, for some reason or other, have been omitted! Yes! yes! yes! Humph! Ah! [Left considering.

TO OUR ÆDILES!

Ballad of the Day. Sung by the Hyde-Park-Cornerite.

COME! mount a Hansom. Try	From here, if t'wards the East you
with me	drive,
To drive to Charing Cross.	Bent o'er the space to scour,
Our journey, you must surely see,	Your pace, no matter how you
Is quite a <i>tour de force</i> .	strive,
In Piccadilly's channel jammed	Won't top four miles an hour.
How can we go ahead,	So, agitate: the scheme pursue,
'Mid all this pent-up traffic	And clear the block away.
dammed	Defeated by that vote of two
Within its narrow bed?	You're bound to win the day!
So, speak the word. Ah! say you	So speak the word, and say you
will	will
Throw open Constitution Hill!	Throw open Constitution Hill!

NEW WORK.—*The Stud Farm Record of Hampton Court Palace*, to be edited by HENRY LABOUCHERE, Esq., M.P.; and to be hereafter referred to as "*The Foalio*."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—"*Lincoln Notes*,"—Taken last week by Mr. JEUNE, Q.C. We believe he selected "*Miserere*" for the Lincoln Stakes, for which the Bishop observed he was ready to go, a willing martyr.



A Norman (Forbes) Knight. Why not engage him for next Lord Mayor's Show (if any)?



"Shall I be plain, or Twopence coloured?"



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES.—THE MARCH PAST IN CORRECT TIME.

"IS CHIVALRY POSSIBLE?"

To the Editor.

SIR,—I should think it is! I went to a *Matinée* in my capacity of Dramatic Critic to the *First-floor Gazette*, and beheld a purely astonishing display of incompetence. What I wrote in the journal by which I was accredited is an enduring monument of critical chivalry. The lady who was responsible for the show is young and fair, and I did what any man with a spark of good feeling should have done. Do you suppose I am going to bring the flush of anger, or worse still, the tears of wounded sensibility to the cheek of beauty? Not quite. And the dear *artiste* believes all the good, and resents all the censure, and my reward will be the airs and graces of one more Fashionable Incompetent, and the further debasement of the public taste which I am pledged to educate and to edify.

Yours, remorselessly, PENNY WISEMAN.

DEAR SIR,—No! Emphatically it is not. When our Smoking-carriages are systematically invaded by young persons, apparently of the superior classes, who take the company generally into their confidence by ignoring their presence, and talking at the top of loud, hard, healthy voices; who have all the assurance of their ill-mannered brothers, and all the assumption of female Saviours of Society off duty—when, Sir, such people swarm, as they do in the fashionable suburb where I vainly seek for culture and repose, it is time for the hollow romance of chivalry to disappear. If they behave as men, treat 'em as men. So says,

Yours, indignantly, "FAIR!" PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At the last meeting of our General Intelligence Society (Limited), the President related some anecdotes of the powers of a tame donkey he once possessed, which, according to this President, could go fifty miles without turning a hair: and, Sir, I once had a tame hare which went all its life without turning a donkey. Perhaps some other Correspondents could furnish parallel instances of animal hardihood. This is not, I fear, germane to the question, but it is much more interesting to our Society.

Yours truly, SUUM CUIQUE.

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE."—Shakspearian warning: "There's something Rotten in the state of"—The County Council.



' IS CHIVALRY DEAD ? '

Miss Letitia Cox (reading Mrs. Lynn Linton's Letter in the Daily Telegraph). "IF CHIVALRY HAS DIED OUT, IS IT NOT THAT WOMEN THEMSELVES HAVE GONE AWAY FROM THEIR OWN BEST SELVES? AH, HOW TRUE!"

[Miss L. C. HAS—vide her Portrait.]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

"I OFTEN see very curious sights," said the Moon, "and I am seldom surprised now by anything that comes under my observation. But I saw a scene a few nights ago which had certainly at the time a rather extraordinary appearance. I was looking down through the tops of some tall windows into the bath-room of one of your large Hospitals. Around the largest bath, which had been filled quite up to the brim, stood a number of persons, attentively regarding the surface of the water, to which bubbles were continually rising. There were one or two doctors, and some of the hospital nurses and medical students in the group, but most of the spectators were patients who were well enough to leave their wards. In deep silence they gathered round, and kept their eyes fixed on the bath with a placid and solemn interest. I could not imagine what it was all about at first," said the Moon, "and I was not much the wiser even when, on looking more carefully, I noticed that there was something in the bath—a strange creature which glittered and gleamed through the greenish ripples, as it squatted there at the bottom like some huge frog. Presently I saw that it was a man. He crouched there under water, on all fours, minute after minute, making no sign, and still the spectators gazed, and the silence was unbroken, except for a faint giggle now and then from one of the nurses. I should have thought he was drowned, if it had not been for the composure of the onlookers, and the air-bubbles. At last, with a splash that sent the water surging over on the floor, the man rose, and I saw that he was dressed in a tight suit of silver spangles, which was what had made the glitter under the water."



"For a little while he stood upright in the bath, smiling benignantly all round him, his chest heaving with conscious pride, and his face wearing the satisfied expression of a person who has conferred a public benefit, but who disclaims thanks in advance, and then, with a little bow and another splash, he leaped nimbly out and made his way to the door, amidst some applause from the medical students. The patients, however, looked vaguely disappointed, as if they had expected something different—though they did not seem very clear what that was. I afterwards found," explained the Moon, "that the man in the bath had been discharging an obligation by the only means in his power. He was a performer who got his living by exhibiting various feats in a glass tank, and (I suppose because he could drink wine and smoke cigars under water) was known as the 'Man-Fish.' He had been ill, poor fellow, and had been cured at the Hospital—so, being a grateful Man-Fish, he had begged to be allowed to give this exhibition to the staff and his fellow-patients, as some return for all the kindness he had received. His entertainment was, perhaps, a little monotonous—but this—considering that he had nothing but a bath to perform in, was not the Man-Fish's fault. If the bath had been a little bigger and the sides had been transparent, he would undoubtedly have given more variety to the performance."

"As it was, he did all he could to prove his gratitude; and gratitude, I am afraid," concluded the Moon, "is not so common in Hospital patients, that a much more conventional mode of expressing it would not be in itself quite a remarkable circumstance."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF JOURNALISM.—Count and Countess HARTENAU, alias Prince and Princess ALEXANDER of Battenberg, are, we learnt from the *Times* last week, "shortly coming on a visit to Pressburg." If there is one place from which, more than another, news might be reasonably expected, it evidently would be that capital of journalism yclept Pressburg.

MRS. RAM writes:—"My favourite promenade in the winter is on the Merino at Ramsgate."

DUE SOUTH.

Last Notes at Monte Carlo. On to Rome.

EVERYONE has a System which is almost infallible. I note down a few "Systems" for the economical and timorous Monte-Carlist:—

First System—The Imaginative Player.—To all those whom providence has not blessed with opulence, and who wish to play at Monte



Carlo, I recommend the following system:—Go to every table in turn. Think of a number. Imagine you've got a five-franc piece on it. Watch it. If it turns up, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your judgment was correct. If it doesn't turn up, you can congratulate yourself on not having been such a fool as to put on that particular number. This can be repeated as long as you like, varying from colour to number, and *vice versa*, and visiting every table in the room. You'll have most of the fun, and none of the risk. When friends and acquaintances meet you and ask "how you're doing?" you can say, "You're about as you were," or any other formula.

Second System.—If you like to hear the jingle of the five-franc pieces, when you've won them, in your pocket,—and it is fascinating, I admit—go to the *bureau*, change a sovereign into five "cart-wheels," and walk about jingling them. Visit the tables, act on the Imaginative Player's plan (*First System*), and when your opinion is correct rattle your five-franc pieces forcibly, and smile as if you'd won a big *coup*. When your opinion is

wrong,—don't rattle them, but purse up your lips, frown desperately and shake your head. When the question is put to you, "Doing any good, eh?" you can jingle your coins, replying, "I've got a few left," and pass on.

Third System. How to reduce the Loss to a Minimum.—Put one five-franc piece on *pair* and another on *impair*. Then your only chance of losing is when *zero* turns up. But, when this happens, as your pieces are imprisoned for a second turn, depending upon which colour comes up, you can then only lose one piece and must gain on the other. This system includes a certain amount of excitement, and leaves you quits at the end of the evening. Even with this safest of safe Systems it is possible for you to lose both pieces; that is, if dishonest persons are sitting near you, bold enough to declare that your five-franc pieces belong to them, and to pocket them accordingly.

Last System. How not to Lose at all!—Don't play. This is too evident to need explanation.

When you have resolved not to go into the Casino, the next best thing is to stay outside, and watch the people going in at any time during the day, and coming out at eleven at night. The life and soul of Monte Carlo is the Casino. The whole of Monte Carlo is really the Casino. All its world is *trente et quarante* and *roulette*, and, as SHAKESPEARE says, who was of course writing of Monte Carlo,

"All the men and women merely players."

They go in like lions, they come out like lambs; in many cases, like shorn lambs.

It is midday or any time you please in the afternoon. Look at the gamblers entering. They arrive by train, or by carriage, or in a *fiacre*, or on foot, and up they go, like men of business bustling towards "the House" in Capel Court, or with that air of pre-occupation which marks a new Member of Parliament who has come determined to catch the Speaker's eye, ascending the steps at Westminster. A few among them saunter in, assuming listlessness, and a very few smartly-dressed men and women chatter and laugh as they pause on the top step to finish their conversation, evidently wishing to draw the line sharply between pleasure and business. See them leaving between half-past ten and eleven, when the Casino shuts for the night, not separately, but in groups. Some chatting, very few laughing, but all most decorously, as if they were coming out of Church after a sermon, and their good name depended on keeping up appearances.

After a time, whether winning or losing, life even at Monte Carlo becomes monotonous, and, taking for granted that you have exhausted all the usual excursions, your amusements are limited to the following programme:—

1. The reading-room, where a couple of hours may be fully occupied by waiting for the paper you particularly want to see. Here also you can write letters.
2. Watching the pigeon-shooting from the terrace. This is gratis.
3. The Concert (admission free), every afternoon.

4. Watch the people entering and leaving the gambling-rooms.
5. Walking up and down the *atrium*, talking to friends and acquaintances, and, once a day, trying to feign some curiosity as to the contents of the latest telegram posted up in the hall.
6. See trains arrive; see them depart.

7. To walk down several times a day from your hotel to the Casino with a view to consulting the clock over the portico, and then comparing its information with the two Railway clocks, and then with that given by your Hotel clock: finally to regulate your own watch by striking a fair balance.

8. Walk up to Monaco Gardens (lovely!) and back. Wonder at the variety of smells. Try to arrive at a satisfactory solution as to their cause, whether drainage, or harbour, or gasworks, or a combination of any two or of all three.

Private Opinion of Monte Carlo in the Season.—For the robust,—lovely, delightful. But beware the Mistral, the Wandering Mistral. For the invalid,—lovely, seductive, treacherous!

Uncle TAPLIN's niece, MABEL, has been attacked by the Wandering Mistral. She is temporarily disabled. Uncle TAP decides not to go to Rome. Offers me his ticket there and back. I accept. Can I refuse? if only to see St. Peter's? My holiday is finishing.

"You will zee," says our worthy Italian Hotel-keeper, "ze carnival. Do not go for ze *confetti*—no—for zey jomp you in ze eye. He 'urt." I promise him that having had quite enough of "jumping in the eye" at the Battle of Flowers, I shall not go in for *confetti*-throwing at Rome. I complain to him that last night it was actually snowing. He reluctantly admits the incontrovertible fact; "but," he goes on in his own peculiar English, for which he has a patent, "ze snow," here a contemptuous shrug, "he was nozing,—he did not lay on the floor." Beautiful expression this. But, whether the snow "lies on the floor" or not, off I go. To Rome! O Riviera!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The P. & O. Pocket Book. Why *piano*, when there is so much strength about it? It is a mighty pleasant little book to read, it is likewise brimming with useful information, therefore it would be appropriate to call it *The Pianoforte*

Pocket Book, especially as there are some notable performers who play with great taste and expression within its pages. For instance, everyone will gladly listen to the *bourrée* entitled "Le Canal de Suez," by M. DE LESSEPS, the bright lively *gigue*, "Japan," by Mr. H. W. LUCY, the *Suez Canal Sonata*, by Mr. THOMAS SUTHERLAND, the "China" *cantata*, by Sir THOMAS WADE (invaluable as a *wade-mecum*), and other notable pieces by accomplished executants. As for all the strictly practical portion of the work, the exact and various particulars with regard to routes, vessels, cabins, and outfits, it makes one desire to rush round to Leadenhall Street at once and immediately book places for the "Ocean Cure." We might suggest a new motto for the Company—*"Che va P. an' O. va sano."*

The Macmillaneries continue their excellent series of revivals. The latest is *The Caged Lion* by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Here it is fresh and YONGE as ever. Also the first volume of JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER's writings. Those who already possess a collection of witty works, will be glad to add to it one Whittier.

The latest addition to ROUTLEDGE's Pocket Library, invaluable to the globe-trotter, is the Third Series of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. All who go down to the sea by the L. C. & D. Line should take with them this little volume, containing the legend of *The Brothers of Birchington*, and he will learn something about the mysterious Reculvers, the origin of which has puzzled many besides

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A MYSTERY.—What is "VERINI's Patent Pipe?" There is no inscription but this on its stem, and on application at more than one tobacconist's no information could be obtained by our Private Inquirer. Yet Mr. Punch, after three months' practical experience of this pipe, which was mysteriously presented to him, has no hesitation in affirming, or taking his oath, if necessary, that never has he met with a pipe, not even a vocal or musical one, so sweet and clear, and one which renders the "pernicious weed" so innocuous, as does this "VERINI's Patent." In the interest of all smokers, if any pipe ought to be puffed this should be, and so Mr. Punch gives it the Puff direct. But whence it came, and where it is obtainable, many besides Mr. Punch would be glad to know.





MR. PUNCH DRINKS SUCCESS TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL JUBILEE SHOW TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER IN WINDSOR PARK.

COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

I FANCY the proceedings of our new London Government must have somewhat astonished the old fogies whom we have so recently superseded. Why, we have laid down more grand democratic principles for our future guidance, in the last few weeks, than the Legislature itself has ventured even to discuss seriously in as many years, and if some of my able colleagues have their own way, and they assuredly mean to try, London will shortly be the Paradise of the Impecunious.



In Mud-Salad Market.

Everything that the Masses require will be done for them, and the whole expense of so doing will have to be borne by the Classes. And as the former are somewhat about four times the number of the latter, the sublimity of the idea is at once apparent. The poor of London are to be re-housed, and a Medical Officer of Health is to be appointed to superintend their sanitary condition, at a salary of £1000 a year. He will probably earn it, despite the bold statement of one of our most popular Members, that he had never yet met a man worth more than £500 a year.

Our Deputy-Chairman blushed visibly at this striking assertion, and why?

The question of properly furnishing the houses has been deferred for the present, but we have decided that when we ask for tenders to execute this rather extensive order, the parties tendering will be required to show that the men they employ are paid such good wages, and work such short hours, as are entirely satisfactory to the Trade!

No fear of the over-perspiring system prevailing under our fatherly system.

All gates and bars in lordly Bloomsbury and elsewhere are to be at once abolished, and the inclosed gardens in the many squares will doubtless be made free to all.

And how are these glorious results to be obtained? Is it by such a crushing weight of taxation as will greatly inconvenience the wealthy? Certainly not. A mere trifle of thirteen pence in the pound will suffice, for the present, to satisfy all our moderate wants.

The mistake made by one of our non-financial Members—caused by thirteen pence being the tax upon coals that we mean at once to abolish—that he much preferred paying thirteen pence in the ton to thirteen pence in the pound, was kindly explained to him by our Financial Editor. Those of us who are not eminent financiers were as much surprised as delighted to learn that a mere trifle like this thirteen pence in the pound, which we are about to levy on a gratified Metropolis, will produce us a sum approaching one million nine hundred thousand pounds, with which to commence our great work, so anything like a cheeseparing economy would be as absurd as unnecessary.

The very natural remark made by one of the most jovial and good-natured of our body was, that with such a sum to draw upon, why should we not provide ourselves with needful refreshment? but the idea was not generally approved—at any rate, not for the present; one particularly crusty Member attributing it to the *genius loci*. I am biding my time for an opportunity of proposing at once to abolish the ancient nuisance of "Mud Salad Market," and have but little doubt of ultimate success.

From what I gather from those around me, I fancy everyone of us has some special grievance that he intends giving his whole mind to remedy, and, as there are some 137 of us, we shall certainly not want for plenty of matter for discussion.

One noble idea is to constitute ourselves Commissioners for fixing what we think to be a fair and reasonable rent to be paid for any property, the occupier of which finds the present amount to press inconveniently upon his somewhat limited resources, due account being taken of the number of his family, and any other circumstances of an interesting character; and the question is naturally asked, Why should dissatisfied Ireland have so great an advantage in this respect over the powerful and loyal Metropolis?

We all like our Chairman, and our Radical friends thoroughly appreciate his preference of "Mr. Chairman" to "My Lord." As one specially democratic Member observed, there are hundreds of Lords, but only one Chairman of such a County Council.

Our Vice-Chairman seems scarcely fitted to control our somewhat rude democracy, his instincts apparently lying in quite a different direction.

Our Deputy Chairman sits trembling in the balance between Glory and Lucre. Unpaid patriotism on the one hand, and £1500 per annum on, but not yet in, the other.

I expect to find our future proceedings interesting, important, and even staggering.

"THE SQUEEZE OF 86."

[MR. FRANCIS GALTON says that, "Out of 1,657 adult women of all ages measured at the laboratory, the strongest could only exert a squeeze of 86 lb., or about that of a medium man."]

MAIDEN of the mighty muscles,
Then recorded, you would
be
Famous in all manly tussles,
And it's very clear to me,
That if in the dim hereafter
Any husband should play
tricks;
You would, with derisive
laughter,
Give a "Squeeze of 86."

Husbands, be it sadly stated,
Have been known their wives to
whack;
You, unless you're over-rated,
Could give such endearments
back.
Yours the task to try correction,
Till your husband and your
"chicks,"
Had a lively recollection
Of your "Squeeze of 86."

LIGHT AND FRIVOLOUS.—Our Other Musical Critic went to hear Mr. DUDLEY BUCK's "*Light of Asia*."—He writes—"What a beautiful name is DUDLEY BUCK! The Light is not very bright. I thought *The Light of Asia* would have been lighter than it is. My mistake, not DEADLY BUCK's. 'Buck! Buck! How many fingers do I hold up?' Well, I give him a hand as a stranger, and therefore 'as a stranger bid him welcome'—which I think is a quotation from that oft-quoted author SHAKSPEARE-PASSIM. But, another time, please send Classical chap to this sort of thing. Afterwards I looked in at the Pavilion. Good show, BESSIE BELLWOOD in great form," &c., &c.—[Yes, another time, we will *not* send this one.—ED.]

At the Opéra Comique Theatre, a new play, called *The Panel Picture*, has one great fault, namely, the rising of the Curtain on the First Act. If this with all following upon the unwise proceeding were omitted, it is not improbable that the result might be, or certainly on Thursday last night have been, far more satisfactory.



A FAIR POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day). "WHAT A TERRIBLE THING THIS SWEATING SYSTEM IS!—AND NO CURE FOR IT!!!"
 Angelina (who is of a medical turn). "HAVE THEY TRIED MASSAGE, DARLING?"

IN MEMORIAM.

John Bright.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811. DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill!"—SCOTT.

SILENT! Nor, though we listen, shall we hear,
 From the hill-top that fronts the breaking
 morn,

Again that clarion-challenge loud and clear,
 So oft above the breath of battle borne
 High as the lark above the bending corn.

Silent, that voice that never doubt or fear
 Hushed 'midst the strifes of many a strenuous
 year;

Which neither mob-applause nor modish
 Nor the loud wrath of Party's passing mood,
 Availed to drown in the fierce noise of fight.

Man who knew not to falter, turn, or yield,
 With eyes intent upon the common good,
 With heart unshaken in the cause of right,
 How shall we miss thy form in many a
 stricken field!

Brave Knight of Peace, with proud and spot-
 less crest,

Which never stooped to faction's furious
 Who braved opprobrium with unblenching
 breast,

Till long-proved constancy had conquered
 In the stout champion of the true and just;
 Now hast thou entered into well-earned rest,
 No more to wield the sword with warrior zest,

No more into the press of spears to thrust.
 Sheathed the true steel that ne'er struck
 craven blow,

Silent the trumpet that hath pealed so oft,
 Fallen from faithful hands relaxed in
 death.

Whilst thou hadst life, the beacon burned
 Whilst thou hadst strength, the standard
 shook aloft;

The silver trumpet was not mute whilst

A Knight of Peace! In all her retinue
 The Lady of the Olive Branch hath found
 No champion more valorous or more true,

Defence to muster or a charge to sound,
 Less prone to shrink from onset, or give
 ground

When swords flashed fast and swift the
 Than him, her sober-suited friend, who slew
 Only the foes who swarmed her flag around.

His no Berserker love of the red fray;
 Not for sheer battle's sake or lust of blood
 Into the thickest of the fight he'd fling,

Who ever heard amidst the mad *mêlée*,
 Marring the music of proud triumph's mood,
 The beatings sinister of Azrael's iron wing.

For Peace, and Freedom, and the People's right,
 Based on unshaken Law, he stood and
 fought;

If not with widest purview, yet with sight
 Single, sagacious, unobscured by aught
 Of selfish passion or ambitious thought;

Seeing day's promise in the darkest night,
 Hope for the weak 'midst menaces of Might:
 Careless of clamour as of chance-blown dust,

Stern somewhat, scornful oft, and with the
 stark

Downright directness of a Roundhead's
 Who drew a Heaven-dedicated sword
 Against the foes of Freedom's sacred ark,

The friends of the oppressor's galling yoke,
 All fierce assailants of the Army of the
 Lord.

Yet at his lion-strength's most inner heart
 Lay sweetness, as in Israel's passion strong;
 Such sweetness as like silvery brooks will
 start

'Midst mountain-heights of MILTON's
 mighty song.

His virile hate struck hot at high-placed
 Wrong

And crawling crime; his scorn smote like a
 Baseness of court or crowd, of fane or mart,
 Caste's callous pride, and madness of the
 throng.

Ever himself, though foe might change, or
 Or right, or wrong, his steadfast course he
 steered

Straight for the goal on which his soul
 Unused to falter and unwont to bend,

He shrank not from reproach, nor ever feared
 To mount the wildest wave that drave
 toward his end.

The Silver Trumpet's silent! Never more
 Its unmatched music mortal ears shall
 charm,

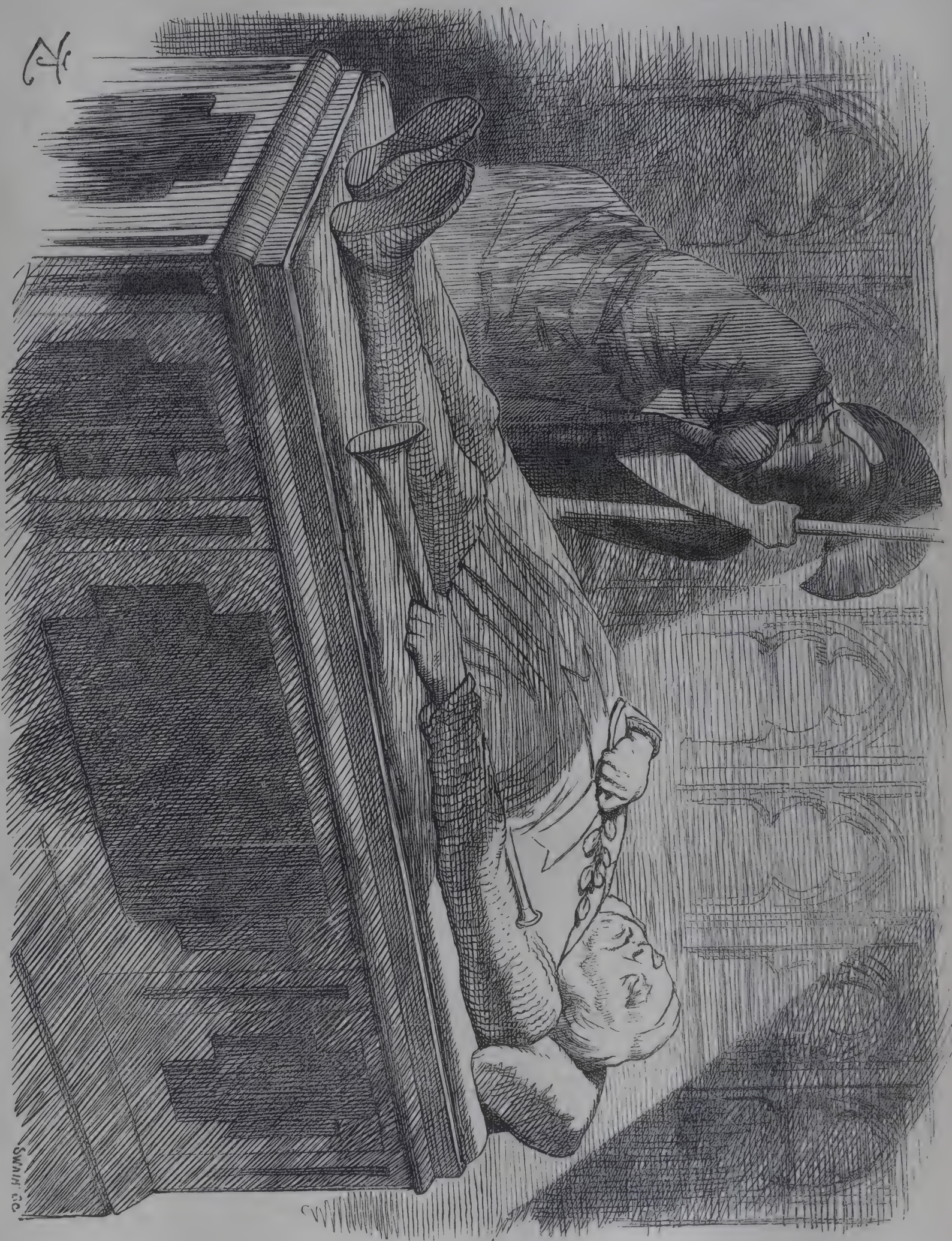
Rise dominant o'er faction's futile roar,
 Or summon friends of Right to rouse and arm.
 The Warder's mute, no more to sound
 alarm

From the dawn-fronting hill-top, high and
 Dead lies the Knight who the White Banner
 bore.

Fold it o'er the cold breast that late beat
 No slain Crusader graced a nobler tomb
 More nobly ever than this stainless Knight,

The echoes of whose war-shouts scarcely
 cease,

Though he lies there in the light-chequered
 Stout Champion ever of the True and Right,
 Mercy's sworn Militant, great Paladin of
 Peace!



JOHN BRIGHT.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811.

DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"THE TRUMPET'S SILVER SOUND IS STILL!"



FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"I SAY!—YOU HAVE IMPROVED THAT FOOT THESE LAST FEW WEEKS! I SHOULD GO ON DRAWING THE HUMAN FOOT, AND NOTHING ELSE, IF I WERE YOU, BROWN!—ANYHOW FOR ANOTHER TWO OR THREE YEARS OR SO."

"OH—THANKS AWFULLY!—AND THEN?"

"WHY THEN YOU MIGHT BE A SHOEMAKER, YOU KNOW, AND GET AN HONEST LIVING!"

FRENCH ART WITH SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.

THE collection of the works of the French and Dutch Romanticists at the Dowdeswell Galleries, is well worth two or three visits, one of which I've paid on account,—on your account and that of the public. Why "Romanticists"? If the depicting of cows and sheep, and poultry, "all alive O!" of course, undressed, and *au naturel*, is to make an Artist a Romanticist, then Dowdeswell's Dutchmen certainly take the first prize in this pictorial Cattle Show. *Cows and Figures, Figures and Cows, Cows on the Heath, Cows in Water, More Cows in more Water, Ditto with Trees, Sheep on Downs, Lake with Cows, Man in a Punt and Woman with Cows, Cow-cher de Soleil, Sheep under Trees, Landscape with Cowshed, Calf with Cow-shedding tears*, and so forth—without a single effort to depict the Cow jumping over the Moon, which would have been really romantic and very effective,—for which titles consult the Catalogue—or, as it should be called the Cattle-logue, and "when found, make a note of." Quotation this from *Captain Cuttle*, quite suitable to a Cuttle-log. There is one genuine Romanticist, but he is neither Frenchman nor Dutchman, but of Italian extraction, as his name is MONTICELLI. Pause, Visitor, before No. 106, *The Ravine*, by MONTICELLI,—the Ravin' Mad, it suggests; and No. 109, *The Fête Champêtre*, in which there is a lady in the winning Cambridge colours, somewhat exhilarated after the Boat Race. Examine these well. Marvellous colour, dabbed on anyhow, looking a trifle mouldy in places, and a wonderful jumble of figures. I should call MONTICELLI The Uncertaintist.

More in my next. But seriously, our clever young painters might do worse than spend a few hours in these Galleries studying the works of MILLETT, COROT, MEISSONIER, DAUBIGNY, and JOSEF ISRAELS. Why "Romanticists"? Because they romantically painted for the love of Art, and many of them, since dead, got precious little for their pains and paintings.

In dealing with pictures, these French and these Dutch Took, often, too little, when painting so much.

AN OFFICIAL EXERCISE.

From "Ollendorff" as Arranged for the Next Scare.

HAVE we any ships (*vaisseaux*) ready, wherewith to meet the enemy?

No. We have not any ships ready wherewith to meet the enemy, but we have the promise of a Fleet on paper (*dans l'air*), locked up in a cupboard at the Admiralty.

Then, some of our ships are here, some are there (*là*)?

Yes, some of our ships are everywhere (*par tout*), but they are not here (*pas ici*).

Is this the little gun for the big ship?

No, this is the big ship without any gun at all (*sans aucun canon*).

Will the Admiralty send the big ship thus unarmed into action?

Yes, certainly; but they will order the Admiral in Command to make a manifestation of defiance (*danser le hornpipe*), the moment he comes under the enemy's fire.

It is a pity that the enemy's Fleet suddenly took possession of the Channel when sixteen of our Ironclads were shut up in the dockyards for repairs, having something done to their boilers.

The Admiral was at dinner with the General (*chez M. Le Général*) when the enemy arrived.

Who saw the enemy arrive?

Nobody saw the enemy arrive.

Will the Volunteer Artillery have to bring their guns into the battle without horses?

Yes, the Volunteer Artillery will have to bring their guns into the battle without horses, but the Hussar Regiment will have its deficiency of mounts supplied by the London General Omnibus Company (*Compagnie Générale*).

Who, then, has the good gun?

The invader has the good gun, but we have the inferior bayonet.

Have you seen the top-heavy Torpedo-boats of the lively neighbours?

No, I have not; but I have heard talk (*entendu parler*) of the unpatriotic opposition of our own Malcontents (*Imbéciles*).

ADDITIONAL CLAUSES FOR THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.—No open air allowed on Sunday. Flowers will not be permitted to open. Anyone opening an oyster on Sunday will render himself liable to a heavy penalty. N.B.—Until these become Law, Sunday Closing may be considered an open question.

I am aware this doesn't by any means apply all round; but I've not been all round; I'm not an All-round Man, but among the French and the Dutchesses

I am yours,

THE DUC DU MAULSTICK.

UNREEFED CANVAS.

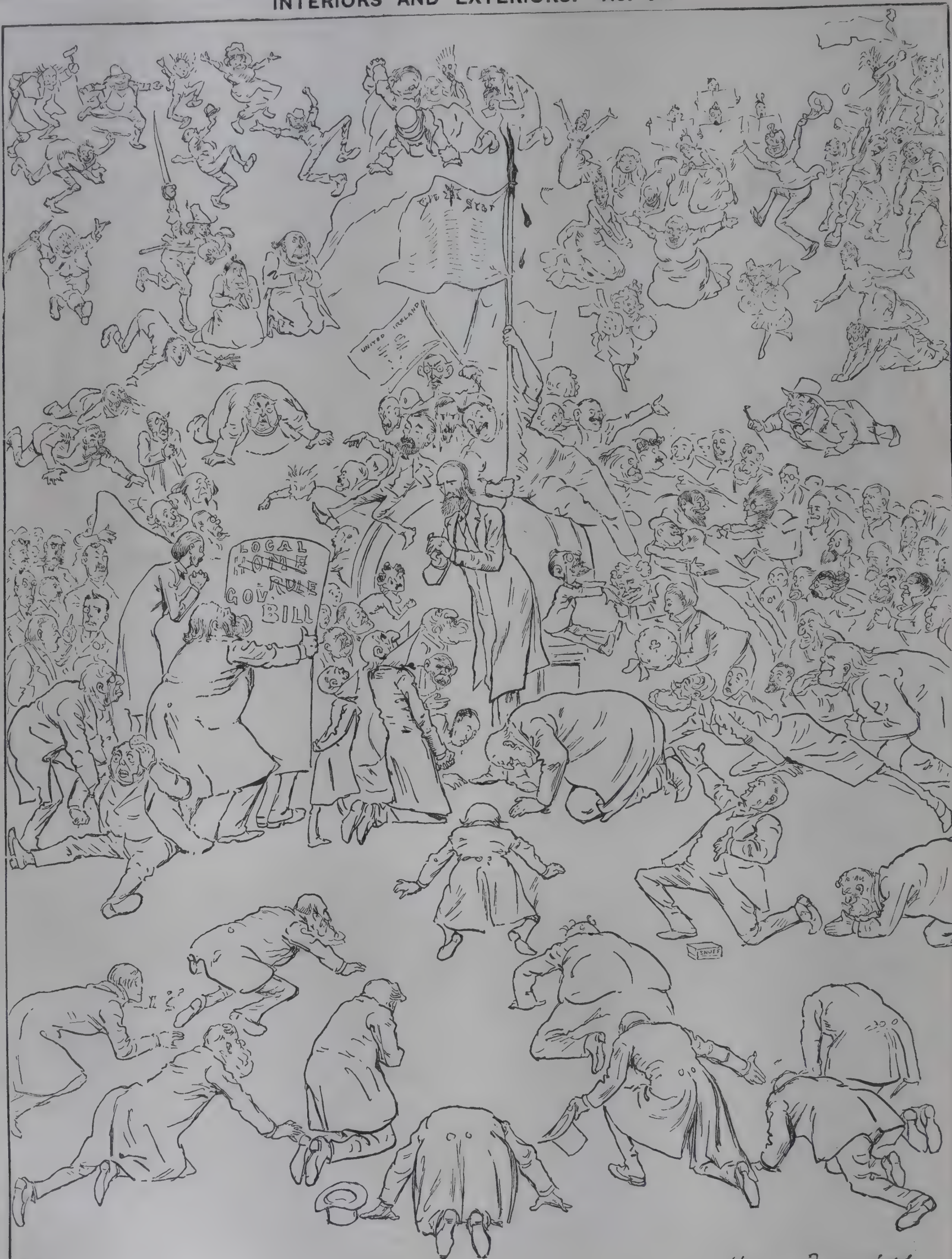
"MARCH winds and April showers, bring forth Art-flowers." True enough, and, as days lengthen, pictures become as plentiful as crocuses in the garden, and hyacinths in the window. The Artful Dodger goes about with his critical lantern, as one of old did when searching for an honest man—and enacts the part of a modern Dodgernes, looking for a great work of Art. As yet, he has not discovered it. Professor GANDISH would doubtless lament the absence of 'igh hart from our exhibitions; and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD would tell you, with a practical, and well-nigh aggravating bluntness, that the only great work of Art was "Niagara." Be that as it may, there are plenty of pretty pictures at the Exhibition of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall. Though they appear to somewhat neglect face-painting, and pencil other things beside eyebrows, there are many bright, honest contributions amid the collection. They have held up the mirror to Nature, instead of devoting the looking-glass to a more frivolous and unsatisfactory use. Among the best contributions may be noted those of Mrs. PERUGINI, the Misses CLARA and HILDA MONTALBA, Mrs. MARRABLE, Mrs. JOPLING, Misses H. MACAULAY, M. NAFTAL, DREW, M. H. SIMPSON, V. H. WYMAN, R. BARTON, R. F. HENSMAN, E. PARTRIDGE, A. E. TUCKER, and A. MANVILLE FENN.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.



BLACK SHEEP IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—A disgrace to the Woolsack.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 63.



G. H. M. 92

Harry Furniss

Master of the Situation. "WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?"



"IN WAITING"!!

Barber (to First Comer—in hand). "SHAVE, SIR!" (To Second Comer.) "TAKE A CHAIR, SIR. I SHALL BE DISENGAGED IMMEDIATELY."

Smith (First Comer, who has recognised in the Glass opposite that it is that fellow Brown, his rival and enemy). "YA-AS, I WISH TO BE SHAVED, AND—AH—THEN I SHOULD LIKE MY HEAD WASHED,—SHAMPOOED, Y'KNOW,—AND AFTERWARDS MY HAIR CUT,—AND— CAREFULLY CURLED!!" [Tableau!]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL again accommodated with seat in Dock. Getting quite familiar with situation; on excellent terms with the Warders; declares he hasn't slightest temptation to take off his boot and throw it at head of SPEAKER. Can't imagine how *habitués* of the Dock occasionally dispossess themselves of portions of their clothing, and disperse it about locality of Judge or Magistrate. CHARLES RUSSELL leads case for Prosecution. Exceedingly severe on Prisoner. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when under indictment last Friday, gained temporary triumph by alleging that he had handed in a certain letter to RUSSELL. Now turns out that it was quite another letter, in quite different circumstances, handed in at quite distinct time. Original statement made great sensation. Ministerialists mad with delight. Opposition momentarily checked. ATTORNEY-GENERAL now says must be mistake somewhere. If he had not handed RUSSELL PIGOTT's letter of Nov. 15, he had given him SOAMES's of the 11th. Same thing; or, if not, why not? Anyhow, "of no material importance." Ministerialists cheered again, almost as loud as, on Friday, they had cheered when ATTORNEY-GENERAL insisted upon matter as one of prime importance.

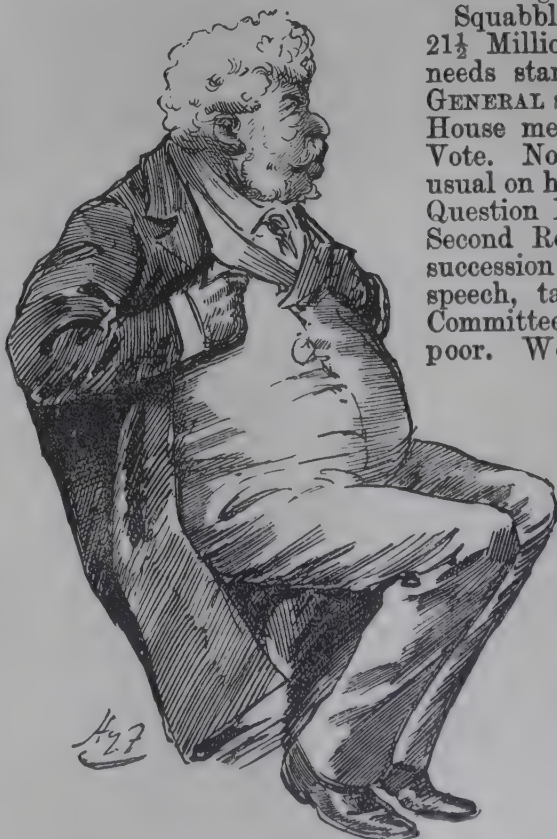
"That's the best of the Tories," said HARCOURT, sadly, "they always stand by their own man. If he says a thing's black they cheer before the words are well out of his mouth, and when he goes on to say 'I beg

your pardon, I meant to say it was white,' they cheer just the same. Now, *our* fellows would as soon howl at their natural leaders as not. Sometimes I envy BEACH and GOSCHEN. Wish I'd either been born into Toryism, or been able comfortably to take to it in middle age."

Squabble went on till Nine o'clock. Little trifle of 21½ Millions to be talked about before voting. Must needs stand over till personal question of ATTORNEY-GENERAL settled. Then Members go off to dinner; crowded House melts away; about a dozen stay to talk about the Vote. Not one per million sterling. Windbag SEXTON as usual on his legs. Had a finger in most people's pie at Question Hour. Now interposes on Army Annual Bill, Second Reading of which STANHOPE proposes to take in succession to abortive discussion on Navy scheme. Makes speech, takes division; gives notice of Amendment in Committee. "SEXTON," I say, to MACLURE, "is like the poor. We have him always with us."

"Yes," said my robust friend, hair and moustache curling with indignation, "and we always shall whilst he is Lord Mayor of Dublin. As long as SPEAKER, BALFOUR, OLD MORALITY, and other respectable Authorities are, by virtue of his office, bound to refer to him as the 'Right Honourable Gentleman,' so long will SEXTON continue to pop up through a sitting long or short, lingering over the sweetness of this unwonted style. When he's no longer Lord Mayor, and may be alluded to as to 'the Hon. Member' we'll have less of him." *Business done.*—None.

Monday Night. — SAM SMITH much concerned for Monte Carlo. Hears it's quite a dreadful place; people go and begin playing as soon as luncheon is over; lose all their money; take special care to get their dinner, knowing



"My robust Friend."

full well bill will never be paid; then retire to some remote alley; commit suicide. A week later, sometimes next morning, undeterred by former experience, do it all over again. "One round of infamy," sighs SAMUEL; "a wasted life." Determined to



"Think I'll run over to Monte Carlo!"

RALITY, who got through a visit to Monte Carlo quite safely, finds opportunity, later, of meeting SAMUEL behind SPEAKER'S chair.

"Know you spoke with best intentions," he said, "but are you quite sure of your facts? Ever been to Monte Carlo? Place to spend a happy day in, I can tell you. Most interesting proceedings in Casino. Not that I ever played, of course. Left that for GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON. But I looked on, and saw a thing or two. Nothing in the world so easy as to make pot of money. Great secret is get it on and leave it on; make a thousand pounds in a thousand minutes."

"Ah!" said SAMUEL, growing interested, "but how do you do it?"

"That's it," said OLD MORALITY. "Nothing easier when you know it, but, as they say in choirs and places where they sing, you've got to know it first. Now look here." (SAMUEL "looks here"; on back of copy of Orders where OLD MORALITY rapidly traces diagram.) "Every beam of light is composed of three coloured rays, blue, yellow, and red. As the beam passes through the atmosphere A, these are separated from each other, the blue being drawn most down, the yellow next, and the red least. As the earth with its clouds and atmosphere turns round the pole P. in the direction A.C.D., any given cloud would pass first under the blue rays at B., then the yellow rays at Y., and then the red rays at R.; and, be tinged by their respective colours. An observer, placed at E., just as he was turning into darkness towards C., would see the clouds tinged red at R., resting upon the western horizon. You follow me? Well it's just the same with the tables. No need to shoot yourself, or anyone else."

SAMUEL walks away, pondering over these things. "Very curious," he says; "OLD MORALITY not flighty kind of man. Intense air of respectability about him. A thousand pounds in a thousand minutes! What a lot of good one could do with it. Wonder if GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON would join syndicate to try OLD MORALITY'S plan? Let me see: 'As the earth with its clouds and atmosphere turns round the pole P.'; exactly. That seems indisputable. Think I'll run over to Monte Carlo, and see with my own eyes how things are." *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Government very nearly defeated to-night. All about Constitution Hill. Those two desperate Revolutionists, NOVAR, and the Grand Young GARDNER, determined to make stand against exclusiveness of this thoroughfare. Runs nearly parallel between two of busiest thoroughfares of Metropolis. A short cut from the teeming East by Charing Cross to the fertile West. Fine broad, tree-planted Avenue. Yet, whilst Piccadilly is blocked, Constitution Hill left undisturbed for the solitary horseman or the occasional brougham. Early in week Grand Young GARDNER scribbling message, written with his own blood, on back of envelope, summoned NOVAR to midnight meeting. NOVAR arrived armed with Claymore; swore solemn oath they would free Constitution Hill, or die. Come down to-night prepared for worst. NOVAR led off attack. Moved to reduce Vote for Parks and Pleasure Gardens with reference to Con-

stitution Hill. "It's restriction," said NOVAR, "an absurdity, and a relic of the past."

Grand Young GARDNER backed him up; Committee deeply moved; SHAW LEFEVRE, momentarily forgetting absorbing attraction of his new Dead House, flung himself into fray. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE much cheered by this movement on part of younger generation. Amid enthusiastic cheers CAVENDISH BENTINCK declared against Constitution Hill. Even DE LISLE, putting both feet down, was for opening the thoroughfare. PLUNKET stood by the Constitution and the Hill, but was visibly alarmed. House cleared for Division; figures read out amid breathless excitement. For keeping thoroughfare closed, 80; for opening it, 78. Ministerial majority reduced to Two!

The two conspirators shook hands. NOVAR overcome with emotion. Grand Young GARDNER still capable of articulation.

"Let us," he said, "devote our lives to this great object. Let us swear a great oath that till Constitution Hill is open to the people we will neither shave nor have our hair cut. Swear!"

"Dammy!" said NOVAR.

Business done.—The shackles shaken on Constitution Hill.

Friday Night.—This is JOHN BRIGHT'S Day. House crowded in every part, all drawn to do honour to the great Englishman. None so rich or so great as not to do him reverence. OLD MORALITY speaks first in tones of homely eloquence, well suited to occasion. Then GLADSTONE rises on highest pinions of matchless eloquence, extolling the dead orator and "his splendid eloquence, the loftiest that has sounded within the walls of the House of Commons within the present generation." HARTINGTON lamented the departure of one who had been to him, in peculiar degree, guide, philosopher, and friend. Justice MCCARTHY, as the envoy of Ireland, brought her mourning wreath to lay on the tomb; and CHAMBERLAIN mourned "the Member for Birmingham." All admirably done, displaying the House of Commons in one of its worthiest moods, and loftiest moments. *Business done.*—Lament for JOHN BRIGHT.



"Putting both Feet down."

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, AND HEART TO ART.

ON Monday, the 25th of March, the Prince and Princess of WALES opened the new Drill Hall of that gallant body of citizen soldiers, the 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers. The ceremony was a pretty one, especially that part of it wherein (to quote the programme) "The Princess of WALES and her daughters were presented with bouquets," &c. Of the entertainments, it may be said that a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses proved a most attractive item. However, there were other features, to wit, songs by Lieutenant MAYBRICK (Artists R.V.), in full uniform, and Mr. EDWARD LLOYD; and recitations by Private BRANDON THOMAS and Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, unattached. Madame ANTOINETTE STIRLING sang, and so did



Thomas and Maybrick.

Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE (late Lieutenant 3rd Dragoon Guards). The card of invitation was embellished with a clever sketch by Mr. HORSLEY, and the Drill Hall itself suggested a happy compromise between St. Paul's Cathedral and the London Terminus of the Midland Railway. A paper handed to the Press contained, amongst other valuable information, the facts that the hon. architect was the Colonel of the Regiment Commanding, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; that Messrs. &c., &c., were responsible for the plumbers' work, and that the wrought-iron gas-fittings, "from the architect's design," had been made by Messrs. &c., &c. Hon. Colonel Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart, P.R.A., was present in *mufti*, and a reference made in the speech of the Prince of WALES to the advance of the corps in prosperity during that gallant and accomplished officer's period of command, was received with well-merited enthusiasm. This was as it should be. Honour to whom honour is due: and may the Artistic Volunteers long live and prosper!

ART AND LETTERS.

As our Merry-Go-Round Inspector of Studios couldn't go everywhere, we hit upon the simple plan of inducing some of the leading artists themselves to furnish us with their own notices of their principal works intended for public exhibition this season.

From the President to the Editor.—Caro Mio,—I shall be more than enchanted to oblige you. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Every minute is *precioso* to us both. As to the pictures, *eh, bien*, I need hardly call to your memory how purely SCHILLER renders my sentiments when he says, "*Ersuche Sie aber hauptsächlich mit grösster Eile zu verfahren.*" You will see some Greek maidens—ah!—to quote the witty epigram of APELLES, our own poetic fellow-craftsman:—"Γυνὼ ποτ' βοίλεται πᾶντ, μείβοι, Μείν βῆθε γρὰνδ' ἀνδρὲ κλασσικ' στέϊλε." *Vieni, caro mio,*

and as DANTE said to FRANCESCA, "*Suonate il campanello alla porta,*"—an action into which may be thrown all the grace of a Greek god, or which may exhibit only the *gaucherie* of a Bæotian clown. You remember that wise and witty saying of CERVANTES, "*Es muy hermosa dia despues la Lluvia.*" Perhaps you will retort with PEDRILLO, "*Tu eres otro. A Dios.*" F. L.

From Alma-Tadema, R.A.—No, my dear Vallow, not anoder pragtical choke of Helly O'Gobbleus out of all dese rose-leaf now, bot a bersbactive sobjack called "*Hard Lines.*" Some Roman chorus-girls zleeping on de wed marble floor afder a light bregfast of honey and gugumbers. Bootiful! Bootiful! Bud'nod in time for dese Agademy und Krovenor Kallery. A. T.

From J. C. Horsley, R.A.—Dear Editor, my big picture is "*The Remorse of Godiva,*" showing her in bed, only the tip of her beautiful nose visible. J. C. H.

From John Brett, R.A.—Belay and avast, Mr. Editor! You'll see. Breezy and fine picture. "*The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stag,*" a little geographical joke on the Coast of Cornwall. Shall get Academy to engage policeman to keep off crowd, who will crush in to see the joke. J. B.

From Professor Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.—My good man, don't bother about pictures. Come to Bushey, see my new moon,—great scenic effect,—and hear the Cantata. WAGNER not in it. Chorus of students. H. H.

From Marcus Stone, R.A.—Dear Editor,—Picture? Oh, yes, "*The Incomplete Letter Writers*"—you know—same lot—still going on with their correspondence—eh?—"To be continued in our next." Well, the public appreciate this sort of thing and so does M. S.

From T. Faed R.A.—My picture is *Our Dear Old Home*. Scotch subject. There are evidences of recent obstreperousness on the part of the gudeman, over whose prostrate form stands the gudewife, with a broken bellows in her hand. The bairns 'skeered' are huddled up together in a corner, crying out, "Aiblins, what's hame without a mither!" Very fine. T. F.

From J. P. Frith, R.A.—Dear Ed.,—Your boy called twice. I have done a few "Reminiscences." You'll see. J. P. F.

From Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A.—Dear Old Chap, Show you my pictures? With pleasure. At M'CLEAN'S place. No more private views at my own house. Lost too many umbrellas. Names? Descriptions? Well, 'pon my life, haven't thought

of names—some critic fellows will call 'em names, hey?—and as to their description—well—I can only say they're first-rate,—"though I says it as shouldn't, eh?" Hope you're well, but of course, you scribbling chaps are always well, while we poor painters—no, dash it, I'm not a poor painter!—shouldn't like to hear anyone else say this,—if he did, I'd punch his head. "Punch!" ha! ha! appropriate *that*. And new, eh? Capital cartoon of J. T.'s, that one I mean about the what's-his-name standing upon the thingumijig, and saying to Lord What-you-may-call-im,—I forget what, but you know. Best thing I ever saw. Adoo! adoo! J. E. M.

[Perhaps next week we may be able to give some further interesting details, on which our readers can place the most perfect reliance.—ED.]

ON COMMISSION.

April 2, 3, 4.—The working days of the week have been devoted to paying the closest possible attention to an admirable *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, by my learned friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. And here let me say, in all sober seriousness, that it was comprised in a speech that was worthy of the man and the theme—a speech that, by itself, was sufficient to hand down the name of the Counsel for the Defence to posterity, as one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most eloquent orators that has ever graced the English Bar. As the great speech has already been reported in detail in other quarters, it is superfluous to repeat it word for word in these columns. If it were, it might possibly occupy more space than is put, and I may say rightly put, at my disposal. So I will content myself with reproducing the manner of Sir CHARLES in a dramatic form, adopting for the purpose a well-known popular oration that in the past was left unfortunately imperfect. I do this so that those who are to follow in the footsteps of my learned friend, and myself, at the Bar may have the benefit of what I may perhaps be permitted to describe as a lesson in impressively-posturing elocution.

Orator (leaning gracefully back on bench, and in a colloquial tone). So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf (he pauses, looks at the Bench, produces from pocket a silken arrangement of green

and Indian pink) to make (pauses, leisurely uses silken arrangement appropriately, and replaces it in pocket)—to make an apple pie. And at the same time (pauses, places pince-nez on nose, and examines books in front of him, selects one and reads) a great she-bear, coming up the street (puts down book, takes off pince-nez, and looks fixedly at the Bench), pops its head into the shop. (Pauses. Raises his



Something like a Speech.

left hand with left fist clenched. Then, with great and grave earnestness.) What, no soap! (Sadly and regretfully clutches with his right hand at basket containing documents.) So he died! And she (uses snuff-box, which is then replaced) very imprudently (with right hand outstretched, forefinger pointing to someone in the well of the Court) married (with immense force)—married the Barber! (Long pause, during which the Orator looks slowly and gravely round at audience. Then, in a more conversational tone.) And there were present the Picinninies (Mr. ASQUITH touches him, he turns round, listens, and bows thanks), and the Joblilies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself (puts up pince-nez, and reads scrap of paper just passed to him),—and—yes—as my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH reminds me (clasping his hands persuasively), with the little round button at top. (Produces linen handkerchief, gazes at it, and returns it to pocket. Considers. Then with ever-increasing energy.) And they all fell to playing the game (right arm raised in gesture of disgust) of catch as catch can, till (very distinctly, and with his left hand raised to his ear and then brought down sharply)—till the (very loud) Gunpowder!!! (long pause, and then, in a voice broken with deep emotion, which almost sinks into a whisper at the last word) ran out at the heels of their (very softly) boots! (Tears and suppressed sobs in Court.)

As to the matter of Sir CHARLES'S speech, it does not become me to offer an opinion at this stage of the inquiry. I have already expressed the genuine admiration I feel for my learned friend.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

ELECTRIFYING!—In a speech last week, Lord CRAWFORD is reported to have said,—“My Corporation proposes to take a large area.” This was *a propos* of the project of “The Electric Lighting Supply Corporation” for illuminating the Metropolis. His Lordship also remarked, that his “Corporation was going to creep from several centres.” Whereupon Mr. WILL, Q.C., M.P., asked him “from how many centres the Corporation proposed to creep?” (Laughter.) Where there's a Will, there's always a way of getting a laugh with a good audience. But why wasn't Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C. (Quizzing Counsel), present to illustrate it?

“THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.”—The FLOWER of the Opposition flock is indeed one that “Blooms in the Spring, tra la,” after his Steeplechase victory last Saturday. In celebration the Opposition should give an entertainment, and play *Cyri's Success*.



THE BEASTS THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.
LATEST APPLICATION OF OLD ÆSOPIAN FABLE. (*See Fable, p. 171.*)

THE BEASTS, THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.

A Modern Confabulation Concerning an Ancient Fable.

Senex. This picture, my son, illustrates an ancient Fable.
Juvenis. And how does dear old *Æsop* make the story go, Sir?

Senex (reading). "Once upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof, and remained neutral."

Juvenis. Ambiguous nature. Ah! Neither Beast nor Bird, but a little bit of both.

Senex (resuming). "At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces, and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiest of twilight."

Juvenis. Oh, that was the Bat's fate, was it?—according to the Fable! Well, no doubt it's a bit dangerous to keep "on the hover" too long. And yet somehow the particular Bat in the picture doesn't quite look like a confirmed Troglodyte, or destined dweller in a perpetual Cave of Adullam. Looks sharp enough, anyhow, and does not look as if "the duskiest of twilight" would suit it long. He's playing a risky game, no doubt; but whether he's as blind as his proverbial type, is just the question, my dear *SENEX*.

Senex (severely). If he is not blind he is base, and if he is not base he is blind.

Juvenis. Ah! that's neatly, not to say "nastily" put, and a deuced awkward dilemma—in theory—for the Bat. He's making a lot of enemies, no doubt, on both sides, especially among the ambitious non-effectives, and the disappointed would-be cocks o' the walk. But perhaps if the Bat could unbosom himself frankly (which I fancy he's not likely to do) as the Lion did to the Man in another Fable, he might say a thing or two which would throw a fresh light on the subject. "The bearings of it," as *Jack Bunsby* says, "lie in the application;" and maybe the modern form of the ancient Fable may carry an "application" of which the original *Æsop* did not dream.



THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

She. "I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY NEIGHBOURS, THE CHESTERFIELD BROWNS?"

He. "HAW—WELL—A—I GO TO THE HOUSE, DON'TCHERKNOW, AND DINE WITH 'EM OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT—BUT I'M NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH 'EM!"

PLAY-TIME.

Is *That Doctor Cupid* still possible? Wonderful to relate he is so, and nearing his hundredth night! "*BUCHANAN* and a hundred knights" sounds chivalric—*Fabula narratur D.T.*—but though

"chivalry" may, or may not, "still be possible," yet most decidedly no further doctoring of *Cupid* is possible after this curious comedy at the Vonderful Vaudeville. Mr. THOMAS THORNE is the *Cupid redivivus*, and when I looked at him,—he being about as unlike the little god of love as, for example, the HOME SECRETARY or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would be,—I could not help saying to myself, "Tell me, my heart, can this be love?" and replying to my own question, "No, it is only a Thorne in the flesh."

"O ye gods and little fishes!"—well, everyone knows the next line,—but what is *Cupid* without his wings? Truth to tell, though the public have, I suppose, taken kindly to the piece,—otherwise this unromantic, rheumatic *Dr. Cupid* could not have run till now and be still running,—Chevalier *BUCHANAN*'s play is a nondescript affair, neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor farce, nor melodrama, nor good extravaganza, but a hotch-potch of all these ingredients served up in the first dish that could hold the mess together. *Dr. Cupid* himself is a supernatural being, compounded out of a *Bottle Imp*, *Mephistopheles*, an *Arabian Nights' Genie*, *Puck*, *Le Diable Boîteux*, and *Parson Adams*.

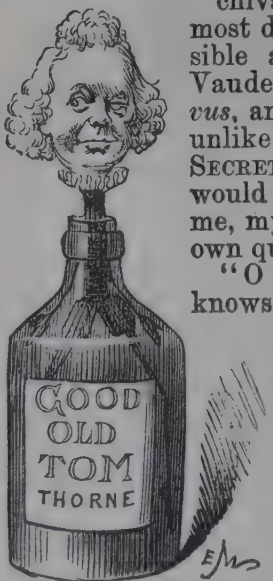
The piece begins with real good comedy, then suddenly we are taken into the domain of melodrama, where there is thunder and lightning, a darkened stage, breaking a magician's phial, lurid light, and all the old mysterious noises that used to herald the advent of the marvellous Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST in a Pantomime

at the Grecian. There is something more Grecian than Latin about this appearance of *Eros* at the Vaudeville, only that had Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST been the *Cupid*, we should not have seen him complaining of age, rheumatism, and cramp, but should have watched him bounding upwards and flying off in chase of some butterfly that reminded him of his long-lost *Psyche*. Who can believe in a *Cupid* with a cramp, except in an extravaganza? And, by the way, Mr. TOM THORNE may remember a certain overgrown *Cupid*, in the burlesque of *Paris*, so funnily played by Mr. TURNER, who issued from a damp rose, limped with rheumatic pains, and noticed with sorrow that his wings were moulting.

When Mr. *BUCHANAN* hit on this idea, he threw away the material for a capital *opéra-bouffe*, and spoilt a good comedy. Just at the end, after the serio-comic *Demon Cupid* had uttered sentiments worthy of a Christian divine, and made his last appearance as a Converted *Cupid*, the melodramatic effects of Act the First were repeated, and I fully expected that advantage would be taken of this in order to bring us all back again safe and sound to young *Racket's* rooms at Cambridge, where with lights full on, we should find that all his experience with *Dr. Cupid* had been a dream. I do not say that, had this been so, I should have been one whit better pleased: but such an explanation, old-fashioned though it be, would have been dramatically satisfactory.

The piece is capitally played by all, though I should not think *Dr. Cupid* would remain in Mr. TOM THORNE's repertoire as one of his best parts. Miss ANNIE IRISH is delightful as the honest, frolicsome *Kate*; Mr. FRED THORNE first-rate in the very conventional part of an irascible gouty old uncle; Mr. GILLMORE gallant and gay as *Harry Racket*; and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE uncommonly good in the difficult part of "CHARLES his friend,—with a stutter;" and Miss MARION LEA, as the giddy widow, irresistible. Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND as the vinegar-faced but subsequently vivacious housekeeper; and Miss F. ROBERTSON as the amorousspinster, both excellent.

EXPECTED ARRIVALS.—The Cuckoo and the Swallow.



Bottled by Dr. Dee early in 17th Century. Uncorked at the Vaudeville, 1889.



PORTRAIT OF THE CHAIRMAN THE MORNING AFTER
A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING.

Lord R-s-b-ry. "OH, WHAT A HEAD I'VE GOT! OH, FOR ONE HOUR
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS!!"

COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

WE are really getting on splendidly. We think nothing of sitting for six hours or more, without a pause for refreshment. What a lesson for other public bodies who shall be nameless! It is suggested by one probably dyspeptic Member, that we should rise at 6'30 for dinner, and resume business at 8. And this arrangement is said to be very highly approved of by the proprietor of an adjacent Tavern. But then, the very natural question arises, if we resume work at 8 o'clock, like giants refreshed, who can possibly calculate at what unearthly hour we should adjourn. So we are to continue as before. It certainly has this most beneficial result, it undoubtedly much shortens the speeches. The glorious consequence is that we have passed more noble and I may say staggering resolutions in the few weeks we have been sitting, than our unhappy predecessors in as many years. And what resolutions they are!

We demand, and shall, of course receive, full power in every respect over the thirty Theatres and the three hundred Music Halls of our giant Metropolis, and, under our beneficial rule, nothing that tends in the slightest degree to deprave or degrade public morality will be permitted within those whitewashed and purified walls. Having a great taste for theatricals myself, I have arranged with a colleague that he shall try to get me on the Theatres and Music Halls Committee on the earliest opportunity.

Free Libraries, Public Baths, and Wash-Houses, are to be scattered over the whole Metropolis with a liberality undreamt of by the wildest enthusiast of past days. The statement that a notorious Soap firm has offered to supply all the soap required, without charge, requires confirmation. We resolved, with light hearts, to oppose some half-dozen Bills now before Parliament that interfered somewhat with portions of the Metropolis.

Some of the more fastidious of our Members have under consideration the banishing altogether from our morally purified Metropolis all noxious or disagreeable trades, so that its five million inhabitants, in addition to being well and comfortably housed at ridiculously low rents, if considered from the grasping landlord's point of view, and washed and instructed at a merely nominal charge, and doctored and sanitised at no charge at all, shall be able to spend their abundant leisure in promenading the improved streets of the Metropolis without their greatly refined senses being shocked with such terrible sights as Butchers' Shops, or their delicate olfactory

nerves offended with the perfumes of fried fish, sausages, or onions. The exact proportion of the somewhat increased rates of the Metropolis that we shall impose upon idle and wealthy landlords, to the relief of hard-working and comparatively impecunious occupiers, stands over for full consideration, but it will certainly be one-half. This grand change alone should make us, and no doubt will make us, the most popular rating body of modern times—among occupiers. The idea that property, as represented by landlords, should pay all rates and taxes, is not by any means generally held among us, but he is a wise man, indeed, who can foresee to what our glorious Council may some day come.

We were somewhat surprised to hear that our popular Chairman had been asked to dine with the principal Committee of the Corporation, and had accepted the invitation. We hear too, though without surprise, that he made himself so agreeable there, that some of us are hoping that similar invitations may be extended to others of the Council. A little social intercourse of this kind would make a nice change to what the Member for the Strand rightly denominated as our very thirsty proceedings.

DUE SOUTH.

From Monte Carlo to Rome, via Vintimille, Genoa, and Pisa.

FIRST nuisance,—change of time from French to Roman time. Second nuisance,—examination of baggage at the frontier, which I am bound to say, Italian officials make as easy as possible. It may be exceptional; I hope not. We are not in a particularly good humour,—I forgot to mention that JOHNNIE SPOFFERD is my travelling companion, in consequence of the tables having turned against him, which makes him fancy that a little change will do him good,—and therefore, any railway rudeness would jar upon us.

The eighteen-hour journey is pleasant enough; and then we both exclaim, "Now we are approaching Rome!! The City of the Cæsars and the Popes!!" We approach it very slowly, through a dreary, low, marshy country. "Is that the Tiber?" I ask, on catching sight of a muddy stream.

"S'pose so," replies JOHNNIE. "Beastly dirty, isn't it? Worse than the Thames. P'raps," says JOHNNIE, after a pause, "p'raps it's the Rubicon. Where was the Rubicon?" I can't exactly say. "CÆSAR crossed it," I observe. "Oh, I know that!" replies JOHNNIE, pettishly. He is not in a good humour.

Nothing of Rome can I see from the windows. It is raining heavily, and all is fog and vapour in the distance. Some peasants are out under big umbrellas.

"But," says JOHNNIE, grumbling, "not a single Roman nose among them. As far as I've seen, those that ain't turned up or Grecian, are as flat as the surrounding country. Bah!" he says, with an air of the deepest disgust, throwing himself back in his seat, "I believe the whole thing's a swindle. P'raps there's no such place as Rome after all."

The other day in the *Times* I saw advertised a book entitled *Some Features of Modern Romanism*. I can confidently assert that Roman noses won't be prominent among these "features."

Not a Roman nose at the station, among the Roman legions of guards and porters.

Pouring with rain. "City of the Popes and Cæsars be blowed!" growls JOHNNIE, as we sit in the small omnibus that is to take us to the hotel. Everything about us looks as muddy, damp, murky, and miserable as if we were waiting for our luggage on a thorough wet day outside Fenchurch Street Station, instead of being in the metropolis of Christendom, Rome.

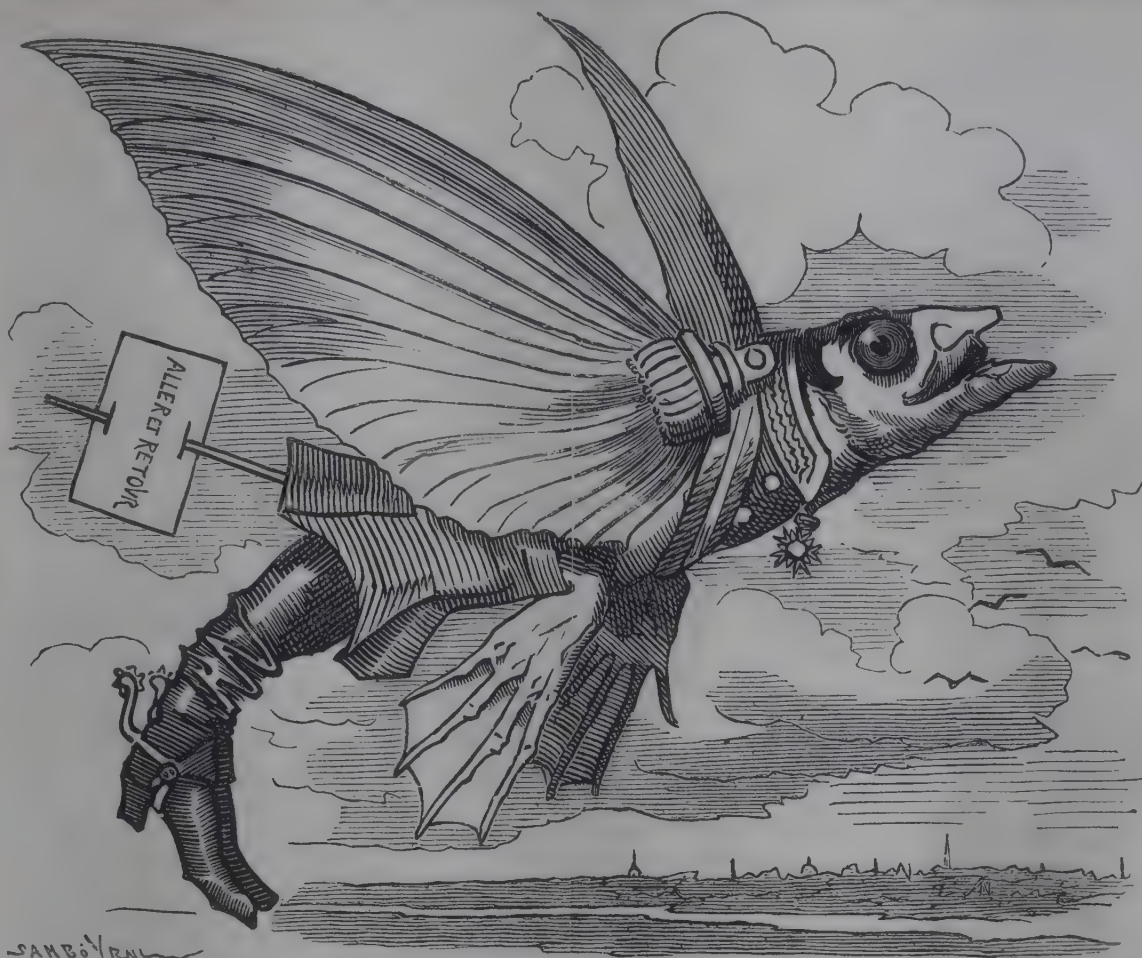


The Roman Noses we actually did see.

We arrive at the Albergo Bristolini, Piazza Bristolini, which looks clean and comfortable enough, even on such a day as this. It is,



The Roman Noses we expected to see.



POISSON D'AVRIL; OR, THE BOULANGER FLYING-FISH.

MUSICAL NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

BENOÎT's *Lucifer* at Albert Hall, striking, of course, not matchless. Words ought to have been from the Works of CONGREVE. M. HENSLEY was unavoidably prevented from being present, but in his absence his part was taken—how few are the friends who will take your part in your absence!—by one M. CONSTANTIN DE BOM. Brayvo BOM! The *Lucifer* was applied, BOM flew out of the BOM-shell, and made a decided hit. How powerfully he would have come out in a "canon quartette"! It was, indeed, lucky to have a BOM in, able to do it; for if he had been hoarse, out of time or tune, how a-Bom-in-ably bad he would have been. Madame LEMMENS re-appeared, as sweet as Lemmens in the South. The works of DICKENS are being overhauled by librettists and composers. "S. & B.'s" *Pickwick* has inspired Messrs. WINGFIELD and REEVE to do a scene from *Nicholas Nickleby*; and it is said that Mr. BARNBY sees a great opportunity for choruses in another Dickensian work which he will call *Barnby Rudge*. This information comes from, Yours truly,
BEN TROVATORE.

PROBABLE NEW AND INTERESTING WORK.—*The Can-Can and How to dance it, or Some Reminiscences of Mabilie.* By Mr. Justice FIELD.

["We are men of the world. We have all seen it—at least, I have seen it at the Mabilie."—*Times'* report of Mr. Justice Field's observations in Barnes v. Ledger.]

I have been informed, the best-drained Hotel in Rome. Our room, a double one, for the hotel is full, is large and, we hope, comfortable. There is no prospect from the window, which "gives" on to a narrow, noisy street. This, after the beautiful view and the quiet of our Monte Carlo home, is most depressing. It is raining *canes felesque*—"Must be classic in Rome," says JOHNNIE, trying to cheer up a bit)—which does not tend to enliven us. We descend to the Restaurant Department. Considered as a Restaurant, it is the dreariest room possible.

"What a place!" exclaims JOHNNIE. "Why, the commercial room of an old-established provincial hotel in England is quite Parisian in its gaiety compared with this. City of the Cæsars! I should think this place was started when CALIGULA was on the throne. Ugh!"

I am too depressed to contradict him. Let us breakfast. Let us have a Roman breakfast. Not a Roman dish on the menu! We order a good French *déjeuner*. "At all events," I say, brightening up a bit, "we can have some Italian wine."

"Let's have some Montepulciano," says JOHNNIE, regarding the waiter severely, as though warning him beforehand not to attempt passing off any Italian wine of an inferior quality upon him.

The waiter, in perfect English (I having addressed him in French, and JOHNNIE in Italian), wishes to know what wine it was the gentleman demanded?

"Montepulciano," JOHNNIE repeats, only this time in a less certain tone, being evidently a trifle distrustful of his pronunciation, and his eye falters before the waiter's calm, but not unsympathetic, gaze. The waiter has never heard of it. "What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, "never heard of Montepulciano? Why, in HORACE's time—" But the waiter was not here in HORACE's time.

"Wasn't that Falernian?" I ask, rather siding with the waiter, who, as an Italian, at least so I suppose, ought to know.

"Well," returns JOHNNIE, ceding the point, "let's have Falernian." No; we cannot have Falernian; we can have some *chianti*, which the waiter can highly recommend, or some Barolo, of which, he tells us, they have a remarkably fine specimen.

We decide on *chianti*. It is some time before JOHNNIE can get over the waiter's never having heard of Montepulciano.

"Of course," he says to me, "you've heard of it." Yes, I fancy I have; but, trying to recall it, I cannot quote my authority unless it's somewhere in the *Bon Gualtier Ballads*. The line, I fancy, is "Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its native rock." This is unsatisfactory to JOHNNIE, who is just beginning to express his doubt as to whether Montepulciano is in Italy or Spain, when the breakfast arrives, and we cheer up a bit.

A RARE LEADER OF MEN.—General BOULANGER has made himself scarce.

GLEANINGS FROM GALLERIES.

At the Royal Society of British Artists, lovers of striking originality and thrilling sensation may whistle for WHISTLER, and sigh for WILLIAM-STOTTOFOLDHAM. There is no sign of the former but the yellow *velarium*, and the daring, sparsely clothed nymphs of the latter no longer disport themselves on the walls. The disciples of the Prophet of the White Lock are conspicuous by their absence; symphonies and nocturnes are no longer played in the gallery, and "arrangements" are disarranged altogether. The rule is no longer cabalistic, but Baylisstic. The even tenor of our way is no longer startled by a Boanergian *basso-profondo*, or the shrill shriek of a fanciful *falseto*. There is a soothing, pleasant, domestic tone about the pictorial music, undisturbed by daring discords, or Wagnerian waggeries. Notwithstanding this, there are not a few pictures which are mighty pleasant to behold, which give evidence of close study of Nature, earnest out-of-door work, and great manipulative dexterity. Among these may be noted the works by Messrs. HAYLLAR, G. S. HUNTER, YEEND KING, BASIL BRADLEY, EDWIN ELLIS, YGLESIAS, G. S. WALTERS, HALFKNIGHT, D. HARDY, CATERMOLE, DAVIDSON, W. S. JAY, FITZGERALD, W. H. PIKE, A. W. STRUTT, N. DAWSON, H. R. CAUTY, and others. There are also some clever portrait statuettes by Mr. OWEN HALE.

One of the very best Art Shows now to be seen in London is the Loan Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Both for quality and quantity it is extraordinary, and any one who is fortunate enough to get an invitation to inspect it should by no means neglect the opportunity. Since the introduction of photography, the art of Miniature painting has languished—indeed it has well-nigh gone out altogether. It is sincerely to be hoped this exhibition will be a means of the revival of the charming art. Nothing is more wearying to the eye than a collection of photographic portraits, but of these exquisite miniatures one never gets weary—one can visit the exhibition again and again. What to do with your Catalogue when you emerge from a picture-show is a problem that has never yet been solved. The managers of this exhibition meet the difficulty in most satisfactory fashion. *They lend you a Catalogue*, which you return to the attendant on leaving. Let other galleries imitate this noble example! THE ART-FUL DODGER.

"WITH A YEO, MY BOYS, YEO, HO!"—CHARLES SANTLEY sailed for Melbourne last Friday. Solo, unaccompanied. But we hope *en route* that he'll find a grand p-an'-o passage much to his liking. *Bon voyage!* and many happy returns.

Mr. MILVAIN, Q.C., has re-introduced his new Bill relating to whipping criminals. It will, of course, be retrospective in its operations.



A NEW GAME.

Tommy (to his French Nurse). "PASSEZ, THÉRÈSE!"

THE PHARISEE'S SUNDAY.

"To hedge people round with petty restrictions instead of teaching them nobility of conduct and a worthy use of liberty, is the perennial resource of shallow and incompetent reformers... A depraved and servile human nature, cribbed, cabined, and confined by an infinity of minute regulations enforced by the policeman, is their reading of the social problem. It follows from their miserable ideal that they are entirely careless of the fetters they may place upon rational freedom... A small minority occasionally injure themselves with bad liquor on Sunday, and these reformers can think of nothing better than to forbid the entire community to drink on Sundays at all."—*The "Times,"* on Mr. STEVENSON'S *Sunday Closing Bill*.

OUT on our paltering pedants, petty fry
Of ants who'd eat the core of Liberty!
Oh, for a MILTON'S virile voice to wake [shake]
The cant-drugged manhood in our midst, and
High Prigdom's dull despotic Dagon down.
And with one breath of freedom bless the town!

SMUGBY's a great Reformer! SMUGBY's soul
Pants with perennial zeal toward one goal.
"As I am," SMUGBY shouts, "should all
men be,

Where slavery's bliss, 'tis folly to be free;
And I, am I not blissful? Rapture fills
My swelling breast, shines in my rosy gills,
Irradiates my calm complacent face.
Let me but set my yoke upon the race
Marshal its manhood meekly in my train
And badge it to my taste—how great the gain!
Freedom's a snare, and liberty's a lure,
Complex Compulsion is your only cure.
Restraint's far-reaching regimen alone,
Straitness of garb, rigidity of zone,
The ordered movement and the measured pace
Will bring emancipation to the race!"

And what is SMUGBY? A fanatic fool,
Enthusiast of fad, and slave of rule,
Whose spindly Ego, drawn to sickly growth
By mental darkness, is exceeding loth
To let in light or trust to the fresh air
Of manly freedom lest they should impair
His spurious ideal. Who but he
Shines as the full-blown Modern Pharisee?
Anise, and mint, and cumin, these indeed
He measures with the most punctilious heed,
The broad phylactery suits his narrow soul,
The ordering of the platter and the bowl
For all mankind he deems his function fit,
To lasso Life's Leviathan, and bit
The social Behemoth would be his pride.
Humanity as his hobby-horse he'd ride,
To—wither? SMUGBY, howsoever he glose
Knows not; he never sees beyond his nose.

See SMUGBY's Sabbath! SMUGBY knows
not ease [please.
Whilst free-men shape their Sunday as they
He, petty special providence of man, [his plan.
Would make him breathe, eat, drink, upon
Some men are sots. Shall cocksure SMUGBY
shrink drink!
From despot logic? No! No man shall
That's SMUGBY's ultimatum, and his cure
For drunkenness—and freedom. Drink's a
lure

To the enfeebled few; to enslave the strong,
And spare the slaves temptation, can't be wrong
According to mechanic morals. No! [low
Because some things called men have sunk so
That opportunity breeds base excess
In their base nature, place restriction's stress
On sturdier manhood; the fanatic craves
One blessed boon; that all men shall be slaves,
Those to their lusts, and these to tyrant law.
So Freedom's slain; and by an Ass's jaw!

Pharisee Sunday! SMUGBY, sleek and fat
Club-guest, look on this picture, and on that!
The sot sits free—at home in peace to tope,
The honest sober toiler must not hope
For innocent refreshment on his way;
His Sunday meal, his Sabbath holiday
Must both be marred and hampered by re-
straints,

Which may mean little to our full-fed saints,
With handy clubs and cellars, but to him
Mean harmless pleasure spoiled by priggish
whim.

SMUGBY sees only grossly, in the gross;
The myriad forms of hardship and of loss,
Which only thoughtful sympathy may feel,
The maimed rites of the simple mid-day meal;
The morning walk robbed of its welcome rest
In sanded parlour, and the blameless zest
Of wholesome ale-draught, savouring bread-
and-cheese,

These, and a thousand petty wrongs like these,
SMUGBY is blind to; callous to all claims
That seem to cross his own fanatic aims.
Rather than his preposterous schemes should
fail,

He'd banish Liberty with Cakes and Ale,
And on slaves, sober but emasculate,
Build up his fleeting figment of a State.

The sickly, servile, small ideal, haunts
SMUGBY's fanatic soul; he loudly vaunts
Provisional advance, or snatched success.
But will his senseless schemes abide the
stress

Of the world's virile conflict,—the old fight
For manly freedom blent with willing right?
Nay; the invertebrate vain egotists
Will never conquer in Life's open lists.
Shut up the Publicans? No; if you please,
Punch will "shut up" the Modern Pharisees!

COMPTON'S ENTIRE

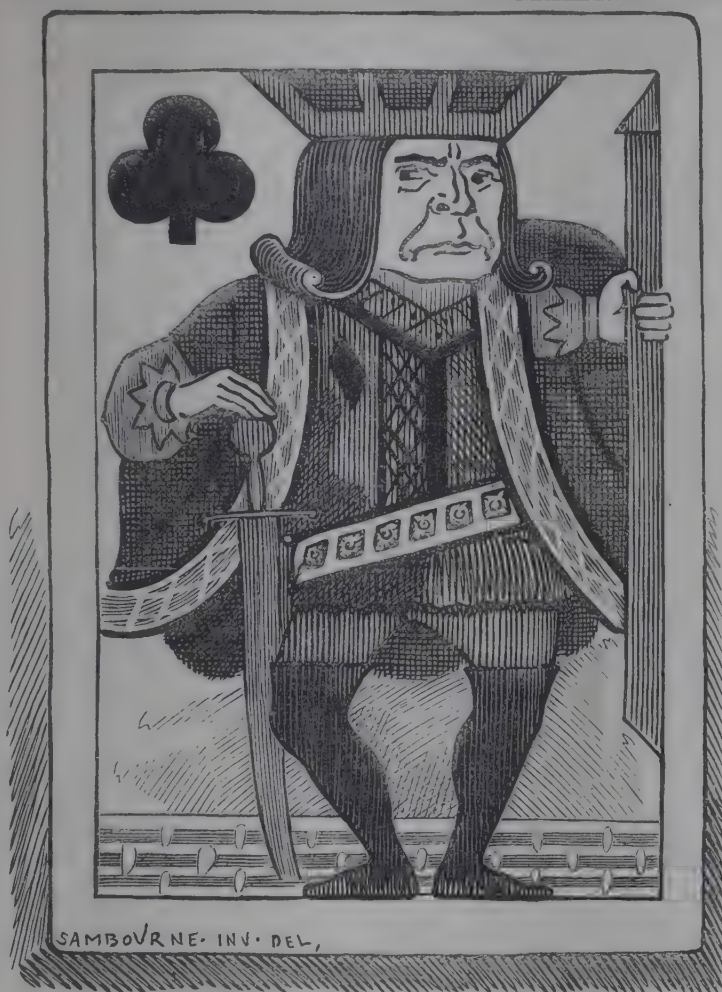


SUNDAY À LA PHARISEE.

(A Timely Warning.)

WORKING-MAN'S DAUGHTER. "PLEASE, I'VE COME FOR FATHER'S DINNER-BEER."
PUBRICAN. "SUNDAY, MY DEAR!—NO BEER O' SUNDAY! YOU SHOULD HA' FETCHED IT LAST NIGHT!!"

HABITUAT TOPER (*drops newspaper*). "DON' MAKE NO ODSH T' ME—GET IN LITT'L LOT O' LIQ'R SAT-NIGH—(*hic*) IN COORSE!!!"



MR. R. MANSFIELD AS RICHARD THE THIRD AT THE GLOBE.

A SONG AFTER LAMPLIGHT.

(As sung by the Swinburnian Gas-share-holder on reading a report of the inquiry now being held as to the working of the Electric Lighting Acts of 1882—1885.)

THE end has come of all our fume and fretting,
As, darkness deep'ning round us, O my brothers,
We watch this sun of ours sink to its setting
To herald an uprisen light to others.

No more the stream from poisoning meter seething
Shall stay and stint the stifling air around us,
Till it with breath of death, in this our breathing,
Through sense of cheating choke and gasp confound us.

No more! For spite the living load of blunder
That crushes life from every golden measure,
The "main" at length is riven—rent in sunder,
And scattered to the winds its hoarded treasure!

So hail, to fair Electric Installation!
No fear that it will find us mute to meet it.
Invaded, we will yield it habitation
And grovel in our gratitude to greet it.

Hail to its shares! and what, then, of those others?
"Gas will go down." Nay, class me not with jokers,
When I advise you, strongly, O my brothers!
To wire that one word "sell" straight to your brokers.

IMPORTANT EUROPEAN QUESTIONS.—A telegram last week informed us that "The Hereditary Prince of NASSAU, who has been at Loo, has gone to the Hague." Did the Hereditary win or lose at Loo? Did he take "Miss"? If the Prince has given up Loo, what, at present, is his little game?

THE MYSTERIOUS PIPE.—Another puff. Mr. VERINI writes to say that his Pipe will soon be out. It is his own patent, not yet made for the trade, and so Mr. Punch will not anticipate the interesting disclosure. Once known, the pipe, and its praises, will be in every smoker's mouth.

"WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR," &c.—The admirers of Mr. MANSFIELD as *Richard the Third* consider him "Very Dick." The non-admirers speak of his performance as "Very Dicky."

'ARRY ON CHIVALRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your letter 'asreached me, and give me a reglar' good laugh. *Me* engaged to be married? Who tipped you that kibosh, or is it your chaff? The world's awful given to Pigotting, CHARLIE, jest now, and no kid; But you didn't suck *that* in, now did yer? You wos a fair mug if you did.

Not pereisely, my pippin. No, thank; I know a game wuth two o' that. I am not a Buchananite, CHARLIE, so don't write me down for a flat. Read your dear *D. T.* lately, no doubt, my dear boy? Well, then, wot do you think

Of this "Chivalry" question, which ROBERT has got in no end of a kink?

I ain't much up in histry, myself, it seems dismally dry tommy-rot, Fur as ever yours truly looked into it, a regular rummy old lot Our ancestors seem to have bin; blooming geesers all round, big and small; And, like LABBY, I think it's a pity we ever 'ad any at all.

Wot this Chivalry wos, mate, fust off, BOB BUCHANAN may know—or he mayn't— But if it meant making the Woman a speeches of gingerbread Saint, And a bobbin' around her with billy-doods, big battle-haxes, and such, Like a lot of tin-kettles with trimmings, it won't work to-day, mate, not much.

BUCHANAN's a poet, they tell me, and poets don't nick me, nohow, Kind o' long-winded loonatics, mostly, dead-nuts on the biggest bow-wow; Sort of gushing G. O. M.'s in metre; and Chivalry, if you arsk *me*, Seems a storor-stuffed poetical "property," all bloomin' fiddle-de-dee.

Knights be jolly well jiggered, I say, 'cept the turtle-fed City Swell sort, Like Sir ROBERT, the Parnell-boohooer; now he *is* a plucky old Sport; But you don't ketch him planking on Chivalry; no, it's as much out o' date As DON QUICKSHOT's old crock, Rosy Nanty, would be in a race for a Plate.

But Woman! Well, Woman's all right enough, not arf a bad sort of thing When a fellow is young and permiskus. And when he has 'ad his fair fling, And wants quiet diggings or nussing, she do come in 'andy no doubt; In fack, taking Woman all round, she's good goods the world earn't do without.

But washup 'er, CHARLIE? Wot bunkum!—as Mrs. LYNN LINTON remarks. To watch *her* wire into 'er sex like Jemimer, old man, is rare larks. She do let 'em 'ave it to-rights. 'Ow I larf as she lays on the lash! It must rile 'er to know she's a She, but I do like 'er devil and dash.

ROBERT's down on the Modern Young Man, who's a 'ARRY sez he ('ang his cheek!)

With a H.! Now that give me the needle, old man. I ain't mealy or meek, Nor yet one of yer rhyme-pumping milksops wot look on a gal as a saint, But I *do* know the petticoats, yus, and I'm fly to palaver and paint.

I'm a Modern Young Man, if there is one, a "Cynick" right down to the ground;

Wich means that I am not a juggins, nor yet to be copped on the bound. Pap's *passy*, old pal; pooty sentiment's fairly played out; no one 'ooks Yours truly with patter of "fame and fair women, and beautiful books."

Yah! Sech hantyduluvian kibosh may cosset up kittens or kids, But Chivalry ain't in the 'unt when it's matched agen Class and the quids. Your Magdalen muck will not wash, nor we don't *want* it washed, wich is more, In Bohemia p'raps it might work, in the Strand sech soft soap is a bore.

BOB BUCHANAN may lather his 'ardest, may scrub and blow bubbles like steam, But his moral Spring-clean won't come off, it's a quill-driving laundress's dream. Old mivvies are too fond of sluicing and tidying-up like all round; Let Chivalry's charwomen chatter; they won't mop *me* up, I'll be bound.

The Modern Young Man? Wy, that's *Me*, CHARLIE! 'ARRY's the model and type,

But no more like BUCHANAN's stuffed dummy than prime *pully sowty*'s like tripe. At the Pubs or the Clubs it's all one; it is me sets the fashion, old pal; And we're all of a mind to a hinch about togs, lotion, larks, or a gal.

This here Chivalry ain't in our *maynoo*; we ain't sech blind mugs as all that. The Modern Young Man must be wide-oh! He's never a spoon or a flat; Takes nothink on trust, don't "part" easy, is orkurd to nobble or spoof; And there's only three things he believes in—hissself, a prime lark, and the oof.

There you 'ave it, BUCHANAN, my buffer, put neat in a nutshell, old man. We *don't* dream, or kotow to the petticoats; no, Sir, that isn't our plan; And you arsk wot we're coming to? Well, you may arsk and arsk on till all's blue,

But one thing we *ain't* coming to, BOB, that's to learn of a poet—like you!

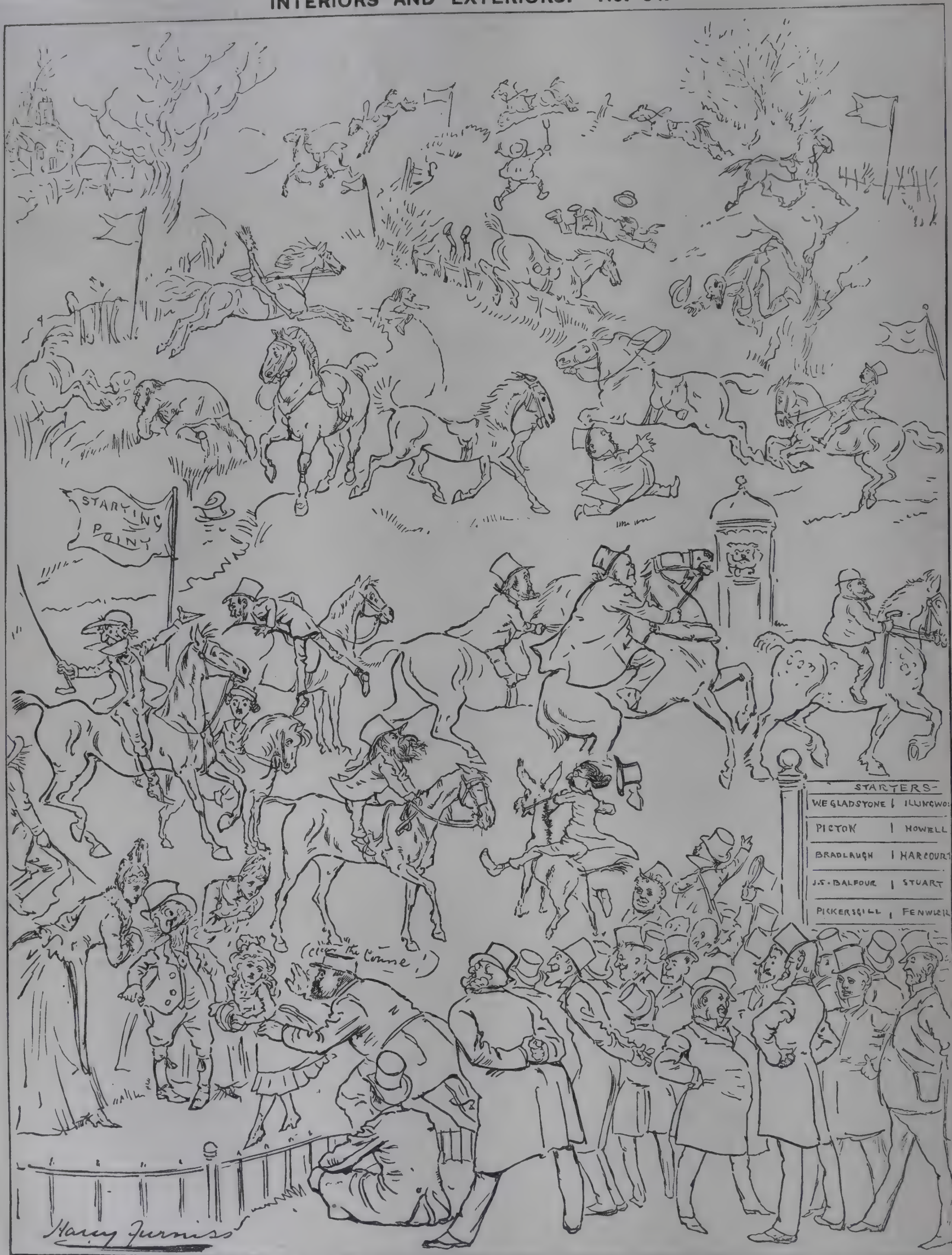
If I wrote a Young Man's Confessions, like Mr. GEORGE MOORE, as you say— Don't know him myself, but he seems to be fly to the right time o' day. I should make you sit up jest a mossel; and this I can promise, old chap, You'll find no tinpot "Chivalry" there, nor no moonstruck poetical pap.

Woman washup's good fun in its way; I can fake it myself, dontcher know— With a jolly clear heye to wot's wot, and a sense of the true *quid* for *quo*— But be a mere moke to the Feminines, mugged up to kneel, fetch, and carry? That may do for Chivalry-Bob, but I'm blowed if it will for

Yours,

'ARRY.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 64.



THE PARLIAMENTARY STEEPLECHASE.—A Sketch of those who were not "in it."



"ONE GOOD TURN." &c.

City Man (to one of his Clerks he finds fishing in his Ornamental Water). "LOOK HERE, SMITHERS, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO GIVING YOU A DAY NOW AND THEN 'TO ATTEND YOUR AUNT'S FUNERAL'—BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT SEND SOME OF THE FISH UP TO THE HOUSE!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWELFTH EVENING.

"THERE is a small boy I know very well," said the Moon. "He is quite a philosopher in his way, but last Christmas he was in great perplexity. It is the time of year when it is usual to present many people, and particularly small boys, with pieces of bright new money, as perhaps you are aware?"

(*Mr. Punch owned that he was not unacquainted with the custom, and the Moon proceeded:*) "Well, this boy had a large circle of friends, and as most of them had given him a coin of some kind, both the pockets of his knickerbockers were so full that he could not run about with any comfort. At first he had been very pleased with the jingle he produced, and exhibited his treasures to everybody he met—not as a hint to follow



the example, which I am afraid is sometimes the motive for these artless displays—but in the simple pride of his heart. Soon, however, this pride had waned, which was largely due to the persecution he underwent from his family. They all told him that he was very young indeed to have so much money—which was true enough, but then he could not grow up any faster than he *was* doing! Next they wanted to be told what he intended to do with it all, and he had not the smallest idea, which made it embarrassing.

"But the worst came when they began to suggest various ways in which he ought to employ his wealth. His Father said that, if he was a really wise boy, he should lay it out on some useful books which he would learn to value more the older he grew. His Mother thought that, as he had worn out so many boots lately, he ought to treat him-

self to a nice strong pair of new ones. His Uncle described how, when he was much younger than his nephew, he had begun steadily saving up all his money to buy himself a gold watch and chain by the time he was a young man, and how, on the very day he came of age, he was able—thanks to his self-denial and foresight—to carry out his ambition. He did not mention that both watch and chain had been stolen as he was walking home from the jeweller's shop, because that would have spoilt all the moral. But the little boy was not attracted by the idea, for he had a handsome sixpenny watch already, which looked just like gold. Then an Aunt (who had not given him anything) said that there were plenty of little boys and girls who had nothing to eat, and no warm clothes; but that, the Uncle said, was all stuff, and if he gave away the money in charity he would only be imposed upon, and do more harm than good. However, they all agreed that he was a very fortunate boy, and ought to be exceedingly careful what he did with his riches.

By-and-by, after he had listened for most of the afternoon to these exhortations, I saw him come out without his cap into the winter dusk, and walk thoughtfully down the garden-path, with both fists thrust deep in his pockets. His little face looked grave and care-ridden, and I could see that his responsibilities were already weighing heavily on his mind. He took out all his money, and looked at it as it lay in a heap in his joined hands—how they shone, all those bright new florins and shillings and sixpences, as my rays fell on them! I thought he had come out to count them and gloat over them like a miser, as he stood there at the bottom of the garden, which was separated from an adjoining canal by a low wall. Suddenly, as if he had at last made up his mind after careful deliberation, he tossed both handfuls over the wall. I saw the coins flash for a moment in the air, and then make little grey spurts in the blackish water before vanishing for ever. He searched both pockets to see if he had any more, and found a sixpence in a corner he had overlooked. That followed the rest; and then, quite light-hearted and relieved again, he ran back into the house, and informed his family of the manner in which he had disposed of his wealth. They were all very angry with him—especially the Aunt—and called him a very foolish and naughty little boy; but I am not so sure," said the Moon, reflectively, "that he was really so foolish after all!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 1. — Was Father FARRELL inebriated, with WINDBAG-SEXTON's verbosity, or other effluent? This a supplementary question suggested by JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. Story altogether a little mixed. CORBET says, Father F. went to police barracks in Arklow to surrender himself to the police; Constable SACKVILLE, apparently not approving the procedure, seized him by the throat; whereupon, other constables, not to be behindhand in activity, batoned people, wounding eight men, against whom it was not even alleged they had booed for BALFOUR.



"Sits up."

These more or less plain facts CORBET wants to submit to BALFOUR; when up jumps JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, and (in Parliamentary sense of course) seizes him by throat and says Father F. was drunk. Uproar on Irish Benches; cries of "Shame!" CLANCY denounces statement as "gross and cowardly calumny"; JOHNSTON begins to wish he was back at Ballykilbeg; Colonel LAURIE sits up, expecting scrimmage. Then JOHNSTON explains. It was true he had said Father F. was drunk. It was denied by his friends. But, JOHNSTON asks triumphantly, Is it not a fact that the barrack-gate was open when Father F. rang the bell, and if so, why did he ring the bell? Q. E. D.

No getting over that. The influence of logic too strong in Irish breasts to justify resistance to this proposition. The clear mind of JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, piercing the mists of prejudice, had seen it all; the open gate; the dangling bell-rope; Father F. pulling at it to arrest attention of hall-porter, whereas he might have walked in without pulling the bell at all. Argal, Father F. was drunk. After this MACNEILL, with potato, larger and hotter than usual, in his mouth, insisting upon knowing why certain telegram had been misdirected, fell a little flat. Telegram, sent by Father M'FADDEN from Derry Gaol, addressed to MACNEILL at House of Commons, delivered at Dublin Castle, a place MACNEILL never tenanted. Read out telegram in tempestuous way. Sentences punctuated by the unmanageable potato. BALFOUR hinted that telegram had been withheld because of its vituperativeness. MACNEILL put it to the House, really desiring to be informed, wherein was message vituperative? All it had said was, the "bold mendacity of BALFOUR has become unbearable." If prisoners were not to offer to distant friends casual observations like this, what were we coming to? After this the House got into Committee on Naval Scheme, talked till midnight, when OLD MORALITY pounced.

Business done.—Increased Expenditure on Navy agreed to.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting. Chief talk about restoration of Westminster Hall, nearly finished now. Cost £43,000; some nice rooms added in wing where old Law Courts stood; meant for Grand Committees; would make charming dining-rooms. Objection chiefly taken to staircases built in Hall to approach these chambers. CAVENDISH BENTINCK says, Architect probably one of Mr. SPURGEON's Congregation; has sat and stared at Tabernacle Pulpit and its stairways till he's got them on the brain, and reproduces them in Westminster Hall.

GEORGE CAMPBELL seizes opportunity to pass off little joke on House. Introduces himself as "a modest man," also "a sober man." House taken in at first, but recognised his voice, and booed.

PLUNKET stood on staircase, resolutely defending it. Assault beaten off; staircase remained.

Evening Sitting. BROADHURST moved Resolution calling attention to condition of Poor in large towns.

SYDNEY GEDGE pooh-poohed the whole business. Whatever measure of evil might exist, all due, he says, to people who pander to the poor. What with free education, free meals, cheaper houses, Peabody's Buildings, and the rest, poor people attracted to towns, and so the evil grew.

"GEDGE has hit nail on head," said WILFRID LAWSON. "His ideas, if carried out, would soon put end to crowding in towns. Make the people live in pigsties, shut up the schools, stamp out the soup-kitchens, and make things otherwise hot for them, and they'll stop away. If they don't, let's have a cordon round the Metropolis;

some of BALFOUR's Irish Police with their batons; when they see poor man making for London in search of work, let them fall on him as if he'd booed for BALFOUR, or cheered for O'BRIEN's breeches. GEDGE the man for my money; goes to the root of things."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—In Lords, MILLTOWN arrived with what he recommended to the House as "Bill of extremely simple character." Proposes that if BILL SIKES be found in another gentleman's house with



Lord Milltown letting "the Cat" out of the Bag.

burglarious intent and armed with firearms, BILL shall be incontinently flogged. COWPER doubtful about the Bill. Feeling in the country (more especially in the neighbourhood where BILL SIKES lives), very strong against flogging. But the House, including MARKISS, backed it up, and on Division, carried by 37 votes to 9.

BILL SIKES himself interesting spectator from Strangers' Gallery. Left his dawg at home; disguised himself as undertaker, that being his notion of perfection of respectability. No difficulty

in getting order; sat out debate with keen and intelligent interest. Once attention called off by spectacle of Mace in possession of stout little gentleman, with large head and wig to match, who sat on Woolsack. "Could double him up quick," said BILL, reflectively, "and bolt with the swag. Wonder how it would melt up? Pr'aps it's only gilt." WILLIAM's attention called back by stout little gentleman rising from Woolsack to support Bill—not SIKES, but MILLTOWN's measure.

"I don't like this 'ere letting the cat out of the bag," said BILL, moodily, as, business of sitting completed, he walked out.

In Commons, Naval Defence Resolution again under discussion. CHILDERS moved Amendment raising constitutional question of arrangement providing necessary funds. Nothing could exceed importance of question. Millions in it, besides the constitutional issue at stake. That being so, Members with one accord hurried off when CHILDERS began. By time he had proved his case less than a score present.

"Capital fellow, CHILDERS," said SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate. "Full of information; brimming over with facts; possesses acute and logical mind. Can't understand why House won't remain to listen to him. Have come out myself to see where Members can be. Probably find them in the smoke-room. Shall go and see."

Much more excitement about horseflesh Bill when it came on. Windbag SEXTON, who hadn't spoken for at least ten minutes—not since Merchant Shipping Tonnage Bill disposed of—interposed; moved to omit clause which confined operation of measure to England. Why should Ireland be left unprotected?

Then JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg rushed in and scored one off ancient enemies. Would certainly support Amendment, he said. If there was Free-trade in horseflesh in Ireland, there was every probability of the dish being introduced at Lord Mayor's Banquet in Dublin. Windbag SEXTON couldn't see this joke. House did, and laughed consumedly.

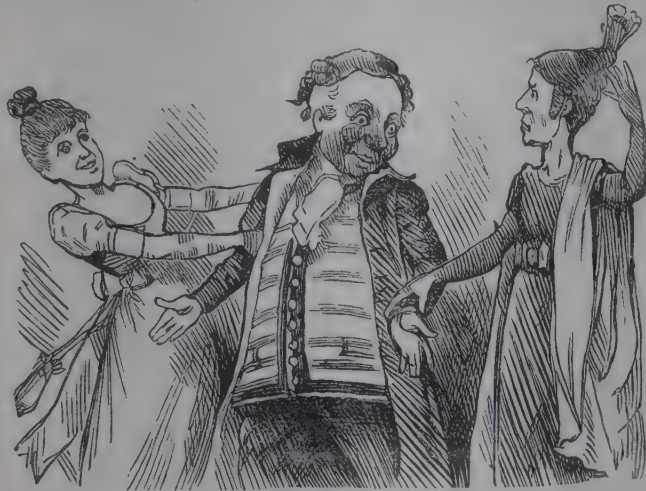
Business done.—Committee on Naval Defence Resolutions.

Friday.—Spent really pleasant and interesting evening discussing Small-pox and Vaccination. PICTON introduced subject. STANSFELD naturally attracted to Front Opposition Bench, otherwise, save for presence of LYON PLAYFAIR, empty. FARQUHARSON triumphantly vindicated Scotch Nation from idle charge of lack of humour. PICTON moved for appointment of Royal Commission with avowed object of bringing about repeal of law establishing Compulsory Vaccination. FARQUHARSON seconded Amendment, thus securing opportunity for delivering speech that entirely destroyed PICTON's case. RITCHIE granted Commission, not because he had slightest doubt of efficacy of Vaccination, but as probably best means of opening dull eyes, and confounding fanaticism. Thus, everyone pleased all round; celebrated occasion by Counting Out House.

Business done.—Royal Commission on Vaccination agreed to.

PLAY-TIME.

Two Italian Operas in London next season. "De deux 'shows,'—une,"—as a rule; we wish success to both. AUGUSTUS AQUARIUS BLANCHARDIUS,—he will take these titles if he has anything to do



Mr. Fred Thorne between Tragedy and Comedy at the Vaudeville.

with the Aquarium offishially, and with BLANCHARD'S (not Pantomime BLANCHARD) Restaurant,—DRURIO LANUS, COUNTY-COUNCIL-LARIUS, leads the way at Covent Garden; and in July, when *Macbeth* has been slain for the last time, M. MAYER, the indefatigable impresario of the French Company at the Royalty Theatre, is to produce VERDI'S *Otello* at the Lyceum, with two hundred orchestra and chorus, all alive O! from La Scala. M. VICTOR MAUREL is to be the immaurel *Iago*. As any impresario should have a strong back to carry all this on his shoulders, we hope Mr. MAYER is strongly backed, as it is "Money makes the MAYER to go."

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. II.—THE TOPICAL-POLITICAL.

In most respects, no doubt, the present example can boast no superiority to ditties in the same style now commanding the ear of the Public. One merit, however, its author does claim for it. Though it deals with most of the burning questions of the hour, it can be sung anywhere with absolute security. This is due to a simple but ingenious method by which the political sentiment has been arranged on the reversible principle. A little alteration here and there will put the singer in close touch with an audience of almost any shade of politics. Should it happen that the title has been already anticipated, *Mr. Punch* begs to explain that the remainder of this sparkling composition is entirely original; any similarity with previous works must be put down entirely to "literary coincidence." Whether the title is new or not, it is a very nice one, viz:—

BETWEEN YOU AND ME—AND THE POST!

(To be sung in a raucous voice, and with a confidential air.)

I've dropped in to whisper some secrets I've heard.

Between you and me and the Post!

Picked up on the wing by a 'cute little bird.

We are gentlemen 'ere—so the caution's absurd,

Still, you'll please to remember that every word

Is between you and me and the Post!

Chorus (to which the Singer should dance).

Between you and me and the Post! An 'int is sufficient at most. I'd very much rarthier this didn't go farther, than 'tween you and me and the Post!

At Lord SORLSBURY's table there's sech a to-do.

Between you and me and the Post!

When he first ketches sight of his dinner menoo,

And sees he's set down to good old Irish stoo—

Which he's sick of by this time—now, tell me, ain't you?

Between you and me and the Post!

(This happy and pointed allusion to the Irish Question is sure to provoke loud laughter from an audience of Radical sympathies. For Unionists, the words "Lord SORLSBURY's" can be altered by our patent reversible method into "the G. O. M.'s," without at all impairing the satire.) Chorus, as before.

The G. O. M.'s hiding a card up his sleeve.

Between you and me and the Post!

Any ground he has lost he is going to retrieve,

And what his little game is, he'll let us perceive,

And he'll pip the whole lot of 'em, so I believe,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(The hit will be made quite as palpably for the other side by substituting "Lord SORLSBURY's," &c., at the beginning of the first line, should the majority of the audience be found to hold Conservative views.)

BALFOUR isn't touched by a patriot's woes.

Between you and me and the Post!

The 'ero O'BRIEN in prison he throws.

But the martyr sits there with his thumb to his nose,

For he's got back the principal part of his close,

[M.-H. rhyme for "clothes."]

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(This verse will need no alteration, being delicately adjusted to either extreme. A pause should always be allowed after every proper name for cheers, hisses, and counter-cheers.)

Little RANDOLPH won't long be left out in the cold.

Between you and me and the Post!

If they'll let him inside the Conservative fold,

He has promised no longer he'll swagger and scold,

But to be a good boy, and to do as he's told,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(The mere mention of Lord RANDOLPH's name is sufficient to ensure the success of any song.)

JOEY CHAMBERLAIN's orchid's a bit overblown,

Between you and me and the Post!

(This is rather subtle, perhaps, but an M.-H. audience will see a joke in it somewhere, and laugh.)

'Ow to square a Round Table I'm sure he has shown.

(Same observation applies here.)

But of late he's been leaving his old friends alone,

And I fancy he's grinding an axe of his own,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(We now pass on to Topics of the Day, which we treat in a light but trenchant fashion.)

BOULANGER to Brussels has jest done a guy:

Between you and me and the Post!

And all his supporters are wondering why.

But BOULANGER's as artful a bird as he's shy—

I've a notion he'll turn up agen by and by,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

From some letters I've read I am getting to doubt,

Between you and me and the Post!

Whether Chivalry isn't a fashion gone out;

For they say with the Ladies each man is a lout.

But I don't think they know what they're torking about,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

Any drink on a Sunday will soon be denied,

Between you and me and the Post!

Unless you are out on a walk or a ride.

But I year there's a method of getting supplied,

If you just tell the barman it's all "bona fide"—

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

On the noo County Councils they've too many nob's,

Between you and me and the Post!

For the Swells stick together, and sneer at the mobs;

And it's always the rich man the poor one who robs.

We shall 'ave the old business—all jabber and jobs!

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

There's a new rule for ladies presented at Court,

Between you and me and the Post!

High necks are allowed, so no colds will be cort.

But I went to the Droring-Room lately, and thort

Some old wimmen had dressed quite as low as they ort!

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

By fussy Alarmists we're too much annoyed,

Between you and me and the Post!

If we don't want our neighbours to think we're afroid,

[M.-H. rhyme.]

Spending dibs on defence we had better avoid.

And give 'em instead to the pore Unemployed.

[M.-H. political economy.]

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

This style of perlitical singing ain't hard,

Between you and me and the Post!

As a "Mammoth Comique" on the bills I am starred,

And, so long as I'm called, and angeored, and hurrar'd,

I can rattle off rubbish like this by the yard,

Between you and me and the Post!

[Chorus, and dance off to sing the same Song—with or without alterations—in another place.]

A HAPPY RETURN.—Welcome back to town, *The Don*, not Don TOOLE of Tooleo, but our Lon-Don TOOLE,—at his own Theatre on Easter Monday. Many happy "returns" to him on that and every other day.

TO A HAGGIS.

SOME WAY AFTER ROBBIE BURNS. BY A SCOTCH M.P.



Scotchman. "AWEEL, IT DOES NA LOOK BAD; WE'LL JUST SEE HOW IT'LL CUT UP!"

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain of the pudding-race!
Aye, in your weel-swail'd round I trace
Much that must charm.
Some say ye're worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

LORD-ADVOCATE, that canny chiel,
Wha'll rival RITCHIE at a Bill,
Says that our Scottish wames ye'll fill
In time o' need.
We'll welcome ye wi' right gude will
If 'ts sae indeed.

But soon we Scots our knives will dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
To see if your *inside's* a' right,
Not "quisby snitch,"

But gushin' on our gladden'd sight
Warm-reekin, rich!
To-day all parties stretch an' strive,
Deil tak' the hindmost on they drive.
Weel, we will test your kyte belyve.
Nae hollow drums
Must meet us when your sides we rive.
Scots like not "hums."
Ye're mixtie-maxtie, like the stew
Of Ireland, or some French *ragout*;
But an the recipe be true,
As I'm a sinner,
We Scots will settle down to you
As a braw dinner.
But if ye're stuffed with tripe an' trash
Unworthy o' a Cockney hash,

Our tongues shall fa' like good whip-lash
On, him—nae wit—
Wha doun sae dowff a dish could dash,
For Scots unfit.

True Scottish Members, haggis-fed,
O'er your warm reek will wag the head,
An if ye prove a sham, ye're dead
As clean's a whistle.
The Shamrock *may* be bogle-led,
But no the Thistle!

Ye pow'rs wha mak' the State your care,
And dish us out our bills o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae shinking ware,
In yonder bag is,
We trust—'tis Caledonia's prayer—
A true Scotch Haggis!

CONCERNING A RECENT ENGINEERING FEAT.

The Very First Lord of the Admiralty is interviewed by MR. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch (bowing politely). Perhaps, my Lord, you could give me a little information. I hear that your Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. RICHARD SENNETT, has sent in his resignation, having joined the well-known firm of MAUDSLAY, SONS AND FIELD. Is this the case?

The Very First Lord (pleasantly). Yes, Mr. Punch; you have been correctly informed. It is. You see, it is the humorous custom of this Department to undervalue the services of first-class scientific experts, and to offer them accordingly inadequate remuneration. As Mr. RICHARD SENNETT was, when in our service, at the head of the largest Steam Navy in the world, we naturally endeavoured to cut down his salary to as low a figure as possible, and fixed it, therefore, at £1000 a year. As any engineering firm in the kingdom will pay a far handsomer stipend than this, even to the head of a single Department, he, oddly enough, perhaps being deficient in a sense of humour, on the first opportunity presenting itself, actually threw up the post and left us.

Mr. Punch. Quite so. But do you find so economical—ahem!—a system of doing business answer?

The Very First Lord (considering). Well,—um—perhaps not. In fact, rather the contrary; for we cannot command the services even of our own able men. Indeed, all the leading posts in high-class Engineering Firms are, it is of course satisfactory to know, at the present moment, filled by scientific experts who have taken honours at the Royal Naval College itself.

Mr. Punch (severely). Certainly, that is very satisfactory. Some people would consider the information rather startling. May I ask, my Lord, what you intend to do?

The Very First Lord (jovially). Well, to be quite frank with you, Mr. Punch, I don't know what our intentions may be, but I can confidently tell you what we shall do, and that will be—just nothing!

[Left smiling amiably as interview terminates.]

A SONG OF THE NEW SHIPS.

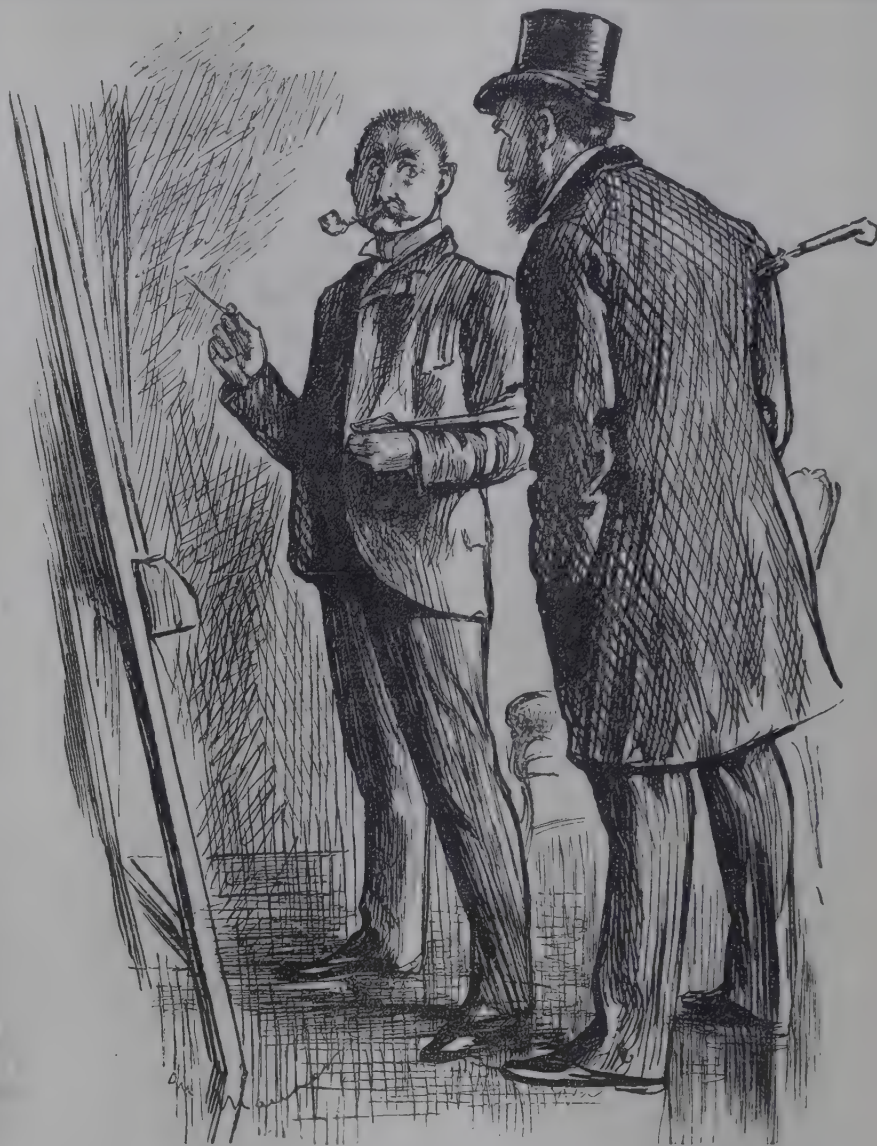
Piped in the Cock-pit by Lord Ch-rl-s B-r-sf-rd.

WHITE, my boy, take my congratulation
That you haven't by fads been misled,
But have studied the wants of the Nation
Till you've hit the right nail on the head.
For that each one his own hobby runs, Sir,
Is a fact that you've palpably seen,
And in measuring armour and guns, Sir,
You've adroitly just touched on the mean.
And your critics you've one and all scattered,
First and foremost among them old REED,
For his fads you've undoubtedly shattered,
And have stuck to your guns about "speed."
Just as if our tars led into action,
When they found themselves safe from attack,
From that fact would derive satisfaction
If they couldn't send double shot back!
"Why," they'd say, "let the darned Mounseer sink us,
Anyways, if we 'ain't fit to swim!"
Why! a precious fine crew he will think us,
If we ends this without sinking him!"
But you've steered clear of that, and provided
Just the ships that the country most needs;
And for that simple fact I've decided
You're worth just twenty critical REEDS!
And although some slight drawbacks may fetter
Your plain scheme; and some judges perverse
With a sneer say it might have been better,
I avow, Sir, it might have been worse!

ORIGINAL STOCK.—Last Saturday the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, M. DE BL-W-TZ as usual we suppose, gave some valuable information with regard to M. DILLON, the Boulangist. "His father," wrote M. DE B., "was a M. PIERRE DILLON, of Paris, but it is probable that he was remotely of Irish extraction." Probable? Most improbable; why M. DE B. will be saying next that the families of McMAHON and O'DONNELL were originally Celtic; and maybe he won't stop at that, but he'll be after asserting that O'DWYER, O'BRIEN, O'CONNELL are "remotely of Irish extraction." Then, *vice versa*, he might trace Mr. BIGGAR back to the old French family of "BE GAR."

Pro and Con.

"THE Whigs hate Home Rule" (say Gladstonian Rads),
"Because they all look on the Shamrock with spleen!"
"And you" (the Whigs answer) "are angrv, my lads,
Because you desire to see 'Whigs on the Green.'"



TAKING ONE TOO LITERALLY.

Old Friend. "WELL, BROWNE! WHAT ARE YOU SENDING TO THE EXHIBITION THIS YEAR?"

Our Artist (who really thinks he's done a good thing at last, and longs for a little praise). "OH—SAME OLD ROT, AS YOU SEE!"

Old Friend. "AH—WELL—ANYHOW IT BRINGS GRIST TO THE MILL, I SUPPOSE!" [MORAL.—Don't be too modest.]

ART AND LETTERS. (Too Late!)

From G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.—Good Old Boss,—Guess you'll see something in the 'Cademy from this artistic cuss that'll give 'em all fits. No'tain't a portrait of a tailor. It's a "Saumon Fusher." A brawny gent from town has just hooked a fush, and the Laird's Gillie is down on him. "Hoot awa! as the Scotch owl said," says the Gillie, "ye'll just come out o' this landscape. Ye've nae beesniss here!" Is it going to Amurriky? Why, cert'nly. G. H. B.

From Our Own Inspector.—The Ex-President of B. A. tells me he has three fine pictures:—(1) *Bayliss and the Butterfly*, a harmony in Suffolk Street; (2) *Fancy Portrait of the Artist* by himself, entitled *White Lock on the Understanding*; (3) *Lady Jane Grey*, seen through the mist of history. The question is, What will he do with them? Mr. POYNTER was out, but I was informed by a confidential friend, that the title of his chief picture is *The End of the Sybarite*. You will naturally ask, "Which end?" Both, as he is lying at full length on marble floor prostrated by indigestion. The heads of various slaves, some of whom have met their fate for having failed in ringing the dinner-bell punctually, and others in not having brought the pancakes at the very moment of frizzling, are strewn about the palace. The Court physician is carrying off the last remnant of a large cucumber for analysis. The Period is that of the 1st Gulpus.

From Colin Hunter, A.R.A.—Dear Mr. Editor.—Something quite new. Public is fond of variety. Fishing-boats going out, or coming in, whichever the little dear of a purchaser likes. He pays his money and takes his picture. Does it matter what the boats are doing as long as the coin is coming in and the pictures going out? I like painting boat and sea. Why? Because of the sale. See? ha! ha! Yours in haste, C. H.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF "BLACK AND WHITE ART."—The International Chess Congress.

A MODEST MAHARAJAH.

THE Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH informs our gracious QUEEN that he does not think it is any good asking for his kingdom back again; so he is going to take it. He apparently does think that it is some use asking for the Koh-i-Noor, as he does not, in his recent letter to the Empress of INDIA, announce any intention of laying violent hands on the "Mountain-of-Light." He even proposes to purchase that trinket for current Koh-i-n-ore of the realm. We shall not judge "the deeply-wronged legitimate Sovereign of the Sikhs" too severely if, by fair force of arms, he recovers his kingdom. It will only be a case of Sikhs of one and half-a-dozen of the other. But the errant Maharajah, the Wandering Jew in quest of a wandering jewel, has profited by his experience of Western civilisation to such an extent, that he publishes his "correspondence" with HER MAJESTY before there is any answer. The reply, however, *Mr. Punch* happens to know, is an inquiry, couched in the most courteous official terms, as to whether DHULEEP SINGH will have the Koh-i-Noor now, or await its receipt in due course. The Lion of the Punjab is understood to prefer the more immediate realisation of his modest proposal. Meanwhile his *entourage* are becoming anxious. They fear that, like *Mr. Winkle* in the affair of the hackney-coachman, the uncrowned King of the Jekyll-and-Hide and Sikhs, is going to begin, and Du-look before DHULEEP is the constant burden of their Singh-song in consequence.

DUE SOUTH.

Rome—No Smoke—Dark Ages—Jupiter Pluvius—Morning Call—St. Peter's.

BREAKFAST restores us to fairly good spirits. If it were not muggy and close indoors, and raining and generally filthy outside, we should be rollicking. "However," says JOHNNIE, leaning back and pulling out his cigar-case, as the waiter brings in the coffee, "the great charm of a foreign hotel is that you can smoke your cigar immediately you've finished, without leaving the table." And he strikes a light. "Beg pardon, Sir," interposes the civil Waiter, "but smoking is not allowed here. Only in the smoking-room."

"What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, in a voice of thunder. The Waiter shrugs his shoulders; such is the case; he, the Waiter, personally would wish it otherwise, but Monsieur the gentleman will understand that *he*, as only Waiter, is not responsible for it. "But——" JOHNNIE restrains himself, and, with suppressed fury, requests to be shown to the smoking-room. The Waiter, coffee in hand, motions us to follow him. "Of all the, &c.," I hear JOHNNIE muttering as he walks along, anathemas not loud but deep, and I perfectly agree with him. We enter a small room, commanding a view of the Piazza, which is something, but in all other respects a mere repetition of any old-fashioned smoking-room in the hotel of an old-world English cathedral town, with the usual "writing-materials," consisting of half a sheet of measly-looking blotting-paper, a small cheap ink-stand, with very little ink in it, and a steel pen that looks as if it had been used as a pipe-picker, the inevitable *Bradshaw* of a date long past, one or two advertising books on the table, and some advertising pictures on the walls. "And this," exclaims JOHNNIE, "is civilisation in Rome!! Not smoke in the Restaurant after dinner!! Bah! I've got a precious good mind to chuck the whole thing up, and go straight back to Monte Carlo." And so great is the upset to his habits and ideas of social enjoyment, that, but for my undertaking to interview the landlord on the subject and obtain some concession, he would, as he expresses it, chuck up the whole bag of tricks, which includes St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Coliseum and all that makes Rome Rome, and go back *hic et nunc* to Monte Carlo, "Where," as he says, "at all events a fellow is in a civilised place, and can

smoke at his own table, in his own hotel, and take his ease at his inn."

I promise further, on condition of his remaining, to undertake all the *cicero*ing trouble, and to personally conduct him everywhere. "And first of all," I say, "as it's raining, let's drive to St. Peter's, where we



First View of Rome from Triumphal Roman Car.

can spend the afternoon." Agreed. Is *this* Rome, as seen from the Roman Car, under a hood, on a pouring wet day? If it is, the streets are scarcely wider than Chancery Lane, and the slush and mud are far worse. But for the prospect of seeing St. Peter's, we—both of us being in the same sweet humour—would pack up our things and return to Monte Carlo.

En route it occurs to me that I have to leave a card on a distinguished Monsignore dwelling within the precincts of St. Peter's.

As JOHNNIE speaks Italian, limited, but apparently intelligible, I propose that he shall accompany me. He will with pleasure. We ascend the steps on the Vatican side. We are challenged by one of the Swiss Guards. The Merry Swiss Boy, in canary-coloured uniform with zebra stripes over it, is six foot two and very courteous. He indicates where we may find the Monsignore's door. Ascending the stairs, we encounter a gorgeous officer in a mediæval costume. JOHNNIE is of opinion that he is a "noble guard." The "Nobil Signor"—(I remember this from the Page's Song in *Gli Ugonotti*—"didicisse fideliter Italianas Operas"—making "Opera" feminine—is evidently of some use to a stranger in Rome—the Nobil Signor cannot be too courteous. The Monsignore, he informs us, lives on the "*primo piano*"—sounds as if he were a music-teacher—and thither we go. We are admitted by Monsignore's *concierge*, a little snuffy man in threadbare black, like a second-rate lawyer's clerk, into a comparatively unfurnished apartment, where he is keeping himself warm with snuff and a small charcoal fire in a *brasero*,—at least, such JOHNNIE tells me is the name of the large frying-pan without a handle, filled with charcoal at a white heat. I intrust the letter for Monsignore to him, and am rather relieved at being informed that Monsignore is not at home. We leave the *primo piano*, and descend the steps. After passing with great politeness the last of the Merry Swiss Guards, we once more breathe freely, and, having so far done our duty, we turn towards St. Peter's. Grand! Then we mount the steps. Then timidly and cautiously we push at a door, and in another second we are in St. Peter's. For a minute or so we can only look about us, dazed, then we regard each other, curiously, as if we had expected some transformation of our personal appearance. No; here we are, the same that we were outside—and yet . . . well . . . awestruck is the word. Overpowering! I had been told I should be disappointed. Disappointed! If it were only to have come here for this one short visit that I had travelled from London, I should have been more than repaid by the *coup d'œil* on first entering this marvellous temple.



"Nobil Signor!"

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE dull dead level of sleek respectability, the commonplace churchwardenism of suburban gentility finds no echo on the walls of the New English Art Club at the Egyptian Hall. A daring unconventionality in selection of subject and in treatment is the main characteristic of the pictures here exhibited. A bold, original, impudent lot are these New Englanders, but they are notwithstanding wonderfully refreshing. Sometimes their spirits are too much for their strength, and they come tremendous "croppers." It has been well said that a strikingly original writer occasionally writes absolute nonsense, and by the same rule an artist, who turns aside from the

well-swept, carefully watered, mathematically paved academic high-road, must not infrequently paint absolute nonsense; but he thinks for himself, he does not view Nature through the spectacles of others, and in nine cases out of ten he is likely to produce works that will be successful in the long run. A great feature in this exhibition is the ability to make pictures out of the most commonplace subject. Among the more notable contributors may be mentioned:—JOHN S. SARJEANT, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, WHISTLER, B. SICKERT, TUKE, EDWARD STOTT, A. ROCHE, N. GARSTIN, G. ROUSSELL, SIDNEY STARR, F. BROWN, A. MANN, H. VOS, W. J. LAIDLAW, and J. E. CHRISTIE. Though there are some pictures among the collection will make the casual visitor jump, there are not a few will make him think.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

GOT IT RIGHT.



First 'Arry. Why's he called Boonlonger?

Second 'Arry (from Parry). Why? 'Cos he was born at Boolong.

DAY-DREAM. OR NIGHTMARE?



COMFORTABLY seated in his easy-chair, Mr. Punch was reading the proceedings of the London County Council, when his eyes gradually closed, and, for a brief moment, he seemed to lose consciousness. But only for a brief moment, as almost immediately he found himself in a large circular chamber of imposing proportions, which he knew intuitively was situated somewhere in the City. This apartment was filled with a number of exceedingly strange-looking individuals. Amongst them, here and there, Mr. Punch recognised a face he knew, but, take them as a body, they fostered the impres-

sion that they were decidedly like fish out of water. The strange-looking individuals seemed to be holding a meeting.

"My Lord!" shouted one of the Oddities.

"You must not say that," interrupted a youthful, rosy-cheeked, clean-shaved and generally prosperous-looking gentleman, who appeared to be presiding. "If you want to address me, please call me 'Sir';—I am not 'My Lord' at all while I am in this Chair."

"Well, Sir, or Mister, or Boss, or whatever you like, look here. I have a Resolution to move."

"It will be better to move it when we have disposed of the business before us—the adoption of the Report of the Sub-committee."

"But then it will be too late," argued the speaker, "I've a friend who ought to have been on this very Committee. For why? Because he lives close to Victoria Park."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" observed a gentleman, who it was understood was the great originator of the whole affair, and who seemed to be very angry.

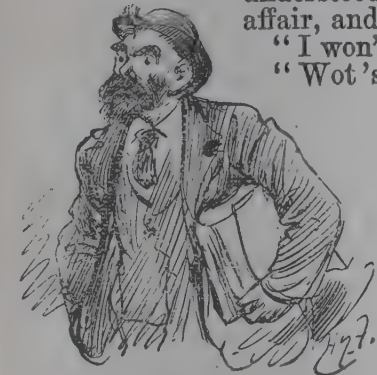
"I won't shut up. For why? He should be."

"Wot's 'is name?" asked a representative of the British Workman.

"JONES." Then came a laugh, but the Oddity, who was not to be disconcerted, continued, "Yes, JONES, and a very good name too, as you would jolly soon find out if my friend was here, and hadn't gone to India."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" again put in the great originator of the whole affair, angrier than ever.

"Order, order!" observed the Chairman, "we really had better get on



"Soft Labour."

with the matter before the Council, and adopt the Sub-committee's Report."

"Not a bit of it," shouted another Oddity. "Look here, you all know my friend BROWN, who lives close to the Militia Barracks, near the London Fields. What, you don't? Then you ought to. Well, he's the man for this very Sub-committee, because (d'ye see?) he knows the locality. What I move is, put him into it."

"But where is 'e?" asked the representative of labour amongst the paving stones.

"In China," was the reply. Thereupon followed laughter, and again the great originator of the whole affair expressed a hostile opinion forcibly.

"Oh, please do let us get on," implored the Chairman, "the business before the Council is—"

"Now, look 'ere, Mister, none of that. We ain't agoing to be bullied!" exclaimed another horny-handed orator. "Wot I says is this. Look 'ere. Ain't we to purwide for the people? Well, then don't let 'em be pisened. Let's do things ourselves. And as a beginning, I moves that the Chairman be instructed to sell nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer to them as wants 'em on a Sunday."

"Really, really," remonstrated that deeply-distressed official, "of course, such a suggestion is very flattering, but—"



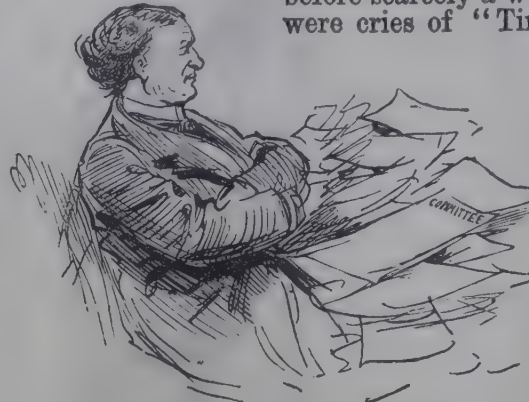
Ain't-i-Bealious!



Augustus Druriolanus Counti-Councilarius.

"Wot I says," cried another Oddity, "is why don't you get Mr. 'ARRIS to look after it. Let's 'ear what Mr. 'ARRIS 'as to say about it. Mr. 'ARRIS is good at purwiding things. I calls upon Mr. 'ARRIS."

Thus apostrophised, a portly presence put in an appearance. But before scarcely a word could be spoken, there were cries of "Time!" and other unseemly interruptions.



"May be for (six) years, may be for ever."

"'Ear, 'ear!" exclaimed the representatives of beer and labour.

"But it won't be legal," remonstrated the Chairman, and appealing to the Solicitor of the body, he added, "Now, will it?"

The man of law shook his head.

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" put in the great originator of the whole affair, seemingly with a view to keeping up the average number of his remarks. As he made these inspiring observations, a neighbour asked, with a sigh, "Why ever did I give up the Kensington Parliament?"

Then as the Chairman looked about him distractedly, there were shouts of "JONES!" and "BROWN!" and, "Nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer!" and even "Police!" Then—after a long pause—all was silent.

"Dear me," said Mr. Punch, "I suppose I must have been asleep!" He picked up the paper that had fallen from his hands and read, "Meeting of the London County Council!" He paused, considered, and added, "Humph! wonder if my dream was anything like it!"

Then rising from his chair, he observed, with a smile, "Lively for my witty young friend, My Lord—no, I beg his pardon, I should say Mister ROSEBERRY! I only hope he likes it!"

THE FRENCH AND DUTCH ROMANTICISTS.

(By the Palette-Able Poet.)

IF to DOWDESWELL's in Bond Street, you happen to go,
I'm sure you'll be pleased with the marvellous show!
There are well-nigh two hundred good paintings, and you
Will scarcely find one you're not anxious to view.
There are pictures from Holland, and pictures from France,
Well-hung and well-lighted—you'll see at a glance!
"Wood Sawyers," by MILLET, will delight you, I know,
And "The Rift in the Cloud," deftly limned by ROUSSEAU;
From the landscapes of TROYON you'll ne'er get away,
Till bound to move on by the "Boy" of ROYBET
And a wondrous MEISSONIER, the gem of the room,
With three excellent works by JOHANNES BOSBOOM.

How skilful the fingers, how deft are the wrists,
That govern the brush of the Romanticists!

There is INGRES, there is GÉRÔME, DIAZ, and DUPRÉ,
There is MESDAG and MICHEL, COROT and COUBET;
The three brothers MARIS, there is DELACROIX too,
And rare JOSEF ISRAELS, delightfully true!
The "Gleaner," by BRETON, you'll gladly scan o'er,
And the works of DAUBIGNY—an exquisite score!
While as through the *salon*, delighted you rove,
You'll halt, I am sure, at the "Marshlands," by MAUVE;
There's VAN MARCKE too and VOLLON, you'll fail to pass by,
MONTICELLI and ROELOFS you'll gladly desery:
While HERVIER and JACQUE will combine to complete
To your mighty content this pictorial treat!
Pray tell me, who is there can enter the lists,
And dare to compete with the Romanticists?

VAUX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—A somebody—or nobody—signing himself "J. EDWD. VAUX" writes to the *Church Times* objecting to the special service held in the Abbey in honour of JOHN BRIGHT on the grounds that "JOHN BRIGHT was not a Christian"! Well, if all "Christians" were like this empty *Vaux clamantis* the "service" by which they could best "honour" such men as JOHN BRIGHT would be the truly Quaker Service of—silence.



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE VALSE," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION BALLS, &C.

AN EASTER HOLIDAY.

"Mister" ROSEBERY *loquitur* :—

Oh dear, oh dear, who'd be a Peer, even in holiday *mufti*?
Green buds break forth with the brightening year, and the turf once
more shows tufty;
The season of pancakes is past and gone, and "the wanton lapwing,"
doubtless,
Is preening his crest (the new Sunday best), and the Parks, no longer
shoutless, [ARIES.
Are swarming again (when it doesn't rain), with nursemaids, children,
Easter is on us, the Spring is here, but *my* holiday somehow tarries.

Was it not enough that the chance of birth has handicapped me out
of it, [doubt of it),—

(I mean the game in the Commons, which is the best of the fun, no
Was it not enough that I'm doomed to sit by the side of Pussy
GRANVILLE, [Tory anvil?

Where the Liberal lot always catch it hot 'twixt Whig hammer and
Was it not enough that my rôle is cast in the modern Hurllothumbo,
Whilst the Commons gives its "bits of fat" to such lumbering chaps
as "Jumbo,"

And my light touches and tricks of art, my raciest bits of raillery,
Are wasted on SALISBURY'S silent House, *all* stalls without pit or
gallery?

Was it not enough, I repeat again, but, along of that fellow RITCHIE,
I must go and drop into *this* rum Shop, where my prospects look
still more pitchy?

O RITCHIE! O anti-Radical lot! it is really a frightful Nemesis!
I'm a sort of shop-boy, for six years bound, and must sleep upon the
premises.

Sleep? Nay, the doose of a doze for me! Farewell to all forty-
winking! [shrinking.

I have only been at it a month or two, and foes say they see signs of
Well, I sit and list to the faddist's screed, to the shriek of the
Socialist howler, [FOWLER.

And my boredom is such it might almost touch the soul of Sir ROBERT

The Chairman at a Discussion Forum may puff his pipe, or his nose
bury [poor ROSEBERY.

In tankards of stingo; but no, by Jingo, there's no such relief for
Guildhall might envy the Cogers' ditto. I know not how to resist 'em,
These bores who, with Babylon's care not content, want to manage
the Solar System.

I'd rather comb old Chaos's hair in its first primæval tangle,
Than try to establish a Cosmos here midst a chorus of worrying
wrangle.

My Easter Holiday? No such luck! Ah, PEEL, my dear boy, *you*
look perky. ["worky."

When Lent is over and Lilac a-bud, the best of us hardly feel
By Jove, for a week or two's happy release from this screaming
extravaganza,

I'd take pot-luck with that plucky chap STANLEY, away near the
Albert Nyanza.

You're off? Well, *I* am still *on*—the job, as 'ARRY so gracefully
phrases it;

Though one's mind may be cheery, and cool, and chirpy, *too* much
charivari half crazes it.

I'm bound to the Parks—that's my tip!—for the vending of nuts
and ginger-beer, Sir,

To the *oi polloi*. As I said before, my dear PEEL, *who* would be a
Peer, Sir?

FAIR COMMENT.—"Two new streets in Berlin," the *Daily Tele-*
graph informs us, "are respectively to be named after BACH and
WAGNER." The latter street would be for heavy traffic, carters
(and PATERSONS), and Wagg'ners; and the former could not be a
principal thoroughfare, but only a Bach Street.

WIG AND GOWN.—Big-Wig STEPHEN has decided against Big-
Gown Lady SANDHURST in the case of *Beresford-Hope v. Sandhurst*,
and so far women cannot be County Councillors. Gown is sanguine
that this decision against Petticoat Government will be reversed on
appeal. The case is desperate; it is hoping against HOPE.



AN EASTER HOLIDAY!

MR. SPEAKER (*just looking in*). "TA-TA! I'M OFF!—HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY!"

"MISTER" ROSEBERY (*Chairman L.C.C.*). "PRECIOUS LITTLE HOLIDAY! THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S SENDING ME OUT TO BATTERSEA PARK WITH 'NUTS AND GINGERBEER'!!"

[On the Report of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee recommending the Council to take into its own hands the providing refreshments in Battersea Park, one Hon. Member hoped the Council wasn't going to "deal in nuts and gingerbeer;" but Lord MEATH, while doubting whether the Resolution required them to actually sell the goods with their own hands, yet considered that the Council ought to do what they could to provide first-class refreshments at the cheapest prices for those going into the Parks.]

ON COMMISSION.

April 9, 10, 11, and 12.—With commendable self-sacrifice, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, having completed his excellent *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, set himself to the task of examining the evidence produced before the Commission. A lawyer of less discretion might

have shirked so dry a subject, preferring to rest his defence of the clients whose interests he had in charge upon his eloquent rivalry of the feats of MACAULAY, LINGARD, PINNOCK, and (*place aux dames!*) Mrs. MARKHAM. But this did not satisfy the ex-Attorney-General; so for many days we have had an exhaustive analysis of the sayings of the witness-box, that is calculated to assuage the thirst for information of the most *exigeant* devourer of Irish testimony. Taking advantage of this (to him) welcome lull in the proceedings, the ticket-dispensing and ever-courteous Secretary has had quite a little holiday. It is true that on the Friday, when Sir CHARLES was at his very best (and how good that best was only those present can ever know), the Court was crowded in every part, and then he certainly had his work cut out for him. At other times he has been almost at rest.

To return to the feature of the sitting—in one part of his admirable speech, Sir CHARLES asked “was there not Boycotting at the Bar?” and assuredly the fact that a certain humble individual, is not Lord Chancellor, suggests that possibly the answer should be in the affirmative. But, as that is a personal matter, let it pass. However, I think it only right, in support of my learned friend’s contention, to confess that, had I been in the place of (say) the ATTORNEY-GENERAL during the early references to the conduct of this very case, my bearing would have been distinctly different. On the first day I noticed that Sir RICHARD left the Court. Now I humbly submit that it would have been better had he remained and comported himself in the following fashion. He should have talked with well-assumed jocularly in an inaudible undertone to Sir HENRY JAMES, watching for the appearance of Sir CHARLES’s snuff-box. The moment the refreshment-affording exhibit was produced, he should have asked for “a pinch,” as a proof that, in spite of some provocation, he bore no ill-feeling to his opponent. Having secured the “rappee” he should have inhaled the invigorating preparation of tobacco in the customary fashion. If a gigantic sneeze had thereupon followed (even in the most impressive part of Sir CHARLES’s eloquent address), a smile on the faces of all present would, no doubt, have been the well-merited reward of the mirth-provoking manœuvre. Supposing that the orator had shown signs of pardonable annoyance, Sir RICHARD might have good-naturedly pretended that it was the fault of Mr. LOCKWOOD, whose fame as an accomplished *farceur* requires no acknowledgment. Thereafter, promising to be quiet for the future, he might have gently slumbered until awakened by the bustle consequent on the mid-day adjournment. I can only add that, should my engagements permit the sacrifice, I will willingly hold the ATTORNEY-GENERAL’s next brief for him, so that he may have an opportunity of studying from the well of the Court, the method that has my recommendation.

Once more returning to the event of the fortnight, I can only declare that Sir CHARLES’s peroration was in sober seriousness magnificent, and made the deepest impression. During its delivery (thanks to a quaint fancy of Mr. CUNINGHAME) I was occupying, a place amongst the Plaintiffs, and I candidly confess I was deeply moved—nay, unmanned—by my learned friend’s noble eloquence. I felt conscious that at that moment I must have looked like a maudlin *Times* witness in a condition of tearful repentance. Still I think it is only right to say (much as I regret to have to make such an observation), that had the task of addressing the Court fallen to me, I should have made a very, very different oration. And, I venture to add, I do not believe that even my learned friend himself will question the probable truth of such an assertion.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

The Hazard of the Dye.

[It appears from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, entitled, “Dyeing to Live,” that grey-headed toilers find it almost impossible to earn a living without dyeing their hair.]

THE “Struggle for Existence” seems of late

To have become more terrible and trying.

“Is life worth living?” Nay, that’s out of date,

The question now would seem, “Is life worth dyeing?”



“Resting.”

MEATHROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

“SOMEHOW, I fancied that London was such an ugly Capital,” said Sir TITUS MACDUFF, ex-Premier of the South-West Windward Isles, as he stood, in company with an intelligent Cicerone, on the site of what was once Smithfield Market. As far as eye could reach nothing was to be seen but waving greenery, verdant lawns, and sheep peacefully browsing by the side of purling brooks.

“You must have been away from England a long time?” suggested his companion.

“For thirty years,” replied the distinguished Colonist.

“Ah, then perhaps you never heard of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1889, written by Lord MEATH, advocating Open Spaces, Boulevards, Pure Water, Covered Streets, and Public Bands, for the Metropolis?”

“Never!” replied Sir TITUS; “and do you mean that this Park is a result of that single article?”

“Not only this Park, which stretches from the Thames, at Blackfriars Bridge to King’s Cross, but the general transformation of London into a City where life is a pleasure for all classes, is due to the initiative of Lord MEATH, and the energetic action of the London County Council, which came into existence the very year that the article I have mentioned was written.”

“Dear me!” said the Colonist. “I hardly know where I am. Take me to some place I can remember. Take me to Regent Street.”

They set off on foot, and soon were pacing along a broad thoroughfare running westward, planted with trees on either side, and ornamented here and there with tasteful kiosques, where light refreshments and still lighter literature were on sale at an extremely reasonable price. Whenever they felt tired they could sit down on elegant and comfortable seats, under glass awnings, and at frequent intervals bands of native musicians were discoursing excellent music on stringed instruments.

“These bands, now,” said the Colonial visitor, “who pays for them? Is it some philanthropic Society?”

“It is Society in general, Sir,” his companion rejoined, “which has unquestionably become of late very philanthropic. This and other public improvements have been provided for partly out of the rates, but still more out of an extremely moderate and equitable tax placed on Metropolitan Ground-Landlords, and representing a very small part of the enhanced value which their property gains during every year that London continues to exist and grow bigger.”

“Dear me!” said the Antipodean Statesman, regretfully; “I wish I had thought of that plan in the South-West Windward Islands. Pay for Improvements out of the pockets of Ratepayers and Ground-Landlords; a case of ground landlords and ground tenants, in fact. An excellent notion! By the bye, what is the name of this street—or rather this avenue?”

“Holborn, Sir.”

“Holborn! What! That narrow, dirty, ill-conditioned——”

“No other, Sir, I assure you,” replied his conductor, coolly. The ex-Premier was too surprised to say anything, and continued silent till they reached a broad open space where fountains and operatic bands were both playing, and from which four magnificent roads diverged.

“What is that noble Arcade like street covered over with glass, and adorned with evergreen shrubs and the electric light?” asked the dazed Colonist.

“That, Sir? Surely you have not forgotten Regent Street?”

“Regent Street turned into an Arcade!”

“Yes. The whole of London is more or less Arcadian,” rejoined the satellite.

“You must be very grateful to Lord MEATH for all this,” said Sir TITUS, thoughtfully.

“Grateful is not the word, Sir. A new and much finer Westminster Abbey has recently been erected, solely out of penny contributions from the working-classes, to which the remains of Lord MEATH, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and the Chairman of the London County Council, will all be consigned, when those great benefactors of their race are unhappily no more.”

“Dear me!” exclaimed the Colonist. “And you—you talk remarkably well for a person hired by the day to escort visitors about. Where were you educated?”

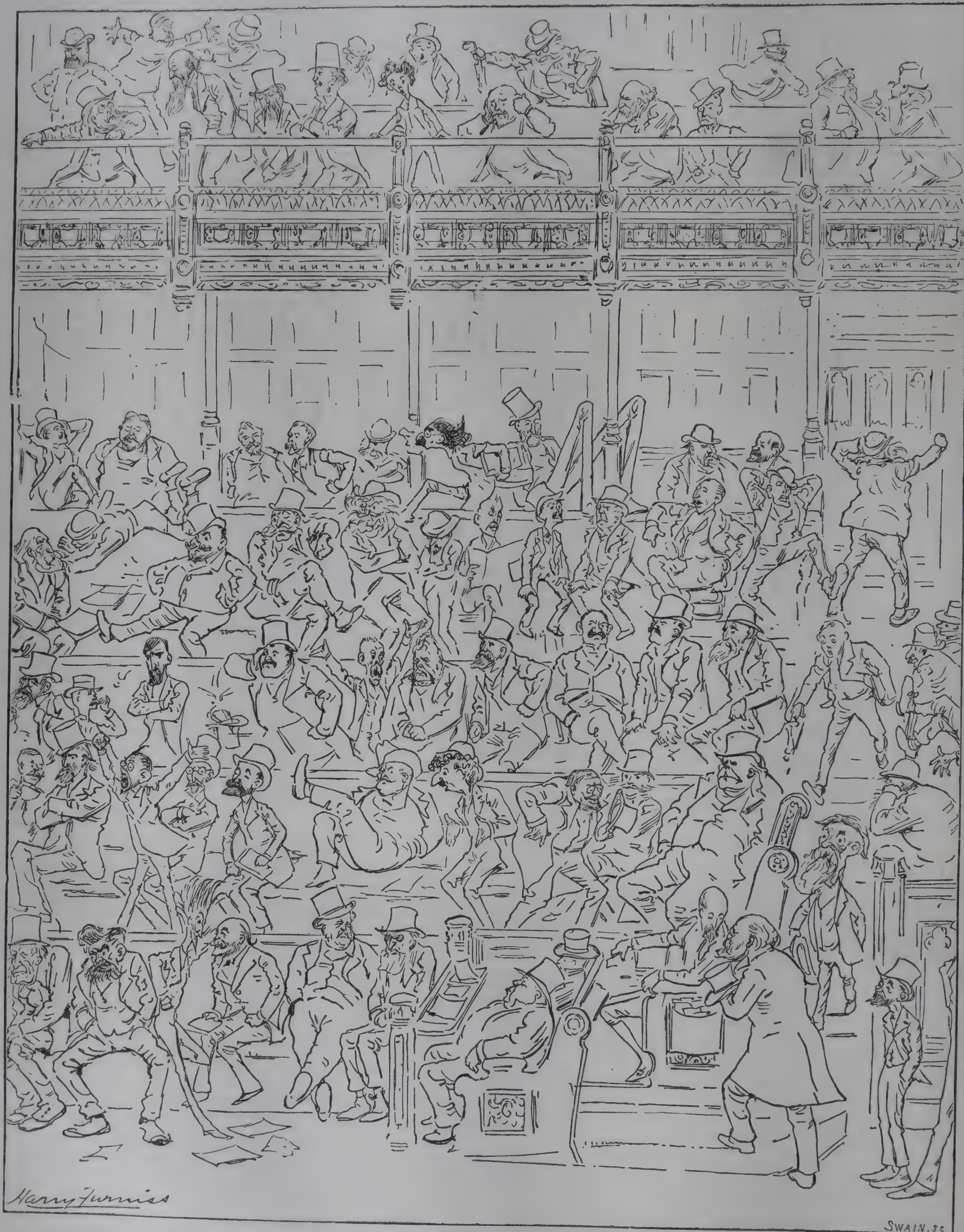
“Where everybody who desires to make the most of his opportunities receives his education nowadays,” replied the Cicerone, proudly. “At a Polytechnic.”

“Polytechnic! What in the name of wonder is that?”

“Nobody but a Polynesian could ask the question, Sir,” and receiving his modest remuneration, the Cicerone retired for two hours’ private reading into the nearest Free Library, while Sir TITUS MACDUFF stood in a state of bewilderment gazing on the beauties of regenerated London.

MEM. BY A WOULD-BE MUSICAL REFORMER.—You cannot touch (Concert) pitch without being reviled.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 65.



SWAIN.Sc

ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION BELOW THE GANGWAY.



"STRANGERS YET."

First Compatriot (in Belgian Café). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIRR. ARE YE AN IRISHMAN?" *Second Compatriot.* "I AM!" [Silence.]
First Compatriot. "I'D AS SOON MEET A CROCODILE AS AN IRISHMAN 'FOREIGN PARTS. I BEG YE 'LL NOT ADDRESS YER CONVERSATION TO ME, SIRR!!"

FOOT-BALL' À LA 'MODE.

[Hardly a week passes without our hearing of one or more dangerous accidents at foot-ball.]

A MANLY game it is, I think,
 Although in private be it spoken,

While at a scrimmage I don't shrink
 That bones may be too often broken.
 I snapped my clavicle last week,
 Just like the rib of an umbrella;
 And sprained my ankle, not to speak
 Of something wrong with my patella.



Last season, too, my leg I broke,
 And lay at home an idle dreamer,
 It's not considered quite a joke
 To contemplate a broken femur.
 And when, despite the doctor's hints,
 Again at foot-ball I had tussles,
 I found myself once more in splints,
 With damaged gastronomic muscles.

Some three times every week my head,
 Is cut, contused, or sorely shaken;
 My friends expect me brought home dead,
 But up to now I've saved my bacon.

But what are broken bones, my boys,
 Compared with noble recreation;
 The scrimmages and all the joys
 Of Rugby or Association!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ACCORDING to statistics, the state of the children of the State is hardly as satisfactory as it might be. Therefore the re-issue of Miss DAVENPORT-HILL's book, edited by Miss FANNY FOWKE, is especially welcome. The new edition of *Children of the State* has been so enlarged, so re-arranged, and so entirely brought up to date, that it is practically a new book. In a closely printed volume of over three hundred pages, there is scarcely any point in this great question that is not discussed. Boarding-out in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the workhouse, as home and school, State and individual help, State children in foreign lands and emigration, are treated with a thoroughness and an earnestness which is the key-note of the entire volume. Notwithstanding all the great difficulties attending a rapidly increasing population, the Editor takes a somewhat hopeful view of the subject, and does "not believe that our great Empire has yet touched the limit of her resources, or that she will ever become unable to support her vast yet growing family, if only she will bring up its members to be capable and self-dependent." This volume is emphatically one to be read and re-read.

THE "BALL OF THE SEASON."—Foot-ball.

DRINKING.

NEW SABBATARIAN VERSION.

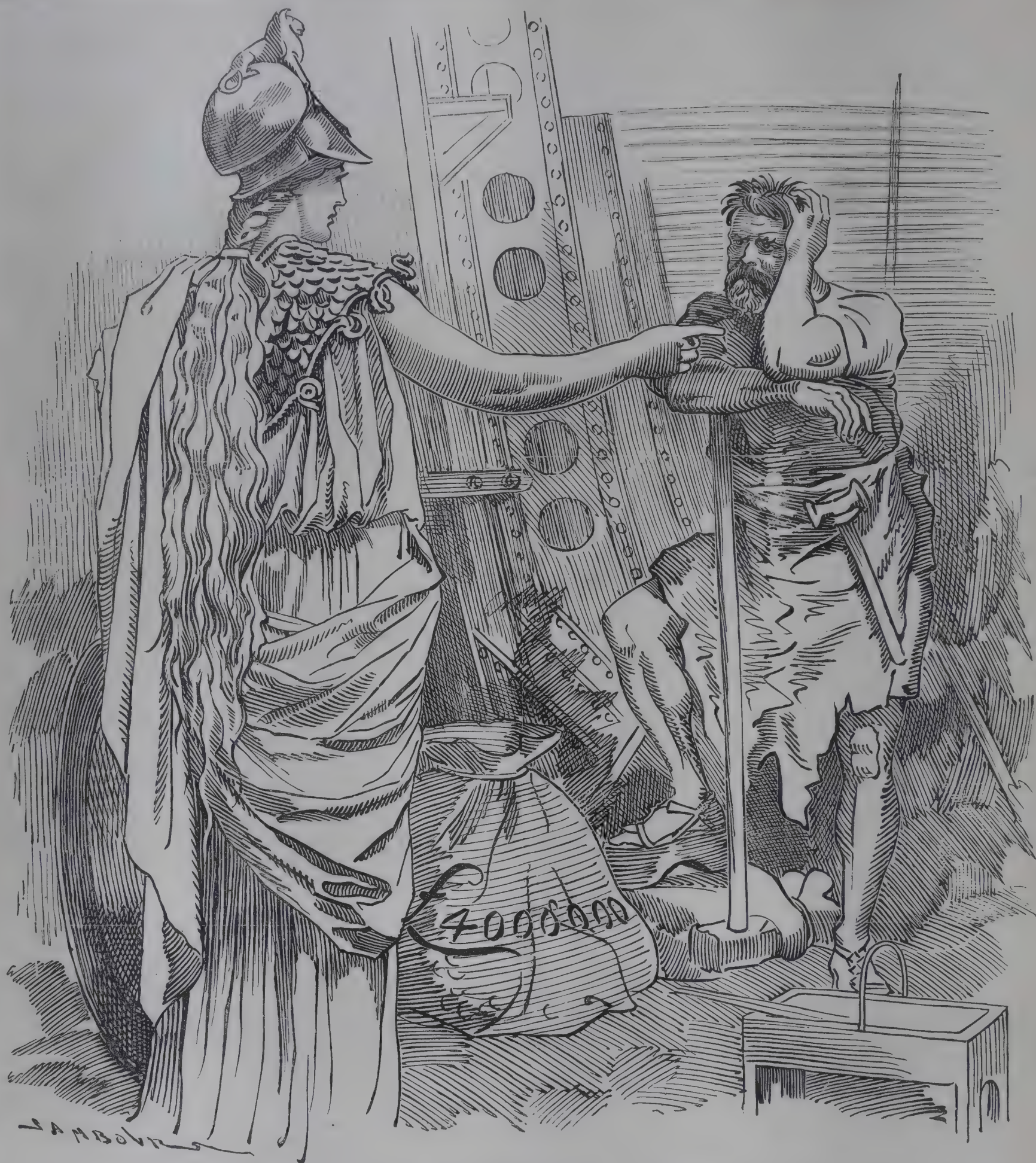
Solitary Sot singeth:—

'MIDST mirk and smoke I sit and soak
 My clay in fiery liquor
 From morn till night; find I get tight
 In this way all the quicker.
 With solemn pate let wisdom prate
 Of freedom; to my thinking
 Wisdom's an ass. I'm free—to pass
 My day in drinking, drinking!

The Pubs are shut, but I've my butt—
 Leastways a bulky bottle,
 From which I swill my blooming fill
 With an insatiate throttle.
 My wife's asleep, my children creep
 From dad's fierce anger shrinking.
 I've comfort true the Sabbath through,
 In drinking, drinking, drinking!

Then come what may, in WILFRID's way,
 Of shutting Pubs on Sunday,
 What odds? I choose at home to booze
 From Saturday till Monday.
 Don't care a rush whilst I've the lush,
 And o'er my bottle blinking,
 Can sit alone, till Sunday's gone,
 Still drinking, drinking, drinking!

NOMENCLATURE.—Rude Radicals persist in calling Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "Judas," The reason is obvious if inadequate. JUDAS "carried the bag," and the Gladstonians want to give JOSEPH "the sack."



'NOT MUCH, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL.'

Britannia (to Vulcan). "HERE'S AN EXTRA FOUR MILLIONS TO GO ON WITH ; SO GET TO WORK AT ONCE, AND MIND YOU LET ME HAVE THE VERY BEST IRONCLADS YOU CAN TURN OUT."

Tip to Termagants.

A "SENSE of Humour" is so much bepraised
By critics, that one might suppose it raised
To the high rank of a new Cardinal Virtue.
Well, 'tis a gift that helps and cannot hurt you.
But if you'd cultivate this gift delightful,
You must abandon hate, and cut the spiteful ;
For whatsoever angry fools may rumour,
You *can't* be humorous when you're out of humour !

NOT SWEET ON IT!—After reading Sir THOMAS's "slashes" on the Sugar Convention, some of the Ministerialists, it is understood, are inclined to drop that political hot potato, or at any rate, "let it slide." They fear that they may go FARRER and fare worse.

"WHAT THE DICKENS!"—Yes, CHARLES DICKENS reading selections from *the* DICKENS's works at St. James's Hall. "Like father, like son." Of course you do the first, but to do the second you must go and hear him.

S. G. O.

(Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, Died, May 9, Aged 81.)

ANOTHER long-heard voice at last is stilled!
 Warm heart, which to all tales of suffering thrilled.
 Sound head, which social problems loved to face,
 You will be missed from your peculiar place,
 Held long ere Bitter Cries found echoes free,
 And aid of rhetoric, if not remedy;
 When not all men were Socialists, and not
 All eyes were open to each bane and blot
 Found in the body-politic. E'en then
 That sympathetic eye, that potent pen
 Were dedicate to service of your kind,
 To true benevolence, ardent, yet not blind,
 And bettering of the village and the town.
 Now, many wandering voices woo renown
 As Social Oracles. But *Punch* looks back
 With praise upon his honourable track
 Of useful days who thirty years ago
 Was known, and loved, by him as S. G. O.

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY "CAT."

MR. PUNCH has small sympathy with what he deems the false sentiment which denounces the use of the lash—upon brutes—as brutalising. Means must be adapted to ends. The burglar and the ruffianly wife-beater would seem to have something in common with the immortal lady who didn't mind death but couldn't stand pinching. They don't seem, effectively, to mind the risks of their calling or the prospect of imprisonment, but they "cannot stand" whipping. Whipping, therefore, sharp and painful without being physically injurious, would seem to be a promising deterrent, and, indeed, has proved so, in the opinion of good judges. Now it is complained that the "Cat" is cruel, because it often seriously injures as well as pains. Very well, let that be amended. To lash a brute so violently that you have afterwards to cosset him up in hospital cannot be either true humanity or sound policy. By all means dock the Cat of certain of its nine tails if necessary, and lay on the remainder with valour, but also with discretion, both as regards selection of the spot for their application and the amount and energy of the application itself. Descend ye Nine! or six, or three, as the case may be; but descend, though manfully, yet with measure.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Bugge. "OH, BUT MINE IS SUCH A HORRID NAME!"

Young Brown. "AH—A—UM—I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO ALTER IT NOW!"

ALL-A-BLOWING!

A SPRING-PLEA FROM THE SUBURBS.

ALL-A-BLOWING! In the May-time there is playtime e'en for toil,
 For the breath of Spring sets fancy wild a-wing;
 There is something in the Season even stucco scarce can spoil,
 The cacophonous street-hawker seems to sing.
 All-a-blowing! He is going with his barrow down the street;
 There's a flowering shrub tucked under either arm,
 And the echoes of his shrill stentorian cry sound almost sweet.
 Ay, in May e'en clamorous costers have their charm;
 For the morn has brought a sun-burst and the very asphalte smiles
 With a radiant recognition of the boon.
 There's a glow upon the chimneys, and a glory on the tiles,
 Where the cockney sparrows chirp and fight, and "spoon."
Rus in urbe has its meaning on this sunny morn of May,
 Though suburban streets are not Arcadian quite.
 For the tiniest square of garden dons a verdurous array,
 And the roads are vistas green of glowing light.
 Over wall and gate and lamp-post bursts the leafy emerald screen.
 Of the sycamore, the lilac, and the lime,
 Even slums look far less sordid when they show a speck of green,
 Not yet dulled to dingy grey by grit and grime.
 And the blossoms—ah! the blossoms of the apple and the pear!
 Their lovely lavish largess on the town,
 Falls like a floral garment, veiling all that's black and bare.
 It might wake poetic impulse in a clown.
 But to watch it, and to think of the tender white and pink;
 Of the purple of the plummy lilac spires.
 From the dull suburban window you may thrust your head and drink
 Of that fragrance of the Spring which never tires.
 All-a-blowing! Pipe up, coster, for your cry is just the voice
 Of all Nature, though your hoarseness mars the air.
 E'en in Doldrum Street, S.W., the drudges must rejoice,
 And sad Cockneys feel some lightening of their care.
 The Philistines who dwell in yon Villas coldly "Swell,"
 Look more human with May blossoms in their coats.

There's the Season's first white waistcoat! Clear and mellow as
 The blackbird fluteth forth his first Spring notes [a bell,
 From yon tall acacia-top, he trills on and does not stop
 For the chattering lawn-mower which hard by
 A baggy-legged old buffer with a head like a grey mop
 Is grinding at with slow stolidity.
 All-a-blowing! Farther West Art is putting forth her best
 At the Burlington, the Grosvenor, and the New;
 But in this suburban Gath we have no æsthetic test;
 Art-flowers among the Philistines are few.
 In Bond Street they are all a-blowing floridly, but here
 Labour leaves men little leisure to be floral.
 BURNE-JONES in Bethnal Green, so they say, finds fitting sphere,
 Here we're mournful and monotonous, though moral.
 And the Jerry Builder menaces our little bits of green
 And the little bursts of blossom more and more.
 The dull mechanic round and the conquering machine
 Are the pitiless twin despots of the poor.
 Brick-and-mortardom prevails; weighed in Capital's cold scales,
 Leaves and grass are just the merest waste of space.
 Felled trees and dwindling garden-patches tell their own sad tales;
 Even Spring-time cannot come in green-robed grace
 To a stucco-faced Sahara such as spreads, and spreads, and spreads
 O'er the old suburban semi-rural scene.
 All a-blowing! Leave us something more than flags, and slates, and
 "leads;"
 Let sweet Spring in London's outskirts still show green!

A VERY LAME JOKE.—Horse Show at Olympia commences to-day.
 The name of the place is ominous for a horse show, unless it were
 going to be an exhibition of lame ones, as the bus conductors generally
 call it out, "All-limp 'ere!"

MUSICAL NOTE.—A more-or-less biblical subject ought not to be
 parodied. Yet how has *Judith* been treated, and who did it?
 Seriously, PARRY did; and very well PARRY did it.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 6.—CURSE OF CAMBORNE turned up to-night quite unexpected; took me rather aback. "How d'you do?" I said, shaking hands. (Always say, "How d'you do?" and shake hands when I don't know what else to say or do. Used at first to strike me as oddest thing that people among whom I live should, when they meet, each hold out hand, get hold of other fellow's and wag it up and down. Might just as well rub the



Ashmead.

soles of their feet together—quite as easy after a little practice; or might gently rub backs of their heads. Very odd thing is man.) Think of this as I shake hands with the CURSE.

"Hum—er," I said, not thinking of anything else, and wanting to say something pleasant, "thought you were in prison."

"Oh, dear, no," said he, little nervously; "that's only BALFOUR'S fun. Doesn't really mean to put me in prison; do you think he does? Besides, he dare not do it. The people are Roused; the Great Heart of the Nation beats tumultuously. There are twenty thousand Cornishmen who will know the reason why. Don't you think the people are Roused?"

CURSE seems a little nervous. Try to cheer him up. "Yes, I think they are," I say; "or if not, they will Rouse by-and-by. If you're waking Rouse me early, don't you know. Don't trouble yourself: it's all very well for BALFOUR to say he'll shut you up; but, as we know in the House, that's not easily done."

Quite a lively Debate on affair at Falcarragh. The CURSE took prominent part, making one speech on his feet and several more from his place on Bench. SPEAKER constantly calling him to order; House howled at him; OLD MORALITY once interposed with string of moral reflections designed to show inconvenience of discussing case *sub judice*; House once on the howling tack turned upon O. M. with such startling vigour that he gratefully resumed his seat and said no more. HARCOURT wondered why everybody laughed when he accused BALFOUR of "blustering;" EDWARD CLARKE calls HARCOURT "most insolent;" BALFOUR at bay; the CURSE popping up and down trying to get off another little speech, but always laid by his heels by watchful SPEAKER.

After this scarcely time or inclination left for Debate on Naval Defences Bill. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves rejection; Government getting frightened at attack, sent for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; ASHMEAD, nobly forgetful of former slights, arrives post haste, breaks the silence of many years, consenting to JOKEIM's hard terms that he shall forego a quarter's salary. "Couldn't afford to do it often," says ASHMEAD; "but the Government being, as the MARKISS remarks, impecunious, can't refuse occasionally to fall in with their plans."

Business done.—Debate on Naval Defences Bill.

Tuesday.—Everyone wanting to know who is the mysterious person who has offered to give money for National Portrait Gallery. PLUNKET assailed with questions, but nothing to be got out of him. "Donor," he said, just now in response to persistent questions, "Dono." Various names mentioned. OLD MORALITY at one time



Whizzing past.

favourite; Members looked kindly on him as he sat on the Treasury Bench; just the sort of thing he would do. Then someone remembers that MARKISS, in making announcement at Academy dinner, observed that he had never before heard the name of mysterious benefactor. Couldn't say that of SMITH of course; so OLD MORALITY theory regretfully abandoned. SPENCER BALFOUR declares he knows all about it. Met him just now in the lobby, or rather saw him spinning



past. Curious rotary motion; sort of understudy of a peg-top. Can't imagine how he does it.

"Found him out!" he shouts breathlessly, as he spins past. "It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

Wonder if this can be true? Not at all improbable. JOSEPH known to be what is called "warm"; probably been a boom in bacon; ham on the hop; markets firm; JOSEPH having cut in at low prices gets out at a rise.

"What shall I do with the surplus?" he says, to himself. "Take noble revenge on the Saxon. Nation can't afford to build Portrait Gallery; I'll do it for 'em." That seems reasonable enough. Shall go and look up JOEY B.; see if he's easier to pump than PLUNKET.

Whizzing noise in the distance comes nearer and nearer. It's SPENCER BALFOUR again; been to end of corridor; whizzing more rapidly than ever. Only just catch his assurance as he flies past, "Yes. It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

Business done.—Naval Defences Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—House of Lords been wilderness since it met after Recess. Every afternoon solitary and graceful figure seen advancing towards Woolsack; sits there for five or ten minutes; declares one or two Bills advanced a stage; and then, with sweeping stride and inimitable dignity, disappears. This the LORD CHANCELLOR, earning his insufficient £4,000 a year as Speaker of Lords. To-night a sudden change. House filled on both sides. Three rows of Bishops in nice white gowns seated below Ministers.

"Some mischief in contemplation," said WILFRID LAWSON looking in, "Wonder what it is? Bet a bottle of lemonade it's either Land or the Church—Money or Religion. Fancy from presence of the Bishops that the Church is in some manner in danger."

So it was, indirectly. Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on for Second Reading.

"Why BILL?" Lord MEATH asks, gazing at animated scene from space by steps of Throne. "Deceased Wife's Sister JANE, MARY, or even SUE I could understand. But Sister BILL seems an anomaly, unless, indeed, she was christened WILHELMINA. Must look into this matter."

Earl PERCY has looked into it, and finds it won't do. This stalwart border knight, this flower of Northumbrian chivalry, this heir to the renown of DOUGLAS's doughty foe at Chevy Chase, moved rejection of Bill. SELBORNE on same side; ARGYLL and PRIMATE—Morality and Piety—bringing up the rear. In vain GRIMTHORPE submitted to merciless dissection the tootling of the massive PERCY; without effect HERSCHELL urged that you can't pick and choose out of Leviticus. If you take one of its edicts as a rule of social order you must take the lot. All in vain; Bishops won the day, Bill being thrown out by a majority of 27 in House of 267 Peers.

Commons spent long night in Committee of Supply. Actually passed a few Votes. Earlier in Sitting W. REDMOND attempted to create diversion by mentioning case of King JA-JA. JA-JA, whose descent from early Kings of Connaught can be infallibly traced, now at St. Vincent. Wants to come home; intends to stand for first



"Why Bill?"

vacancy in Irish borough or county. But tyrannical Government keeps heavy hand on him. JA-JA took to his bed, threatened to die. Doctor told off to examine him. Reported His Majesty in excellent health. This is FERGUSSON's version; but W. REDMOND shakes his head in token of dissent. Thinks of moving adjournment in order to call attention to condition of King JA-JA as one of urgent public importance. Finds no encouragement, so subject drops, and House drifts into Committee. *Business done.*—Several Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Another long morning sitting quietly spent in Committee of Supply. Fresh air of originality given to proceedings by obtaining a few Votes. This partly due to concatenation of circumstances that, owing to the class of Votes under discussion, GEORGE JOKEIM was out of the way, and RITCHIE in general charge. For a humorist, a man of bubbling wit, JOKEIM has unfortunate habit of rubbing the hair of heads of his fellow men wrong way. JACKSON, anxious to get business forward, always tries to get JOKEIM asked out to tea when Committee of Supply on. *Business done.*—Supply. ROBERTSON's Motion, Disfranchising Universities, negatived by 217 Votes against 126.

ON COMMISSION.

May 7, 8, 9, and 10.—While Mr. PARNELL has been in the box the Court has been crowded with a large amount of "rank, beauty, and intellect," and on his disappearance from that coign of vantage the place has resumed its normal appearance. Even the examination



and cross-examination of His Grace the Archbishop of DUBLIN attracted a comparatively small audience. And here I may perhaps give a sketch of the proceedings connected with those latter inquiries in a dramatic form, on the understanding—that what I am about to write is *not in the least like the real thing*—

Mr. Reid (after arranging a mass of documents). I believe your Grace is Archbishop of DUBLIN?

His Grace. I am. I was, &c., &c., &c.

[*Gives an interesting sketch of his ecclesiastical appointments.*]

Mr. Reid. Quite so. Will your Grace be so good as to give the History of Ireland.

His Grace. With pleasure. Irish-

men in every part of the world were descended from ADAM, or as we should now call him O'DAM and—

The President (courteously interrupting). Do you not think Mr. REID that we might make this a little shorter?

Mr. Reid (with plaintive politeness). I wish to do my best, my Lord, to carry out the wishes of the Court, although I am anxious to get this matter (which is new matter) on the notes. (*Turning to Witness.*) Probably your Grace could kindly commence the History of Ireland at a little later date.

His Grace (smiling amiably). Certainly. After the flood NOAH was succeeded by SHEM, HAM, and O'JAPHET.

Mr. Reid (conscious of his nationality, and his duty to his Dumfries constituents). May I suggest (I am told that it is so) that the name of the latter gentleman was MACJAPHET.

His Grace (shakes his head smilingly, but repeats). O'JAPHET. I think you will find I am right—O'JAPHET.

Mr. Reid (partly conceding the point). Well, O'JAPHET or MACJAPHET. Yes, your Grace?

The President (who has consulted with his colleagues, mildly). Really, Mr. REID I do not see that His Grace has any special information—that he could not obtain in common with all men of intelligence and education—on this matter.

Mr. Justice Smith (persuasively). You see, it is not before us as an issue to be tried.

Mr. Reid (distressed but yielding, smiles sorrowfully at the Bench and turns to Witness). Then we will come at once to 1879. As Archbishop of DUBLIN, it was your Grace's duty to know everything?

His Grace. Certainly.

Mr. Reid. Will you be so good as to tell us all you know.

His Grace (searching a black bag and producing documents). The principles of electricity are—

The President (again interrupting more in sorrow than in anger). I have no doubt, that a lecture upon electricity from his Grace, would be of the deepest interest to all of us, but—

Mr. Biggar (suddenly popping up from the well of the Court). May I say a word, my Lord. If this evidence is not received, tell me now why is the evidence of hirelings of the Government received—tell me that now?

The President (to Mr. BIGGAR). Your observation has not assisted the Court, Sir. (*Mr. BIGGAR smilingly subsides.*) I would add that

unless it can be shown that His Grace has special knowledge of the facts, we do not see how this line of examination can be pursued.

Mr. Reid (in deep distress). I must urge upon your Lordships that this matter is of vital importance to us. I would suggest that we propose multiplying his Grace's evidence.

The President (in a tone of the greatest regret). Alluring as the prospect is to Mr. Justice DAY, and in fact all of us, of having about ten thousand additional witnesses introduced in this matter (possibly inclusive of the POPE, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Reverend C. H. SPURGEON), we do not quite see our way to acceding to your request.

Mr. Reid (almost in tears). Then, my Lord, I must respectfully ask for an adjournment to reconsider my position.

And certainly the Court *did* adjourn earlier than usual on Wednesday. On Thursday my ever lively and learned friend, Mr. ATKINSON, cross-examined His Grace, and the rest of the time of the Commission during the week was occupied in hearing some very amusing evidence from parish priests and others whose nationality could not for a moment be doubtful.

And now, before I conclude, I must answer a question that has been put to me by a Correspondent signing himself "ONE WHO HAS SPENT FIFTY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN PAINFUL PERPLEXITY." This gentleman asks "how it comes that although Messrs. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and T. HARRINGTON seem both to be Defendants, they also apparently are appearing as Counsel?" To the lay mind no doubt this problem may perhaps be a little confusing. A possible explanation, however, is as simple as A B C. It is my opinion that Mr. T. HARRINGTON appears to represent Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, a gentleman who is very probably specially retained to represent Mr. T. HARRINGTON. I may perhaps be permitted to add, that I feel convinced that, if this be so, the interests of both are quite safe in the hands of either.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"I WILL tell you another story about a little girl," began the Moon. "She is quite a small girl still, but she has been most carefully brought up, and generally her manners are irreproachable.



The other day, she was taken by her mother to have afternoon tea with a couple of very precise old maiden ladies. I saw her driving to their house, and heard the mother impressing upon her daughter that she must be most particular what she said or did, and it struck me that the little girl was rather offended at being thought to require such instruction. 'It's not quite the first time I've been out to tea, you know, Mummy!' she protested, and probably her mother felt that she might spare herself any further anxiety, for she smiled very proudly and fondly as she patted the child's cheek. A little later, I looked through the windows of the room where they were all at tea—a pretty

old drawing-room, full of old-fashioned furniture and quaint china. The little girl was certainly behaving very nicely: The elder of the two ladies had graciously informed her that she was the first person to hold her in her arms as a baby when she came home from India, and the child had replied, 'But I suppose you were quite young then?'

"After that she said very little, being engaged in calmly enjoying the good things which were pressed upon her, and which had a much more tempting appearance than her ordinary nursery fare. By and by one of the old ladies complimented the proud mother upon her daughter's pretty looks and manners. 'So very kind of you to tell me so,' the mother answered, beaming, 'but indeed, I must say, that my OLIVE has been very carefully'—Here she stopped short with a gasp. She had glanced at her OLIVE as she spoke, and, to her horror, this carefully brought-up little maiden was just then deliberately and demurely pocketing one of the pieces of bread-and-butter! It was a tempting piece of bread-and-butter, cut as thin as a wafer and daintily rolled up, but that was no possible excuse for such a glaring breach of etiquette. 'OLIVE!' the poor mother could only cry, faintly, 'how dreadful of you! . . . She's not at all a greedy child, as a rule. I cannot understand it,' she tried to explain. But OLIVE, who meanwhile had been wrapping up the bread-and-butter in her handkerchief, was perfectly unabashed. 'I'm not greedy now,' she explained, a little haughtily, 'I don't pocket things to eat. That would be very unladylike. I only thought I might take just one piece of this nice bread-and-butter home—as a pattern for my nurse, you know.' And the two old ladies seemed less shocked than might have been expected."



MRS. DUDLEY DE VERE STANLEY-MAINWARING AT HOME—GLOVES.

(SMALL AND EARLY.)

THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

Mr. Punch to Mr. Bull:—

FRIEND BULL, a word with you! My sharpest strictures,
 You know, are always moved by hearty loyalty.
 Well, at this pleasant time of Spring,—and Pictures,—
 When Art and Nature vie in radiant royalty;
 When the May blossoms and May Exhibitions
 Open in genial rivalry together,
 And all men's talk is of the fair conditions
 Of broadening Art and of the brightening weather;
 When Springtide's "flowery bursts" are emulated
 By flowery Sir FREDERICK's oratory,
 There's a stern fact or two that should be stated,
 Which rather tend to dim the Season's glory.

You look complacent, JOHN. I'm bent on shocking
 A mood whose sweetness *should* not be un-mingled.
 My *métier* is not mere cynic mocking,
 But can it be your pulses have not tingled
 With something more like shame than satisfaction
 At Somebody's performance of a duty
 Which was your own! A very noble action!
 There's nothing on *that* side to mar its beauty.

A citizen's munificence, a modest
 And opportunely patriot inspiration!
 But its *necessity* strikes one of the oddest
 As coming in a proud and long-pursed nation.

Provided for? Yes, handsomely, no doubt of it.
 But was not that provision *your* affair,
 JOHN?
 And if successfully you've wriggled out of it,
 Is it enough to toss your cap in air, JOHN,
 And shout out, "Bravo—Somebody?"
 You're blushing;
 I see it, Mr. BULL; it does you credit.
 If a sharp word bring forth that manly flushing,
Punch will be very glad that he has said it.
 National Art's a nation's true-born child,
 JOHN,
 Not to be classed amongst Neglected Foundlings.
 SALISBURY's smug announcement made *me*
 wild, JOHN,
 Though it might gratify the sordid groundlings.
 Pertinent thoughts these be for you to ponder.
 Think in how many modes discreditable
 Your garnered opulence, dear JOHN, you squander;
 But, 'midst belligerent Party's blatant
 The still small voice of national Art, and History,
 Can't reach your ears—or those of your Exchequer.
 Thinking of these things, JOHN, it is a mystery
 How your imperial pride keeps up its pecker.
 House your own offspring, JOHN! It is your business,
 Not to another's hands to be deputed.
 You'll see that, if you shake off faction's dizziness,
 And purblind stinginess, so little suited
 To the inheritor of so great treasures,
 The man with such a splendid patrimony.
 You are a busy bee! Well, then take measures
 To find a proper hive for your Art-honey.

You cannot say, with the *Apothecary*, [JOHN.
 Your poverty, but not your will, consents,
 Ministries? Well, you know they never vary,
 Exchequers do not care for Art's intents,
 JOHN.

You must be master here, and your volition
 Make visible to Treasuries short-sighted.
 No, JOHN; I would not chill the exhibition
 Of citizen munificence. Delighted.
 To see, and to applaud, good deeds uncourted.
 Hope that such instances may not be lonely;
 But *would* you see your fair Art-child supported
 "By Voluntary Contributions Only"?

PROMOTION AND SPECULATION.

COLONEL NORTH to be General Boom, with
 a song, of which the chorus to the well-known
 air from *La Grande Duchesse* will be,—

"Et piff paff puff
 Et ta ra pa ca poum,
 Je suis, moi, le Général Boom Boom!"

By the way, have the two *General Boums*
 yet met—General BOOM NORTH and General
 BOUM BOULANGER? What possibilities such
 an alliance suggests, resulting in the inaugu-
 ration of the great Boulangist Dynasty, with
 the Nitrate Soldier of Fortune as Minister of
 Finance. Let us "boo, and boo, and boo"
 to BOULANGER, for, as HENRY RUSSELL used
 to sing, "There's a good time coming, boys!
 —wait a little longer!"—say till October.

NEW WORK ON AN OLD SUBJECT.—Good
 book about GALILEO, by Mr. WEGG-PROSSER.
 Much praised by the *Athenæum*. It is all in
 prose, though we should have expected
 "WEGG" to have occasionally "dropped
 into" poetry. The book is to be re-entitled
The Wegg-Prossercution of Galileo.



THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

JOHN BULL. "THANKS TO THIS *VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION*, MY DEAR, YOU ARE AT LAST PROVIDED FOR!"

MR. PUNCH. "VERY HANDSOME, MISTER BULL, BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE DONE IT YOURSELF LONG AGO!!"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOUR HACK IS IN RATHER LIGHT CONDITION, IT'S ADVISABLE TO USE A BREAST-PLATE.

SUBURBAN LOVE-SONG.

THE blacks float down with a lazy grace,
Hey, how the twirtle-birds twitter!
And softly settle on hands and face;
And the shards in the rockery glitter.

The boughs are black and the buds are green—
Hey, how the twitter-birds twirtle!
And CICELY over the trellis-screen
Is bleaching her summer kirtle.

The mustard and cress (can they grow apart—
Those twin-souls, cress and mustard?)
Are springing apace; they have made such a
start
That the pattern is rather fluster'd:

For I made a device in the moist dark mould,
In the shape of A's and S's,
In capital letters, firm and bold,
I sow'd my mustard and cresses.

And I traced a heart and a true-love knot
In a geometrical pattern,
And it seems to have run to I can't tell what,
For Flora has proved a slattern.

Or the sparrows, whose chirpings at daybreak
shrill,
Like the voice of a giant Cicala,
Of most of the letters have had their will,
In a vegetarian gala.

Here comes no nymph where the blue waves
lisp
On the white sands' gleaming level,
Where the sharp light strikes on the laurel
crisp,
And flowers in the cool shade revel.

But the garden shrubs are as fair to me
As pine and arbutus and myrtle
That grow by the shores of the Grecian sea,
Where deathless nightingales twirtle.

And the little house, with its *suites* complete,
And the manifold anti-macassar,
And the *châlet* cage, whence he greets the
Meæ puellæ passer— [street—

Are fairer than aught that the sun is above
In the world as much as I've seen of it;
For the little house is the realm of love,
And my sweet little girl is the queen of it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Figaro Exposition (English Edition and therefore why not "Exhibition?") ought to have a valuable collection, judging from the first part just published. The illustrations are charming, and there are several cuts of the Eiffel Tower, the one showing the top-light being curiously effective. The "Second Storey" of the Eiffel is, apparently, a very popular storey, as it is crowded.

The latest number of Messrs. VALERY and ENGEL'S *Our Celebrities*, the autobiography of Professor HUXLEY being unusually sprightly. The likeness of ELLEN TERRY is as unlike any other one of her as she herself is unlike anybody else. I haven't made up my mind to being pleased with it. However, there she is between Professor HUXLEY, who comes first, and HENRY IRVING, who is last, but not least, attending to neither, reading a book, and apparently ignoring the Real on one side and the IDEAL on t'other.

Woman's Suffrage and National Danger, is a work that should have the attention of all those who look forward to a House of Ladies, and long for the time when M.P.'s in petticoats will rule the Nation. The author says:—"Since the time of Adam, when manly wisdom has been put aside to please the weaker vessel, and the stronger has renounced his rights in gentle dalliance with the fair, has aught but disaster and decline ensued?"

The writer of these words, Mr. HEBER L. HART, is a bold man. If any of the more strong-minded of the Weaker Vessels come across him, it would not surprise us to find across him, it would not surprise us to find "the HART bowed down through weight of woe."

No one, whatever may be his political opinions, will fail to thoroughly enjoy *The Green above the Red*, by Mr. C. L. GRAVES. The author has a singular facility for versification. The rollicking humour and lilt of his songs, which was so conspicuous in the *Blarney Ballads*, is a special characteristic of his latest volume. Mr. GRAVES, while his arrow is sharp, never forgets the gay feather that decorates the shaft. The volume contains some admirable pictures by Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, who further lends his aid in the production of a very humorous cover.

A False Scent, hath a pleasant savour. Mrs. ALEXANDER keeps her secret almost up to the last page, and thus the interest is well sustained till the close of the story. What the secret is, it would be scarcely fair to divulge. Cleverly and brightly written say THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

FATHER DAMIEN.

The Martyr of Molokai.

GONE from long agony to great reward,
At last, good priest! Humanity should hoard
Such memories as its richest, rarest wealth.
The enemy who crept with loathsome stealth
On thy soul-fortress found no faltering there.
What words avail to praise thee, who couldst
dare [calm,
Death's deadliest sap with long-enduring
And in the midst of horror breathe the balm
Of high heroic sympathy around?
Farewell, great soul; thy grave is holy ground!
He glorified the lazar-house whose breast
Defied the fair Pacific's loathly pest.



No. 75. Pettie-Coatts. "Funny idea," said the elderly lady, *pettie-lante d'esprit*.



No. 68. Melting Moments. "What a boa!—on such a hot day too!"



No. 81. Mrs Bowower. Notice her two Skye-terrier pets.



No. 63. Who cares? "I shan't carry this tray!" she exclaimed, pettishly, and chucked it over.



No. 208. A Young Master-piece, evidently by a very Young Master. Sheep-shooting!



No. 43. A Clear Voice. She sang, and in less than two minutes the room was empty.



No. 58. Shilling Pears. "I don't think this Soap is so good as the more expensive one," she said to herself. "The colour seems coming off on to my left hand." Sir J. E. M.

No. 37. A Voice from the Tombs, heard from the speaking likeness by A. S. Wortley, says, "I'm the sweetest, prettiest little creature, and I do so want to change my name, and give away my hand."



No. 24. Sea Lion caught with a Line. Observe the big float used on this occasion.

No. 61. "Turned out" very well.

No. 78. "The Painter's Wife." Next year, we shall expect companion picture, "The Plumber's Aunt."

No. 132. What Mr. Keeley Halswelle saw when he left his House-boat on the Thames.

No. 171. Waxworks; or, The Stiffened Moustache.

No. 176. "Dawn, Picardy." Well Dawn!

No. 180. Isle of White.

No. 184. Browning done browner than ever.



No. 17. The Marchioness of Granby. "Very rude to remark my poor finger, Manners, Manners!"

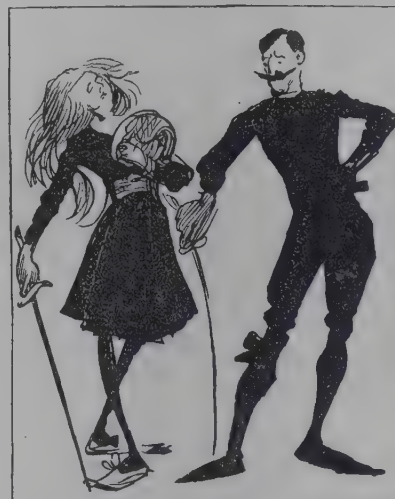


No. 200. Study in Black and White. Not "a Magpie," but a *Perdrix au Shoe*, and she looks Larky.

No. 149. "Handsome is as Handsome does; or, The Disputed Cab-fare." "I never give more," she said, as she turned for the last time to the Cabman, previous to ascending the steps.

No. 206. "How can I read! The book's shamefully printed. There are things crawling about the walls; and then there's that odious *vis-à-vis* of mine at No. 200 is making reflections on me—"through the looking-glass."

No. 127. Much good in Goodall, R.A.



Nos. 114 and 169. An Unequal Match. We hope they're not so black as they're painted.



No. 31. Before the Plunge. "Is this the way to take a header?" A Ramsgate's daughter, by a Margate's son.

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 7.—"Mister" ROSEBERY as punctual as usual. The first business is the acceptance of a design for a seal for the Council. The one chosen objected to by Mr. MARSLAND, on the score that the idea is "too mediæval," and although the Chairman declares that the central figure in the sketch is supposed to be a working-man of the nineteenth century, this explanation does not seem to remove the "Hon. Councillor's" scruples. By the way, all the members are described as "Hon." which is (as Hon. and Patriotic Counsellor BURNS might say) "A cut above what they do in the Vestries." Then a gentleman who I am told is called Mr. UBBARD, raised a short debate upon what he no doubt correctly describes as the "alf-penny rate." It is a most interesting debate, and would indeed be faultless were it not that the rate has ceased to exist. Upon learning this the Council reluctantly (I say "reluctantly," for one of its members—I think it is that amusing rattle, Lord HOBHOUSE—insists, in a supplementary speech, upon slaying the slain) turns its attention to something else. But what a "something else!" The Standing Committee have actually recommended that the Deputy-Chairman shall receive two thousand pounds sterling a year! Every eye is turned towards Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, whose invariably florid complexion conceals his blushes. The Vice-Chairman, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, neatly recommends the recommendation suggesting that his colleague combines the clerical industry of the bee with the legal knowledge of the ant—at least, that is the impression Sir JOHN's speech conveys to my mind. Somebody seconds the resolution, and then comes the tug of war. The gallant warrior, whose eloquence, rightly or wrongly, is often called "Rotten," leads the attack. He loves BOTTOMLEY like a brother—but there is nothing strange in this, as every subsequent speaker scarcely with an exception echoes the sentiment—but he does not want him to have a salary. There are a number of "Hon. Councillors" of the same way of thinking. For instance, Alderman ARTHUR ARNOLD does not like the idea at all. The Alderman considers BOTTOMLEY his oldest friend—if I understood him rightly he laid the foundation of Mr. FIRTH's fortune, by introducing him to BEALE the Chorus—what a sweet boon!—but he must not be paid. Then another Alderman objects, no less a person than *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* as I must call him) the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS. The Hon. and Ecclesiastical Councillor looks gayer than he did last week. He wears a buttonhole, and is altogether more cheerful. And this reminds me that there are a number of flowers about, inclusive of a large bunch of white lilies on the Chairman's table, which are no doubt waiting for the moment when "Mister" ROSEBERY poses as a model for the central figure in a church-window. *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* on this occasion, reminds me of another Shakspearian character—*Shylock* in a play called *The Merchant of Venice*.

And now there is a diversion. That gallant old warrior Colonel HUGHES (who I assume from his military title, must have the art of war at his fingers' end) complains of "surprise." Why were not the Council told three days in advance that this strange matter

was coming on? How did the Standing Committee come to think of such a clever thing? Such is the brave Colonel's complaint. He is immediately answered by a lawyer (I can fancy how the tough old warrior must fume at the notion of a solicitor correcting an "officer and a gentleman"), Mr. HARRISON, who takes a different view of the subject. Then Captain VERNEY (who is every square-inch a sailor as Colonel HUGHES is every cubic-foot a soldier) interposes, and wants to know what has been done in the matter of Counsel's opinion about the proceedings of last week. The Deputy-Chairman springs forward and gives the required information with a courtesy and a promptitude that suggests and pleasantly suggests, "in this style, two thousand a-year." But this agreeable demeanour does not convert the Naval Representative of the United Service—he still objects to a salary attached to the office. Then we have a Refreshment contractor, whose name is not familiar to me, and whose remarks are of no great importance, and then the Patriot BURNS rises to represent the working-man. The Hon. Councillor is a member of the Standing Committee, and from my own observation, a friend of the noblest of his colleagues. He speaks with a silvery eloquence that wins all hearts. Every word is pronounced with exquisite purity—no dropping of aspirates, no saying "pied" for "paid," or anything of that sort. Personally, he thinks £1,500 a-year enough, and that BOTTOMLEY should have no more, and cease to be an M.P., but he does not insist on the latter suggestion. He wants, however, Mr. FIRTH to earn his money—on pain of getting the sack. It would be difficult to describe the delightful delicacy with which these proposals are made. I can only murmur, "Exquisite, beautiful, *how* refined!" And now the matter has been debated for nearly three hours, and we have got no further. Then "Mister" ROSEBERY interposes, as is his wont, and we have much voting.

In the end, the Deputy-Chairman is given his £2,000 a-year salary, and from a little anecdote he introduces in returning thanks, adroitly suggests that he intends to keep it until he joins the great majority.

"When I told a great statesman recently lost to us—JOHN BRIGHT," says the ingenuous BOTTOMLEY, "that I had turned my attention to Municipal Reform in London, the great man replied, 'I fancy you will find that you have before you the sole labour of your life!'" I can only say may Mr. FIRTH live long, and may his £2,000 a-year prosper!

May 10.—The Council meets again in Spring Gardens. However, as that genial wag *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* would observe, "as the Summer has now set in, the less said about the Spring proceedings the better."

RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT.—The noble sportsmen visiting Kempton have been actuated by Mr. Sam Weller's motto, "Ease afore elegance," and, following their Royal and sensible leader, have discarded the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" tall hat for the "Go-to-race-meeting" pot hat. The fashion, however, was not adopted last week by GRANDOLPH, who explained to his companion, the Brave BOULANGER, that it was "only those who had a tile off would ever think of putting the pot on." The General smiled, but was unable to appreciate the jest. Having so far disposed of heads in the daytime, will not His Sensible Royal Highness dispense with our tails in the evening? "Off with the tails!"

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



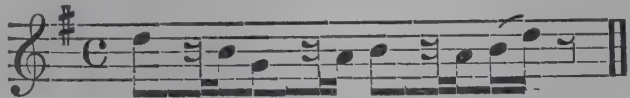
RIGHT HON. ARTHUR GOLFOUR, M.P.

As Irish Secretary known to fame,
Golfour, links-eyed, pursues his favourite game.

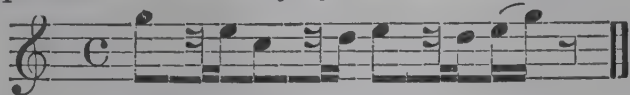
OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE Great Musical event of the week, has, of course, been the production at the Footleton Festival of the much-talked-of Cantata "Whitsuntide," by Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, by whom it was personally conducted. The hall was crowded with a highly fashionable, cultivated and critical audience who were enthusiastic in the extreme, and bestowed flattering receptions on the local Lawyer, Medical Man, Town-clerk, and Postmistress, as each entered the hall. Subsequently, during one of the most interesting numbers, the Medical Man was called out; but we ascertained, on good authority, that his unexpected summons had not been previously arranged by him. The audience rose *en masse* when the gifted composer appeared, and Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE looked more than gratified at the ovation accorded him. Mr. BANCOLLIDES' poem of *Whitsuntide* is too well-known to need a detailed description here, but the opening stanzas, "Our feet are on our native

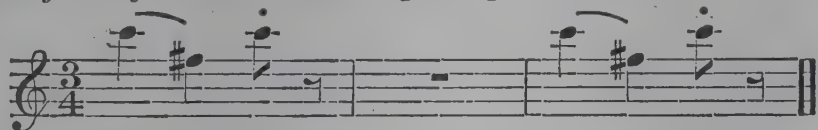
Heath," was most beautifully set, and effectively rendered by the choir. The first great success, however, was the *trio* between the three swains, "Thomas, Richard, and Henry." The chief motif is commenced by Thomas, and is as follows:—



This is responded to immediately by Richard (tenor), in C:—

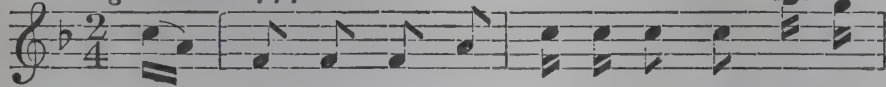


Henry then joins them with this quaint phrase in three-four time:—

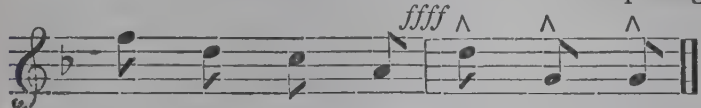


This number became instantly popular with the audience, and there was scarcely a man in the cheap parts of the hall who did not commence whistling the above phrases. The next number was a masterpiece of scoring. It was the grand chorus of *Gay Muleteers*, and we quote the refrain, in the originality of which the gifted composer has surpassed himself:—

Allegro vivace. ppp



If we had steeds that wouldn't pro - gress, Do you

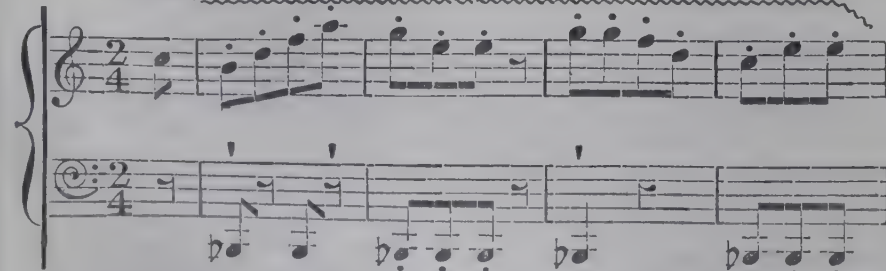


think we'd urge them? Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!

We venture to think, however, that the Composer might have dispensed with the trick of accompanying the final "Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" with a banging of sticks at the back of the orchestra. Tricks of this sort have been introduced before, but the practice, except in Pantomimes, is not to be commended. The song by Harriet (first Soprano), "Arm in Arm with Henry," received the honour of a double *encore*, and nothing could have been more idyllic than the description of Thomas, Richard, and Henry, decorating their hats with wreaths. The swains and their sweethearts are supposed to witness a strolling performance of effigies. The music that accompanied the performance was marvellously orchestrated. The theme was in C, and the kettledrum tuned purposely to B flat. The effect was quite characteristic.

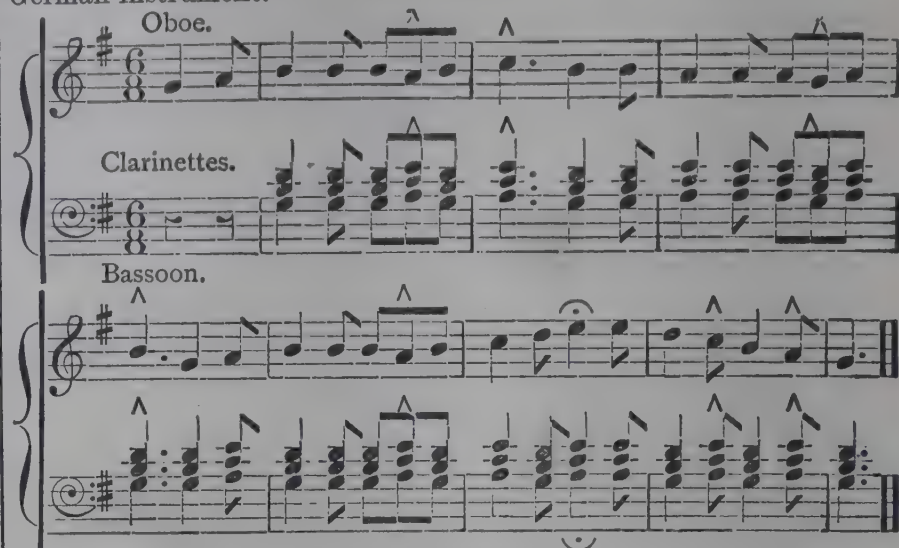
Piccolo.

Sua.



The final chorus was also excellent. The sweethearts and swains march home in couples, the latter holding a musical instrument in

their hands, with which they accompany their chant, according to the custom of the people. Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, in his orchestration, has quite caught the spirit of this beautiful, homely, German instrument.



BRICKS AND MORTARFICATION.

RECEIVE a note from my Vestry telling me that, in accordance with the recent "Leaseholds Enfranchisement Act," I can, if I like, acquire the freehold of my dwelling by "serving a notice on my Landlord." What larks! Always wanted to pay my Landlord out, for his rapacity about those fixtures of his when I entered: also for his refusal to whitewash and paper various rooms, a refusal which he coupled with a most ungenerous reference to "the terms of my lease," whereby, it appears, all repairs are thrown on me!

Curious how calmly Landlord has taken my notice about purchasing freehold. Suppose he sees there's no good in protesting. Price to be settled by Official Arbitrator, on basis of so many years' rent.

It is settled. Price seems simply enormous. Arbitrator had to go by rent, and rent absurdly high. Landlord seems to have told Arbitrator that "he couldn't find a better built 'ouse, not if he searched all Lunnon over," and Arbitrator—who *must* be a simpleton—actually believed him!

Result. I am a freeholder. Proud position—only, in order to raise money, have robbed myself of all the capital I possessed, and had to execute a mortgage as well. Try to realise how much better it is for my self-respect to be owner than merely tenant. Try to feel that I've really and truly a home now, out of which nobody (Query—except mortgagee?) can turn me. Don't experience as much satisfaction out of these reflections as I ought to.

Day after sale, Landlord calls. Ostensible object, to "see how I'm getting on." Real one is to tell me—as he does, chuckling—what a splendid bargain he has made. Says "he always *did* want to get this 'ere 'ouse off his hands," and now "Parliament's done it for him." Points out to me with fiendish glee all the defects of the building of which I am now the happy possessor. Warns me not to press too heavily against wall of study, or "it may come down with a run." Adds, that whole house is a "shocking bad 'un."

I am surprised at Landlord's cool admission. Ask him if he doesn't feel ashamed at having built such a place. "He didn't build it," he replies. Then isn't he ashamed at having got me to buy it? "Not a bit," he says, cheerfully; I seemed very anxious to get freehold, and as he was anxious to part with it, why should he disappoint me? Why, indeed?

Find, after a month or two, that house is really showing signs of giving way. Patch it up (at considerable expense), and then try to let it. Find myself describing it (just as my old Landlord used to do) as "this desirable and commodious residence." Feel that this is a fib, and that my self-respect is distinctly lowered by it.

Result of Leaseholds Act, as far as I am concerned, simply is that I am turned from the swindlee into the swindler. (Query—Isn't all morality a matter of the circumstances one happens to be in?) Landlord seems to be flourishing—probably with money I was fool enough to pay him for this house. When I meet him in the street, he remarks, jocularly, that "my taking that lease off his hands was a happy release to him!" Find myself weakly asking him for his advice as to best mode of letting the house. To think that I should ever have come to this! Feel that, if mortgagee were to foreclose to-morrow, and turn me out of my freehold, I should be really grateful to him.

TWO GREAT SPORTING QUESTIONS.—Whether Donovan will win the Derby, and whether Derby will with SPOFFORTH. Derby desires to play the "Demon" this year, hoping that he will "play the demon" with its opponents.



MONOPOLY.

First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper). "HULLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—QUITE RIGHT—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING!"

Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!" *First S. E. M.* "DONE, WITH YOU!"

INFANT ROSCII.

BRAVO, HENRICUS IRVINGUS et AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COUNTI-COUNCIL-ARIUS, *homo mirabilis!* Excellent speeches you both made on behalf of the employment of the little bread-winning children in theatres. On the boards is the best Board-school for them. You are quite right, Gentlemen, in saying that the objections to such employment are brought by a number of prejudiced, narrow-minded, well-intentioned persons, who know little or nothing about the matter, and do not take the trouble to learn the facts. Why couldn't the Not-at-Home Secretary have been "At-Home" on this occasion, of which he must surely have had due notice?

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Messrs. IRVINGUS and DRURIOLANUS, and their Associates, on this first step in a just cause, and looks forward to the day when good Mrs. FAWCETT and her party will start a Model Theatrical Infant-School Company, to provide education and supervision for the future Roscii, to be entitled "The Fawcett and Katti Lanner Co. (Limited)." But as to urging on Government to any unnecessary interference, *Mr. Punch's* advice to the excellent lady leader of the crusade is, "Don't Force it!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN'S *Scrap Book*, issued by WALKER & Co., is worth more than its price if only for MARK TWAIN'S recommendation of it. He invented it, he says, to lessen the profanity of his unhappy country, as every possessor of a scrap-book was accustomed to swear horribly, like our army in Flanders, whenever he or she couldn't find the paste, or scissors, or gum. Here no gum or paste is required, so that even "by gum!" is unnecessary. It doesn't obviate the use of scissors, though, nor of some method of damping, with an accent on the first syllable, as ARTHUR ROBERTS would say when he found he couldn't fix the scraps; and so, coupled with the publisher's name, there is a good deal of Walker about it. A varied volume is that by Mr. F. A. KNIGHT, entitled *By Leafy Ways*. The writer, who is a student in the school of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES, here collects two dozen or more papers which first appeared in the *Daily News*. We cannot but feel grateful to him for having rescued them and giving them a more permanent position than they could attain in the columns of a popular newspaper. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. E. T. COMPTON.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. IV.—THE IDYLLIC.

THE following example will not be found above the heads of an average audience, while it is constructed to suit the capacities of almost any lady artiste.

SO SHY!

The singer should, if possible, be of mature age, and incline to a comfortable embonpoint. As soon as the bell has given the signal for the orchestra to attack the prelude, she will step upon the stage with that air of being hung on wires, which seems to come from a consciousness of being a favourite of the public.

I'm a dynety little Dysy of the Dingle,
[Self-praise is a great recommendation—in Music-Hall songs.

So retiring and so timid and so coy.
If you ask me why so long I have lived single,
I will tell you—'tis because I am so shoy.

[Note the skill with which the rhyme is adapted to meet Arcadian peculiarities of pronunciation.

Spoken—Yes, I am—really, though you wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? But, for all that,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle,
Going off into a giggle,
And as red as any peony I blush;
Then turn paler than a lily,
For I'm such a little silly,
That I'm always in a flutter or a flush!
[After each chorus an elaborate step-dance, expressive of shrinking maidenly modesty.

I've a cottage far away from other houses,
Which the nybours hardly ever come anoigh;
When they do, I run and hoide among the rouses,
For I cannot cure myself of being shoy.

Spoken—A great girl like me, too! But there, it's no use trying, for—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.
Well, the other day I felt my fice was crimson,
Though I stood and fixed my gyze upon the skoy,
For at the gyte was sorcy CHORLEY SIMPSON,
And the sight of him's enough to turn me shoy.

Spoken—It's singular, but CHORLEY always has that effect on me.

Chorus—When he speaks to me, I wriggle, &c.
Then said CHORLEY: "My pursuit there's no evyding.
Now I've caught you, I insist on a reploy.
Do you love me? Tell me truly, little myding!"
But how is a girl to answer when she's shoy?

Spoken—For even if the conversation happens to be about nothing particular, it's just the same to me.

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.
There we stood among the loilac and syringas,
More sweet than any Ess. Bouquet you boy;
[Arcadian for "buy."

And CHORLEY kept on squeezing of my fingers,
And I couldn't tell him not to, being shoy.

Spoken—For, as I told you before,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.
Soon my slender wyste he ventured on embrycing,
While I only heaved a gentle little soy;
Though a scream I would have liked to rise my vice in,
It's so difficult to scream when you are shoy!

Spoken—People have such different ways of listening to proposals. As for me,—

Chorus—When they talk of love, I wriggle, &c.
So very soon to Church we shall be gowing,
While the bells ring out a merry peal of jy.
If obedience you do not hear me vowing,
It will only be because I am so shoy.

[We have brought the rhyme off legitimately at last, it will be observed.

Spoken—Yes, and when I'm passing down the oil, on CHORLEY'S arm, with everybody looking at me,—

Chorus—I am certain I shall wriggle,
And go off into a giggle,
And as red as any peony I'll blush.
Going through the marriage service
Will be sure to mike me nervous,
[Note the freedom of the rhyme.
And to put me in a flutter and a flush!

THE OFFER OF THE OLIVE-BRANCH.



"My suggestion that recourse should be had to arbitration, as a means of settling the questions now in dispute between landlords and tenants on a number of estates in Ireland. I have, I must say, almost abandoned hope of my suggestion being adopted by the landlords and their advisers. My effort in the cause of peace has been strongly sustained by those newspapers—such, for instance, as the *Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland*—which are universally recognised as exponents and advocates of the tenants' claims."—*Archbishop Walsh's Letter to "The Times."*

Is it a time when aught should bid to cease
One honest effort in the cause of Peace?
Is it an hour when journalistic scorn,
Or Party anger should make more forlorn

The fainting hope of the peacemaker? Nay!
Dissension here has had too long a day;
Hate's hideous harvest only never fails.
The scribe who sneers, the partizan who rails,
Help that, not Law and Order—the glib cry
Of pedants sour who mock at amity.
Who knows the history? Who will stoop to learn?

Let shallow spouters sedulously turn
The leaves of Ireland's story, and shake off
That fatal readiness to rage and scoff
At acts ungauged, and men misunderstood,
Which checks the growth of all the seeds of good.

Between long raging foes, both hot and blind,
Whom law iniquitous and chance unkind

Conjoined, have alienated, seems to stand,
With friendly mien, and olive-branch in hand,

A messenger of peace. Is it not time
That stern constraint and fiercely furtive crime,

So long resultlessly opposed should cease
To have the field between them? "Is it peace?"

Suspicion cries, "or some new shape of guile
Intent to plague this faction-harried Isle?"
So sneers the squint-eyed spirit which inspires

Our rival thoughts and fans our mutual ires.
Is here no opening, if not quite for trust
Entire, for patient trial? Ah! be just

But calmly, carefully considerate too!
While there's one chance that mild-faced
Peace may woo
That angry peasant and that landlord stern
To drop their weapons, snatched in wrath,
and turn
Toward the olive-branch, let those who'd
cope
With hate by justice not abandon hope!

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 14.—The "Mister of ROSEBERRY" (this is an adaptation of a Scotch title to metropolitan requirements) is in the chair, and ready to begin (with the assistance of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the gentleman who has accepted "hundreds," after obtaining thousands) at the stroke of three. There is a pretty full attendance. A good start is made with the *Agenda* until the composition of "the Parks' Committee" is reached. "How shall the new members be elected?" The Mister of ROSEBERRY lets it be understood that he doesn't mind "how," so long as subsequently he hears no more about it. "It" standing of course for composition, and not committee. No doubt the Mister is afraid of some one again suggesting that he should superintend the sale of nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer. An hour or so is then spent in pleasant, if not very instructive chatter, and then lists are ordered to be made out, and handed in. When they are collected, a little later, the papers of Councillor FORSTER, Barrister TORR, and last, but not least, Great Military Commander HOWARD VINCENT, are found to be imperfect. The Mister of ROSEBERRY quite chuckles over the fact that three such highly distinguished and intellectual persons should be guilty of an informality.

Then comes the report of the Finance Committee; and it is a relief to some of us to find that its highly respected chairman, Lord LINGEN, is seemingly entirely unconnected with the recent proceedings in connection with the Park Club. As I gaze at him, portfolio in hand, murmuring soft somethings about figures, I feel certain that he shuns *baccarat* as the plague. His explanation (whatever it is) seemingly satisfies every one, save that unbloated aristocrat Earl COMPTON, who, not hearing every word of the fiery eloquence of the noble Lord, occasionally ejaculates "Speak up!"

The customary orators by this time are well to the fore. The Refreshment Contractor from the Law Courts expands in his usual fashion, and then takes some interest in a speech from Mr. BASSETT HOPKINS, possibly because it contains reference to "the Legislature," which latter word, as pronounced, sounds as if it were an *entremet* in the menu of a City dinner. Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* (as I really must call him) opposes the retention of an open space (so I understand him) because it may be utilised to enlarge a chapel. This brings up a gentleman in a red tie (his face seems familiar to me, but I cannot say where I have seen him before), who expresses his wish to support the reverend Councillor in carrying out so admirable an object. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, however, prefers open air to chapel-going in the locality in question (a very squalid one), and says so.

Then we have a long discussion about engineers and doctors. It appears that we have to appoint a chief engineer, and we are greatly exercised in our minds as to whether the coming official shall be allowed (when chosen) to take pupils. This matter is discussed with much earnestness, provoking loud cries of



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE AWFULLY FUNNY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Brown. "I SAY—LOOK HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY CARICATUREING MY PICTURE—HAY?" Jones. "YES—CONFOUND YOU!—AND NOT CARICATUREING MINE!"

"Hear, hear!" from a part of the Council, and "'ear, 'ear!" from the remainder. On the whole, I fancy the "hear, hears" are in the majority. As £1500 is the sum proposed as salary, I am not surprised to find the silvery-tongued BURNS suggesting a reduction of £500. It is always a pleasure to listen to the agreeable voice of this patriot, even when he has nothing particular to say as on the present occasion. Next we choose a Medical Officer of Health, and note, *en passant* that Mr. CLARKE (who is a real live Common Councillor of the City of London) is "guided by the personal appearance of a man as much as by anything else," a remark causing the reflection that he must be delighted when he gazes into a looking-glass. And after our doctor is chosen (after three attempts) we come perhaps to the most exciting incident in the afternoon's entertainment.

During the sitting Miss Alderspinster CONS and Miss COBDEN have been holding quite a little court at which, amongst others, Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* has been (so I have noticed) in constant attendance. I find that we are now called upon to consider Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS' motion for a deputation to the President of the Local Government Board to urge upon the attention of that Right Hon. and greatly favoured Gentleman, the thirst that the London County Council undoubtedly have for the charms of female society. Miss COBDEN, convulses us with laughter, as she asks whether the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Deputy-Chairman would undertake the arduous duties of visiting twenty-three baby-farms, *vice* Lady SANDHURST disqualified? Some of us (I think the "'ear, 'ears") would like to add this pleasant little exercise to the daily routine of the self-sacrificing (but £2000 a-year-receiving) BOTTOMLEY, but no one ventures to make the proposal. Then, after a forcible but courteous protest from a man of mark, or rather marks, the ladies carry the day by a majority of 26, and we go home after four hours of hard talking (and harder listening) with what appetite we may, to dinner.

And now, having sufficiently "sampled" the proceedings of the London County Council, I close my note-book—for the present.

Up! Up!

THAT great work of Highest possible Art, *La Tour Eiffel*, is the tall attraction in Paris. Eiffel-tower first, Exhibition second. They are all Eiffel mad. "Tall writin'," instead of being termed "high-fallutin'," is now "Eiffelutin'." A *gamin de Paris* who sees a tall lady cries out, "Tiens! Madame EIFFEL!" The *Figaro* records that a high note touched by Miss SIBYL SAUNDERSON, the new soprano, was immediately recorded as "*la note Eiffel de l'Opéra Comique*." *La Tour Eiffel* gives the tone to everything. The Parisians are holding their heads high; the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers are all highly delighted, because the prices are Eiffel-prices; that is, about as high as they can be.

ODE TO FOUR O'CLOCK.

A Drydenish Dithyrambic of the Special Commission. In the form of a Trio.

Vocalists—Sir J-M-S H-NN-N, Mr. J-ST-E D-Y, and Mr. J-ST-E A. L. SM-TH.

[“The Court adjourned at Four o'clock.”—*Diurnal announcement.*]

O BLESSED Four o'clock!
Thine advent makes e'en Rhad-
manthus gay,
And Cæcus (or D-Y)
With Minos SM-TH seem half
inclined to play
At leap-frog, which might
shock

Wigged W-BST-R's more than
Cancellarian dignity.
Our benison upon the sweet be-
nignity

Of him, the something slow but
sure scythe-bearer!

Oh! if the wearer
Of horse-hair and of ermine
Might but determine
The pace of Kronos daily round
the dial

Upon this dread interminable trial,
Old Edax Rerum

(Who is not bound to hear 'em,
These wrangling counsel and witnesses ramb-
ling),

Would have a pace less like a park-hack's
ambling.

From harmony, from party-harmony
This never-ending bore began,
Where Justice underneath a heap
Of jarring questions lies,
And cannot heave her head.

We Three feel well-nigh dead.
Cold cynic questions, and quick hot replies
From R-D and R-SS-LL leap,
And scarce our power obey.

From harmony, from party-harmony,
This lengthy little game began,
From S-L-SB-RY's and G-SCH-N's harmony,
And that of those Dissentients who ran
First from the follies of the Grand Old Man.

What passion cannot Eloquence raise and
quell?

When R-SS-LL perorated well,
His listening “brothers” sat around,
And wonder on their faces fell
Whilst hanging on the silvery sound.
Less than an Oracle there scarce could dwell
In guise of that snuff-taking, legal swell,



Who spake so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Eloquence raise and
quell?

But Counsel's harsh clangor
Less certainly charms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And pride up in arms,
The double, double, double beat
Of the hammering fist,
Wake tired ill-temper 'tis hard to resist
When nailed many hours to our seat.

P-GG-TT led W-BST-R a wild-goose chase,
And nigh the Thunderer lost its place
Sequacious of *that* liar;
But lingering weeks of squabbling sadly tire,
Oh, why to Law was wind so lengthy given,
Making our triune judgment-seat appear—
Well—certainly not heaven?

Grand Chorus.

Therefore We Three thankfully praise
The clock-hands as they move,
And for the hour of Four we raise
Our hands in thanks above.

Oh, dearest, most desired hour!
Thou bald-head who dost all devour,
Grateful we are when thou dost knock
Upon our tympanums with pleasant shock,
And bring us once again thrice welcome Four
o'clock!

MOST APPROPRIATE.

NOTHING more natural than that the Lyric Club should branch out into the Lyric Cricket Club, a difficult combination of words to pronounce five times rapidly. The chief amusements at the Lyric commence about midnight, and finish about 3 A.M., when the hours are “small and early,” during which time the Lyrical Members are as lively as Crickets chirruping on the hearth. It was therefore almost unnecessary to add “Cricket” to “Lyric,” but why not drop “Lyric” altogether? Let the Lyric Theatre enjoy the title all to itself, and let the Lyric Members call themselves “The Cricket Club.” *Happy Thought.*—Excellent name for an Up-all-night Club, “The Crickets.” Why on Hearth hasn't this been thought of before? Perhaps it has, and we didn't know of it. Very likely.

The Coming County Councillors.

WHEN lovely Woman's made a C. C.,
And finds, too late, that Acts betray,
What is her tip? To take it easy,
And—try again another day!
The L. G. Act, it seems, won't qualify
“Women” to sit as (and on) “men.”
But man-made law the Sex will mollify,
And won't she “let us have it” then!

Correspondence.

SIR,—I see the Bishops have been denoun-
cing gambling. Is it on this account that
the Bishop of LINCOLN is had up before the
Archbishop, or only for some private specu-
lations? I confess to being a little mixed,
and only want to know.

Yours, MAX MUDDLER.

HYMEN HYMENÆE!—Last Thursday Miss
HOPE GLENN married Mr. HEARD, and that
afternoon our handsome *mezzo soprano*,
although so justly popular at all recent con-
certs and musical festivals, was Heard for
the first time. Fortunate HEARD, not one of
the common herd.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—The conversa-
tion turned on the First NAPOLEON. “I can't
remember who his great Minister was,” ob-
served Mrs. RAM; “but I know it was a
name suggestive of fox-hunting. Ah! I
recollect—it was TALLYHO!”

PARKS NOBISCUM.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that, in the *Daily Telegraph*, “E. L.” has
once more opened up the old subject of Park Improvement. Mr.
Punch has been harping on much the same string year after year.



Why not kiosques for light refresh-
ment? No necessity for Mr. PLUNKET,
or GEORGE RANGER, or Mr. ROSEBERY,
if the L. C. C. has got anything to do
with it, to personally superintend the
sale of apples, oranges, ginger-beer,
cakes and ices. Why not a superior
restaurant for cold lunches? We don't
want to take the trees and shrubs from
the Bois de Boulogne, having got some
very fine ones of our own, but we
might take a few leaves out of the
French book. And, beyond this, why
not consider Equestrians as well as Pe-
destrians, and give a ride across the
Park, and another through the beau-
tiful shady avenues of Kensington
Gardens? Was there ever such a
monotonous squirrel-in-the-cage arrangement as “Rotten Row” and
its contributories now? And what is there for Equestrians in Re-
gent's Park? A wretched strip not worth mentioning. As to the
“ride”—Heaven save the mark!—in Birdcage Walk,—a “ride” in
a “Walk” may be considered a concession,—instead of being a delight-

ful avenue for a canter, it is occupied by loafing roughs, small chil-
dren, and mischievous *gamins de Londres*, who make riding dan-
gerous to man, beast, and child. Are there no park-keepers or police
to keep this place in order, and prevent its being a lounge for
obstructive loafers and a playground for little imps who are a terror
to those who (do or don't) ride well.

Mr. *Punch* addresses himself respectfully to “Mr.” ROSEBERY (if
necessary) to the courteous and common-sensible Mr. PLUNKET, and
to the gallant RANGER GEORGE, and begs E. L. and the *Daily
Telegraph* to go on and hammer, hammer, hammer away in season
and out of season, but especially now when it's in season.

REGINA AD ETONAM.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCHIUS,—REGINA nostra venit hic alteram
diem Saturdiem ultimam deponere lapidem corneram novarum ædi-
ficarum scholasticarum, quid illa sua MAJESTAS Graciosa fecit digni-
tate multâ, et nos omnes omnibus nostris cordibus illam cheeravimus.
Visus grandis situs atque bonus, et magna dies Etonensibus. Cum
cantat VIRGILIUS, puto, “Incedit REGINA.” Sic illa fecit. Nullum
plus nunc in præsentî, sed mitte mihi unum quid pro quod scripsi.
Hurridus sum ad catchere postam.

Vester veritabiliter, “PUER ASCANTIUS.”

CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.—The son of DICKENS is shining
brightly. His pathetic tone is good, but his evident appreciation of
his father's humour is irresistible with an audience which prefers
laughing to crying. It ought to be a successful series.

PIECES WITH HONOURS.

THE funniest thing in the Opera of *Paul Jones* is the back view of Mr. ASHLEY, whose cloak might be utilised for advertising purposes. The music is pleasant, but, at a first visit, not striking; yet this fact may account for its great success, and for the big houses it attracts,



A Reminiscence of "Ashley's."

as every one not caring much for it on once hearing it, but favourably impressed by the acting and the brilliant *mise-en-scène*, would decide to go and hear it again. Once an air "catches on," the fortune of an Opera is made. I should say that *Paul Jones's* fortune has been chiefly made by Miss HUNTINGDON, who is a most refined and unconventional representative of the usual "boy," with whose pert characteristics a long course of extravaganza, burlesque, and *opéra bouffe* has rendered us so familiar. The female portion of the audience at the Prince of Wales's come away Huntingdonians, every one of them. The two comic sailors, Messrs. MONKHOUSE and ALBERT JAMES, work their

hardest to keep the game alive, and in the Third Act the indefatigable exertions of the undefeated Mr. FRANK WYATT are generously rewarded by an appreciative public. Mr. STANISLAUS, whose name recalls the time when "The Fair Land of Poland," &c., wields the *bâton* with as much vigour as if he were thrashing a Russian oppressor of his country, instead of only beating time. To Miss WADMAN, the Great-grand Nephew of *Uncle Toby* sends his respectful compliments, and thanks her for her singing, but wishes she would not sing in her speaking, and give us a little more acting.

"PHYLLIS (BROUGHTON) is my only joy," of course, and I never saw her throw so much spirit into a part. As *Chopinette*, she showed the unfortunate *Bouillabaisse* what she could do with a husband if she once caught him. There are no great dramatic situations in *Paul Jones*, but some good effects. M. PLANQUETTE's *Les Cloches* is still without a rival, and *Paul Jones* is miles behind *Rip Van Winkle*. How good LESLIE was in that, and how little he has ever done since, except to Arthur-Robertise himself.



J. L. Toole escaping from the Police.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE, of the Tooleries, is a clever advertiser. It is whispered that he put the police up to making their sudden swoop on "the Spooferies" in Maiden Lane and the Park Club farther West, so that their raid should be just in the nick of time (doors open at 7:30—"8 is the 'nick'") for displaying his hand of *Artful Cards*. Very artful. In this his trump is a trombone, and the honours, in which all share, are easy; but for especial commendation I must mention Miss KATE PHILLIPS, who makes quite a character of the sham Countess, *Madame Asteriski*.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

MUSICAL NOTES.



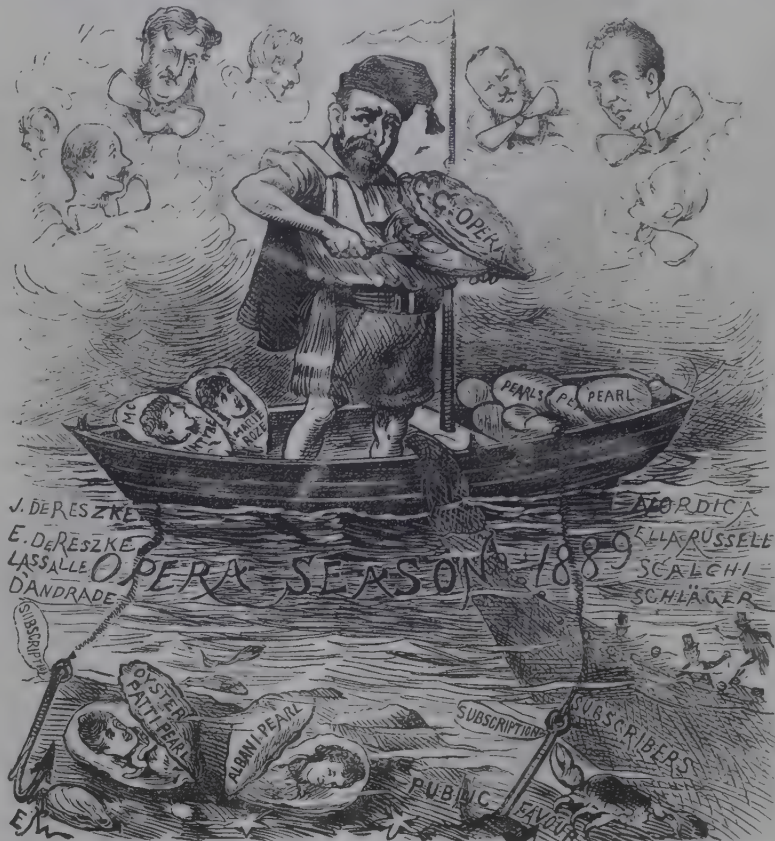
"The Shinner Quartette."



Uncles, Cousins, and Aunts.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

A GREAT night, a brilliant spectacle on and off the stage. The Organising Committee on the alert. Lord CHARLES, not in the least at sea, is ready to dance a hornpipe at a moment's notice in case the *première danseuse* should disappoint them at the last moment; all the committee-men, animated by Lord CHARLES's true British tar spirit "stand by," ready, aye ready to bear a hand, or a couple of hands if need be, and render evening suit and service if called



The King Fisher for Operatic Pearls; or, "The Diversions of Pearly."

upon by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTY-COUNCILARIUS, who is at the helm of the operatic ship. Should one of the operatic ship's carpenters, known to the uninitiated as "scene-shifters," be wanting, Earl DE GREY says he will not feel himself degraded by tucking up his shirt-sleeves and nailing the colours to the mast.

"This by his voice should be O. Montagu," as SHAKSPEARE observes, and here he is willing to "give a hand," as requested by *Capulet*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Sharp chap, SHAKSPEARE. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., is at the Box Office ready to give two and fivepence halfpenny and three-eighths of a farthing in change for half-a-crown, just to show the gain which will accrue to the management of Covent Garden by adopting bimetalism. H. V. HIGGINS explains to the three Princesses in the royal box the thrilling story of *I Pescatori di Perle*. HIDALGO DE MURIETTA expresses his willingness to assume a picturesque costume and go on as a brigand if required, while Mr. OPPENHEIM hums Signor D'ANDRADE's music, and holds himself in readiness to take his place in case of any *contretemps*. The National Anthem, by the majority of the Company, brings us all to attention, and reminds us of the first night of the Drury Lane Pantomime. After this, the curtain rises on Act the First of *I Pescatori di Perle*, composed by the Busy BIZET. DRURIOLANUS, as the *Pêcheur-en-chef de Perles*, has been fishing with success, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, Miss MACINTYRE, Madame SCALCHI, and MARIE ROZE being the net result. What has become of that pretty Norwegian ARNOLDSEN, who sang *Zerlina* so charmingly at Drury Lane?

The pearls worn by ELLA RUSSELL, who was perpetually being veiled and unveiled like a statue, were thrown before this distinguished and appreciative audience. Miss ELLA looked and sang splendidly. Signor D'ANDRADE—an Irishman Italianised, of course, his real name being evidently Mither DAN DRARDY—did his very best. Signor TALAZAC filled a considerable portion of the stage, but I doubt whether his voice reached to the uttermost parts of the house. The chorus, and the orchestra personally conducted by Signor MANCINELLI, were perfect; so was the *mise-en-scène*. The last scene delighted all the cremationists present, and showed how very easy it is "to make a pile" on the Operatic stage. A misprint in the book of the words gave DAN DRARDY's character to TALAZAC, and *vice versa*, which was rather hard on both of them. The First Act is the best, and the duet with which it closes scored the success of the evening.

LUCKY FIRTH! To get £2000 a-year from the L. C. C! If he also accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, will he give them to a charity?



ÆSTHETICS.

Daughter of the House. "BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH, MAY I HAVE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS OFF THE CABINET, AND PUT IT INSIDE? THE MODERN MASCULINE HAT IS SUCH A DEPLORABLY HIDEOUS OBJECT!"

"POOR LITTLE BILL!"

Master WILLIAM SMITH, *loquitur* :—

WELL, of all the orkud, limpity lumpity babbies as ever did bother a nuss, I do declare that this kid of yours is the heaviest, 'ENERY. *Couldn't* be wuss. It flops in the head, and it drags on the arms, and it doubles up in the middle like fun. Now don't stand howling there, 'ENERY, *don't*, but up and tell us wot's to be done. I never did like the looks of it, drat it! it never wasn't a promising kid, But you *wos* so sweet on it; said *you* would carry it easy, 'ENERY, you know you did; And now where are we? A regular fix, and the way out of it I don't quite see, And there you stands a blubbering 'ENERY, a-leaving the beast of a babby to me. Kids of this stock ain't healthy, 'ENERY; you never rears 'em do what you will, Which young Fair-Trade was a blighted babe, and it's just the same with this Little Bill. Look at him, limp and lumpy, 'ENERY, weak in the back, and with weepy eyes; Nobody loves him, and none will nuss him; all hates a hinfant as flops and cries. Bother that blessed old Mother Purtection! Her brats are always such rickety imps. Oh, wot's the use of denying the parentage? It's only she as brings forth such shrimps. Got us to nuss it, you in particular, that is the wust of it, 'ENERY, dear. Artful old image, she's done us neatly; and you're fair flummoxed, and I feels queer.

"Such a *sweet* child, with a temper like sugar, healthy, too, and costs little to keep!" That's how the bad old baggage beguiled us; and now it is sick, and does nothing but weep. Sugar, indeed! Wich Wirgin Winegar's much more like it, and not molasses. And as for cheap? Oh, 'ENERY! 'ENERY! we wants to nobble the working classes. And nussing up such rickety babbies as this won't do it, I sadly fear. It will cost no end for pap and peppermint; in that sense only the babby's *dear*. "Dear little thing!" says you a snivelling. I only wish—but that's far too good—As you could gobble it up on the quiet, as t'other Wolf did Red Riding Hood! Can't farm it out to some Mrs. BROWNRIGG, I s'pose? No, 'ENERY, no such luck! We've got it on our hands, for certain; and you stand helpless, and I'm fair stuck. Begin to sympathise with HEROD, and think them Spartans were not far wrong. Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! you as told me that Little Bill was so sweet and strong! Wot *are* we going to do with it, 'ENERY? Wish you wouldn't stand bellowing there. I am a reglar Pill Garlic, I am; 'pon my honour it isn't fair, If we gave it an over-dose of "cordial," and sent it into a lasting sleep, Why, *there's* the body to be disposed of, and it's a thing as we cannot keep. Happy thought! Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! here's a well in a 'andy spot, Like what *Lady Audley* dropped her husband down, and I tell you wot,

I'm tired out, and you ain't no use, and there's nobody looking; wot do you think?

Just a step, a slip, a stumble, close by the well—on the very brink?

When Johnny Green found the cat a nuisance, why, into the well he was prompt to pop it.

Murder poor Little Bill? Why, no; but we *cannot* carry it, so *let's* drop it!

AN EMPRESS'S MASSAGER.—Dr. METZGER, the celebrated doctor whose remedy is the Massage for everything, has taken the Empress of AUSTRIA under his care, and she is recovering her strength and health. The *Observer* recently said of him that the Doctor is so thorough-going a Republican that he wouldn't cross the street for a Sovereign. Nor would our courtliest London doctor; but he would for a guinea. If METZGER succeeds, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will patronise Massage, and Dr. M. will be brought out as a Company, entitled, the Massagéries Impériales.

FOREIGN TO OUR HABITS.—The Brave General, like Brer Fox, is "layin' low." This is wise generalship, but he would do well to advise any of his hot-tempered followers not to go about with revolvers in their pockets. When M. ROCHEFORT presented the weapon at M. PILOTTELL, why did not the latter, who is a well-known black-and-white artist, draw and defend himself?



“POOR LITTLE BILL!”

MASTER SMITH (to MASTER DE WORMS). “I SIAY, HENERY, WE CAN’T CARRY ’IM ANY FURTHER,—S’POSE WE DROP ’IM!!”

THE STAGGERED STIPENDIARY.

A Police-Court Cantata—Written up to Date.

The Scene represents the interior of a Metropolitan Police Court towards three o'clock in the afternoon. A miscellaneous crowd of Witnesses in adjourned cases, Reporters, Police-men, Attorneys, Officials of the Court, and the general Public, who have been waiting the arrival of the Magistrate, who has not yet come, from ten o'clock in the morning discovered in the last stages of irritable impatience.

As the Curtain rises, they join in the following general Chorus:—

GENERAL CHORUS.

HEAVENS! It is exasperating
Thus to witness Justice scorning
Public comfort! We've been waiting
Quite from ten o'clock this morning.
Now on three it's pretty near,—
Yet his Worship is not here!

WITNESSES.

Yesterday our case adjourning,
To attend at ten he told us;
Now at ten to-day returning,
We discover he has sold us.

OFFICIALS OF THE COURT.

Yes! and possibly to-morrow
Of your case there'll be no clearance;
For, we state the fact with sorrow,
He mayn't put in appearance!

ATTORNEYS.

Yet are we our clients fleecing
Through extended litigations,
And our modest costs increasing
Much against our inclinations.

POLICEMAN.

And the burglar we had brought here,
Having tracked him out and traced him!
Since the Beak, he ain't in Court here,
It's a pity as we chased him!

GENERAL CHORUS.

It's a pity! Yes, and shame, too,
That the public thus should suffer,
If our Beak we gave the name to
We should christen him a "Duffer!"
But Ha! 'tis on the stroke of three.
[The door at the back of the Bench opens,
and discloses The Magistrate.

And lo! he comes. It is! 'Tis he!

[The Magistrate enters pale and trembling,
and staggers in the direction of his official
chair. All manifest great concern.

What's come to him? Ah! who can tell

THE MAGISTRATE (smiling feebly).

I think, my friends, I am not well. [Faints.

[The Chief Clerk and a Chance Medical Man
rush on to the Bench to his assistance.

CHANCE MEDICAL MAN (feeling his pulse).

The cause of this collapse is plain:—
A patent case of over-strain!
Has anybody got some brandy?

THE CHIEF CLERK (producing his flask).

I always have a little handy.
He's been so much like this of late.
[They administer some to him and he gradually recovers.

THE MAGISTRATE (cantabile).

Where am I?

GENERAL CHORUS (con brio).

Here, at any rate!

And p'raps you'll confidence restore
And say why you've not come before!

THE MAGISTRATE.

Ah! you for explanations call.
"Before"? Ask why I've come at all!
Would'st hear the tale of horror I could tell?

GENERAL CHORUS.

We would! your tale of horror likes us well.

THE MAGISTRATE.

Ballad.

Now when first I accepted this post
I considered myself very lucky,
And I think, and I don't want to boast,
When I tackled my work I felt plucky.
But when five of my colleagues fell ill,
And their work fell to me and one other,
We but feared, when their place we would fill,
That the task would our faculties smother!
And our fear has proved right, for however
you strive,
You can't get out of two the hard work
meant for five!

Take to-day. I've not had any rest,
And have flown without halting or stopping
With a feeling of infinite zest
Straight from Southwark to Greenwich and
Wapping.

And though, here at Wandsworth I wait,
And to you for a moment am speaking,
I perceive, as it's now getting late,
I must shortly be Hammersmith seeking.
But it all proves no use, for however you
strive, [meant for five!
You'll not get out of two the hard work
(He rises) and now I think, I must depart.

GENERAL CHORUS (rushing forward).

Our patience surely this has earned:—
And you will hear us ere you start?

[The Magistrate totters feebly towards the
door, and whispers to the Chief Clerk.

THE CHIEF CLERK (confidentially addressing
the Court).

He cannot stay! You're all adjourned!

[The announcement is received with consternation,
on hearing it all rush forward
and join in the following finale:—

GENERAL CHORUS (finale).

Thus, again our case adjourning,
Justice into jest he's turning!
Yet he's helpless if he strive!
For 'tis proved beyond negation,—
Though some pence it saves the nation,—
Two can't do the work of five!

[At the close of the Chorus the back of the
Court opens and reveals the HOME SECRETARY
discovered slyly winking at the
scene, while the Magistrate retires feebly
from the Bench, and is assisted by two
Constables and the Chief Clerk to a four-
wheeled cab, in which he starts for Ham-
mersmith, with a sickly smile, as the
Curtain descends.

New Gallery Guy'd.

No. 260. Obstinate Boy. "Shan't go home if I
don't like."

No. 264. Quartette. So nice for the Lodgers in
the next room.

No. 294. Some Relation of Ellen Terry's.

THE New Prince's Club was opened on
Saturday last. Racquet and Tennis Courts,
Turkish baths, Restauration, and club-rooms.
Ought to be a big success, and likely to fal-
sify the ancient proverb, "Put not your trust
in Prince's." Very staid persons may not like
to join on account of its being rather a rack-
etty place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING DISAPPOINTMENTS. — It was cer-
tainly most annoying to find, that after having
lately invited five London friends to your
"box" in the Highlands for the purpose of
giving them a "fortnight's deer-stalking,"
there was only one stag in the neighbourhood,
old and lame, and blind of one eye, and
so tame that it hobbles up even to strangers,
who call it "Jock," to which name it answers,
and feed it from their hands with cakes and
buns. It is no good trying to "stalk" this
poor old creature, who probably is the pet of
the whole neighbourhood, and would not un-
derstand being shot at in the least, though
you might possibly scare him into a run with
a dynamite cartridge or two. Your idea of
meeting the difficulty in future, by hiring a
South American bison from the Wild Beast
Emporium in the Commercial Road, as a sort
of *pis aller*, is not a bad one, but you must
be careful when the creature is once let loose
from your premises that it does not catch sight
of the railway omnibus horses, for should it
happen to, it would be sure to go for them at
once. With regard to the chances of your
taking a fish in your salmon-run, we should
think that, seeing the chemical works you
mention have turned it sixteen miles both
ways to a bright orange colour, and given it
the consistency of starch, they would certainly
be remote, and we would advise you to recom-
mend your friends not to bring any tackle.
Judging that your opportunities of giving
them any sport whatever are, under the cir-
cumstances, likely to be limited, would it
not be as well to avoid having them down at
all, if you could by any means manage it?
Think this out.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

I'M seen at every Private View,
No *Matinée*'s complete without me,
And people whom I never knew
Talk quite familiarly about me.
With every post the cards pour in,
At every crush my face is seen,
A show-face on a show-body;
And eager paragraphs appear
About my movements all the year,
And yet I'm really Nobody.

The madman of the master's pen
Exulted in his hidden madness;
The homage of my fellow-men
Kindles my soul to kindred gladness.
For Rank, with unexpressive eye,
And vapid Fashion, collar'd high,
And Beauty, in her low body,
Pay ever-growing court to one
Who stands at gaze to watch the fun,
And knows that he is Nobody.

Oh, were I but an actor-wight,
Or minnesinger sentimental,
Or artist in a threadbare plight,
Or ranter burdened by his rental!
The social favours of my lot
Might make a heart of ice wax hot,
A snow-man's in a snow-body;
But I—I simply go my way,
No fame to reap, no bills to pay,
An independent Nobody.

Mysterious Fate! I'm "taken up."
Not even such a lot desiring;
I dine, I dance, I flirt, I sup,
Vires eundo still acquiring.
I know that Fashion's mystic laws
Would frank with equal lack of cause
A rag-doll with a tow body;
Yet, 'mid the "set's" exclusive joys,
The thought my honesty annoys,
That, after all, I'm Nobody!

UN "CARR" D'HEURE IN THE NEW HALLÉRY GALLERY.



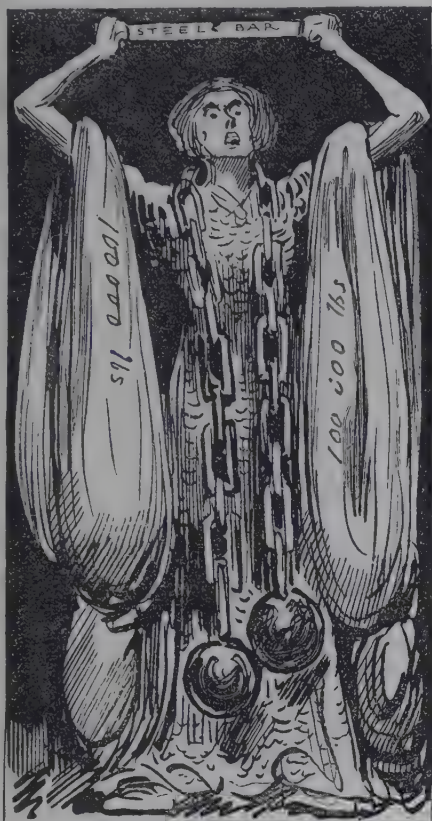
No. 14. Disgusted. Is a Soldier's life worth living? No.



No. 114. Prawn-sticking on highly trained Dolphins.



No. 84. The Earl of Stare, reciting, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" while thinking to himself that his present glass eye feels very uncomfortable.



No. 110. Athletics. Strong Woman performing her tour de force.



No. 180. Siamese Twins bathing.



No. 55. Portrait of a Gentleman who has just thought of such a good Joke. "It seems to become funnier every minute," he says. [Bravo, Herkomer Junior!]



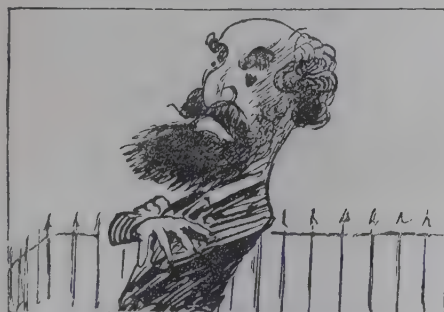
No. 59. "Aw—ya—as—aw—they're turn-over collars; but if I turned them up, Mr. G. wouldn't be in it with me." [Bravissimo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 42. "Shall I ask Jesse Collings to dinner or not?"



No. 151. Pipe-and-Bird's-eye View of "Mr. G. Wills. Portrait of the Artist by himself"—and likely to remain so.



No. 10. Guilty or not Guilty?



No. 26. Portrait of John Tenniel, painted in lobster sauce. Ward next!!



No. 154. Poor dear gentle sufferer! she has got the gout so very badly in her left foot. Send for Sir Merry Andrew Clark, Pretty Dicky Quain, Burney Yeo Ho, and Robinson Rooseo!



No. 138. The New Summer Hat. "Very fine and rather too large."

OUR AGITANT-GENERAL'S DIARY.

ASKED down to Oxbridge, to give lecture on "Military Power of England." Gratifying to find this interest in Army among University Dons. Shouldn't have thought it of them. Not quite their line—to know much about my "Line"! Master of Belial (curious title) has invited me, and I know he's a tremendous Liberal. Never mind, *must* have a slap at GLADSTONE. Can't help it, though certainly rather difficult to work it into a military paper. Well received. Splendid old port in Common Room. Should like to bring in something about "old port" into lecture, but difficult in military subject.

Arrive at Sheldonian Theatre (why theatre? Don't like name: nothing theatrical about *me*) and find room crammed with Crammers, Tutors, Heads of Colleges, Proctors, Bull-Dogs, Professors, Dons and Undergraduates. Also women and citizens. My appearance (in full regimentals, which I've put on to overawe the Professors) seems to create some surprise. An officious Proctor hopes my sword clanking over pavement "won't injure the encaustic tiling."

At a certain point in my discourse, create fresh sensation by "offering my sword to my country." Country doesn't seem to want it just now, as nobody responds. Master of Belial edges his chair away from me nervously. Offer it instead to Vice-Chancellor, a quiet old gentleman who seems afraid of it. Asks me *sotto voce* to "put that nasty thing in the sheath." Shall I resent this as insult to Army, and run Vice-Chancellor through the body? Might do so if I were quite sure my sword wasn't of the patent pliable corkscrew pattern, and that I *could* run it through anything.

Tell audience that "I know more of war than anybody else in England." Don't add (as I might) that I know more about everything than anybody else in England, including history, sociology, law, and politics. Under-

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETICS.

THE HONBLE. MEMBER FOR ST. PANCRAS W. SUPPORTING THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES BILL.

graduate a long way off shouts, "Bunkum!" Fix him with my eye. Undergraduate stares back. Fortunately a Bull-Dog catches sight of him, and seeing that he is out at night without cap and gown, makes for him. Undergraduate leaves hurriedly. Wish I could get something in about "the old port."

Now is my opportunity to give it 'em hot about Home-Rule! Nothing on earth to do with my subject—but here goes! Audience (among whom are a good sprinkling of sturdy Gladstonians) seem surprised. What a lark! Can't, in politeness, go out till I've finished, and they shift about on their seats uneasily, looking warm. Master of Belial pretends to have gone to sleep. Vice-Chancellor really *has* gone to sleep! End up with rattling peroration about Empire, and sit down amid cordial cheers. Audience seems relieved that it's over. Regret not finding opportunity for jocosé allusion to "the old port."

Go back to College with Master of Belial. Curious personage. I ask him how he thinks the lecture has gone; and he replies that the weather at Oxbridge has been rather rainy this Term. Is this the result of knowing too much Greek? Possibly my military remarks really Greek to him; but then, as he's Regius Professor of Language, that ought not to prevent his understanding them. And why did he ask the Military Authority down if he didn't want enlightenment?

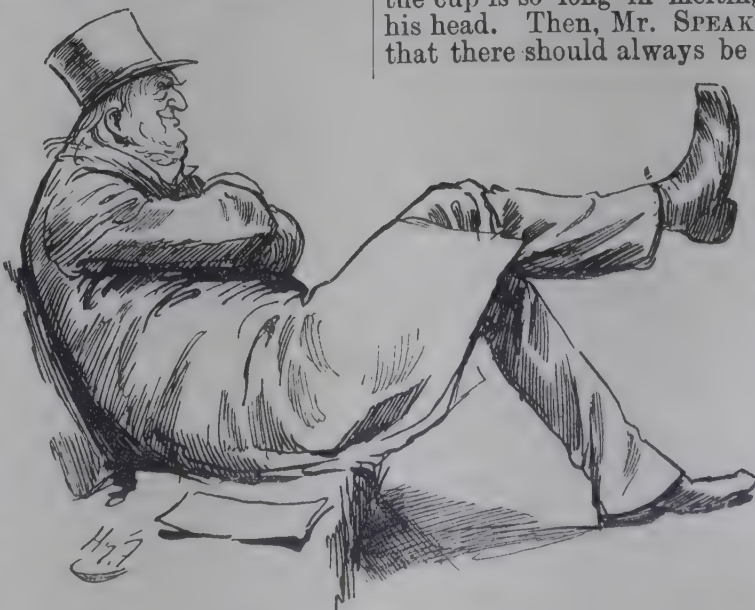
Not treated so well when in College as I was before. No old port! Is this because I didn't mention it in lecture? Master asks me, "as a personal favour," to leave my sword in umbrella-stand, and to take off my spurs, as they "may catch in his carpets." When I begin to talk about politics, Master (Query—deranged?) goes off on to Soldiers' drill. Such bad taste. Wish he'd stick to his own subjects—as I always do! Though I wish I hadn't on this occasion, and then I could have lugged in a naval joke about "the old port."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 13.—OLD MORALITY in fine form to-night. A great deal expected from him; came up to highest hopes. Opposition Benches crowded. Crisis been reached in career of Sugar Bill; what would the Government do? Would they abandon the Bill, and send the noble Baron to the Clock Tower, or would they stand by both, defy Opposition, and dare the Dissentients to desert them? LYON PLAYFAIR put momentous question. OLD MORALITY lightly approached table, and gazed benignly on eager faces watching him; Grand Old Man, most eager of all, with hand to ear, expectant.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, "asks me whether,—in compliance with the promise of the Government of the Eleventh of April, that before the Sixteenth of May the Government would fix a day on which they would propose to proceed with the Second Reading of the Sugar Convention Bill,—I will now state the day fixed. Before answering that question



"In maiden meditation fancy free."

and we have nothing to conceal from the House, wishing, indeed being desirous, to give all the information in our power), I would like to put a question to the Right Hon. Gentleman himself, whose authority on these matters the House and the Country gladly acknowledge. Does he know why a lump of sugar left at the bottom of the cup is so long in melting? The Right Hon. Gentleman shakes his head. Then, Mr. SPEAKER, I will tell him, believing as I do that there should always be a condition of perfect confidence between the House and Members on whichever side they sit. A lump of sugar left in the bottom of the cup prolongs the process of melting because, as it melts, it makes the tea around it heavier; and, so long as it remains at the bottom, is surrounded by tea fully saturated with sugar, in consequence of which the same portions of liquid will hold no more sugar in solution. That, Sir, is my answer to the Right Hon. Gentleman. I trust it will be satisfactory to him and to his friends, the Government having no other desire than to do their duty to the House, and, I may add, to the Country."

OLD MORALITY resumed his seat; face suffused with crimson tide of conscious virtue; murmured applause from Ministerialists; dead silence on Opposition Benches. LYON PLAYFAIR looked

at HARCOURT; HARCOURT folded his arms and looked meditatively at the toe of his boot; SPEAKER about to call on Orders, when Grand Old Man, bursting, as it were, through trance, pointed out that OLD MORALITY had not directly answered the question.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, nodding pleasantly at him across the table, "is a little exigent. My remarks are in the recollection of the House. If there is any other information desired I shall be happy to give it. Being on my legs I may perhaps explain how it is that a piece of sugar held in a spoon at the top of our tea melts very rapidly. It comes about (so I have been advised) in the following way:—As the tea becomes sweetened it descends to the bottom of the cup by its own gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly into contact with the sugar till the lump is entirely dissolved. I think I have now stated everything in connection with this interesting question that gentlemen seated in any part of the House can desire. If there is anything more that I could say on the subject I would do it, my only object, and that of my friends, being to keep the House fully informed as far as is compatible with our public duty."

"But the Sugar Bounty Bill?" Grand Old Man gasped. "You haven't mentioned it. Are we definitely to understand that the Government are going on with the Bill?"

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said O. M., with a slight approach to a frown, "is definitely to understand that which I have stated to the House."

Loud cheers from Ministerialists, amid which G. O. M. subsided, and OLD MORALITY triumphantly brought in Bill to establish Board of Agriculture for Great Britain.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a Second Time. Naval Defence Bill through Committee. OLD MORALITY triumphant all along the line.

Tuesday.—At Evening Sitting, DILLWYN moved Resolution for Disestablishment of Church in Wales. House resuming at Nine. Debate must close at One in the morning. Of four hours allotted for whole debate, BYRON REED, a Yorkshire Member, moving the rejection of Motion, occupied over one fourth part.

"Always the same with Wales," said OSBORNE MORGAN, bitterly. "When the island was parcelled out, we were shoved into a corner, to begin with: been there ever since."

REED's stupendous Lecture (reserved seats one shilling, galleries free, programmes one penny each), rather cast damper over proceedings. Welsh Members in despair; popping up all round, trying to catch SPEAKER's eye. ABRAHAM, of the manly chest, naturally succeeded; gave fillip to proceedings by dropping into Welsh; on the platform is accustomed to vary oratorical attractions by a song; generally introduces, by way of peroration, a stave of "*March of the Men of Harlech*," "the Welsh Doxology," as WILFRID LAWSON calls it. Clearing his throat to-night for a song, when observed SPEAKER's eye sternly fixed upon him. In hurry of moment, lapsed into Welsh. Was replying to REED's statement that year by year the Church in Wales was waxing, and Nonconformity waning.

"*Machynlleth!*" he exclaimed, "*caer-neddau dolwyddellan*—"

"Order; Order!" cried the SPEAKER, evidently under apprehension that Hon. Member was using unparliamentary language. But ABRAHAM's Welsh blood up.

"*Llanymynech!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, "*diganwy nantfrankon cedom dolbadarn castell-gyfarch, cric*—"

Never saw the SPEAKER so angry.

"I have warned the Hon. Member," he said, interrupting, in his sternest tones, "and if he persists in this line of conduct, I shall have no option in the course I shall be obliged to take."

Friends, gathering round ABRAHAM, pulled him down by coat-tails. RAIKES, with great presence of mind, interposed, commenced his speech, and what might have been awkward scene came to abrupt conclusion.

Business done.—DILLWYN's Motion rejected by 284 against 231.

Thursday.—SAGE of QUEEN ANN'S GATE brought OUR ONLY GENERAL up to Bar. The ONLY ONE has been speaking disrespectfully of Liberal Leaders. Particularly hints that in order to go back to Downing Street they would assist at dismemberment of British Empire. SAGE, who abhors strong language, thinks that going little too far. Drags OUR ONLY in by collar before Head Master STANHOPE. Head Master STANHOPE as severe as he dares. Says he is not able to defend indiscretion. ONLY ONE, digging

knuckles into right eye, and secretly winking left at Colonels below Gangway, whimpers apology.

"I wish," he said, "to withdraw anything I ever said which can give pain to anyone."

"That will do," said STANHOPE, "and now withdraw yourself."

ONLY ONE disappeared, and BRADLAUGH came on scene. B. taken British Constitution under his charge; moved Resolution, dissenting

from Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions. HANBURY seconds Motion: GRANDOLPH sits and listens; longs to take part in fray, but there's the Marlborough Pension; true it is commuted and out of the way; but someone sure to mention it if they get opportunity; so GRANDOLPH lies low and says nuffin. Grand Old Man, fresher than ever, selects this opportunity of making one of his three speeches. Hour half-past seven; House crowded; just time to rush off and dress for dinner. Dr. CLARK appears on scene; House roared like den of lions with morning meal delayed.

"I wish to move"—says CLARK.

"Divide! Divide!" roars House.

"Sir"—

"Vide! 'vide!'"

"I wish"—

"Vide! 'vide! 'vide!'"



Defender of the Constitution.

After five minutes' struggle CLARK announces his desire to move Amendment, that "all perpetual pensions shall cease with lives of present holders." House mollified by this delicious bull. Scotland beaten Ireland out of the field; Caithness first, Connemara nowhere. CLARK going along beautifully, when BRADLAUGH moves Closure. So House never learned how a pension that is perpetual shall cease at given epoch. *Business done.*—Budget Bill through Committee.

Friday.—HARCOURT had great triumph in House to-day. Have sometimes, perchance, in privacy of these memoranda, jotted down remarks lacking in due appreciation of this eminent man. There are some people, it is well known, who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. All the more pleased, and ready to acknowledge success. Interposed on Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill; subject hammered away at for weeks; thrice-boiled colewort, a delicate, tasty *entrée*, compared with it. HARCOURT probably not intended to deliver speech. That proved a happy incident; no signs of preparation; no indications of impromptu fragrant with the breath of the New Forest; a good, rattling, bustling speech; blows hit straight out from shoulder; told all round; so exhilarated Opposition, that they couldn't be brought to agree to Third Reading, which stood over.

"If it's the duty of an Opposition to oppose, must say HARCOURT did his work brilliantly to-day," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, the "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," to whom HARCOURT had alluded as responsible for Admiralty change of front.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Between the Cup and the Lip.

THE Anti-Perpetual-Pensioners' plan Seemed ripe. Yes, the hour had come, and the man! But they found it a sell; and that GOSCHEN was in it. The hour *had* come—and the (Treasury) Minute! That made all the difference. Oh, shame and pity, That a Treasury Minute should swamp a Committee!

THE LIMITS OF TAXATION.—Bereaved relations in reduced circumstances owing to the loss of a bread-winner, and those who sympathise with them in their distress, very naturally complain of the additions lately made to the "Death Duties." Those imposts, however, can never be raised too high for people who don't pay them. There is no fear—and no hope—that the taxation of death will ever be raised high enough to prove prohibitive. No amount of duty can deter anybody from dying.

ON COMMISSION.

May 21, 22, 23, and 24.—This may be called the Great O'BRIEN week, as the distinguished Irish journalist to whom I have referred has occupied the witness-box for nearly the whole period. And here let me say, that if my language has become a little more flowery than



"The Court then adjourned."

usual, it is due to the necessity, the desperate necessity, of having had to listen to the talented editor of *United Ireland* for a terrible—I had almost said a fatally-terrible number of hours. But there have been others who have shared with me the pleasant and yet all-but-entirely-distinctly-dead-certainly fatal labour. On Thursday, the bright star of Hawarden, that like the sweet soft secret voice of conscience rides through the thunder-clouds with an axe in his hand, an eagle's glance in his clarion-toned eyes, and the noble aspiration for the good of the Emerald Isle of the Sea, the land of the brave and the free, in his heart of hearts, was present. Mr. O'BRIEN has been so eloquent in denouncing the wrongs of Ireland, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD have evidently been touched to the quick, and as for Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (who has sat beside the eminent Counsel to whom I have just referred), it appeared to me, that it was all that experienced lawyer could do to restrain from a burst of passionate weeping. But here, as the occasion seems to lend itself to treatment in a dramatic form, I take the opportunity of subjoining a slight sketch, which I need scarcely say, is as unlike the real thing as it is possible to be. And I distinctly declare that no one who has been in Court will venture to doubt the assertion.

Court full. Three Commissioners all awake. Distinguished personages in various quarters—some with opera-glasses, others with luncheon baskets. Counsel for defence gradually recovering from extreme agitation caused by a recent description of the wrongs of Ireland. Messrs. MURPHY and ATKINSON busy collecting proofs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rises to cross-examine.

The Attorney-General (lifting seat and leaning on back of desk of Junior Bar). I think you have just said it is one o'clock?

Witness (in a low tone). If you allow me, I will explain. It is my decided and eternally expressed impression, that were the material products of a metaphysical atmosphere to be placed in juxtaposition (in a louder tone as he warms to his subject) to the rents of a self-governed country, the result would be unquestionably chaos!

The A.-G. (looking sideways at someone in the jury-box, absently). I must repeat my question. I think, you have said it is one o'clock?

Mr. Lockwood (interposing). Really the Witness ought to be allowed to explain?

A.-G. (addressing the Court in a distressed but dignified tone). I think I have put a plain question, and am not in fault. (Mr. LOCKWOOD throws an appealing glance to their Lordships, suggestive of a desire to say more, much more, which is only restrained by the haunting dread of seeing himself too frequently reported in the newspapers). I really must ask for a plain answer. (Puckering up his face into wrinkles, and looking earnestly at Witness). You said it is one o'clock?

Witness (at bay). Well, well, well! I may have said it! But I must explain the circumstances under which I said it.

A.-G. (continuing examination). Was it one o'clock?

Witness (excitedly). I ask if this is fair! (Emphatically.) I have no sort of wish, or kind of wish, or description of wish to conceal anything. But when I admit that I said it was one o'clock, I wish to draw a distinction between one o'clock and 12.45.

A.-G. (looking with half-closed eyes). Do you approve of 12.45?

Witness (rising abruptly from his chair, and speaking with great excitement). No, a thousand times No! I say—and I do not wish to detract one iota from the circumstantial necessity of a tyrant-composed delegation of artistic sensibilities—that it is the right of a free nation to peruse the persecutions of an alien dynasty, and thus cut itself off from the desperately dangerous chains of a wretched combination of acrimonious atoms! I do not know if this view of the subject is (with great force) right in law—but it appears to me (in a lower tone) to be entirely in accordance with the highest and most noble dictates of (lowering his voice to a whisper) superhuman domestic economy!

A.-G. But you admit that you said it was one o'clock?

Witness (putting his hand to his head). I really do not know—it may have been.

A.-G. But I must press you upon this matter (holding up his hand to silence Mr. MURPHY, who is venturing upon a suggestion). Do you not know, Sir—Yes or No—that it was one o'clock?

Witness (starting to his feet). I say that your question is not fair. I say that when the rifle is in the hand of the desperado, the patient fowler listens to the frightfully horrible music of the horn of the hunter with dismay!

A.-G. (pursing his brows). But surely—

Mr. Lockwood (interrupting). I really must ask that the Witness may explain himself in his own fashion. (The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. ATKINSON consult together, while Witness heaves an audible sigh). I am the last person in the world, my Lords, to put myself unduly forward, but—

The President. I think that the question should be answered.

[Mr. LOCKWOOD respectfully subsides, and devotes several minutes of earnest study to the completion of a half-finished caricature.

A.-G. (with weary satisfaction at having overcome preliminary difficulties). And now, Sir, will you please say whether you declared it was one o'clock?

Witness (after a short pause for consideration). Yes, I did. (Interrupting the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is about to put another question.) But allow me to say, that you must remember all the terribly horrible circumstances of the distinctly desperate case. Let me give an example. (With intense determination.) Yes, I will give an example! When JULIUS CÆSAR first invaded England, it is said that he asked for some oysters, and BOADICEA, who was then in revolt—

A.-G. (plaintively appealing to the Bench). Surely, my Lords, this is foreign to this issue?

The President (mildly). Well, it is a little far afield, but perhaps I may say—

[Accidentally glances at clock, which points to half-past one. His Lordship pauses, and joyfully calls the attention of his Brethren to the welcome fact. The Three Commissioners rise. General movement, and exeunt nearly everyone to lunch.

And as this seems a suitable point for breaking off in my Note, I drop my pen, and seek a refresher myself.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"WAIT FOR THE WAGGON!"

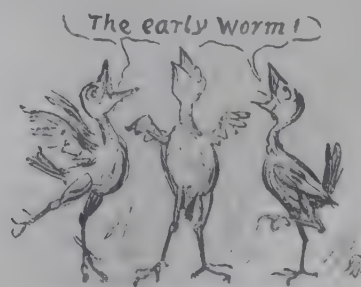
OH, who would not ride in a nice Caravan?
For a holiday outing this surely's the plan!
There's a boldness about it, a dash, and a novelty,
Which really should make us the travelling hovel try.
Like the snail, you will carry your house where you go,
And your progress may also be snailishly slow;
What matter? For thus you obtain ample leisure
To observe either Nature or Man at your pleasure.
You need not depend on a landlady's lodgings,
Or diurnally note her financial dodgings;
Then you are not confined to a single vicinity,
But can choose just the places with which you've affinity.
You can see the sun rise—if the rain is not falling—
And you'll know the delights of a Waggon-man's calling.
At night-time, when tired, how pleasant 'twill be
To unharness, and feed, and rub down your Gee-gee!
If asleep, you enjoy quite a rollicking feeling
When the rain has come in through a crack in the ceiling.
Though the van-man, if hungry, it certainly riles
To hear there's no shop within twenty-five miles.
You can cook for yourself—handle kettle and pan;
Oh, who would not invest in a nice Caravan?

WELL THOUGHT OUT.—Mr. CAPPER in conjunction with Mr. RUTLAND have recently been giving an entertainment, of which the former has certainly contributed the most amusing and interesting portion. Mr. CAPPER undertakes to discover a murder which only exists in the imagination of the would-be murderer. This he accomplishes very successfully. It seems, therefore, almost a pity that this accomplished gentleman is not attached to Scotland Yard, where his services in the Criminal Investigation Department appear to be needed, and might be of considerable value. If he was successful in finding out the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities, everybody would take off their hats and "cap" CAPPER.

MUSICAL NOTES.



Seen your Sara's 'Earty? (Signor Sarasate!)



"Bird's Morning Concert."

SANDY TAKES THE FLOOR!

A Song of the Scotch Local Government Bill. (Some way after Sir Walter Scott.)



PIBROCH of DONNEL DHU,
Piper of pipers,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Scare Saxon vipers!
Come away! come away!
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array
Into the Commons!

Come with the swagger
Of ARGYLE the cocky.
The war-pipe will stagger
The Unionists rocky.
Work chanter and reed,
Like that marvellous man,
MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETT
ANGUS M'CLAN!

Leave untended the "links"
For the Commons' wild welter;
The SPEAKER e'en shrinks,
As you go it a pelter.
As the great Mace you near,
Your form enlarges,
Suggestive of fighting-gear,
Broadwords and targes.

SANDY now takes the floor,
Faith, and he fills it.
"Progress" shall be no more
Unless he wills it.
Out, patient JOHN, and out
PAT the belated!
Scots for their turn about
O'er long have waited.

Pheugh! How St. Stephen's
shakes
At the pipes' humming!
Fresh frae the Land o' Cakes
SANDY is coming.
Drones and bag do not lag;
Groaners and screamers,
Go it! High waves the flag,
Wide fly the streamers!
Here is no stolid BULL,
Pig-in-poke taking;
Here's no Hibernian dull,
Shindy awaking.
He'll make BALFOUR look blue,
Tories he'll scatter.
Pibroch of DONNEL DHU!
That's what's the matter!
Play up, my piper bold!
SANDY, ye'll try 'em,
When this wild tune you hold,
"De die in diem."

Woe's them, if they should shirk,
Or shape shams hollow!
Wild work with blade and dirk
Pibrochs may follow.
Come as Scotch feet come, when
Dancing is forward;
Come, as the chieftains come, when
Golf-streams flow nor'ward.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster!
Show Tory benches dumb,
SANDY's their master.
Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Twangle-twee! tootle-tum!
House smacks of heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your
blades!
Scots are a graun' set.
Pibroch of what's-its-name.
Sound for the onset!

PURELY PERSONAL—AN EVENING OUT;

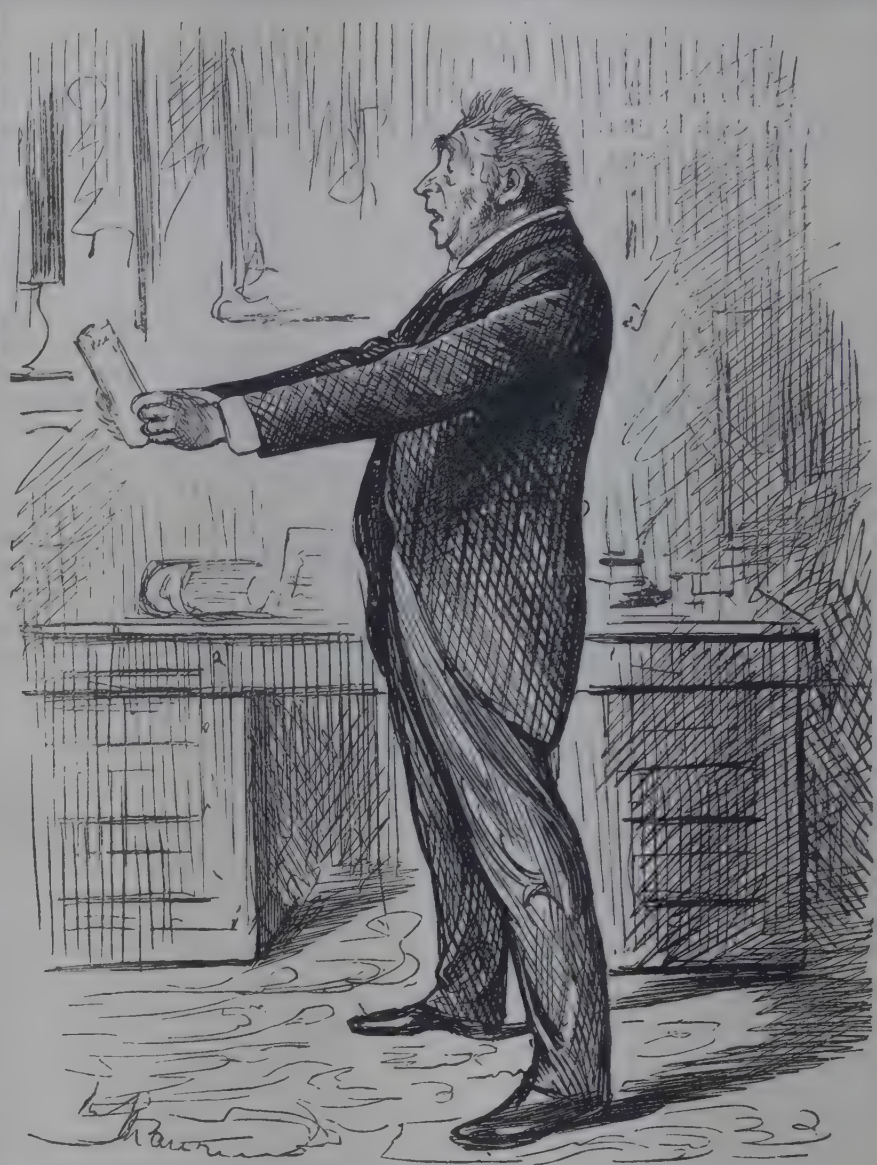
Or, the Latest Development of Good Taste as understood by the "Society"
Gossip-monger.

MRS. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS' much-talked-of dance came off with immense éclat at her spacious and commodious mansion in Battersea Fields yesterday evening, and everything, from the strip of carpet unrolled at the front door, to the tripe-and-onions—a perfect dream, served at the sideboard at supper with the champagne, JOBSON & Co.'s *Cuvée Reservée Grand Vin*, 1889, 23s. the dozen—was as perfect as the most exacting guests of the ever-provident and economically-minded hostess who furnished the entertainment could possibly have desired. In an alcove on the half-landing a delightful rustic effect had been attempted, with the aid of three pots of mignonette and a dimly smoking petroleum lamp; but it was not till the drawing-room was reached, and the ear caught the strains of the inspiring dance-music furnished by the harp and cornet, whose services had been secured for the entire evening, regardless of expense, from the public-house round the corner, that the princely though judicious character of the whole entertainment could be fully appreciated.

As might have been expected, none but the very smartest people were present. Among the earliest arrivals was Lady SHUFFLESBY, strikingly attired in a ditch-coloured *peignoir*, supported by her husband, who had on a hired dress suit, and wore a magnificent button-hole of second-hand Orchids, and her five elderly but sprightly daughters, who, in their pretty emerald-green *directoire* frocks, trimmed with *ruches* of sacking of *charbonne de terre au naturel*, created quite a sensation, and were much stared at. Mrs. MACHOOZLE, in a *redingote* of rich orange brocade, cut square and looped in front with *asperges en branche*, with a single Spanish onion on the shoulder, who brought a plain little niece with her in pepper and salt, also created much astonishment. Lady POPPINS looked magnificent in a brand new wig, and was severely mobbed.

Commerce was adequately represented by Mrs. OMULLIGAN SLICKERS, the wife of the well-known Millionaire Pork King, who simply blazed with imitation jewellery; her tiara, necklace, corsage, and stomacher so glistening with inferior Birmingham paste, that she was followed by an eager crowd, and had eventually to be roped off in a corner of the back drawing-room by the host himself, amidst the ill-suppressed sneers of the inquisitive on-lookers. Count ROOSSE, the noted Dutch *savant*, who came in a faded second-hand Windsor uniform, created much diversion by its evident misfit, and was fairly halloed round the room, while the Countess, in a plum-coloured Pompadour, relieved with a *ruching* of mashed tomatoes *chiffonné*, with large bunches of variegated double hollyhock over a *bouillonné* skirt of rich amber bed-curtain, was admitted on all hands to be one of the sensations of the evening.

The Cotillon was perhaps the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. The presents, which consisted of cocked hats for the gentlemen, and fans for the ladies, made of back numbers of various newspapers, created at first some little disappointment; but great *verve* and go were suddenly thrown into the proceedings, owing to the greengrocer, who had come to wait, but had helped himself somewhat plentifully to the champagne on the sly, forcing his way into the drawing-room, and, seizing upon Lady POPPINS, insisting on joining in the final *galop* with her. Some little confusion was caused in the departure, owing to the gas having been suddenly cut off at the main by the Company for arrears; but, with the assistance of a few local policemen, the guests were eventually got safely out of the premises, and the general verdict seemed to be that Mrs. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS had provided her numerous friends with a unique and remarkable entertainment.



REACTION.

Indignant Citizen (who had expected great things of the London County Council after the extinction of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the abolition of the Wine and Coal Dues,—receives an application for Rates, amounting to 2s. 8½d. in the pound). "D——! D——!! D——!!!"

TO THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

"This is not my first visit to England, so I know my way about some."—
Mr. Robert G. Lincoln.

LOWELL and PHELPS were two splendid men,
Whom Mr. Punch honoured with pencil and pen:
To part with them was not too pleasant to think on,
But here's a new link with COLUMBIA in LINCOLN!
Welcome! Were't but for the sake of your father.
Know your way round about England, Sir? Rather!
And where you do not, trust friend Punch to instruct you;
He goes everywhere, and will gladly conduct you.
Your health in a bumper from Punch and the nation,
And long may you stay at the U. S. Legation!

PUFFS BY THE TRADE WINDS.—Where is the "PEARS' Soap Beauty" Show, for which Mr. HOWARD PAUL was so busily collecting specimens some months ago? Is it that "there be none of Beauty's daughters" who will come forward? *A propos* of PEARS, this is an age of Centenaries. Is RIMMEL's old enough to celebrate his scentenary? Also PIESSE with Honour?

Solatium.

MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH stirs Conservative mirth
By taking a snug and well-paid little berth;
But he knows that his critics will tire of the jeer
Before he will tire of Two Thousand a Year.
Though they do try to prove—what a sad waste of breath—
That in this instance berth means (political) death.

EH, MR. GOSCHEN?—A fruitful and—as yet—untapped source of revenue might be found in putting a stiff tariff on poetical licences. Ask ex-Lord Mayor J. T. SULLIVAN, the Irish Tyrtæus.

PIECES WITH HONOURS.

WHAT *Doris* will be after it has run a few hundred nights it would be rash to predict, but probably a tremendous, overpowering success. It goes un-



Barnett Fayre; or, Une Vraie Madame Eiffel taking Master Ben Davies and Miss Annie Albu out for a walk.

by Mr. BEN DAVIES—that the other two Acts have a hard time of it, and appear to be eeked out with ballet and spectacle. How it happened that so witty a playwright as Mr. STEPHENSON came to grief in the story and the dialogue, probably only the author himself can explain.

Mr. ALFRED CELLIER's music here and there is pretty enough, but why enter into competition with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN by introducing a Chorus in the costume of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy, of which the only *raison d'être* ought to be its originality, but which really is a copy, conscious or unconscious, of the composer's own Wooden-legged Pensioners' Chorus in the *Sultan of Mocha*, which was invented, as far as I recollect, to show that the Old Men's Chorus in *Faust*, and the Conspirators' Chorus in *Madame Angot* were not to have it all their own way. The Beefeaters' Chorus goes for nothing, and deservedly so. I hear that all sorts of permutations, combinations and alterations have been made since I saw it, and are even now in process of rehearsal. If Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mr. BEN DAVIES had each another good popular song, I have little doubt but that the run of *Doris* would rival that of *Dorothy*.

The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, the Scene-painters, CRAVEN, TELBIN and RYAN, the Costumiers, and the artful Designer, M. LUCIEN BESCHE. What a first-rate Comic Opera might be constructed out of *Paul Jones* and *Doris* amalgamated, with Miss HUNTINGDON and the Ladies of the Prince of Wales's, and retaining the services of Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN. ARTHUR WILLIAMS should be retained on the premises, and be bound over to keep the piece in the bills by being originally droll without imitating the other ARTHUR whose surname is ROBERTS. Among the public, the ladies admire Miss HUNTINGDON at the Prince of Wales's, and CELLIER's music at the Lyric.

After all, there is money in *Wealth* at the Haymarket. The rule nowadays seems to be that a first-night failure indicates a long run. If this is due to alterations made in consequence of judicious criticism, then criticism fulfils a most useful function. So Mr. BANCROFT, the Manager in retreat, is going to reappear in the striking part of the *Abbé* in the *Dead Heart*, whenever Mr. IRVING revives this old play at the Lyceum. Abbé thought!

Mr. WYNDHAM should seize the opportunity offered by this sudden tropical weather to give extra publicity to *Still Waters*, which paradoxically are "still running." He might advertise "still waters iced." The Criterion is quite the theatre for a thirsty soul, as there is plenty of excellent BEERE throughout the piece. Lots of other pieces have been recently brought out. But none of them with honours, except perhaps *Angelina*. The London Theatres ought to do well, as there is no big Exhibition to distract the public.

INSURANCE AND IRONY.—From evidence given to the House of Commons Committee on the working of the Friendly Society's Act, it appears that all the Coroners in England concur in condemning the system of Infant Life Insurance. Significant unanimity! Wouldn't the insurance of children's lives be in most cases more properly denominated death insurance?

ROBERT ON RATES.

WELL, I does my werry best to hunderstand the whole matter, but it's all in wain, but there's one pint as I does hunderstand, and that is, that year by year and amost munth by munth my rates seems for to be increasing at sitch a rate as fully justifys their rayther peculiar name. I'm told as how as a good deal of it is hoing to the change of government from the old Bored of Works with their Cole Dues and their Wine Dues, to the New County Counsel with their no Cole and Wine Dues and their perfectly staggering Rate of 2 and 8 pence three farthings in their pound. Well, now, I've bin a calculating it out on a Slate, till it's amost covered with figgers, and I finds as my Dues on Wine, witch I'm told it was only a farthing a gallon, didn't cost me a single penny, and my Dues on Coles, which it was thirteen pence a Tun, cost me xactly 2 and tuppence a-year, while my hincreased Rates is just about ten shillings, so I at wunce, and without no hezzitation, shall wote for going back to the hold system and paying my farthing a gallon on all the wines as I buys, not on the wine as I drink, not by no means, for that wood be quite another pair of Shoes.



And then jist see what hairs the new Colleekters gives thereselves. Mine called last week and I was hout, so in course I coodn't pay him, so he calls again to-day, and leaves word as he shan't call not no more! Werry kind I think it of him, till I learns as he'll have me up before the Magistrate if I don't pay dreckly! And the lordly Gent is only at home twice a week, and then only for a few ours.

What a blooming lot of Rates there is to be sure! First, there's the Poor Rate, not so werry poor neither, as it cums to 8½d. in the pound for harf a year. Nex there's the County Counsel Rate, and that's 6d. in the pound; then cums the Police Rate, and that's 2½d.; and then cums the Rate jist for lighting the Public Lamps, and a penny in the pound seems a good deal for that werry small matter; then cums a rate for the old Bored of Works, and that's 3d. Then bang goes 4½d. for looking after the Streets, and another 4½d. for the School Bored, and then a penny for repairing the Sewers, and another penny for the xpences of the Westry, includin, I suppose, a nice little Westry Dinner now and then, and for that I most suttently don't blame 'em; not a bit of it, speshally if they acts libberally to the Waiter, poor Feller!

I wonders what the good of Rates is. One ginerally xpees in a free country to git sumthink for whatever money one has to pay, but what do I git here? It's werry diffrent in the case of Taxes. Wen I pays a Nincum Tax I pays it willingly, coz I gets a nincum for it. The same with the Ouse Tax—I has a ouse for it; and the same with the Propperty Tax—it gives me a nice little propperty; so I don't mind paying 'em. But what do I git for my Rates? Litorally nothink; and so I naterally pays 'em with a grumbel. As to the owdacious County Counsel, as meets in a place as doesn't belong to 'em, and is in sitch a wonderful hurry to make new Rates that they won't even stop till we've had time for to pay the old ones, so that we're acshally asked to pay the two lots at the same time altogether at once, why, if they'd only kindly wait till we've all had the hopper-toonity of telling 'em what we thinks of their wunderful hurry, they might lern sumthink as they woodn't like, so praps that's the reason why they won't.

It's all the fault of having werry rich men to make the Rates. What does a man with twenty or thirty thousand a year, or ewen with ony two thowsand a year, care about Rates? Why, nothink. He doesn't know, and praps doesn't care, what the amount is, and little knows how a poor Waiter is sumtimes trubbled to raise the money, speshally wen he's had a bad week or two, a waiting on a speshally shabby lot of stingy diners-out. We gets rayther more than usual of this kind of gent during the May Meetings, as they're called, for, strange to say, however singler it may seem, wot peeples calls wice is werry much more libberal than wot peeples calls wirtue. This is a suckemstance as is werry trying to us Waiters, as it reelly makes us, wen pertickler stumped up, and has our Rates to pay, greatly prefer the cumpany of such jolly gents as frequents Richmond or Grinnidge with their fare partners, to those werry much sollemer and seriouser gents as has bin a spending the afternoon at Hexeter All.

Upon the whole I finishes by saying, as Rates is a conundrum as I don't quite hunderstand.

ROBERT.

"I DON'T profess to be much of a theologian," observed the DEAN of BROADCHURCH, "but when you ask me how the Church of England proves her belief in eternity, I should say by the practice of appointing 'Perpetual Curates.'"

BRAVO, POTTER!

[Bishop POTTER, of New York, in his Centennial Sermon commented on "the infinite swagger of American speech and manner, which mistook bigness for greatness, and sadly confounded gain and godliness."]

You reckon, Brother JONATHAN, that you can lick Creation;
You put on what in this old town's denominated "side;"
You're certain in your inmost heart each antiquated nation
Of Europe looks with envy o'er the vast Atlantic tide.

You're quite the biggest thing on earth, you'd like to see a bigger;
You count your mighty millionnaires by dozens at a time;
The first thing that you ask about a man is "What's his figger?"
And nothing except poverty is counted as a crime.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was great and good, and not for him the Caucus,
The blatant carpet-bagger and the democratic boss;
The partisans who howl for place with voices loud and raucous,
And try to grab their profit, though it be their country's loss.

Then purity of principle was held the State's sheet-anchor,
We never heard of lobbying, of dodges, or of "rings;"
Political corruption now has spread, a hideous canker,
Where'er the eagle that you boast has waved his mighty wings.

The swagger, says the Bishop, of your speech and of your manner,
Takes bigness to be greatness, confounds gain and godliness;
So let us have a single reef in that star-spangled banner,
And let Columbia put on a less obtrusive dress.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

Monday.—House brilliant again. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present to hear *Faust*. Miss MCINTYRE looks the *McMargherita*, or Scotch-German MAGGIE, to perfection. She gives quite a "How-happy-could-I-be-with-heather" air (this is not sung, though, as GOUNOD might object) to the Opera. What was *Margaret's* surname? If she hadn't one, she couldn't



Big Mephistopheles and his Little Victims.

have changed it to *Faust*, even if she had been asked, which, except in decorous poet WILLS's play, she never was. MAGGIE MCINTYRE's rendering of the Jewel Song, and her un-acting edition of *Faust's* victim, just as delightful as it was last season. The little boy with the long Russian name, WINOGRADOFF, was mistaken by those who were not *au fait* with the Opera for SCALCHI as *Siebel*. There is a family resemblance when regarded from a back row of the stalls without using an opera-glass. But his name should be in keeping with his stature. Let him either be "WINO" or "GRADOFF," but not both together. "In *Wino Weritas*," so I'll stick to this abbreviated form, as he is a true singer, nothing false about him, I won't say nothing bass, as there must be always something low in a baritone. Of the Death Scene, *Valentine's* great chance, WINO did not make the most. But he will come out stronger next time, and DRURIOLANUS was quite justified in taking WINO for his *Valentine*. If Signor CASTEL (short for CASTELMARY, another long name) as a burly *Mephistopheles*, would give less of his time and attention to striking attitudes for a photograph, his performance would be more fiendishly satisfactory. To my mind he plays the deuce with *Mephistopheles*, which is quite different from being the very devil. His laugh, too, has in it more of the heartiness of the practical joker than the cynicism of the demon. The new *Faust*,

The Cap of Mephistopheles as reflected on a tree in the Lime-light Walk.

M. MONTARIOL, sang charmingly, but ought to have been more ardent with such a MAGGIE to inspire him. Clever little Madame BAUERMEISTER always makes *Martha* a merry and attractive little dame, who, on this occasion, fully appreciated the humour of trotting about arm-in-arm with the portly *Mephistopheles*. Everything else perfect; the Old Men's Chorus so especially good as well-nigh to revive the ancient enthusiasm.

Tuesday.—MARIE ROZE as *Carmen*. She can look, act, and sing it, and to do the two first of these is a good two-thirds of the battle. Never better than to-night. The simple MAGGIE MCINTYRE an admirable contrast to her as the peasant maid, who tries to reclaim



Marie Roze has set her face against the presentation-of-extravagant-bouquets system.

the enamoured "bould soger boy." F. DAN DRARDY MAJOR, who plays the *Toreador*, with which I was content O as usual, has brought his brother up to town for the season, and so DAN DRARDY MI. played *José*, and did it uncommonly well. Another good performance: the first week starts admirably. Organising Committee beaming.

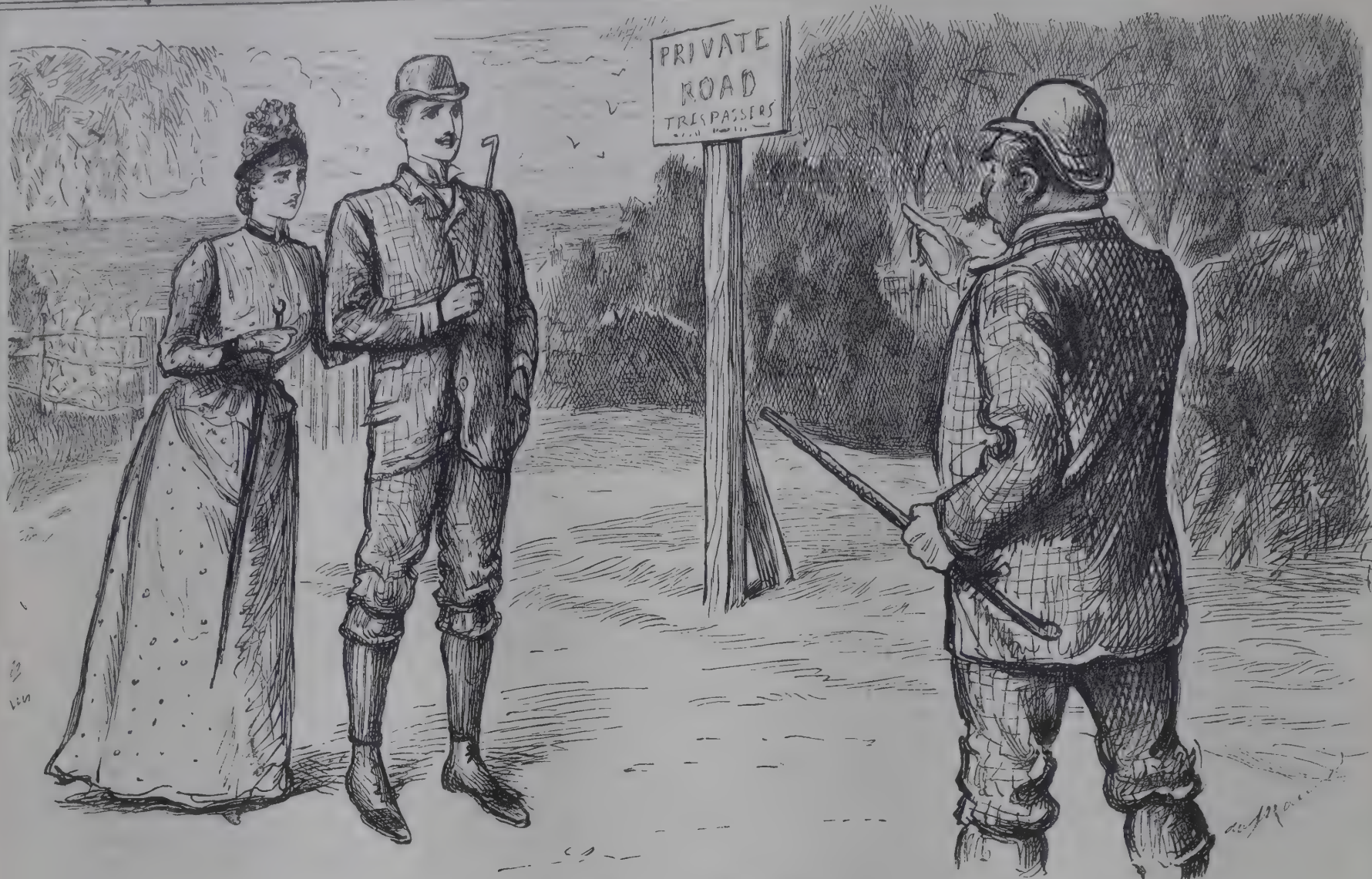
Thursday.—*Traviata*. Splendid House. ELLA RUSSELL in great form, almost too great form for the consumptive heroine of the opera, yet at times reminding me of an amplified SARA BERNHARDT in her acting. DAN DRARDY MAJOR excellent as the "stern parient," and Signor TALAZAC appeared as his stout substantial son, a kind of Italian version of the impressionable *Josh Sedley* in *Vanity Fair* flattered by fascinating ELLA BECKI SHARPINI, who at one time seemed to me to be going to give a new turn to the old story by "mashing" flabby and impressionable *Alfredo's* good-looking and decidedly well-preserved parent. To-night I see that ALBANI is to appear on the same night that the Colonel announces the opening of the Hopposition. But DRURIOLANUS is first in the Garden. Melting moments for TALLER-ZAC, but he sang sweetly, though not powerfully; and touching was it to witness ELLA's deep affection for him. A big night for ELLA and DAN.

Saturday.—Another splendid audience. Performance of *Aida* more than satisfactory. "The Two DANCERS" (who must not be confused with "The Two MACS," also very clever artists, but quite in a different line) again taking a turn. Madame SCALCHI as good as ever in the character of the Egyptian Queen, but perhaps a trifle too white for a countrywoman of CLEOPATRA. Signor MIRANDA as "*Il Ré*," no doubt to keep his consort in countenance, also more than fair. Madame VALDA rather heavy for *Aida*, but still most effective. The *mise-en-scène*, of course, splendid,—but this was to be expected under the rule of DRURIOLANUS. Standards in the triumphal procession in the Second Act full of quiet humour, but absolutely historically correct. Egyptians always partial to weird waggery. Instance in this very Opera, where *Radames* is locked in a cellar, and left to his fate, to the music of harps and the dancing of fan-bearers. Before and behind the Curtain equally brilliant. The week ends as it began with every prospect of a successful season. It is admitted on all sides that Covent Garden has not looked so much like its old self for years.

THE NEW ART BART.

HERE's to Sir Sculptor BOËHM—
I was going to write a Poem,
And having tried the Sacred
Nine,
I find I scarce can write a line!
The QUEEN, Sir B., I understand,
Has given you an extra Hand—
The Baronet's—('tis on the
shield,

Or coat, or ground, or something
"field"—
Those on this subject who lack
knowledge
Can simply ask the Heralds'
College);
But any way this Hand, my Bart,
Does honour to your Head and
Art.



A VENIAL TRESPASS.

Squire Bluenose. "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS *PRIVATE*?"
Edwin. "A—M—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

A Historical Parallel. (From Paddy's Point of View.)

OCH! shure, a laygend ould historians ye'll find tellin',
 Of the year twelve eighty-four, after they'd slain LLEWELLYN,
 Of the thrick that EDWARD LONGSHANKS the Welshmen played, in
 state, on.

(If ye know your *Poly-Olbion*, ye'll find it tould by DRAYTON.)

"Through every part of Wales he to the Nobles sent,
 That they unto his Court should come incontinent,
 Of things that much concern'd the country to debate;
 But now behold the power of unavoided fate!

When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
 At her expected hour the Queen brought forth a son—
 Young EDWARD, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon called.
 Thus by the English craft the Britons were enthralled."

Faix, bhoys, I see it now—that smart gossoon, King EDWARD,
 All in his royal arrums and ermine going bedward,
 And bringing forth the babe, all native claims thus squelching,
 And, lifting it on hoigh, the Welshers nately welshing.
 Well, history, they say, repates itself. By jabers!

Thim Saxons would sarve us as once they did our naybours.

In hopes O'MULLIGANS, FITZPATRICKS, and McHAFFIES

Will take their cradle-thrick as mildly as thim TAFFYS.

Hillaloo! The Prince of WHALES has gumption, and I'll vinture he
 Remimbers that we're not now in the Thirteenth Century.

Clane out the Castle? Yes! Wid that scheme we'll not wrastle;
 But, BULL, don't substitute a brand-new *Blarney* Castle!

Black CROMWELL burned the ould one, as Father PROUT informs us;

But though we PATS brave hate, a little love soon warms us.

The Sassenachs seem findin' the way to Erin's heart, bhoys,

They won't find it so long when once they make a start, bhoys.

But though we relish blarney, we can't abide sheer bunkum,

Our hopes full oft have risen, but Party spite soon sunk 'em

In doubt's black bog again. The Castle gang demolish?

The Lord Liffenant sack, and his ould post abolish?

Och shure, it seems too good! We'd gladly give free lodging

To Prince or Royal Duke—if there's no artful dodging!

Sly LONGSHANKS long ago wid Cambria played a game—
 What if—say BATTENBERG—should contemplate the same?
 PAT, give him a fair chance, will prove himself right loyal;
 But—ye can't heal ould wounds with mere soft soap—though Royal!

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.

(*Little Suggestive Comedy of the day.*)

SCENE.—A Fashionable West-End drawing-room. The hostess
 being anxious to provide for the "entertainment" of her guests
 in a remarkable manner, has secured the services of a noted
 Popular Foreign Entertainer.

Popular Foreign Entertainer (concluding a risky recitation, of
 a highly spiced character). Et Sapristi! Houp-là!—Voilà la fin
 de Madame La Duchesse!

First English Miss (in raptures). Oh, isn't it delightful?

Second English Miss. It's quite too lovely!

Third English Miss. So awfully funny too!

Fourth English Miss. Oh! it's perfectly killing! Did you under-
 stand it all?

First, Second, and Third English Misses (in chorus). Oh, every
 word of it!

[But they didn't, of course. Had they, they would have hid their
 diminished heads for very shame at being suspected of taking in
 the meaning of even a single sentence. So Mr. Punch, who
 looks on at the above, shakes his head, and asks those who do
 understand it, whether they think they are quite right in pro-
 viding their defenceless guests with "Entertainment" of this sort.]

TROPICAL WEATHER.—Muzzle the dogs by all means, but what is
 to be done with the hatters? Does the proverb, "Mad as a hatter,"
 exist in any country besides our own? Perhaps Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT
 of *Notes and Queries* will help us to solve the difficulty.

A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PLACE.—London, under the County
 Council.



A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG PRESENTING THE FUTURE VICEROY TO THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF IRELAND—SUGGESTED AS AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.



HIS BARGAIN.

LITTLE JONES PICKED UP A WONDERFULLY SMART HACK, FOR AN ABSURDLY LOW PRICE, AT A RECENT AUCTION. THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK. HE NOW LEARNS THE ANIMAL FORMERLY BELONGED TO BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS.

THE (COUNTY COUNCIL) PARADISE AND THE (LIBERAL) PERI.

A Moore-ish Legend modernised.

At three a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of talk within in torrents flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-opened portal glowing,
She sighed to think her subject race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.
"How happy," exclaimed this outcast fair,
"Are the many male members who wrangle
there,

'Midst flowers (of speech) that freely fall;
Though I of the School Board now am free,
And parochial portals open for me,

The County Council were worth them all!
Though sweet an 'At Home' graced by
Gladstone oration,

Of the Women's Liberal Federation,
In the Grosvenor or the Memorial Hall;
Though dear are the platforms your sweet
tones haunt,

Mrs. OSCAR WILDE, Mrs. ORMESTON CHANT,
Let the Earl of MEATH make it clear—I
can't— [all!

How the County Council outshines them
It is very hard that the Dames who intrigue
For that Tory Aidenn, the Primrose League,
Are praised and petted by Prince and Peer,
Whilst I'm forbidden free entrance here.
Backstairs influence well may gain

The *entrée* to loftiest Habitation;
But here I linger and long in vain
For a seat within, which to attain

Is the goal of she-Liberals' emulation.
'Tis the goal which my womanly heart was
fixt on;

I hoped by the aid of suburban Brixton,
With male monopoly proudly to cope;

And now an outcast I sadly stand,
Foiled by that bogey, the Law of the Land,
Driven to despair by false (BERESFORD)
HOPE!

If only I'd stray on the Primrose Path
(As many Partisan Peri hath)
Society's scorn, and the *Saturday's* wrath
Might be diverted from my poor head;
But now, my mad and unmodish crimes
Are mocked by the *Post* and denounced by
the *Times*,

And ostracism's my daily dread.
Mean race of men, your monopolist spirit
Still, still would hold our sex in thrall!
Some show of freedom we now inherit,
But the trail of 'Subjection' is over them
all!"

The smooth-faced Angel who was keeping
The C. C. doors beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From patriot fountains, when 'tis pearl'd
On Beakey's blossom, which—Tories say—
Blows nowhere but in Primrose-World.

"Nymph of a fair but luckless line!"
ROSEBERY said—"one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be admitted
Who brings unto this C. C. gate
The Earl of MEATH's Bill—passed!
You're pitied

E'en by the Tories. When you win,
I shall be proud to let you in!"

ANTI-TOWER-OF-BABEL BILL. — Mr.
Punch wishes every success to Mr. WHIT-
MORE's Bill for restricting the height of folly
in building. May Parliament be inspired by
its ancient lights of wisdom, and the Bill
soon become an Act.

SHAKSPEARIAN.

WHAT the dear children—who of course are
educated up to the *Hamlet* standard—say to
hard-hearted mothers when they hear Dr.
BARNARDO has made an offer,—"*BARNARDO!*
Ma' sell us!" If they're very dear children,
they are likely to be too much for Dr. BAR-
NARDO. We suppose we've not heard the
last about the "*Barnardo Homes*." "*Homes*"
is a nice word. If Mr. MATTHEWS were any-
thing but the Not-at-Homes-Secretary, he
would look into the matter at once.

FIRST-RATE;

Or, Ten of One and Half-a-dozen of the Other.

IN Parliament young Mr. LAWSON—
Learned in facts as in Greek PORSON—
Assures us that our L. C. C.
Keeps watchful eye on L. S. D.
But, with much vigour, Mr. BAUMANN
Leaps from his seat, exclaiming, "How, Man,
Can you make statements rash and heady,
When up the rates have gone already
By fivepence in the blessed *su'rin*?"
Then Mr. LAWSON, on recov'rin'
From this remark, says, with effusion,
"It's all an optical illusion!"
Over ten months the 'Precept' ranges,
And thus the half-year's rate deranges."
Whereto sneers BAUMANN, "At *this* rate
We shall regret the 'Perks' its fate."

Moral.

Even if our rates are now abating,
There seems to be increase of rating!

EPIGRAMMATIC. — A cynical Tragedian
writes thus:—"At the Haymarket Theatre
only one stage-direction is necessary for any
scene in any play, and that is, '*Centre, a Tree.*'"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 69.



The Fancy Fair Season. Why not have a Parliamentary One in Westminster Hall?

A BALLAD OF SALAD.

I CANNOT eat the red, red rose,
I cannot eat the white;
In vain the long laburnum glows,
Vain the camellia's waxen snows,
The lily's cream of light.

The lilac's clustered chalices
Proffer their bounty sweet
In vain! Though very good for
bees,
Man, with unstinted yearning sees,
Admires, but cannot eat.

Give me the lettuce that has cool'd
Its heart in the rich earth,
Till every joyous leaf is school'd
To crisply-crinkled mirth.

Give me the mustard and the cress,
Whose glistening stalklets stand
As silver-white as nymphs by
night
Upon the moonlit strand;

The winking radish, round and red,
That like a ruby shines;
And the faint blessing, onion-shed,
Whene'er LUCULLUS dines.

The wayward endive's curling
head,
Cool cucumber sliced small,
And let the imperial beet-root
spread
Her purple over all.

Though shrinking poets still prefer
The common floral fashions,
With buds and blossoms hymn
their Her,
These vegetable loves would stir
A flint-heart's mineral passions!

"A WHITE LIE."—MR. GRUNDY'S latest piece is the best he has ever written!

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



"THE WOLFF AT THE DOOR."

[SIR DRUMMOND has returned from Persia.]

OUTSIDE THE GLOBE.

Warm Admirer. MANSFIELD is going to take off *Richard the Third*.

Less Warm Ditto. "Going to"! Why, he's been doing it for the last two or three months.

Warm Admirer. I mean he is going to withdraw *Richard* from the Globe—

Less Warm One (interrupting). And RICHARD M. will be himself again. Yes—proceed, sweet warbler.

Warm Admirer (continuing). Because, as the *Observer* observed, "he finds the heat too trying." Yet it was a success.

Less Warm One. Clearly it isn't a frost, or else he might advertise the Globe as "the coolest theatre in London." Is it the rise of temperature that has affected RICHARD's theatrical thermometer, and which shows that the place has become too hot to hold him?

JOKER'S DIARY.—(Note By Joe Miller, Junior, for July.—) SHAH coming. Must look up all my old wheezes about *Shah* and *chat*. *Shah* and *P' shah*! Riddle about *Char-à-banc*. Another about *Char-i-vari*, *Char-cutier*, &c. Work these up and get good names to them. Can dine out for a week.

FOREIGN AND DRAMATIC.—Berlin. In the evening of the reception of King HUMBERT by the German Emperor and Empress, there was "a family state dinner of 140 covers." What a nice little family party! "Pernicious Snug," as Mr. Folair remarked to Nicholas Nickleby.

WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH HIM.

THE VERY LATEST CANARDS.

WE hear that the Directors of the General Omnibus Company have notified to the General their unanimous resolution to give him a lift, whenever he may desire to avail himself of that means of locomotion, in any of their vehicles, free of charge. On this having been intimated to the General, he is said to have expressed much satisfaction at the proposal.

The General, we understand, yesterday morning accorded an interview to several influential Music Hall Proprietors, anxious to secure his services as a feature in the programme of their respective entertainments. The terms of each varied in some slight particulars, but the leading idea of all seemed to be the appearance of the General in one or more costumes, with or without a comic song, but, if possible, with a grotesque dance, or some other striking gymnastic feat performed to the accompaniment of a taking refrain. On the nature of their respective propositions being explained to him, the General manifested an evident interest, and after expressing himself as much gratified at their offers, intimated that he would leave the question of their acceptance in the hands of his "Committee."

It is understood that the General has been offered, and has accepted, the Presidency at the Annual Dinner to be held at Wapping on the 19th proximo, in Aid of the Decayed Bathing-women's Grandmothers' Association.

It is reported that a well known Caterer for Public Amusement has in contemplation proposing to the General an extended provincial tour, on advantageous terms, with a first-class Travelling Circus, the General to contribute to the performance a comic scene with a highly-trained elephant, from whose back he would eventually be expected to jump through three paper moons, coloured respectively blue, white, and red, as indicative of the National Flag of France. It is contemplated that when the scheme is fully explained to the General he will entertain it with every expression of gratification.

We hear that this morning an influential deputation from Westbourne Grove called on the General for the purpose of securing his

presence at a "small and early" organised in the neighbourhood with a view to introducing him to "the nobility and gentry" of Bayswater. On the object of their visit being made clear to him, the General who smiled most graciously at the deputation, expressed his gratification at the honour they proposed to pay him, and intimated that he would leave the matter in the hands of his "Committee."

It is rumoured that on the 9th, 17th, and 23rd prox., respectively, the General will open the Cabmen's Shelter at Hackney, lay the foundation stone of the new Cemetery at Tooting, and preside at the Inauguration of the Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Consumptive Pastrycooks' Orphan Asylum at Houndsditch. It is also further stated that not only on these days, but on all others, the General's time is already fully taken up with prospective engagements. On this having been pointed out to him, the General is said to have contemplated the circumstance with every manifestation of the very liveliest satisfaction.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 20.—The NOBLE BARON had little surprise in store for Opposition to-night. Comforted themselves with conviction that Sugar Convention dead, and only awaiting convenient opportunity for burial. But NOBLE BARON comes up smiling, with an All-a-blowin'-and-a-growin' air. Convention been signed by seven out of the eight great Bounty-giving Powers, he observes; accepted in principle by eighth; and Her Majesty's Government fully alive to importance of maintaining it.

"Quite a resurrection party," says WILFRID LAWSON. Never suspected the NOBLE BARON of such fund of quiet humour; fancy LYON PLAYFAIR put him up to this; got a tremendous convincing speech ready to move Rejection of Bill on Second Reading; if Bill's dropped, what's to become of speech? But if the BARON can be lured on to stand by his Bill, PLAYFAIR will get off his oration. "There are wheels within wheels," as the little boy said when he fell into the works of the windmill.

Debate on Naval Defence Bill set in with accustomed severity. Thought it was all settled on Second Reading; broke out again in Committee; now begins again on Third Reading. Members who could not catch SPEAKER's eye on earlier stages, now grab at it. Members stand it well enough till half-past seven; after that, patience breaks down. ILLINGWORTH, rising at twenty minutes to Eight to continue talk, uproar burst forth in deafening shouts for Division. AIRD moved Closure; SPEAKER took no notice.

"Yet he must have 'AIRD him," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, who had made his speech, and was getting hungry.

WILFRID LAWSON followed ILLINGWORTH; heartrending groans from famished Members; LAWSON talked on. Eight o'clock struck; ten minutes past; dinner spoiled in three hundred desolate homes. Howls increase; WILFRID immovable.

"They'll only drink wine and cherry brandy," he said, "if I let 'em off. Better stop here few minutes longer."

Quarter past eight; division called; ten minutes later three hundred hungry men racing downstairs, and Palace Yard resonant with the tramp of the sympathetic cab-horse and the roll of the wheels of the hurrying brougham.

Business done.—House "kept in" over dinner-hour. Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill carried by 183 votes against 101.

Tuesday.—Buzzing round Sugar Convention again; HARCOURT quite in high spirits. Looked up lot of questions he was going to ask, when what now appears to have been premature announcement of demise made; fires them off at Treasury Bench. GLADSTONE backs him up. HICKS-BEACH throws himself into breach; stands fire for ten minutes. Didn't make very much of him; hasn't the unique, benevolent simplicity of OLD MORALITY, off which objurgation, reproach, and abuse run as harmlessly as water off duck's back.

"The worst of OLD MORALITY is," HARCOURT says, "that one gets so little for one's pains. Blows that would pulverise another man haven't slightest effect on his imperturbable ingenuousness. It's like doubling up your fists and hammering a feather-bed. Feather-bed shaken up, and two minutes later presents precisely same placid, benevolent, inviting appearance as it did before you wore yourself out upon it."

Less of the feather-bed about HICKS-BEACH at question time; but result not much more satisfactory to assailant. "I must beg for an answer from some member of the Government," HARCOURT blusters.

"The answer of the Government is," said MICHAEL-ANGELO BEACH, "that we do not consider it consistent with our duty and the interests of the public service to give the Right Hon. Gentleman the information he wants."

HARCOURT persisted; GLADSTONE pounded away; MICHAEL-ANGELO, leaning confidentially on the box, fired his last shot.

"I must decline," he said "to answer hypothetical questions." HARCOURT not having any other kind ready at moment, performance terminated.

Later, JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, a rare delight in these days. National Debt Bill on for Third Reading. HARCOURT up again, dropping big tears over GOSCHEN's unfaithfulness to memory and principles of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Destroyed two great works of his financial life—Cheap Sugar, and Scheme for Rejection of National Debt. HARCOURT could scarcely control his emotion. Others joined in. JOKEIM, temporarily laying aside cap-and-bells, earnestly pleaded his innocence. Then JOSEPH GILLIS appeared with outstretched hand that instantly stilled tumult of controversy, and left him the centre of a listening Senate. If you'd given your mind to it, might have heard a pin drop, as JOEY B., with gaze sternly fixed on prostrated CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, chanted forth his notes of regret, attuned more to sorrow than anger, that there should be a Government capable within the space of fifteen years of having twice attacked financial principles of his late Right Hon. friend, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

HARCOURT had said these very things, and had, indeed, the advantage of uttering them first. But JOSEPH GILLIS, unconsciously imitating sweep of HARCOURT's arm as he delivered with HARCOURTIAN ponderosity the very sentiments he had heard delivered a couple of hours earlier, was much more effective than the original. JOKEIM, listening to HARCOURT, from time to time scornfully smiled and defiantly shook his head. But when JOEY B. delivered same lofty

sentiments, expounded identical principles of financial purity, JOKEIM's guilty head sank on his alarmed breast, he folded his trembling arms, and vainly tried to shut out with closed eyelids the spectacle of the terrible accuser. *Business done.*—Budget Bill agreed to.

Wednesday.—London Coal Dues under discussion. PEASE wants to abolish them. Press heavily upon the poor. FOWLER (Alderman) shows, on contrary, that prosperity of London is derived entirely from regular exaction of Coal Dues. To this source is due Holborn Viaduct, Thames Embankment, Polytechnic, Tower of London, and Underground Sewage. If old Charters of London are to be abolished, then New Zealander better at once apply to COOK's agent for ticket for London Bridge. FIRTH, urged by momentous subject to unusual flights of eloquence, expresses desire that ancient Charters of London may "remain in the womb of the past." BAUMANN makes clever speech in moving rejection of Bill; but RITCHIE runs amuck at Dues. OLD MORALITY proposes compromise, and Bill read a Second Time by 264 votes against 104.

Thursday.—Scotland's turn at last. Ireland we have always with us; England gets an opportunity occasionally; Gallant Little Wales had evening and morning sitting in succession last week. Now SANDY takes the floor; all the blue bonnets are over the border; Westminster echoing with Scotch "All a-blowin' and a-growin'." accent; the wail of the pibroch heard in distant corridor; haggis figures prominently in menu in dining-room. JACOBY, arrayed in lightest summer suit, perambulates lobby. Smiles beamingly an all Scotch Members.

"We'll hae a gude diversion the night, I'm thinkin', Dr. FARR-QUHARRISON," he said, just now to Member for West Aberdeen.

That not his usual way of speaking; but JACOBY a born Whip. Knows how to get at the heart of a man. Only with greatest difficulty his colleague, PHILIP STANHOPE, prevented his coming down to-night in kilt.

"It would fetch them," he said; "I'm sure Scotch very susceptible on national matters. Would like a little delicate attention like the kilts."

STANHOPE said, No; thought they'd better not try it yet. JACOBY, not permitted to don Highland garb, put on what he believed to be Scottish accent; whistled "*Scots wha hae*" as GEORGE CAMPBELL passed him; asked BUCHANAN to lend him copy of "*Meg Merrilees*," which he believes is one of SCOTT's novels. Wonderfully enthusiastic man in his new vocation!

Business done.—Debate on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Friday Night.—A melancholy day. At morning sitting, Scotch Local Government Bill; in the evening, PICKERSGILL on Penal Sentences. Prevailing dulness momentarily varied by interesting story told by MATTHEWS, of How They Went to the Prize Fight at Moseley. Seems "Fancy" had themselves packed up in covered fur-

niture-van. Police placidly watched ponderous vehicles passing along highway; never suspected anything, though on *qui vive* to stop fight. When furniture-van—"Taking-all-Risks"—arrived at selected spot, unpacked, and "the furniture" went at it undisturbed. *Business done.*—Much talk.

It is the fashion, as a matter of business, for the Managers of seaside Hotels to telegraph up to town, daily, informing intending visitors of the state of the weather, *chez eux*. One sends up, "Dull morning, warm. Glass steady." Glad to hear it—it's better than, "Dull morning, dry. Hand shaky."



Michael-Angelo.



The new Whip.





SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

President. "SMITH, OUR NOBLE SELVES! QUITE RIGHT TO ADJOURN FOR THE DERBY, DAY!"

ON COMMISSION.

May 28, 29, 30, and 31.—The feature of the week has been the examination and cross-examination of Mr. BIGGAR. Of course, it would be very wrong to comment upon the evidence of the distinguished humorist in question, but I must be permitted to say, that there were many present who expected a scene, when he was called, something like the following:—

Counsel (rising and referring to his brief). Mr. BIGGAR, I think you are a politician?

Witness (rubbing his head). Bedad, Sorr, that am I, as the pig said when he turned himself into bacon! [Roars of laughter.]

Counsel (quietly amused). Never mind the pig for the moment, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness (quaintly). But begorrah, Sorr, if I don't mind the pig, the pig won't mind me! [Renewed laughter.]

Counsel (biting his lip). How long have you been in the House of Commons?

Witness. The House of Commons, is it? (Stroking his nose with his forefinger.) Shure it became the House of un-Commons when I jined it! [Further laughter.]

Counsel (suppressing a smile). Pray be serious, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness. Serious is it! Look at that, now! How will I be serious? (With a merry twinkle in his eye.) Do ye take me for an ould blind fiddler, who can't rade because it's too dark for him to say! &c., &c., &c. [General merriment.]

I must admit that certainly Mr. BIGGAR did not give his evidence in a manner closely resembling the above. On the other hand, I should be exceedingly loth to assert that his cross-examination was at all like the following:—

Counsel (rising deferentially). I think, Mr. BIGGAR, you have devoted many years of your life to public affairs?

[Every one in Court on the alert for something witty in reply.]

Witness (gravely). Certainly.

Counsel. I do not wish to unduly press you, but can you give me any idea of how many years have been thus devoted?

[The Public smilingly expectant for a bon-mot of unusual brilliancy.]

Witness (solemnly). I cannot say.

Counsel. May we take it that you have been engaged in public affairs for some twenty years or so?

[Audience on the qui vive for the best thing heard during this century.]

Witness (with a sigh). I believe so.

Counsel. I am sure you will credit me, Mr. BIGGAR, when I say that I have no intention of fixing you to dates; but may I take it that those twenty years may be said to extend from 1869 to 1889?

[General anticipation of something waggish beyond parallel.]

Witness (wearily). Probably, &c., &c., &c. [General somnolence.]

A less important incident of the week was the appearance of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR (late of the War Office, and now a member of the British Bar) without his wig. On Friday, the Court adjourned until the 18th of June, on the understanding (which, however, was not expressed in terms) that, if necessary, there should be a purely informal interim meeting of both sides on the 5th—at Epsom. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Mystery of Queen Anne's Gate*, by RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, is a good story in two volumes, for which the author must be praised, as he might have spun it out into three. It would have been better in one volume, as though the story is interesting and the excitement well sustained, yet you can skip handfuls of it at a time—plenty of skipping exercise, and you can give yourself any amount

of rope—and get through the novel easily within a three hours' railway journey. "Alone I did it!"

"EN BON PRINCE."

WRITES our Prince to HOWARD VINCENT:—

"I prefer to think you inn'cent
Of the mess at the Parade
Of the gallant Fire Brigade,

"When the crowd would have been cleared
Had you never interfered,
And the Medals would have been
Graciously bestowed, I ween.

"I forgive and I forget,
But, Unt-'Oward VINCENT, let
That unlucky Saturday,—
'Twas the twenty-fifth of May,—
In your mems be marked, *en noir*,
'Medal and Muddle.' *Au revoir!*"

PETITES BOUCHÉES DE BUSHEY.

"A GOOD play needs no Bushey."

"Off with bonnets! Hat-tention!"

"Light modern Comic Opera I do not despise, as is proved by my engagement of *Dorothy—DENE*."

FANCY IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT.

(By Don Lunatico Inky Rendo.)



Professor Hair-Comber of Bushey.

"If Miss D. D. makes a great success here, I shall engage her permanently and call this the Deanery."

"JOHN SMITH, I've heard that name before."

"I compose these little things in my Idyl moments."

"I am going to compose an ode to the County in which I dwell."

"I shall call it *Herts, mein Herts!*"

"Hope to give this performance in the Hall of my College, All Souls' Oxford. '*Bene natus*,' I've always enjoyed excellent health. Was born well, and hope to continue so—'*Bene vestitus*,' everyone will come in evening dress; no bonnets or hats, '*Moderate doctus*.'—Mustn't know too much about it. Don't like self-sufficient critics.

H. H., A.R.A., B.A., Oxon."

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Tuesday, May 23.—How plucky of BOITO to have written *Mefistofele*, after GOUNOD had made such a success with *Faust*. It was almost as if *Mefistofele* were tempting the gifted Composer into a *Mefisto-failure*. If so, *Mephistopheles* was done, not for the first time, and done remarkably well. The impressive prologue was

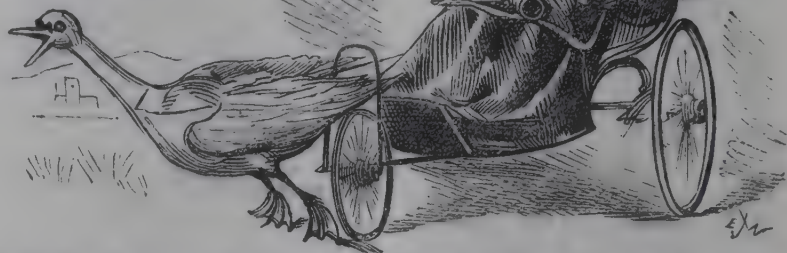


Mad Maggie frightens Funny Little Faust.

magnificently rendered, Signor NOVARA taking Signor CASTELMARY'S part at short notice, which made "no vara great difference" as Miss MCINTYRE observed in her best Scotch McAccent. Why call her "Mademoiselle" in the bills? Aiblins (whatever that may be), but she's a puir and bonnie Scotch lassie, and nae French. She looked charming as BOITO'S *Marguerite*, who is much more of a genuine *ingénue* than is GOUNOD'S girl, and sang superbly. I shall welcome the time when she can rely entirely upon herself, and act her part without keeping one eye on Signor MANCINELLI to see if it's all right. I dare say MANCINELLI likes it: I should, if I were in his place,—and, by the way, if I were in his place, what a row there'd be in the orchestra! Of course, the old musical hands in the orchestra sympathise with her, and yet must wish that she should be out of their leading-strings. Even when she goes as mad as a hatter—as a Straw-hatter—(is this anywhere near the solution as to the origin of this proverbial simile?)—her rule seems to be, "Keep my eye on my MANCINELLI, and my MANCINELLI will pull me through." Madame SCALCHI, is a jovial *Marta*, far too wicked for *Mephistopheles*, who objects to being *Marta'd* in *Marta-rimony*. Sly humour of BOITO'S in introducing a little bit of WAGNER, well-played and sung by Signor RINALDINI in true Warbling Wag'ner style, in the First Act. How good that German dance is! It haunts me for days afterwards, and what a contrast is its peasant-like clumsiness to the graceful classical movement of the Grecian Ladies in the Troy Town Act, where the warbling Wag'ner reappears as *Nereus*—just like him—and *Marta* comes out in classical drapery as a lady of the name of *Pantalís* (who was she when she was at home?) who does her best to play nothing on an old harp with damp strings—not a true harp, but a lyre—and sings a charming duet with HELEN MCGREGOR; no, I should say HELEN MCINTYRE of Troy, our sweet *Belle Hélène*, from whom OFFENBACH—again memories expect the song of "*O Belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu?*" "Ah, SCHNEIDER, how you vas!" as RIF VAN JEFFERSON WINKLE used to say. The Opera is not a light one, but it was made heavy by the "waits" between the Acts; especially the Troy Wait. The Broken Scene raised the enthusiasm of the house, and would have restored the spirits—it was full of them—of even the most Broken-hearted Manager, which DRURIOLANUS most decidedly isn't.

Thursday.—An eventful evening for the Cosmopolitan Organising Opera Committee. Irish Tenor with Scotch name was to have played on Italian Opera Stage in German Opera *Lohengrin*. Rather mixed. But poor Signor BARTONI MAC-ARONI GUCKINI unfortunately sprained his ankle, and it didn't come off. By "it," I mean the event. Rather than disappoint the brilliant house assembled to meet him, Signor M'GUCKIN would have been only too pleased to have come on as *Lohengrin* in a Bath-chair drawn by swans, and sung with all the fervour and sweetness of which he is capable. The Organising Committee all for the idea—such a novelty. DRURIOLANUS decided against it. "Bad precedent," said the astute Manager, "for Tenor to come on in Bath-chair." So DAN DRARDY, Junior, took the part at short notice, and acquitted himself as well as the short notice would permit. Audience, following the excellent

example of punctuality set by Their Royal Highnesses, came in early, and stopped till the wobbling property pigeon, a very easy shot for any marksman with half an eye for a penn'orth at the cocoa-nuts, had descended, and all was over with the wicked *Ortrude*, who is perpetually interfering between the Wedding Knight and Madame NORDICA, looking and singing charmingly as Miss Somebody *Elsa*, without



Il Cavaliere Bartoni Mac-aroni Guckini as a Knight of the Bath—chair.

even saying, "Beg pardon, hope I don't do ought rude." Hardly recognised Madame NORDICA in new fair-haired wig, and evidently she looked much taller than last season. Evidently grown rapidly in public opinion. Puir Scotch Lassie MAGGIE MCINTYRE, in a state of Scotch lassie-tude, reclined in the Stalls, and was clearly surprised at finding herself on the wrong side of the Curtain. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN was radiant after his successful bimetallistic deputation, and insisted on explaining to DRURIOLANUS the theory of bimetallism. DRURIOLANUS, equal to the occasion, comprehended it in a twinkling. "I see," he said, "bicycle thing on two wheels; 'biped,' creature on two peds: bimetallism evidently means doubling the prices. Won't do, my boy; won't do. Ta ta!" The MAHDI—FÜRSCH-MADI, I should say—in great force as *Ortrude*. Opera magnificently put on the stage; everything first-rate except the property-moulting wobbling pigeon, and the sooner he is put into a property-pie, and seen no more, the better for the finish of *Lohengrin*. Orchestra conducted by MANTALINI, —no, MANCINELLI, —superb. *Vive l'Opéra!*



"Oh, this is a Gye-ful moment!"

Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI. Everybody enraptured. But why the Story of ALFRED and the Cakes, called *La Traviata*? *Alfred*, in this case, could hardly be called ALFRED the Great, and Madame ALBANI had doubtless something to contend against in Signor TALAZAC'S curious idea of a lover's passion, and Signor COTOGLI'S quaint conception of paternal pathos. But, despite these drawbacks, what a triumph was hers, and how well did *Violetta* deserve the huge bouquets of roses and lilies, orchids and iris, which were presented to her at the close of the First and Second Acts respectively! A brilliant House apparently had eyes and ears for *Violetta* alone, though it certainly did not let her alone when her liquid trills and lovely piano passages fairly brought it down. *Alfred* the Little sang his part in the duet in the Last Act with some sweetness and effect; and Signor COTOGLI'S powerful voice would probably please more if his peculiar facial play and manual movements did not quite so strongly convey the idea that he was playing alternately at Dumb Crambo and Forfeits.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—The Session commenced with the *Barbiere*, possibly in the hope that that Opera might save, or rather shave, it from disaster. Signor PADILLA (certainly one of the best *Figaros* of modern times) gives it most valuable support. But as a solitary swallow does not make a summer, a singular celebrity (especially when of the male sex) does not always create a season's success. Fortunately the *Rosina*, Madame GARGANO, and the *Almaviva* of Signor VICINI (who appears vicariously for someone else), are equally good. From the appearance of the House generally, I fancy that Her Majesty's Opposition is not unlikely to secure what may be termed "a good working minority."

AFTER the ceremony last Saturday, Prince GEORGE of Wales is in full possession of the Liberty of the City of London. He can do whatever he likes. It is GEORGE without the drag on. This freedom is H.R.H.'s hereditary right; so, as a Citizen, he is "free as the heir."

"SIZING."

"Sizing," is nowadays practised by some of the Lancashire millowners to an extent which is neither fair nor reasonable, and is distinctly calculated to injure the reputation of British Cotton-stuffs in the markets of the world."—*Morning Post*.

THIS shows a state of trade extremely rotten :
To Cotton-doctoring *Punch* cannot cotton.
Even JOHN CHINAMAN is scarce so callow
As to be diddled long by flour and tallow.
Shame, Cotton-spinners? On your own confessing,
"Fraudulent sizing" is not "needful dressing."
What constitutes true "shirtings"? Reason halts
When powdered spar, and deliquescent salts,
Magnesium, and calcium, are meant,
To the extent of seventy-five per cent.
A British patriot does not like to think
Of China clay, plus muriate of zinc,
As making up the major part of sheeting ;
Or of starch, Epsom Salts, and soda meeting
In cotton-cloth. Who views with temper placid
A blend of curd-soap and carbolic acid,
French chalk and maize, dextrine and Irish moss,
Meeting in "lining" to the buyers' loss ;
Or putrid flour, palm-oil, and British gum
Making of honest "stuff" the merest hum ?
Punch must be down upon those Cotton-spinners,
Who against British honour are such sinners ;
Conspiring in a way, base as unwise,
To lessen England's greatness by her "size."

ANOTHER Rival to the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross.—
VERDI'S *Grand Otell* (O!!) at the Lyceum in July,
started by M. H. L. MAYER ET CIE.

"That Lovely Night in June!"

(The Fourth at Eton.)

THE QUEEN surveyed the boats. "The Monarch" gay
Pursued "the even ten-oar of its way,"
With its own "Sitter," so called, I'll explain,
Because he "stands" a ten-oar for champagne—
At least he should. I'll write, to music choice,
The Monarch Boat-song for a ten-oar voice.
(Signed) BROCAS MI. Laureate, *didit*.



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER?"—"BECAUSE I LOVE HER!"
"MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S AN EXCUSE—NOT A REASON!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young policeman," the Moon told *Mr. Punch*. "He is extremely civil and obliging, but he has not been very long in the force. His beat lies in a highly fashionable and secluded district, and the other evening his services were called into request in a somewhat strange manner. He was going his rounds, and quite enjoying the clasp of his heavy boots on the pavement, when he came upon a gentleman and lady standing in great perplexity by the area railings of one of the houses, which was all dark and shut up. My beams shone clearly on the party: on the constable, who thought it incumbent upon him to remember that he was a policeman and adopt a surface suspicion; on the pretty pale face of the lady, under whose furred cloak could be seen the shimmer of her evening gown; on the gentleman, who was also in evening dress, and who seemed humorously annoyed at something, as he sought vainly in all his pockets. 'This is pleasant, constable!' he said; 'come out without our latch-key!' The young policeman offered to ring and knock for them, but the lady would not hear of it. 'It would frighten darling LILY so,' she said, 'and the poor child has been so feverish all day.' She had such a sweet voice, and her eyes looked so large and so pathetic in my rays, that the young policeman felt himself becoming less official. 'O Policeman,' she said, 'can't you think of anything? Fancy not to be able to get into one's own house!'"



"The policeman reflected for a moment; it was so gratifying to feel that this beautiful lady had such confidence in him that he naturally wished to show that he deserved it. At last he hit upon a

plan. They were painting a house opposite, and the workmen had left their ladders; perhaps, he suggested, if he fetched one, the upper windows might be found to have been left unfastened.

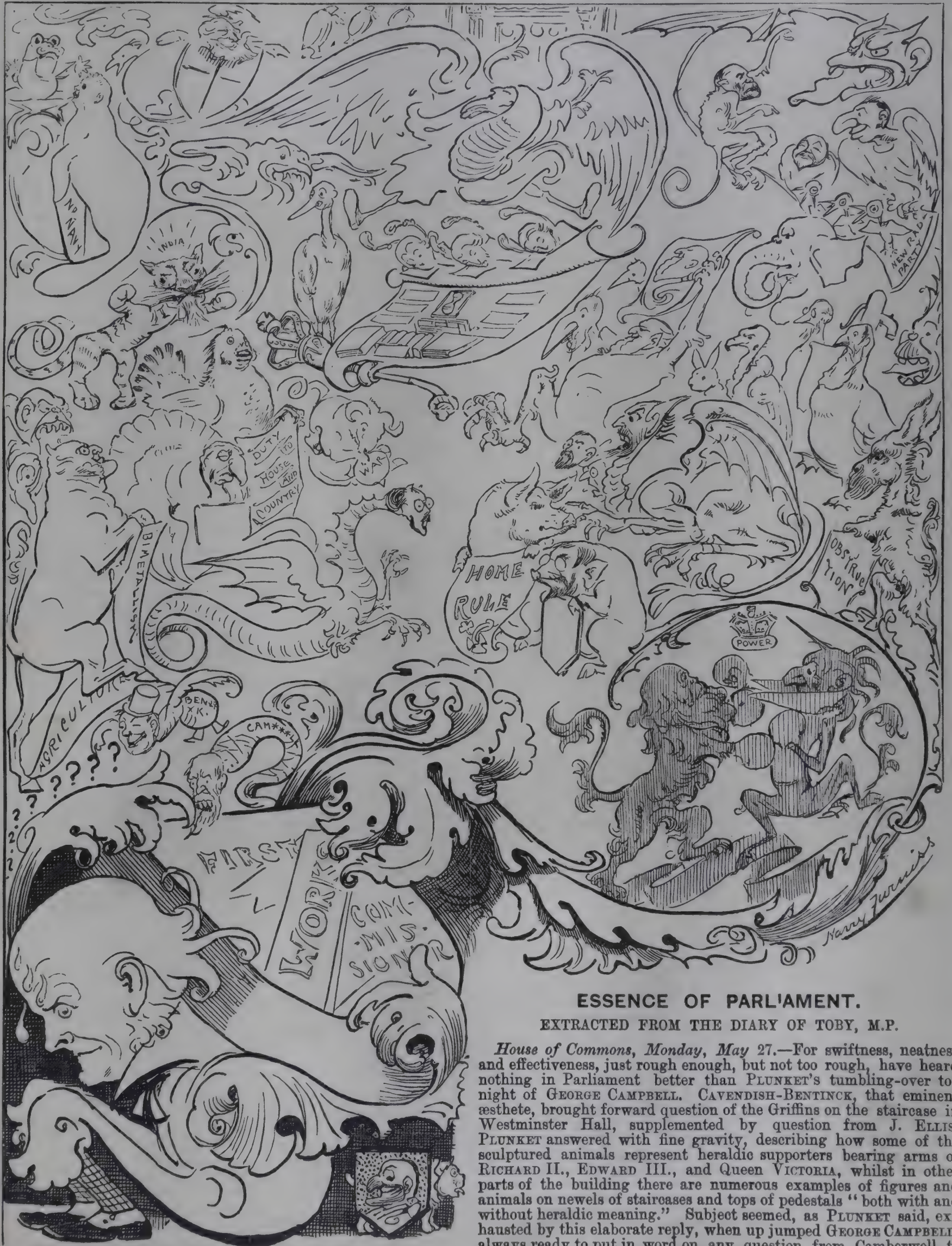
"So the policeman and the gentleman brought the ladder between them, and, curiously enough, the upper window *had* been left unfastened—which showed that the young constable knew something of the world. And presently I saw the gentleman go up and enter through the window, and then the lovely lady, after pressing a half-crown in the policeman's palm, prepared, with graceful timorousness, to ascend. 'What fun it would be,' I heard her say, with a musical little laugh, 'supposing another policeman saw me now and took me for a burglar!' 'No fear o' that, Ma'am,' he answered, gallantly, 'not when I'm at hand.' Then she went up the ladder, higher and higher, till he could only see a dim grey form aloft, and then the window was cautiously closed, and the house was dark and still once more. The young policeman gazed up at it sentimentally; a light shone in the upper room; he pictured the beautiful mother bending over her sick child's cot, and, reverently and tenderly, he removed the ladder which had been hallowed by her feet.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that the couple who lived in that house were quite middle-aged people, and had no child to be feverish. I remembered now, too, that they had left home that very afternoon on a short visit. Could the lady and gentleman have mistaken the house? I think they must have done so, though it took them nearly an hour to find it out, for it was much later when I next saw them both come out by the little garden at the back, when the gentleman helped the lady over the wall into a side street. He had a bag in his hand, which I had not noticed before, and she seemed to be carrying something under her cloak. I fancy they went out that way because they did not like to trouble that obliging young constable a second time, which was a pity, because, as it happened, he was in front of the house at that very moment. His beat had brought him round there a second time, and he could not help stopping to glance up once more at the windows, where there was no longer any light to be seen. I heard him sigh and hum a little snatch of a song, rather out of tune, as he went clumping on his round, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that there is less human nature in policemen than in other people. And this was a very young policeman, too."



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

"FRIGHTFUL CREATURES."—Heraldry in Parliament. Dedicated to the First Commissioner of Works by Mr. Punch.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—For swiftness, neatness and effectiveness, just rough enough, but not too rough, have heard nothing in Parliament better than PLUNKET's tumbling-over to-night of GEORGE CAMPBELL. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, that eminent aesthete, brought forward question of the Griffins on the staircase in Westminster Hall, supplemented by question from J. ELLIS. PLUNKET answered with fine gravity, describing how some of the sculptured animals represent heraldic supporters bearing arms of RICHARD II., EDWARD III., and QUEEN VICTORIA, whilst in other parts of the building there are numerous examples of figures and animals on newels of staircases and tops of pedestals "both with and without heraldic meaning." Subject seemed, as PLUNKET said, exhausted by this elaborate reply, when up jumped GEORGE CAMPBELL, always ready to put in word on any question from Camberwell to

Cathay. House now always takes him good-humouredly; roared in simulated indignation. Above the uproar CAMPBELL's voice heard shrilly demanding whether PLUNKET was himself "responsible for permitting these fearful creatures to be put up in Westminster Hall?"

Rather a rude question as it stands; but nothing particular meant; only CAMPBELL's pretty way. PLUNKET came back to table; waited for uproar to subside, then, nodding and smiling pleasantly at Sir GEORGE, said, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures either in Westminster Hall or in this House."

Bolt went straight home; CAMPBELL wriggled up, nervously nursing his expressive right knee; House roared with delighted laughter; CAMPBELL concluded that, on the whole, had perhaps better not interpose when PLUNKET in the lists.

After this, House prepared itself for another evening with Scotch Members. Adjourned debate on Local Government Bill down as first Order; just when majority of Members were preparing to rush out, and air of resignation stealing over faces of LORD ADVOCATE and RITCHIE, who must needs remain in place, Irish Members burst in; raised debate on Luggacurran Evictions. O'BRIEN's first appearance since release from prison. Once more face to face with BALFOUR. A striking contrast the two men, gaoler and prisoner; the one fair, *débonnaire*, smiling, reclining with languid grace on the Treasury Bench; the other standing upright with clenched fist, set lips, pale face, flashing eyes, hoarse, passionate voice. Shut up for weeks and months, and now all the long-pent stream of wrath dashed downward like a cataract. BALFOUR bore it pretty well. Talk went on to dinner-time; then Division, and Scotch business began.

Business done.—More Scotch debate.

Tuesday.—TIM's back again. Been for some time in Ireland attending to his own business. Now comes to Westminster to look after nation's. No opportunity for not knowing TIM HEALY is in House when he once puts in an appearance. As GEORGE CURZON says, "his voice is heard through rolling drums, that beat to battle where he stands." Gave HOME SECRETARY a genuine start, by suddenly appealing to SPEAKER on matter of order, touching little dinner-party MATTHEWS gave on Saturday. What TIM really wanted was opportunity of publicly hitting out at ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, whose name cropped up before Special Commission as having subscribed certain sums of money for dispensation by an energetic searcher after truth. BLENNERHASSET, otherwise of retiring disposition, takes no part in public affairs; TIM longing to give him an Oliver for his Rowland. Difficulty how to do it? Chance unconsciously provided by innocent HOME SECRETARY. Gave customary dinner in honour of QUEEN's Birthday; invited among other friends the Judges on Special Commission and BLENNERHASSET. Here was TIM's opportunity. Used it with superb gravity. Called SPEAKER's attention to fact that, in addition to three Judges, one of the guests was Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, "a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries."

That was what TIM wanted to say. In order to say it, framed question to SPEAKER, as to who had control over House and its precincts? SPEAKER obliged to answer, with equal gravity, that he had no control over gentlemen who came to dinner within precincts of House. TIM much obliged for reply, and business proceeded.

"Wasn't sure at first I could manage it, TOBY, dear boy," TIM said, his honest face suffused with satisfaction. "But you see I managed it. Suppose I had got up in my place and said, 'Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET is a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries'; there would have been an awful uproar; I should have been out of order; SPEAKER would have been down on me; perhaps I would have been 'named'; and then where would I have been? But, you see, I wrap it up in a question, fire it off accidentally as it were, the boys cheer and the thing's done. Apart from BLENNERHASSET, quite worth while doing to see how frightened MATTHEWS was when I alluded to him. For a bit of real sport, if you know how to manage it, give me the House of Commons."

Business done.—Vote on Account taken.

Thursday.—Since PLUNKET flashed forth his answer to GEORGE CAMPBELL the other night about "fearful creatures" in and out of House, has been a marked tendency on part of Ministers to sparkle at Question Time. HOME SECRETARY tried it to-night with GEORGE CAMPBELL again for subject. It seems that GEORGE, taking his walks abroad, has exclusively enjoyed spectacle of cabs running over citizens. Would appear that, walking down from Southwell



Tim's back.

Gardens to Westminster, scarcely a turning at which he did not come upon man, woman, or child under the hoofs of a ruthless cab-horse. Lived in India some time; Juggernaut nothing to it. HOME SECRETARY sits with arms folded, legs crossed, his face suffused with highly cultivated aspect of incredulity.

"Are the police to stand by," CAMPBELL insists, "and see cabs come up and knock persons down without interference or remonstrance? Will the Right Hon. Gentleman take up the subject?"

No human impulse more natural, even in a HOME SECRETARY, than to take up a subject if he accidentally finds it knocked down by a cab at a street corner. But MATTHEWS a lawyer, accustomed to quibbles.

"There is," he replied, "a statute in force. What handle is there, then, for taking up the subject?"

This posed CAMPBELL; not prepared for that way of looking at it. Time might come, if this sort of thing went unchecked, that no father of a family would go out in London streets without first providing himself with a handle by which he might be picked up when knocked down by a cab. That time not yet arrived. HOME SECRETARY, took base advantage; House rudely laughed; CAMPBELL temporarily subsided.

Other answer was from ARTHUR BALFOUR. Questioned as to sale of lands in Ulster by London Companies, he said CHARLES LEWIS had Motion on paper, which referred to subject; when it came on would discuss it.

"But," said CLANCY, "Suppose this Motion never comes on; what does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to do?"

"When that eventuality occurs," said BALFOUR, "I shall be ready to answer the question."

A pretty answer this, imbued with the spirit of Philosophic Doubt. No one knows whether he quite meant what he said, or whether he accidentally stumbled on this deliciously round-about way of saying he would never answer question. Crowded House sat for a moment puzzled and silent; then there was a titter, ending in a roar of laughter: in which ARTHUR blushing joined.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Scotch business in the morning, Indian in the evening. The morning and the evening a dull day.

LA VIE À LA ROOSE.

THE art of prolonging life being, of course, a most interesting subject to everybody, Dr. ROBSON ROOSE who is always "up to date," deals with it in the *Fortnightly* for this month—still ably conducted by the open and frank HARRIS (not DRURIOLANUS of that ilk)—and treats his subject as well as he treats his patients, which is saying a great deal, but not too much. Here are some notes arising out of a careful perusal of his article which may be of use to him on a future occasion, should he resume the subject.

1.—*Question.* Are men or women the longer lived? *Answer.* We have all heard of Old PARR, but never of Old MA. Perhaps one reason is that any allusion to a lady's age is considered impolite.

2.—*Q.* How to prolong life?—*A.* Live above PARR.

3.—*Q.* "Three-score and ten" is "accepted," says Dr. R. R., "pretty generally." Are musicians long-lived?—*A.* Yes, as a rule, because they live after they have completed several scores.

4.—*Q.* Is there any Longevity Association to which we can belong?—*A.* The Eighty Club is the nearest approach to it.

5.—*Q.* Is there anyone now living who was alive four centuries ago?—*A.* Certainly. Four centuries ago were the Middle Ages. A number of middle-aged people still exist. ** This is a fact which, strangely enough, has escaped the Doctor's notice.

6.—*Q.* The Doctor recounts how one old woman, who never washed, but rubbed her face with lard, lived to 106. What rank in life was she?—*A.* We should say she must have been addressed as "*Miladi*."

7.—*Q.* The Doctor is against "tricycling" for old men. Why?—*A.* Doctor is wrong here. For an old man who has completed one cycle, to go on to two cycles and up to three, cannot do him any possible harm. He will be a hale and hearty Tricyclinarian.

8.—*Q.* Dr. PARKER is quoted as recommending rice to old persons because of the starch in it. Would not a diet of nice white ties fresh from the washerwoman's do equally as well?—*A.* Yes. The dish could be included in the vegetarian list, and called white artichokers.

9.—*Q.* Rest is absolutely necessary. Can you suggest a form of diet or exercise, or both, which will economise time by including simultaneous rest?—*A.* Certainly. Go to a fishmonger's and take forty winks. As for exercise; quiet games are good, therefore "Go Nap" as often as possible.

Finally, Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Dr. R. R. and repeats *Rip Van Winkle's* salutation, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long and broswer!"



“WON IN

MR. PUNCH. “CONGRATULATE YOU, MY LORD! ‘NAVAL DEFENCE



CANTER ! ”

AS BOUND TO WIN ; — THE OPPOSITION STABLE WASN'T IN IT !! ”

"WON IN A CANTER!"

A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE AFTER THE GREAT RACE.

SCENE—*The Derby Course in the vicinity of the Judge's Box. The Derby Winner, "Naval Defence," being led away. Crowd closes in, shouting; Mr. Judge Punch descends to congratulate the Owners of the Successful Horse.*

Crowd. Hooray! Hooray!

Sir W. H-rc-rt (*aside*). Ah, shout, brave boys! You'd bellow

As blatantly for any other fellow

Who owned the Winner.

Mr. M-rl-y (*drily*). Even for you, Sir WILLIAM!

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Flatter myself in enterprise and skill, I am

Equal to S-L-SB-RY and his "boy" together.

H-M-LT-N with the crack, and such rare weather,

Couldn't help winning; in a real race

I doubt if he'd contrive to get a place.

But, hang it all, their Stable has such luck.

Lord Gr-nv-ll. Sugar-Loaf cut up badly in the ruck.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Only their second string! Look at

Lord S.!

His sorrel face melts sweetly at success

So brilliant—and so easy.

Mr. Judge P-nch (*to Lord S.*). Well, my Lord,

Even a Judge impartial can afford

Congratulations upon such a win.

Naval Defence was certainly well in.

Rather on the small side, perhaps; not quite

The shape and size of one in the first flight

Of equine heroes; still he quite outstrode

Anything that the other jockeys rode;

And romped in every inch a winner.

Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Yes!

Yet we were scarcely cocksure of success.

The horse had not filled out as some expected.

Lord CHARLES, for instance, fancied he detected

Weediness and a slight peacocky action,

Nor did I feel the fullest satisfaction

With H-M-LT-N's peculiar style of riding,

Which sometimes checks a horse at its full striding.

He's not an ARCHER, GEORGIE,—but no matter!

Fancy this victory is like to shatter

The other Stable's prospects for the season.

What can they do,—unless they trot out *Treason*?

And he is stale and short of work. Of course

They may possess the great dark Irish horse

They magnify mysteriously. If so,

Let's have him out and see how he can go!

Mr. Judge Punch. Naval Defence, my Lord, was bound to win,

Although he might not carry all your tin

As you suggest, for in the rival Stable

It is no secret there was nothing able

To vanquish him, or even to extend him,

For this race, anyhow.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Fortune befriend him!

As we have done, Lord H-RT-NGT-N and I.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (*bowing*). Our dual providence!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*aside*). More mockery,

My black-a-vised Coriolanus! Well,

We'll see one day who is the bigger swell.

Anon, perhaps your "dual providence"

"Dual Control" may be.

Mr. G-sch-n (*hugging himself*). But for the expense

I rather like this union of Stables.

Our champion anyhow has turned the tables

Upon the Hawarden-cum-Hibernia lot.

GL-DST-NE does look as though he'd caught it hot.

(Which will please JOSEPH.) As for icy P-RN-LL,

His countenance is cheerful as a charnel.

While H-RC-RT like a (burst) captive balloon—

Ha! ha!—seems vastly like descending soon.

Wishes he'd joined us, doubtless.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n.

How they roar,

The swarming cads! E'en racing gets a bore,

Now the *hoi polloi* take such interest in it.

Mr. GL-DST-NE. Crowding all round, I see! But wait a

minute!

Sir W. H-rc-rt. A minute?

Mr. GL-DST-NE. Well, a year, or maybe two.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Oh, years are nothing to a youth like you;



"Oh no, we never mention her!
Her name is never heard!"

SHE HAD BEEN TO THE STATE BALL—AND HER NAME WAS OMITTED IN EVERY LIST NEXT MORNING! "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

But I confess that I should like to see
A champion in our stables, my dear G.
Fancy their winning with that three-legged crock!
Whilst JOE, the renegade, can mouth and mock
The bareness of our stalls.

Mr. GL-DST-NE.

Ah, you must school

Your soul to patience, WILLIAM mine. *Home Rule*

Is not so out of it as some suppose;

He'll "come again," to G-SCH-N's shame—and JOE's.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Evergreen Hopeful!

Mr. M-rl-y.

But, by Jove, he's right;

Though "aged," he will beat them out of sight,

These cocky "three year olds," before he's done.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. By Jove, (the Stable's having lots of fun.

Naval Defence has brought them fame and pelf.

I almost wish I'd backed the brute myself!

Lord C. B-r-sf-rd. What did I tell you, RANDOM? "Back the Favourite!"

Although the Stable did not quite behave aright,

According to my notion. Only fault

I find with them is that they seemed to halt.

The crack was bound to win, if they would run him.

But I maintain they should have had more on him! [*Left arguing.*]

All the Difference.

WHETHER women shall, or shall not, have the Parliamentary Suffrage, is regarded as "a burning question;" whether they should, or should not, have more than threepence for lining a pair of trousers, making nine buttonholes, and sewing on nine buttons, is *not*—save by the poor souls who toil night and day for that pitiful pay. Well, this button business may not be "a burning question"—yet; but it is certainly a "burning shame."

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Is it an Apey thought to have a Monkey Show? Should the London public be disappointed, its monkey would be up, and the Alexandra would suffer. On Sunday, if fine, the Apes might be shown Monkey Island, or, by the kind permission of the noble owner, taken for a treat to Apethorpe.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Proud Mother (piqued that her Child's advances meet with no response from Fair Stranger). "WHY, BABY DEAR, THAT'S NOT YOUR GRANDMA!"

ROBERT ON THE DARBY.

AH, there was a time when I looked forrard for the Darby for weeks to come as one of the grandest days of the hole year, and now, strange to say, I'm not a going. And why? Well, for sevrul reasons. In the first place I don't like the downs as I used to. I remember thinking last year that it was about the stickiest place when wet and the dustiest place when dry as lever I seed. I don't remember as I used to care much about them little suckumstances years ago, but I spose as we gits more partickler the more older we grows. In the second place,—which by-the-by is ginerally where my favorit horse finds hisself at the hend of the race—I had sitch a dose of bad luck last year that I was afeard of repeating it. I didn't care about telling my sad tail at the time, coz I finds as one never gits no simpaty on sitch sad ocasions but rayther plenty of charf and plenty of reticule, but as it's now a hole year ago, I plucks up my courage and speaks out like a man.

Well then, I had larst year, thro a sporting frend of mine, the werry stratest of strate tips, and, what's remarkable strange, it come off all rite. I lade no less than one golden suvverain to three on the favorit and another golden suvverain to six on another favorit, and my fust favorit won and the second lost, so I was the appy winner of two pound sterling. So in the pride of my art I took off BROWN to Mr. CARELESS's Dinner Booth and stood treat to a helegant reparst of cold foul, and am, and sallad, and beer, and thorowly we both enjoyed it, speshally me with my winnins a gingling in my pocket, as it were. We then set off to find my 2 betting-book makers, and there was my winning better in his usual place, and he smiled as he seed me a passing by, and said, "Better luck next time, Sir; you can't allus win." To which I replied in my off-and manner, "Oh, suttently not." Thinking to myself, "Ah, he little nose wot a stroke of luck I've had!"

Presently I cums to my other betting book-maker's place—but "Oh what a site met my view!" as the poet says. There had evidently been some little misunderstandin, for the hole place was a perfeck reek! On inquiring of a werry remarkabel savage-looking Gent a standing by, what it all meant, he told me the werry startling intelligence that the book-maker with who I had made my large winning-bet having lost a great deal more money than he cood posserbly pay, had been convicted of being a mere swindling Welch-

man, insted of 'a honest Englishman, as ewerybody had thort him to be, and so had bin chivied off the Course by a angry mob of his customers, who all discovered as they was all rayther large loosers, insted of werry large winners, as they had all fondly hoped as they was! Wot a dishcovery for a poor Waiter, who, after going through all the hagony of the prewious two ours, and all the dredful excitement of the acshal five minets, finds hisself proclaimed by the Humpire as a proud winner, and then, when he cums for his farley wun money, insted of receiving back his one golden suvverain as he had laid, and his three golden suvverains as he had won, finds hisself defrauded of all four by a swindling Welshman, and has to seek his disconsolate home a looser of two pounds sterling, insted of a winner of the same respectabel sum. I don't beleeve as all Welshmen can be alike in this respect, for it does so happen as my own Mother was wun, and in course she produced me, which is a pritty good proof of what I says, for I am not ony pussonally the wery Sole of Honner, but I regards cheating with the werry heels of contempt.

I took care to keep my true story a secret larst year, being rayther ashamed of it, if the plane truth must be spoke; but as the Poet says, "Distance takes the sting from out the view," and my xperience may prove a wholesome warning to other Noble Sportsmen, like myself, and then my four lovely golden suvverains will not have been alltogether lost in wane; though I suttently do hope as the werry next xampel will be kindly purwided by sum one jest a leetle more abel to afford that sumwhat xpensive luxury, than a mere umbel Waiter, tho' he does happen for to be a Hed 'un.

It must be a werry nice thing for to be abel to set a good xampel, and to be werry libral to the Pore, and setterer, when you has plenty of money, thowsands and thowsands a year, and don't miss it. It's sumthink like a werry old Gent a being werry virtuous, or a werry ugly old Maid being werry ditto. I remembers when I was at our Parish Skool I used to be offen kaned for bad spellin, but then our Caning Master had bin at it all his life, and cood spell amost ewerythink, so how cood he xpect me to spell like him, and the nateral consequens was as I never quite suckseeded in being a remarkabel good speller, tho of coarse I've greatly himproved sence then, and after all I don't kno, so long as peeple knos what you means, as it's of werry much consequens how you spells it.

ROBERT.

POLICE MOTTO.—The "Monro" Doctrine.—"No Cards."

"LE CRICQUETTE."

How he will be played—shortly.

MONSIEUR,

Offices of the Athletic Congress, Paris.

I am overwhelmed with my gratitude to you and to the generous dignitaries, the Chancellors of your Universities, the Heads of your great Public Seminaries and the Principal of your renowned



Mary-le-bone College Club for the information they have given me concerning "Le Cricquette," your unique National game, and I thank you in the name of my Committee for your present of im-
plements,—*les wickettes, le boule de canon, les gros bois* (the batsman's weapons), *le*

cuirasse pour les jambes de Longstoppe, and other necessities for the dangers of the contest that you have so kindly forwarded for our inspection. But most of all are we indebted to you for sending over a 'ome team of your brave professionals to play the match against our Parisian "onze," for you rightly conjectured that by our experience of the formidable game in action, we should be able to judge of its risks and dangers, and after mature investigation be able so to revise and ameliorate the manner of its playing as to bring it into harmony with the taste and feeling of the athletic ambition of the rising generation of our young France.

A Match has taken place as you will see by "Le Score" sub-joined, which I enclose for your inspection. It was not without its fruits. It disclosed to us, as you will remark, by referring to "Le Score" very practically the dangerous, and I must add, the murderous capabilities that "Le Cricquette" manifestly possesses. Our Revising Committee has already the matter in hand, and when their report is fully drawn up, I shall have much satisfaction in forwarding it to you. Meantime, I may say, that the substitution of a light large ball of silk, or some other soft material for the deadly "*boule de canon*" as used by your countrymen, has been decided upon as absolutely necessary to deprive the game of barbarism, and harmonise it with the instincts which Modern and Republican France associates with the pursuit of a harmless pastime. *Les wickettes*, as being too small for the Bowlsman to reach them, should be raised to six feet high, and the Umpire, a grave anomaly in a game cherished by a liberty-loving people, should be instantly suppressed. The "overre" too, should consist of sixteen balls. But this and many other matters are under the consideration of the Committee. I now, subjoin "Le Score" I mentioned, a brief perusal of it will show you what excellent grounds the Committee have for making the humanising alterations at which I have hinted.

ALL FRANCE v. AN ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

ALL FRANCE.

- M. DE BOISSY (struck with murderous force on the front of his forehead by the *boule de canon*, and obliged to retire), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. NAUDIN (hit on his fingers, which are pinched blue with the *boule de canon*, and incapacitated), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le Marquis de CAROUSEL (receives a blow from the *boule de canon* on the front bone of his leg, and is compelled to relinquish the contest), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. BUSSON (receives a severe contusion of the cheek-bone from the *boule de canon*, which is delivered with murderous intent by a swift "round-and-bowlsman"), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le General GREX (hits his three *wickettes* into the air, in a daring attempt to stop the *boule de canon* with his batsman's club), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le Duc de SEPTFACES (has his *pince-nez* shattered to atoms by the *boule de canon*, and, being unable to see, withdraws from the "innings"), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. CARILLON, M. le Docteur GIROFLÉ, Le Professeur d'Equitation (all the three being given, in turn, "out, legs in front of the *wickette*," leave the ground to arrange a duel with the Umpire), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. de MONTMORENCY (on reaching the *wickette* and seeing the terrible approach of the *boule de canon*, has a shivering fit which obliges him to sit down), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. JOLIBOIS, coming in last, triumphantly avoids the "overre," and is, in consequence, *not out*.

THE ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

JONES-JOHNSON, not out	3276
BROWN-SMITH, not out	3055

So the game stood at the end of the fifth day, when, spite all the efforts of "All France," even to the putting on of three "Bowlsmen" at once, it was found impossible to take even one of the "Ome-team" *wickettes*. Yet the contest was maintained by the "Out-side" with

a wonderful heroism and *élan*, for though by degrees, in nobly attempting to stop the flight of the *boule de canon* as it sped on its murderous course, driven by the furious and savage blows of the batsmen in all directions over the field, the fieldsmen, one by one, struck in the arms, legs, head, and back, began to grow feeble under their unceasing blows and contusions, still one and all from the "Long-leg-off" to the indomitable "Longstoppe," faced the dangers of their situation with a proud smile, indicative of the noble calm of an admirable spirit. So, Monsieur, the game, which was not finished, and which, in consequence, the Umpire, with a chivalrous generosity, announced as "drawn," came to its conclusion. You will understand, from the perusal of the above, the direction in which my Committee will be likely to modify the rules of the game, and simplify the apparatus for playing it, so as to give your "Cricquette" a chance of finding itself permanently acclimatised in this country.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY OF THE PARIS ATHLETIC CONGRESS.

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 27th.—It is with regret that I find myself once more in the Council Chamber, where I have listened to so many dreary debates. I had hoped that I should have been able to give the London County Councillors a long rest. But Fate, represented by that distinguished warrior, Colonel HOWARD VINCENT (late Lieut. Royal Welsh Fusiliers), has decided against it. There is a large assembly present, all more or less politely thirsting for the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant's blood. I regret to say that the hero does not look very heroic. He is dressed in *mufti*, which is unnecessary, as he might have made quite an effective costume out of his (so to speak) Official Wardrobe. Surely he could have found in it a Barrister's wig, a Fusilier's bearskin, a Berkshire Militiaman's sword-belt and sash, a Constable's staff, a Central London Ranger's overalls, a Queen's Westminster pair of gaiters, and the Mess jacket and vest (now, perhaps, a trifle small) of a Sandhurst Cadet. Over this tasty combination-uniform the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant might have worn his badge of the Bath, in addition to the stars proper to a Knight of the Crown of Italy and the German Crown. As it is, the hero, in spite of the extreme intelligence which habitually characterises his highly intellectual features, seems a trifle insignificant. "Mister" ROSEBERRY, whose wrongs are too deep for words—has he not wandered about, looking unsuccessfully for fire-engines, and the Prince and Princess of WALES on the previous Saturday?—coldly calls upon the Colonel-Lieutenant to rise in his place.

Then the hero makes a statement, which clearly proves that he does not know—in spite of his career at Sandhurst, his service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, his appointment to the Royal Berkshire Militia, his command in the Rangers and Queen's Westminsters, his call to the Bar, his Directorship of Criminal Investigations, and his entrance to the Paris *Faculté de Droit*—how to occupy ground to keep a space clear for the manœuvring of troops. Immediately the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant sits down, Sir WALTER DE SOUZA (a gentleman who, according to *Dod*, was knighted in recognition of his charity), moves a vote of censure, which is seconded "with pleasure," by WHITELEY'S Rival, Mr. BARKER. Then, after some eloquence that appropriately may be styled ROTTON, Mr. PROBYN (Captain and chemist) rushes to the assistance of his chief, and explains, in tones of thunder, what happened in his "immediate front." Upon this Mr. BOULNOIS (practically "the Pride of Marylebone and its Neighbourhood") moves that the Council shall proceed to the next business. A division follows, and the numbers are equal. "Mister" ROSEBERRY is asked to give a casting vote, but possibly remembering a walk through a crowd of roughs with two little children in kilts on either side of him, promptly refuses. Then comes a division, and the Colonel-Lieutenant, by a Majority of five, is "saved—saved—saved" from censure!

Upon this, Earl COMPTON (who I fear the Patriot BURNS would not consider on this occasion quite so unbloated as usual) asks whether the Council intends to apologise to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. This is too much for the refined and popular Representative of Battersea and Clapham, who, in silvery accents, intimates his intention, if such a resolution be put, of moving an amendment to it. But "Mister" ROSEBERRY interposes, and declares the incident at an end. It being now decided that the gallant, learned, and Foreign-Knightly Colonel-Lieutenant is not (at any rate for the moment) to be either executed on Tower Hill, or confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the Castle's moat, the proceedings became comparatively uninteresting. So I leave the County Councillors to their own devices (which, by the way, include a design for the Common Seal, which has merited "Mister" ROSEBERRY'S recommendation) until their labours are suspended for a season by the approach of the Whitsuntide Recess.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. V.—THE AMATORY EPISODIC.

THE history of a Singer's latest love—whether fortunate or otherwise—will always command the interest and attention of a Music-Hall audience. Our example, which is founded upon the very best precedents, derives an additional piquancy from the social position of the beloved object. Cultivated readers are requested not to shudder at the rhymes. *Mr. Punch's* Poet does them deliberately and in cold blood, being convinced that without these somewhat daring concords, no ditty would have the slightest chance of satisfying the great ear of the Music-Hall public.

The title of the Song is:—

MASHED BY A MARCHIONESS.

The Singer should come on correctly and tastefully attired in a suit of loud dittoes, a startling tie, and a white "pot" hat—the orthodox costume (on the Music-Hall stage) of a middle-class swain suffering from love-sickness. The air should be of the conventional jog-trot and jingle order, chastened by a sentimental melancholy.

I've lately gone and lost my 'art—and where you'll never guess—I'm regularly mashed upon a lovely Marchioness!

'Twas at a Fancy Fair we met, inside the Albert 'All;
So affable she smiled at me as I came near her stall!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour!

She'd an Uncle an Earl, and a Dook for her Pa—

Still there was no starchiness in that fair Marchioness,

As she stood at her stall in the Fancy Bazaar!

At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoff,

As if no bond could be betwixt the Tradesman and the Toff!

I held with those who'd do away with difference in ranks—

But that was all before I met the Marchioness of MANX!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A Home was being started by some kind aristo-cràts,

For orphan kittens, born of poor, but well-connected, cats;

And of the swells who planned a *Fête* this object to assist,

The Marchioness of MANX's name stood foremost on the list.

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop,

For every likely customer she caught upon the 'op!

And from the form her Ladyship displayed at that Bazaar,

(*With enthusiasm*)—You might have took your oath she'd been brought up behind a bar!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

In vain I tried to kid her that my purse had been forgot,

She spotted me in 'alf a jiff, and chaffed me precious hot!

A sov. for one regaliar she gammoned me to spend.

"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've bitten off the end!"

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

"Do buy my crewel-work," she urged, "it goes across a chair,

You'll find it come in useful, as I see you 'ile your 'air!"

So I 'anded over thirty bob, though not a coiny bloke.

I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!

Spoken—Though I *did* take the liberty of saying: "Make it fifteen bob, my Lady!" But she said, with such a fascinating look—I can see it yet!—"Oh, I'm sure you're not a 'aggl'ing kind of a man," she says, "you haven't the face for it. And think of all them pore fatherless kittings," she says; "think what thirty bob means to them!" says she, glancing up so pitiful and tender under her long eyelashes at me. Ah, the Radicals may talk as they like, but—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A raffle was the next concern I put my rhino in:

The prize a talking parrot, which I didn't want to win.

Then her sister, Lady TABBY, showed a painted milking stool,

And I bought it—though it's not a thing I sit on as a rule.

Spoken—Not but what it was a handsome article in its way, too,—had a snow-scene with a sunset done in oil on it. "It will look lovely in your chambers," says the Marchioness; "it was ever so much admired at Catterwall Castle!" It didn't look so bad in my three-pair back, I must say, though unfortunately the sunset came off on me the very first time I happened to set down on it. Still think of the condescension of painting such a thing at all!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

The Marquis kept a-fidgeting and frowning at his wife,

For she talked to me as free as if she'd known me all my life!

I felt that I was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed,

But 'ung about and spent my cash as lavish as a lord!

Spoken—It was worth all the money, I can tell you, to be chatting there across the counter with a real live Marchioness for as long as ever my funds would 'old out. They'd have held out much longer, only the Marchioness made it a rule never to give change—she

couldn't break it, she said, not even for me. I wish I could give you an idea of how she smiled as she made that remark; for the fact is, when an aristocrat *does* unbend—well,—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

Next time I meet the Marchioness a-riding in the Row,

I'll ketch her eye and raise my 'at, and up to her I'll go.

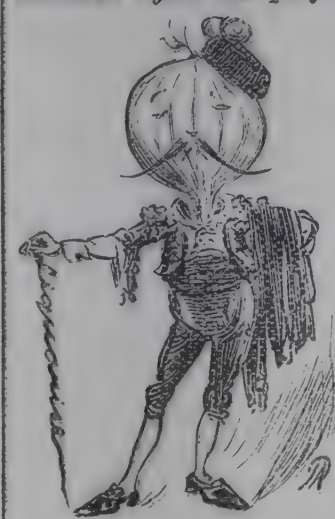
(*With sentiment*)—And tell her next my 'art I keep the stump of She sold me on the 'appy day we 'ad at her Bazaar! [that cigar

Spoken—And she'll be pleased to see me again, I know! She's not one of your stuck-up sort; don't you make no mistake about it, the aristocracy ain't 'alf as bloated as people imagine who don't know 'em. Whenever I hear parties running 'em down, I always say:—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour, &c.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN AT WEST KENSINGTON.

LEAVING the Sunny South, where the chesnut-trees blossom, and the Alhambra, with its thousand lights, bounding brothers and brilliant signoritas playing on their gay cigarettes, basks in the



golden land of Leicester El Squaro, I came to West Kensington. I had been asked—*O nommo del tobacco!*—to be present at the inauguration of the Spanish Exhibition. Had I my wish, I would have preferred to have watched *Toreador* as, singing on the boards of a *Theatro el Gusarrisso*, he expressed his Italian *contento*. But, out of a feeling of haughty nationality—for we sons of the due South are as proud as the eagles who peck at our sherry-giving grapes—I thought it my duty to support the great show of the products of my native land. I was greeted at the Welcome Club (an Institution that reminded me not a little of Madrid and Barcelona, combined with a dash of El Dorado, and summits of the merry Pyrenees), and was regaled with some of the

dishes of my own dear land. Many of these were accompanied by a vegetable called *El potato*, which I found to be simply excellent. But enough of this. Let me paint a picture of the great Spanish Exhibition—a picture that has never had its equal.

Imagine an enormous Arcade filled with every possible production of Spain. Imagine thousands and thousands of gaily decked booths erected for the sole purpose of exploiting the merits of Spanish Liquorice. Imagine again thousands and thousands of beautiful counters groaning under the weight of a wealth of Spanish onions—onions so good, so strong, that they draw tears from the eyes of myriads of pleasure-seekers! Imagine tambourines, and tomatoes, and olives! Imagine all this, and you still have but the faintest impression of the real contents of the Spanish Exhibition.

Imagine a fleet of Spanish boats, that would create surprise even on the silvery bosom of the gentle Guadalquivir. Imagine an enormous magazine of arms, with blades from Toledo, and old armour from the stores of the street known as El Wardour. Imagine once again, pictures of the most startling magnificence. Imagine VANDYCK at his best, and VELASQUEZ at his more than best, to say nothing of PEARS EL SOAPO in the more inspired of his publicity-seeking moments! Imagine all this, and throw in more—such as local colouring and poetic sentiment—and yet you have not quite got the Spanish Exhibition!

Imagine a bull-fight. Imagine the Matadors and the gaily-dressed Cavaliers of the Circus. Imagine Spanish music of the most admirable kind, headed by the Bando El Gardo, conducted by Lieutenant DAN EL GODFREYDO. Imagine the original Electric Light discovered by COLUMBUS, ages before gas was invented by GASCO DE GAMA. Imagine a fairy scene of wonderment and delight, with its gay lamps and illuminations, resembling El Vauxhallo de Cremorna.

Imagine every possible distraction—theatres, concerts, cuts from the joint, drinks, dioramas, and earthquakes of Lisbon—and yet you have not imagined everything. Fancy picture galleries miles long, conservatories full of the choicest plants, lakes without equal at Windermere or Switzerland, and mountains that resemble as little Primrose Hill as they do the Alps.

Imagine all this, and much more (or less), and you yet have to imagine the contents of the Spanish Exhibition!

(Signed)

DON ONION THE HIDALGO.

SILVER SHEEN.—Last Thursday Sheen was *en fête* for the Silver Wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de PARIS. Many of the visitors were there for the first time, "not in a *pays de connaissance*," observed the witty and venerable Marquis de VIEUX-CALEMBOUR, "for it might as well have been *Un Voyage en Sheen*."



TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"
 Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." Host. "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."
 Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!"

PER-VARSITY.

"Hereafter no Student can matriculate in the University of the Pacific, at San José, California, who uses tobacco in any form."—*Evening Paper.*

'Tis sad the Yankee Undergrad
 Should be debarred his baccy;
 And forced to rank his "Head" a "crank,"
 And all his Tutors cracky;
 Yet that's the dismal case in the
 Pacific Universitee.

The modest cigarette is banned;
 They've quite tabooed cigars;
 And naughty triers of secret briars
 Are sent home to their Ma's;
 They rusticate like mad from the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Cut Cavendish!"—the Dons exclaim.
 "Hay-ana weeds you mustn't!
 What? 'Nicotine assauge the spleen?'
 Oh, trust us that it doesn't!"
 A real "un-weeded garden," the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Pale students are made pale by pipes,"
 So say San José doctors;
 "All College men to rest by ten
 Must go," chime in the Proctors.
 They go—and smoke in bed in the
 Pacific Universitee!

Of Greek you may know less than ought,
 Latin less than you oughter,
 Be very rude, give "wines," get screwed,
 And then "screw up" up the Porter;
 Smoking's the only "Vice" in the
 Pacific Universitee!

By boycotting the "men's" cigars
 They've made a dreadful 'ash;
 This pedant's joke may "end in smoke,"
 But not in fame—or cash;
 Such is our Birdseye view of the
 Pacific Universitee!

Oh, English *Almæ Matres*, pray
 Don't imitate San José;
 A fragrant weed is good indeed
 When intellects feel doseey.
 There'll be no Undergrads in the
 Pacific Universitee!

LADIES AND LOGIC.

LADY HARDMAN, Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, speaking at the annual meeting of the Upminster Habitation,—is reported to have said, that "not for the wealth of all the Indies would she consent to enter into public life and political strife." This savours strongly of the "self-denying ordinance." Only one wonders in that case what are the functions of the Primrose League, which, if it does not enter into "political strife," has certainly been undeservedly complimented by Grand-Master SALISBURY, and others. Lady HARDMAN "trusted that the Dames of the Primrose League would never be confused in their minds with those ladies who entered into contested elections and mingled themselves in the strife of Party politics." (*Applause.*) Contested elections! Party politics! Dear, dear, and the world had been supposing that the Primrose League

"TO THE WEST!"

NEW GLADSTONIAN VERSION.

[MR. GLADSTONE, during the Whitsuntide recess, will conduct a political campaign in Devonshire and Cornwall.]

G. O. M. sings:—

To the West, to the West for a Whitsuntide spree,
 Where Devon and Cornwall jut out to the sea,
 Where the tired G. O. M. if he's willing to toil,
 May hope to ingather political spoil.

Where meetings are scarce, where my generous host
 My aid at political fireworks will boast,
 Where the mobs will exult whilst I spout, scorning rest;
 Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West, where my speeches will flow
 Like rivers of words, spreading wide as they go;
 Where Weymouth and Dartmouth shall stir at my call,
 And Torquay and Plymouth keep rolling the ball.

Where the steam-yacht of kind Mrs. ELIOT YORKE,
The Garland, shall waft me away to my work.
 Till Tintagel's truth I shall put to the test;
 Away, far away to the crowds of the West!

To the West, to the West; there are votes to be won,
 There's Home Rule to clear up, lots of work to be done.
 I'll try it, I'll do it; I'll never despair
 Whilst I've breath to orate or a moment to spare.

Poor Pat's independence my labours shall buy,
 Though CHAMBERLAIN swears that the game's all my eye
 Away, boys, away, let us hope for the best,
 And fight for Home Rule in the land of the West!

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Dear Sir, I have been looking about everywhere for an appropriate place where I may set up my Educational Establishment for Boys, in opposition to Dr. SWISH's Academy at Birchington. I have decided on going North, and settling at Middle Wallop. Please, let all parents know this. Yours, Dr. BIRCH.

Hi! Hi!!—Colonel MAPLESON's Acting Manager, Mr. HUY, quitted him. Does this mean No Huy prices? The Colonel ought to see his way better now than he did before, with only one HUY to look after everything.

was a Conservative organisation, and that its Dames were remarkably active in canvassing and its kindred duties at election times! Oh, what a surprise! Perhaps, after all, the lady-beloved League, with its 800,000 members, its Habitations, its badges, its Tory flatterers and Radical defamers, is only a great pastoral association for the culture of Primroses!

A little later, however, Lady HARDMAN seems—mark, *Punch* only says *seems*!—to let the political cat out of the Primrose bag. "The League was an educational movement, designed to counteract the inaccuracies—if they liked to use a stronger word she should not object—of the other side." *The other side!* Why that spoils it all. Arcadia vanishes at once, and the Primrose path becomes a party-road instantaneously. The trail of the Caucus is over it all. "The Knights of the Primrose League had to fight, not with the lance of the olden time, but with the poisoned darts of gross inaccuracies and misrepresentation." This sounds equivocal,—but let that pass. Only is there no "political strife," no party militancy here? What more could a Lady of the naughty Liberal Federation itself do? Alas for the pastoral peacefulness of the Primrosers! The League may be "an educational movement," but hardly in the direction of teaching logic to ladies.

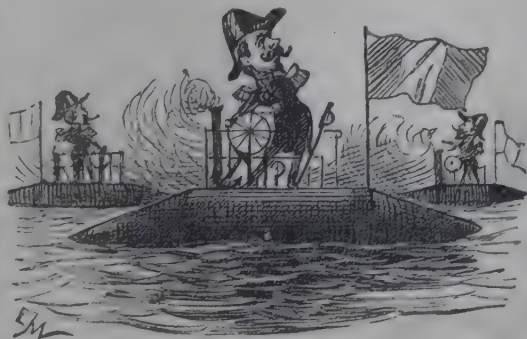
SHAKSPEARE ON THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONVENTION.—A "certain Convocation of politic Worms."—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 3.

SCARCELY A DUMB ANIMAL.—A "Roarer."

TO CALAIS AND BACK BY PEN AND PENCIL.

MR. PUNCH, THE MOST RESPECTED,

WHEN I told you how I wished to see the beautiful France, to inaugurate the harbour of Calais, you replied, "Do so, BARKINS." When I said I was an exile from a country I love like a mother—



A Menace to "La Perfide Albion."

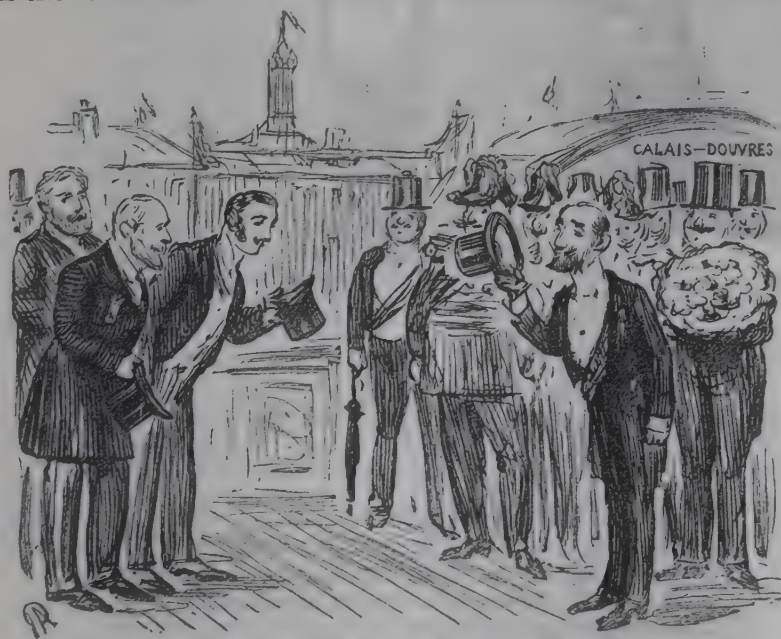
O my female parent!—that were I to return (to music), I should be arrested, and perhaps (oh, horrible!) be expelled! you suggested, "Then why not go in disguise?" It was a grand idea! I love all that is of the theatre! Still I hesitated! I questioned you once again. "What disguise?" Once more you were ready with an answer—"You might go as a Member of the *Punch* Staff." I trembled! How

could I undertake such a task—such a responsibility? You continued—"You will find it easy enough—you are already considered comic."

So I started. I was full of amusing anecdotes (ancient and modern), and wore my best smile. We left the Victoria Station at half-past eight—our train carrying a most distinguished freight. There were high Government officials and authors, but, above all, there were those admirable gentlemen, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Traffic, and the Secretary of State for London, Chatham, and Dover Affairs. As we passed the various stations, *en route*, I fancy I noticed the pointsmen tremble with emotion as they recognised us. I motioned to them not to leave their work—to cheer us—as I considered that a display of good-will at such a time, although deeply gratifying, might cause an accident.

On our arrival at Dover, we were conducted, with every sign of rejoicing, to the *Calais-Douvres*. This is the magnificent new steamer of the L. C. & D. R., and worthily replaces its namesake, the wonderful Siamese twin-vessel that, it will be remembered, was always at the service of passengers subject to *mal de mer*—except in rough weather! In rough weather the old *Calais-Douvres* very wisely remained at home. Our voyage was uneventful. Amongst our number on board was a distinguished Member of the House of Peers, who by an oversight had neglected to bring his robes with him (he had even forgotten the box containing his travelling coronet!) and who, consequently elected to keep in the background. I felt, that my countrymen would pardon this noble self-effacement—when they understood that of course Englishmen cannot forget that the loss of Calais caused the gravest regret to an illustrious ancestress of Her present Majesty. The commemoration of the French Revolution cannot be officially recognised, nor can the cession of Calais by England to France!

As the *Calais-Douvres* reached its destination (in admirable time)



The President Visits the Sight of Waterlow.

my heart increased its pulsations. I nearly fainted with emotion as I noticed there was a new buffet. Would it be safe to land? I would risk it! As the Representative of the noblest form of Literature, I was soon eating and drinking all that was of the best. Fearing to be recognised (although my proceedings did not appear to cause surprise) I returned on board shortly after the *déjeuner*, and awaited the visit of the President. But first, we had a procession. It was led by a dispatch-boat occupied (by M. CARNOT, and followed by a

second dispatch-boat, then came some torpedo vessels (representing the French Navy) then sample vessels from the Railway Companies. One of the latter—the *Albert Victor* belonging to the S. E. R.—seemed to me to get out of hand and *would* stroke the quay with her paddle-box. I could not see those on board, but felt intuitively that this proceeding *must* have given great delight to Sir EDWARD and his ever genial colleague S' MYLES—I beg pardon, I should say Sir MYLES. As the President passed, there was a little cheering, which sounded to me as if it came from British throats. We watched the procession as it disappeared, and then after an hour's pause we noticed a crowd approaching. It was headed by M. CARNOT. After a careful (and probably exhaustive) inspection of the resources of the new Railway Station, the crowd emerged from a waiting-room, and made for the *Calais-Douvres*. This was the supreme moment of my day! The President (such a President! not even in a cocked hat and *on foot*!) attended by his Generals (such Generals!—were I at the *Bureau de la Guerre* I would—but stay, I must dissemble), came on board. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the D. C. of the L. C. & D. R., received him. Mr. WILLIAM FORBES bowed. I who speak to you, concealed my face! I smiled grimly as I saw M. CARNOT shudder and grow paler than ever, as he noticed the preparations in some of the cabins for what you call "dirty weather." Ah! this President! he is no sailor! His suite were dressed *de rigueur*—gibus, evening clothes, and an umbrella! He did not recognise me! Then I remembered that I was hidden in the personality of a member of the Staff of *Punch*, and laughed! Who would not laugh at such a sight? The procession—the President, the Generals (such Generals!), the bouquet-bearer (such a bouquet!), the *gentilhomme* in evening dress (such evening dress!)—once more, vanished. I was not known—I was not denounced! I was saved!



New Version of the "Pas de Calais."

In the evening I assisted at the Banquet. It was very good. A dream—not followed by a nightmare! Is there more to tell? No, I think not—save to say that I returned in perfect safety to England. And yet I must add this: In spite of the necessity of concealing my identity; in spite of whatever may have been the blandishments of that grand old *farceur*, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (who was on board the *Calais-Douvres*); in spite of the disappointment of not having the opportunity of choosing a second horse at a circus—I did *not* return *disguised in liquor*! Accept my consideration the most distinguished, THE BRAV' GENERAL.

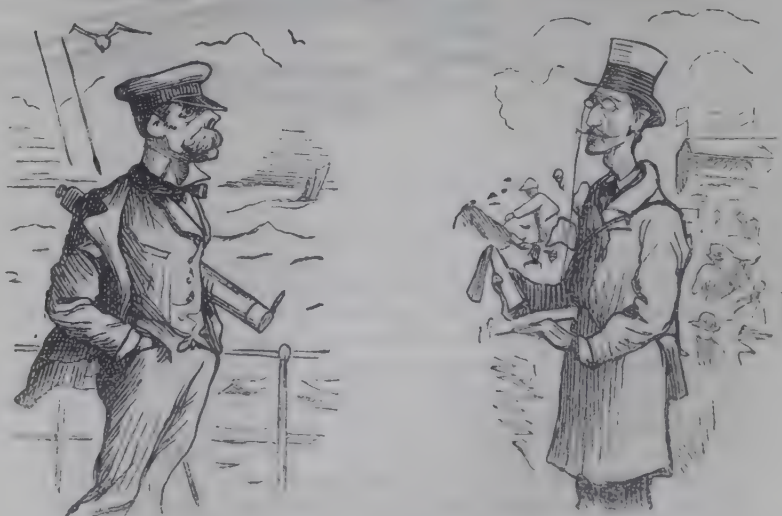
[We are a little surprised at the above communication, as we have no recollection of asking any foreigner to represent us at the inauguration of the Calais Harbour. We were under the impression that the gentleman who accepted the post of "Our Special Commissioner" (and whose handwriting, although rather shaky, strangely resembles that of our unknown Correspondent) was British born. It is right to add that we are told, on what seems to us to be good authority, that this individual did not return by the *Calais-Douvres*. It is said that, having attempted to dance (under the inspiration of the moment) the "*Pas de Calais*" at the Ball following the Banquet, he was promptly removed, and, through the kindness of the Authorities, was subsequently provided, free of expense, with an apartment in that well-known hostelry, the Hôtel de Ville. We still await from him an explanation of what appears to be a mystery.—ED.]

STABLE COMPANIONS.

ABROAD

AND

AT HOME.



THE "OAKS" DAY, JUNE 7, 1889.

"ARMING THE KNIGHT."

MODERN CIVIC VERSION.



Mr. Punch loquitur:—

BRAVO, my LORD MAYOR! It's a singular sight
Is this same modern version of "Arming the Knight;"
And JOHN BULL to stump up must be other than slow,
If he wants any portion in *Punch's* Bravo!
A Patriot Volunteer Fund shows the *nous* and
Right feeling of WHITEHEAD, and sure Eighty Thousand,
Or very much more, will be fitly expended
In helping the lads whom so few have befriended
Of late. Bless us all! *Mr. Punch* well remembers
When patriot fire, fresh stirred up from its embers,
Blazed forth at the thought of Invasion. Heigho!
Thirty long years ago! Thirty long years ago!

Has it paled back since then to a pitiful splutter?
The question is one he does *not* like to utter,
But Middle-class shirking, and Upper-class scorn,
Which seem to have grown since the Movement was born,
Official neglect, and the snubbing of snobs,
The huckstering spirit that haughtily robs
Our "Citizen Army" of comfort and scope,
Do stimulate fear, and falsify hope.
"Dogs of War," *Mr. Punch*, in the year 'Fifty-nine,
Called the young Volunteers; *jolly* dogs, who in line
Would face the "French poodles," then given to snarling.
The Rifleman then was Society's darling,
Was petted, and patted, paraded and puffed,
By swells made a chum of, at Wimbledon stuffed,

At Westminster flattered, and cheered in the City.
A change has now come o'er the scene; more's the pity!
The swells have cooled down and the cits have called off,
And Royal Dukes snub, and press-pessimists scoff;
And he who JOHN BULL from Conscription's harsh grip
To save on the cheap—cannot get his equipment! [meant
Shame, JOHN! Your bad faith has become more than
Punic,

If your Volunteer guards lack great-coat, mess-tin, tunic.
Your young "Dogs of War" without war-kits? Absurd!
If they cannot supply 'em, you should "like a bird."
Well, here's good Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD now gives
you the chance!

And you're not the old JOHN if you do not advance
At the double to back him, and hang the expense!
For neglecting *this* form of the Nation's Defence,
The cheapest all round, you can have no excuse.
It should not have been left to him, but there's small use
In harping on that, you deserve the same rallery,
As when for your National Portraits a Gallery
Had to be furnished by private munificence,
But that you should open your purse in a jiffy, sense
Patriotism and pride must dictate,
And he giveth twice who gives early, not late.
To arm, or equip, the young Knight of the Rifle,
Is clearly your duty; 'twill cost but a trifle
Compared with the sums which you freely disburse
Every year from your big, almost bottomless purse,
For what was once called—you remember the day,
That 'tis equally true at this hour, *Punch* won't say—
"An army of lions, led on by jackasses."
Volunteering's now shirked by the well-to-do classes;
They tell us. The asses must go, if they will,
But the stalwart young lions who stick to it still,
And are plucky, though poor, must be fitly looked after,
Or you'll be a butt for the world's scornful laughter.
One good turn does merit another, that's clear,
Then volunteer help to the young Volunteer.
Reciprocity should not be all on one side.
It is your great privilege—should be your pride—
Every patriot must pay up, in person or purse;
If some shirk the former, why so much the worse;
But let them fulfil the next best form of right,
And help the LORD MAYOR in "Arming the Knight."

LETTER PERFECT.—In a recent circular petition addressed to the House of Commons, the Royal College of Physicians have pointed out the absolute necessity for Private Asylums, and raised objection to any limit being put to their number. Evidently these distinguished persons are looking forward to the time when every one will be entitled to write after his name either M.D. or M.A.D.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"A FEW nights ago," said the Moon, "I was looking down on a French Fair, which was being held outside a small Norman town. It had a very picturesque appearance, with the coloured lamps and gay streamers, and the bustling crowd of pleased and chattering



French people. All the usual sights were there; the Strong Woman, the white-robed Pierrot, blowing his immense trumpet in front of the stage, the Quack Doctor, the Lottery Stall, the Circus, and the Merry-go-round, and I, the Moon, was present at each performance, from beginning to end. But the great attraction seemed to be a Shooting Gallery, around which all the best marksmen were collected, each endeavouring to hit the bull's-eye, though without the least success. If anyone could have managed to hit the exact centre, he would not only be entitled to choose a prize out of a collection of little gilded vases and coloured statuettes, under glass

sceptical youths were even growing to disbelieve in its existence. Presently I saw two of your countrymen elbowing through the crowd, with that air of grown-up people at a children's party which you all adopt when you go abroad, and which makes you so popular with foreigners. They came to the Shooting Gallery, and stood watching the efforts of the natives for a while with pitying contempt. Soon a murmur of excitement arose—the English Milords were about to try their skill. Would they succeed where GUSTAVE and JULES and ALPHONSE—who had all served their time in the ranks—had failed? Impossible, since these English, it was well known, were an unmilitary people, for all their arrogance! The taller of the two was shouldering his gun... Would he never have done aiming? Ah! but see—the bell has rung—he has succeeded! And then the crowd uttered a long-drawn exclamation—partly of jealousy, partly of satisfaction—for the angel was no myth after all! Yes, the door at the back opened, just as the proprietor had declared it would, and now a little plaster angel, with very red cheeks, and a trumpet held to its simpering lips, came jerkily out, extended a garland to the fortunate Englishman, and staggered in again, after which the door shut with a snap.

"The victor maintained the phlegm of his nation—he did not seem particularly elated; but the shorter and stouter Englishman whispered in his ear—it was a challenge of skill! Now both took up guns; *this* time, assuredly, they must fail! But no—the first Englishman fired, and again the bell rang, and again the smiling little plaster image came staggering out of the door; and then—in an instant—before it had time to retreat, the second Englishman, with a really diabolical treachery, raised his gun, and deliberately blew the poor little angel—trumpet, wings, simper and all—into atoms! I thought the crowd would have torn them in pieces, they were so enraged. The proprietor was frantic—he tore his hair, and danced dramatically in his despair, as he pointed to the shattered



THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.

Jones, M.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY—PLENTY OF REST. I MAKE IT MY RULE ON OFF-NIGHTS—WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS—TO GO TO BED AT 9.30. OF COURSE ONE MUST ATTEND A FEW DINNERS AND PARTIES, YOU KNOW—BUT THESE ARE EXCEPTIONS."

Smith. "AH, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WELL! AND HOW MANY EXCEPTIONS DID YOU MAKE DURING THE SESSION LAST YEAR?"

Jones, M.P. "WELL—A—TAKING A SESSION AT A GOOD SIX MONTHS—THAT IS 182 DAYS—I SHOULD SAY THERE WERE 181 EXCEPTIONS!"

remains of the image of Fame. It was detestable, it was ignoble to shoot his angel down like one of their own foxes! It meant ruin to him, for that was the only angel he possessed, and was it probable that JULES and GUSTAVE and ALPHONSE would continue to contend when there was only a pair of feet left to congratulate a victory? The Englishmen remained cool; they threw down a couple of sovereigns on the table, and went off laughing.

"A little later, I saw the proprietor standing alone by his deserted stall. He gazed in the direction of the two Englishmen, whose light suits were still conspicuous in the crowd, and shook his fist with a terrible gesture. 'Perfidious Albion!' he cried, 'nation of insolents! Wait only till we have BOULANGER once more—he shall avenge me this outrage!' And then, still scowling, he bit the pieces of gold to see if they were genuine, and closed his gallery for the evening. I was sorry for him," added the Moon, "and I think that if your two countrymen had been true sportsmen, they would have respected an inoffensive little angel. Still, I hope there will be no war about it."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

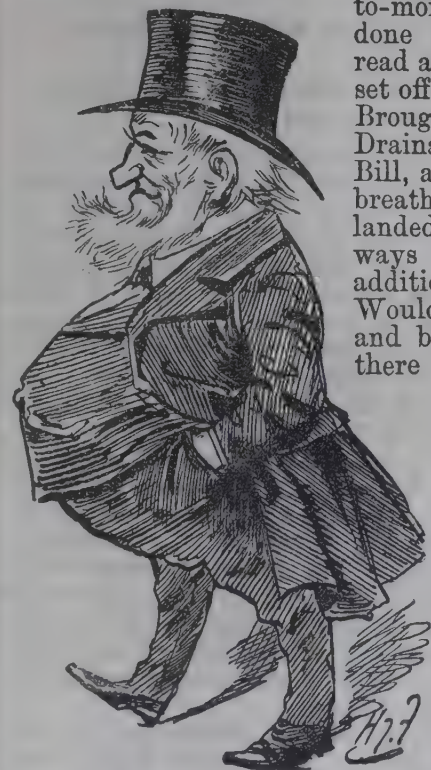
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 3.—A great day for the Government. Business advanced by leaps and bounds. ARTHUR BALFOUR almost breathless with bringing in Bills. Had five all in a batch; dealt with Drainage, and Establishment of Light Railways. According to Magna Charta (stipulation also embodied in Bill of Rights, so EDWARD CLARKE tells me), no law would run in Ireland, or indeed elsewhere in the United Kingdom, unless Minister or Member in charge started from Bar of House when bringing it in.

Whole process very funny. Shows with what care Constitution is built up. Here's BALFOUR with his five Bills; moves for leave to introduce them; SPEAKER puts question; no one objects; BALFOUR, springing up from Treasury Bench, walks with long swinging stride towards the doorway; halts at Bar; faces about; SPEAKER, suddenly looking up, quite surprised to find him there, calls him by name; whereupon ARTHUR, blushing like young maiden, taking longer strides than ever, almost tumbling over the obeisance he makes to Chair, advances with piece of paper in hand, which purports to be the Bill. Crowning joke is paper imposture; no Bill at all; only a piece of foolscap, folded lengthwise, indorsed with name of Bill. Clerk at table enters thoroughly into spirit of fun; when ARTHUR, smiling and blushing, brought up his scraps of paper, Clerk, raising his eyebrows with air of surprise as who should say, "Dear me! you don't say so?" read out title of Bill indorsed on back. "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time."

Nobody *did* read it first time, for best of all reasons—nothing to read; Everybody made-believe that it was read a First Time, and in to-morrow's official record of business done you'll find "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time." This done, BALFOUR set off again on fresh expedition to Bar. Brought in in succession the Barrow Drainage Bill, the Shannon Drainage Bill, and the Suck Drainage Bill. Quite breathless when the fourth Bill safely landed. Still one other, the Light Railways Bill. Could he manage this, in addition to other four? He might. Would certainly try; dauntless spirit, and body in fair training with golf. But there was a fatherly eye upon him.

JOSEPH GILLIS noted the feverish eye, the parched lips, the panting breast, the trembling limbs. Had many a quarrel with BALFOUR, but not going to see him done in completion of this foolish *tour de force*. The only way to save a valuable life was to interpose with opposition to First Reading of Light Railway Bill. JOSEPH did it. Began by graphically and originally likening the proposed Light Railway to "a red herring drawn across the path." Then went on to describe ratepayers robbed by promotion of existing light rail-



Sir Corry.

ways; drew a fearful picture of speculation and waste of public money, always with fatherly eye on BALFOUR, "watching him," said SIR CORRY, "as a hen watches its favourite chicken." In ten minutes BALFOUR got his wind again, ready for fresh start; seeing which, JOSEPH concluded his objurgations, and BALFOUR, setting off for Bar once more, brought in his fifth Bill.

Business done.—Trenormous! Half-a-dozen Bills advanced stage, besides block of Supply.

Tuesday.—Wily and wary Old Moralist managed the holiday with his usual tact and skill. Yesterday LYON PLAYFAIR wanted to know whether we could not "have off" till Monday week. OLD MORALITY shook his head, a tear glistening in his eye. There was a tone of infinite sympathy in his voice. "No, dear boy," he said, "it cannot be effected. There are few things, compatible with my duty to the House, the Country, and the QUEEN, that would give me greater effulgence of satisfaction than to extend the leisure time of the Commons House of Parliament. But, looking at the state of public business, and having regard to the period of the year at which we have now, however tardily, arrived, I do not see—and I say it with great regret—how we can meet the views of Hon. Gentlemen. We must really return to the scene of our labours on Thursday the 13th of June instant." That seemed to settle it; Motion for Adjournment must be made at Morning Sitting to-day. When House met, OLD MORALITY again approached on interesting subject.

"I am," he said, in reply, "most anxious to meet the views of the House, as far as I possibly can. Any expression of desire on the part of Hon. Members falls upon me as dew upon cultivated soil—that is, as far as is compatible and consistent with my public duty. Why, I may ask, does dew fall more abundantly on cultivated soil than on barren lands? Because cultivated soils, being loose and porous, very freely radiate by night the heat which they absorbed by day; in consequence of which they are much cooled down and plentifully condense the vapour of the passing air into dew. I am, —if I may say so,—loose and porous whenever the dew of the House's desire falls upon me. I think, therefore, that if we are able to take Class II. in Supply, with the exception of the Irish Votes, it will be in the power of the Government to propose an extension of the holidays until Monday week."

That settled it. Class II. rattled through with extraordinary vigour. GEORGE CAMPBELL, concerned for Scotch Votes, lay down in middle of road, and tried to stop onrush. Members ruthlessly trod on his prostrate body.

"More than ever a 'fearful creature,'" said PLUNKET, with his childlike smile.

By Six o'Clock Votes passed, and, amid rapturous cheering, OLD MORALITY,—looser, more porous than ever,—moved that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday the 17th.

Prospect of holiday enabled remnant of House to bear with moderate patience debate on Bi-Metallism, raised at Evening Sitting by Squire of BLANKNEY. Having turned his back on Protection, Squire takes up Bi-Metallism with all the vigour of growing youth. Spoke for an hour and forty minutes. SAM SMITH read essay an hour long. JAMES MACLEAN, only man on published list of speakers House desired to hear on subject, delivered one of his practical, unadorned speeches, that go right to the point, a pleasing contrast with surrounding verbiage. OLD MORALITY got his innings at a Quarter to One; filled up space creditably; and at One o'Clock all went home for Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—Adjourned for Holidays.



The Squire of Blankney.

A STUDY ON THE THAMES.



Lock-Jaw.

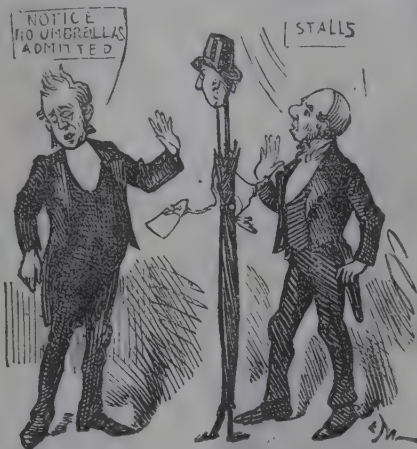
DOWN FROM A BALLOON.—Accidents to parachutes are becoming so numerous that they are scarcely a matter for man's slaughter. A Coroner's Jury, on the contrary, may possibly describe them (to the confusion of those who aid and abet them) as man's slaughter. The subject does not lend itself readily

to humorous treatment, but a fatal fall from the clouds is no joke—especially to the faller!

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition).

Monday, June 3.—Very full house indeed, ready to support an addition to the Cabinet of the Covent Garden Government. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, having accepted office, appears for the first time



"Evening dress indispensable."

observes in *Sweet Lavender*, and her term of probation is over. No meeting of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Tuesday.—*Aida* again, but with a difference. I was sorry to find Madame SCALCHI out of the cast, although her place was fairly well filled by another. This opinion was shared by a friend, who in recognition of my suggestion (conveyed in good plain English) that *Amneris* was "DE VIGNE," observed "divine—scarcely!" To make up for any shortcomings elsewhere, Madame NORDICA in the title rôle was simply magnificent. She received an ovation, and took her call before the Curtain with graceful gratitude. She was enthusiastically applauded by everyone—even by the orchestra. Nay more, Signor COTOGNI (upon whose swarthy shoulder the Indian girl had rested her cheek) bestowed upon her a mark of approbation which proved to demonstration that he was not nearly so black as he was painted. The *finale* of the Triumph Scene was grand in the extreme. There was a volume of sound that led me to believe that even the serpents of the standards (to say nothing of the serpents in the military band) were joining in the chorus. The house was crowded in every part—so full indeed that it was necessary to placard the vestibule with announcements that no admission would be granted to umbrellas. This being the case, sticks appeared before (but not behind) the Curtain. Her Majesty's Opposition wide awake with *La Sonnambula*. The Chorus, who missed their train at Turin, now arrived, and in full force. PACINI (REGINA) the Queen of the evening.

Wednesday.—An extra night (the first of the Season), of extraordinary value. The knotty point of what to play was solved by



The most interesting Page in the *Nozze di Figaro*.

first line to the end of the chapter. Her singing was faultless, and her acting was not only naughty, but more than nice. In the Letter-writing Duet between Madame ALBANI and *Susanna*, Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL gave the most artistic assistance. Until then I had rather regretted the foreign title that had been bestowed in the programme upon this young lady of Anglo-Saxon birth. However, I was thoroughly satisfied, as she took an *encore* with her distinguished colleague, that it would have been a matter of universal regret if she had been Missed. DAN DRARDI MAJOR, very good as the *Count*. More at his ease, I fancy, than in the elderly *Germont* of the *Traviata*. Striking a balance, I certainly prefer him in the *Nozze*. But, after all, it is obviously merely a matter

of account. Signor COTOGNI, a first-rate London representative of the *Figaro*, better even than that amiable lover of all that is English—M. JOHNSON—engaged in another place. All in all, the performance of "everyone concerned" may prove to be the most artistically successful of the season. DRURIOLANUS, with all the resources at his command (inclusive of the suggestions of his Committee), I imagine will find it extremely difficult to beat this record. Her Majesty's Opposition quite silent—in the other House.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* at Covent Garden with an excellent caste. Madame MELBA, who has won golden opinions in Australia (as she has assumed a *nom de théâtre*, why did she not, as a British Colonial, call herself Melbourne?), appropriately brightened up the Opera as a *Gilda*. Madame SCALCHI returned to us as *Maddalena*. She filled the part to admiration, but as she appeared neither insane nor attenuated, the name was misleading. By the way, as Monsieur LASSALLE sang in French, why did not Mrs. MELBOURNE—I beg pardon, Madame MELBA—warble in English? Art has no nationality, and half-a-dozen languages sung together at one and the same time would out-Ollendorff OLLENDORFF. Be this as it may, Monsieur could not have been better—his *Rigoletto* was in every sense a great performance—not a thin note in it. However, this did not cause surprise to the professional actors present, who declared the part technically to be "full of fat." Another Monsieur (one MONTABRIOL of that ilk) was anything but bad as *Il Duca*; on the contrary, he played and looked very well indeed. I fancy from this gentleman's performance that the Italian noble must have been accustomed to the *Cafés* on the *Boulevards*. He was quite the *petit crêvé* of the last Empire! The house was full, and yet there was room for plenty of enthusiasm. Her Majesty's Opposition (to the accompaniment of a real thunderstorm) introduced Mlle. GARGANO as *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Friday.—As someone is reported to have said at Epsom (late in the evening), "a Faust-rate Opera at Covent Garden." Someone did not turn up subsequently, and if he had, he would probably have



Rival attractions at Epsom and Covent Garden. Our Artist (who dined rather late on the Oaks Day) sends an "Impressionist Study."

found no room, as the house was crammed from floor to ceiling. Before the Curtain rose there was some anxiety felt lest the company should be detained at the Oaks. But the fear was happily unfounded, as Mesdames NORDICA and SCALCHI, Messieurs LASSALLE and DE RESZKE, to say nothing of Signor TALAZAC, were in their places at the appointed hour. Again a night of triumph. Monsieur LASSALLE, as *Mephistopheles*, greatly to be preferred to Signor CASTELMARY, who, after all, was rather a poor devil of a fiend. No sitting in the House of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Saturday.—At Covent Garden, a glorious *finale* to a glorious week. *Lohengrin*, with ALBANI in the title rôle! Signor BARTONI MACARONI GUCKINI still absent, so his place occupied by Monsieur Herr JEAN DE RESZKE, Esq. The "Song of the Swan" was sung in a style that banished the thought of its ever being accompanied by the voice of the goose. Madame ALBANI in wonderful voice—*Elsa* to the life and death. The MADI also well to the front, ever ready to come up smiling—or, rather, frowning. Altogether a splendid performance. Ave, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, Ave!

By Her Majesty's Opposition, in place of *Lucia*, which had been announced, the well-worn *La Sonnambula* was played in the well-worn way, with the usual doll's bedstead and toy water-mill, a somewhat throaty *Rodolfo* (Signor DARVALL), and an *Elvino* (Signor VICINI) who sang forcibly, though now and then just a little flat. But Mlle. REGINA PACINI, as *Amina*, was very well received, and deserved her reception. Her voice, which has, perhaps, hardly attained its full maturity, is very pure and sweet, and in the last Act especially she sang exquisitely, and fairly held a not too crowded house. Vivat REGINA!



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

OUR SEMI-DETACHED NEIGHBOURS.

Grace. "AND YET, DEAR, HOW LITTLE WE HAVE SEEN OF EACH OTHER LATELY—CONSIDERING THERE IS ONLY A PARTITION-WALL BETWEEN US!" *Emily.* "BUT THEN, DEAR, IT IS SUCH A COMFORT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

"WESTWARD HO!"

AN IDYLIC FRAGMENT.

King Arthur . . . Mr. GL-DST-NE.
Sir Bedivere . . . SIR W. H-RC-RT.

FOR on their march to Westward, BEDIVERE,
Who in the Forest New was Arthur's host,
At Malwood heard the mutterings of the
King:—

"I find it in the records of the polls,
I find it in the flowing of the tide,
But in the West, always, I find it not.
And so I'm going to pass my holiday
In holding forth to gathered Cornishmen.
B-LF-R, the Tories' new divinity,
Still wages war in the sad Emerald Isle.
O me! For why is all around us there
As if some lesser god had made the place,
And had not force to shape it as he would.
Till my Home Rule, high scheme, whereof
I'm fond,
Shall enter it, and make it beautiful?
A plan, if faint-defined, yet wholly fair,
But that the eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is!
By heaven, but they *shall* see it ere I close!
For I, being simple, thought to work my will,
And yet have lifted the new flag in vain;
For much whereon I leaned in flock and friend
Is traitor to my rule, and half my realm
Reels back to Tory ways, and is no more;
Nay, some there be who reckon on my death:
But I'll astonish them before I die."

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whoever will,

JOK, and that sullen patron of the Turf;
But I will stick to thee like death, and cling
Until we win back place; the golden cloud
Of thy free eloquence shall whelm men's minds
As ever. Nay, as yet thou shalt not pass.
And care not thou for Whitsun rest, but rise—
I hear the steps of MODRED in the West,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast led, but grosser
grown
Than Tories, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the
King,
Arise; go forth, and conquer as of old."
Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—
"Far other is this battle in the West
Whereto we move, than when we strove in
youth,
Or brake 'cute DIZZY's bands, or fought with
Rome,
Or thrust the Tory from Midlothian's heart,
And shook him thro' the North. Ill fate is
mine
To war against my people and my knights:
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they, my knights, who loved me once,
the stroke
That strikes at them is as a blow to me.
Yet let us hence, and feel or find a way
Through this blind haze, which ever since I
SAW
Power lying at the feet of SALISBURY,
Hath blurred the passes of the Party World."
So said the tireless chief, and forward fared
To waging wordy warfare in the West;
Wild work to fill a Whitsun holiday!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE—UP TO DATE.

It is satisfactory to know that affairs are looking up at Portsmouth, and that it is now believed that the Authorities will be in a position to cope with the difficulty occasioned by the deficiency of big guns by the date of the approaching Naval Review.

H.M. Ironclad *Blunderer* will, it is said, be sure to have one of her four promised guns on board in time, while one other will be borrowed for the occasion from the *Jackass*, and the remaining two supplied from the reserve of condemned ordnance of an extinct type, of which a large store is always kept in hand, with a view to possible emergencies.

There is also said to be some makeshift in contemplation for the proper supply for H.M.S. *Megatherium*, and the belted cruiser, *Four-poster*; but it is supposed that this deficiency will be met by requisitioning the services of both the guns on the Parade at the back of the Horse Guards, the one on the Fort at Margate, and several others hired from the proprietors of Rosherville Gardens.

As there is no ammunition available for any of the above, they will not be of much practical use for firing purposes; yet the fact that they are forthcoming at all, must be regarded as a favourable sign by all who have been hitherto disposed to criticise severely the tardiness of the Authorities. Anyhow, it may be gathered, as Mr. STANHOPE confided to the House of Commons, when he last addressed it on this question, that "those who are responsible" are evidently grappling with it with much vigour and originality.



“WESTWARD HO!” OR, HIS LITTLE HOLIDAY.

PUCK AMONG THE PICTURES.



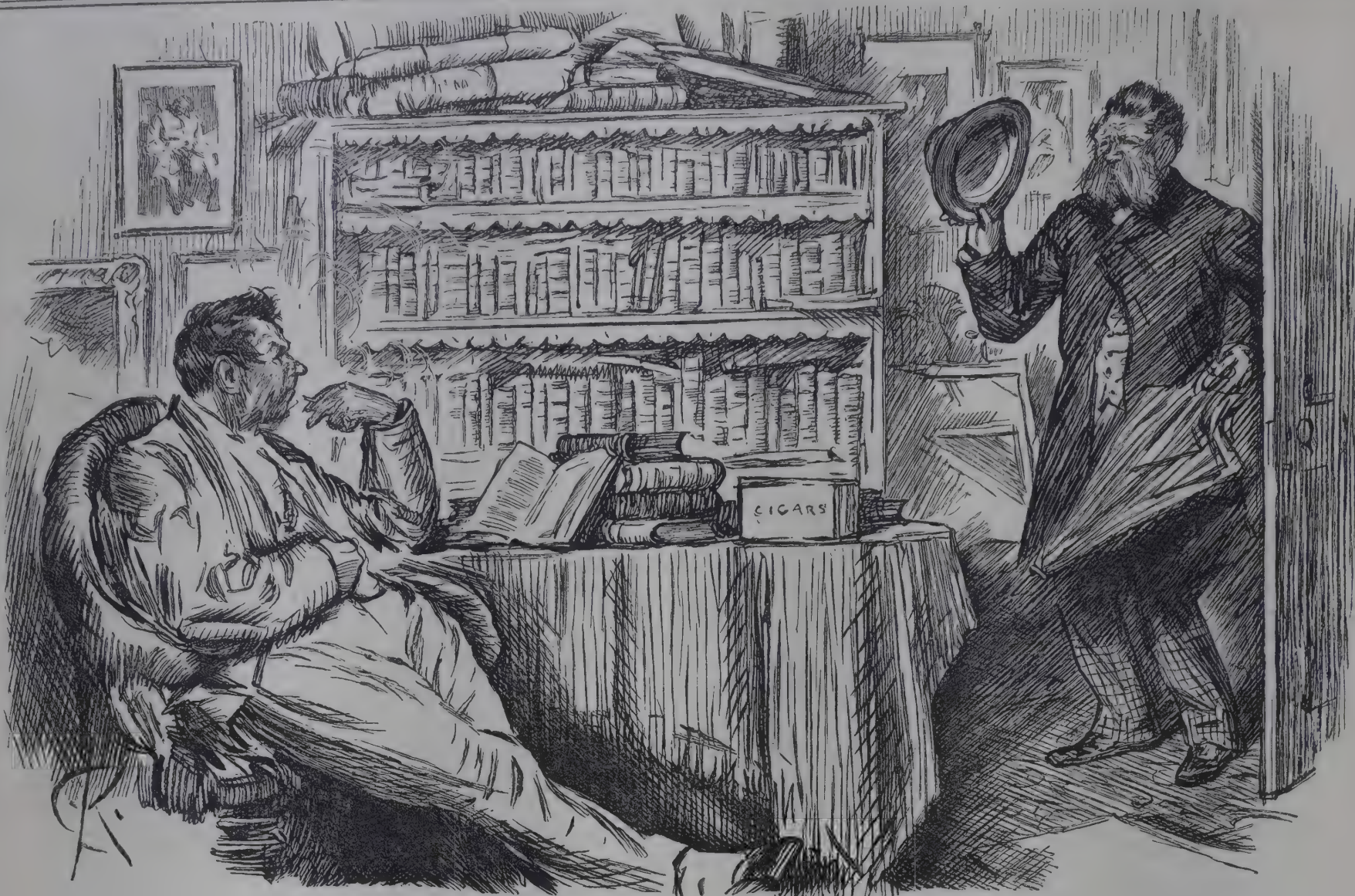
WHEN *Puck* takes the pencil his fancies to limn,
 With the spirit of humour, the impulse of whim,
 Art, masking as Momus, illumines with mirth,
 The follies and frauds of our dull-driven earth.
 In a world so beset by the base and impure,
 There is plenty of office for Caricature;
 And when *TITIAN* and *TURNER* have played out their part,
 There is still a wide sphere left for Humorous Art.
 He who'd gather its view of the vicious and silly,
 Should visit the Institute's halls, Piccadilly.
 From *HOGARTH* to *FURNESS*! A fairly wide stretch
 For the lords of broad fun and satirical sketch.
 Not too well selected, scarce neatly arranged;
 Much might be omitted, and some things be changed.
 But he who would study, what few understand,
 British Caricature in the mass, at first hand,
 Might well do much worse than betake him (as *we* go)
 To view the collection of *HOBROCK* and *GREGO*.
 Thirteen hundred odd pictures, from canvas wide-spread,
 To "postage-stamp" sketch, somewhat muddle the head.
 He who pores for some hours, in hot thundery weather,
 At "Cartoons" and "thumb-nails," all huddled together,
 In fashion suggestive of hurry, may find
 More of fog than fine judgment possessing his mind.
 There is hardly a thing that depression provokes
 Much more than a motley "collection" of jokes,
 Whether merely *Joe Millers* or truly wit-litten ones.
 Pictorial skits are in this much like written ones.
 The mind, like the stomach's not boundlessly peptic
 Of pungencies; showmen should be more eclectic.
 But here's broadly humorous, human *HOGARTH*,
 Who knows man all round from the hulks to the hearth;
 Strong, various, vivid, whose brush is a flail,
 Whose eye misses nothing, whose wit cannot fail.
 Here's *ROWLANDSON*, rioting wild with sheer force,
 Ferocious in satire, in comedy coarse,
 But masterly; touched too not seldom with grace,
 In a broad rustic scene, or a fair female face,
 That pencils more finical fail to attain.
 Here's *GILLRAY*, his fellow in brush-power and brain.
 The great *Dioscuri* of Satire in Art.
 Comes *CRUIKSHANK* the fertile, and honest of heart,
 Humane, inexhaustible, grimly grotesque,
 With the spirit of tragedy blent with burlesque.

Comes *SEYMOUR*'s keen eye for the humours of sport;
 And dear "*DICKY*" *DOYLE*'s dainty fun, of a sort
Sui generis, genial, graceful, and quaint.
 Here's "*PHIZ*," still delightful, with pencil or paint,
 Spite of fluent convention; 'tis hard, that is poz,
 To criticise closely that colleague of "*Boz*,"
 Who first made his characters live in our eyes;
 Though *BARNARD*, whose art with late knowledge is wise,
 And delicate *GREEN*, with broad *BROWNE* here compete.
 And then, with a world of his own fresh and sweet,
 Free and broad as the fair English landscapes he drew
 With felicitous ease, and with touches so true,
 Or the fair English faces, with cheeks of the peach,
 He limned and loved well, unforgettable *LEECH*,
Punch's genial *JOHN*, in the streets, in the fields,
 At home almost equally; hardly he yields
 In sheer strength to the elders of Humorous Art;
 Whilst in grace and good taste he still plays his own part
 Unapproached. None too well on these thick-covered walls
 Represented is he. *RANDOLPH CALDECOTT* thralls
 Every eye with that blending of humour and grace,
 For which who will fill his too soon voided place?
 Then *TENNIEL*, the classic, whose art's fine address
 Gives us never a line or a touch in excess;
 Du *MAURIER*, the black-and-white *THACKERAY*; *KEENE*
 Of the pencil miraculous; his art is seen
 Not with insular optics alone as superb.
 Then *SAMBORNE* the subtle, whose fancy to curb,
 Dulness vainly might try; fertile *FURNESS*, whose fire
 Of invention and humour no labours can tire.
 Brisk *BRYAN*, and whimsical *SULLIVAN* next,
 And *BAXTER* with talent too fine for his text.
 These and others all crowd on these walls. Well, to *PUCK*,
 In the rôle of an artist, *Punch* wishes good luck.
 The Art that shoots Folly, with fun, as she flies,
 And hammers old Humbug, and lashes new lies,
 Is a wholesome delight, and a chastening scourge.
 So, spite of some drawbacks and faults, *Punch* would urge
 His readers towards Piccadilly to start,
 For Sir *JAMES*'s new Show—English Humorous Art.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPROMPTU DENTISTRY.—We can well understand your desire, if possible, to carry on at once without a day's delay, the nice little Provincial Dentist's Practice that has just come to you through the will of the second cousin you mention, and you have no doubt, seeing that you know nothing of the business, acted wisely in having immediately commenced practising extraction by taking up all the nails in the stair-carpet as soon as you received the Solicitor's letter intimating to you your good fortune. No doubt your having had some experience in driving a four-horse coach might, as you suggest, warrant you in the belief that you would soon be able to command a good "grip" of the instrument, when once you had got it into the patient's mouth, but we cannot, at the moment, call to mind any thoroughly recognised Institution that, taking this circumstance into consideration, would be likely to hurry an urgent applicant through all the required courses, and grant him his diploma forthwith. Doubtless, though, several such exist. Perhaps your best way would be, after all, to take the bull by the horns, and boldly throw yourself into the work, and see what you can make of it. You might at first secure the assistance and co-operation of the local Chemist's boy, who, you will probably find, has already had a large experience in the matter of extraction. Between you, you ought to be able, at least for a short time, so to conduct matters as not to seriously scare and diminish your *clientèle*. Of course, some disagreeable *contretemps* may happen. You may break a jaw or two; and this will be awkward. But don't let any prospect of this kind dishearten you. We think your idea of "payment by results,"—namely, that you should charge your patients only a shilling, if you succeeded in getting the top of a tooth off, half-a-crown if you managed to get half of it out, and five shillings if you conducted the operation satisfactorily, and extracted the whole tooth entirely,—a little risky. There is novelty about it, and old-fashioned patients are, therefore, likely to look at it with considerable distrust. You are right in asking why one should not as easily become a dentist as a gardener, for all that is wanted is a facility for successful "tugging." We shall be interested in hearing how you have grappled with and met the few initiatory difficulties that appear likely to beset you in this rather hastily-adopted new calling.

AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.—That of Captain *WOODWARD*'s, at the instance of Mr. Justice *MANISTY*, after consultation with Mr. Justice *MATHEW*.



EVICITION.

Visitor. "OOPH!—WHAT BEASTLY TOBACCO ARE YOU—"

Host. "YE', I KNOW. SHUT THE DOOR! SOME AFRICAN CIGARETTES I KEEP ON PURPOSE—FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. D'RECTLY I LIGHT UP, SHE'S OFF! OPEN THE WINDOW FOR A BIT, AND TAKE A WEED!"

PATRIOTISM À LA MODE.

I'm a Patriot! No chap can be worth a single rap

Who doesn't love his native land with passion.

Yet stay, though, let me see! Humph! how awkward it
If patriotism were the general fashion! [might be

Were there patriots all round it would greatly disconcert you

When you want for your own land all power and pelf.

No; I see that I must have the monopoly of this virtue,

And no one must be a patriot save myself!

LORD DUFFERING AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

EVER since the time as I gave my raythur largish order for Coles to my lordly Cole Merchant, the most Honnerabel the Markis of Londonderry—which it was just this time last year, and werry decent sort of Coles they was too, fairly nubbly, and werry respectable for size and with a hutter habsence of slates—I have bin possesst of quite a longing desire to see, with my own estonished eyes, what partickler sort of pusson, to look at, a Most Honnerabel Markis could be. I'm told as there ain't no other kind or sort of Nobbleum, or of any other descripthun of humane beings, as is intituled to be called a Most Honnerabel One, xcept a Markis, and so I was ony too glad of my hoppertunity, last Wensday as ever was, to have the honner of waiting at the honnerd Manshun House upon the Most Honnerabel the Markis of DUFFERING.

I don't think as DUFFERING is quite xactly the werry name as I shoold have selected, if as how Her Most Grayshus Majesty had asked me for to be a Most Honnerabel Markis, but as that isn't werry likely to occur, I needn't trubbel myself about it jest now, and as I am told as how as the Most Honnerbel Markis chose his name when he was over in Ingy, why praps a Duffer may have a diffrent meaning over there to what it has over here, speshally among us Waiters.

I wonders what line of bizziness as the new Markis will go into? BROWN tells me as the Rite Honerabel the Erl of SHREWSBURY has gone into the Cab line, but I carnt allus beleve BROWN. Besides, after all, what's a mere Rite Honnerabel, as cumpared with a Most

Honnerabel? If I mite wenture humbly to surgest, I shoold think as a Itallyan Warehouse woodn't be a bad idear, as his Lordship woud find his thoro nollodge of Ingian Pickles, and Piccadilly Sauce, and all kinds of Currys, woud be of the werry greatest use to him in that rayther genteel perfession.

I may as well menshun it, as he might be a wundering why it didn't come, that I haven't sent my most Honnerabel Cole Merchant another order just yet, as I hear that he's away at his Carsel at Dublin, so coudn't in course give his own pussonal atention to it, as he ewidently did afore, as he told me as he employed no agents. I hopes and trusts as his pore Carman didn't git into trubbel for his bad spellin, but reelly "Pade," for a receet, was a litle too bad from a Most Honnerabel Markis's hofishal.

I've bin told by a Irish M.P., so in course it must be trew, that when his Most Honnerabel Lordship is jest a leetle trubbled with affairs of State, such as marching at the head of his Troops a collect-ing of the Landlords' rents for 'em, that he goes off, after it's all over, to a place called Punch's Town, of all names in the world, and then has quite a jolly day's racing; and, if he has a run of bad luck, he just sells a few thousand Tuns of his best Wall Send Coles, and that puts him all strait again. I allus understood as the reel *Mr. Punch* was ennomusly rich, but I never thort as he had a hole town all to hisself.

I begins to find as I'm rayther a wandering away from my horiginal hintenshun, which it was to discribe Wednesday's perceed-ings; but there wasn't much of a werry uncommon natur to discribe, so I dessay I shall be xcused.

The new Markis is a nice quiet-looking Gent, a good deal like BROWN, who amost blusht wen I told him so, and speaks bewtiful, amost as well indeed as the LORD MARE hisself. He told us a good deal about Ingy that ewen I had newer heard on afore; but he was rayther a long time about it, which is allers a great mistake, ewen in a Most Honnerabel Markis, as the other speakers, as is to be, naterally don't like to be kep waiting, and to see quite a rush out when the great man has quite finished. The CHANCESELLER of the XCHEQUER, speshally, looked quite savage at having to speak to a arf emty All. I heard sum grate Swell say as the Markis had haddad



THE PAUL PRY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Rosebery. "NOW THEN, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WE DON'T WANT ANY PAUL PRYS IN THE COUNCIL!"

a bit to the Indian Empire almost as big as all England! But people will exaggerate so! His manly buzzom was almost covered with stars and garters which he had gained, I suppose, on many a field of slaughter. We was told as he had seen service in four of the Quarters of the World, which even a poor Waiter must be aware must needs be about all of 'em, unless, indeed, the World's like an orange, and has quite a lot of quarters, which isn't not very likely, I should think.

Taking it all together it was about the most splendidest looking Bankrupt as even we Waiters had ever seen at the Manshun House, and we all agreed with the very eminent Reporter as said as it

had haphazardly beaten the Record! Strange to say, sum of the most magnificentest of the many werry magnificent dressed of the Indian Officers was quite at a loss when they cum to the Loving Cup sherry-monial. But that's a little mystery as it takes sum time to learn. Ah, if they could just see BROWN and ME go thro' it with what's left in the Cups, they would see what dignity and grace and horthy demeanor belongs to it when properly done. I thinks, upon the hole, that "Our Only General" goes through the sherry-mony about as well as any one I knows, and I feels quite sure as he'll thoroly apresheate my truthful complement.

ROBERT.



PLEASURES OF THE WHITSUNTIDE VACATION.

(Fancy Portraits of Two Q.C.'s, and an Amicus Curie—a Recollection of a Sitting on a "Celebrated Case.")

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Pocket Atlas and Guide to Paris* is a useful little work for the Tourist, appropriately published by WALKER & Co.; but I doubt whether the *Paris - Diamant*, one of the collection des Guides-Joanne, has ever been beaten. It was published years ago at HACHETTE's, and for maps and information generally (I suppose it has been brought up to the time of day) it was, and now ought to be, the best of all Guides—quite a *maximum in minimo*.

Dickens's Dickensianaries of London for 1889 are now out. Very useful to Country Cousins and to "Water Babies," which reminds me that Messrs. MACMILLAN have just re-issued CHARLES KINGSLEY's charming work, with "our Mr. SAMBOURNE's" charming illustrations.

My faithful Co. says:—"The *Fatal Phryne* is a not very pleasant novel by a couple of authors—Messrs. WILLS and PHILIPS—who hitherto working on their own separate accounts, have now combined forces to work together. Such a number of stories are published nowadays that it is difficult to remember details; but, so far as I recollect, *As in a Looking-glass* was written by one of these gentlemen, and a reference to the title-page has confirmed my impression—it there appears under his name. Mr. PHILIPS seems to write in collaboration with another with as much facility as he exhibited when trusting entirely to his own resources. The plot is rather suggestive of that now half-forgotten *cause célèbre* once known as 'The Pimlico Mystery.' Again, admirers of the works of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS may pos-

sibly, on reading the new novel, faintly call to mind an incident in *Poor Miss Finch*. Briefly, a husband much the senior of his wife does not discourage the idea in his own mind that some day an artistic friend of his may become his successor—the date, of course, to be no earlier than his wife becoming a widow. The artist friend unfortunately falls in love with the wife prematurely, and the husband (a doctor), growing jealous, uses his medical knowledge to spoil his beauty. On learning (at the end of the book) in spite of appearances, that his wife has been really true to him, the Doctor is so overcome with emotion that he dies, leaving his widow to marry, if she pleases, what remains of the man he has hitherto believed to be his favoured rival. The *Fatal Phryne*, concludes my faithful Co., "has one great merit—it is in two volumes, and not in three."

Our *Celebrities* this month is full of excellencies. M. WALERY gives us the portraits of three Ambassadors—the French, the German, and the Russian. Excellent Excellencies. M. WADDINGTON looks bull-doggedly English; Count HATZFELDT, bare and bald-headed, he might have had on one of his "felt hats," from which, of course, he derives his title,—is uncommonly like a Heathen Chinese with Christianised moustache; and M. DE STAAL bears a handsome and polished resemblance to the late Professor DARWIN. All life-like; and, indeed, M. WALERY's photographic portraits, outside this particular *Café des Ambassadeurs*, strike me as equal to the best, and superior to most, I have met with. The other day I saw one of his reproduced in colour. The effect was that of a highly-finished miniature, and I am informed that the tints will stand the ravages of time as well as a modern portrait in oils. By the way—Happy Thought—why should a severe-looking person go to an artist in oils—say, Sir JOHN MILLAIS or Professor HERKOMER—for his portrait? Because

the use of oil is "to make him of a cheerful countenance." *Revenons à notre revue de la Galerie-Walery*—not "greenery-yallery"—and finish by saying of the descriptive letterpress that LOUIS ENGEL, the Musical Monographist, is, as usual, the accompanist of these celebrities, and gives us full and clear notes in his own peculiar *allegro* style. If I rightly remember, this is the first number without a lady in it. *Cherchez la femme* in vain. Yet it isn't often that she is nowhere among diplomatists. Perhaps, after these three Excellencies, male, the Walery-Gallery will give us three Perfections, female; or, three Duchesses as the Three Graces. The Recording ENGEL must certainly discover some trio to equal the three Excellencies which have so delighted the heart of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE LITERARY LADIES' DINNER.

[A Dinner, at which Literary Ladies only were present, was recently given at Messrs. SPIERS AND POND's Criterion Restaurant.]

THEY, greatly daring, met to dine,
These Ladies, writing thrilling fiction;
And o'er the olives and the wine
Were doubtless "Ouidaliskues" in diction.
Some twenty Ladies
Went one Friday night, and
much enjoyed their dinner;
A smart symposium
at the "Cri,"
And, save the waiters, no male sinner.

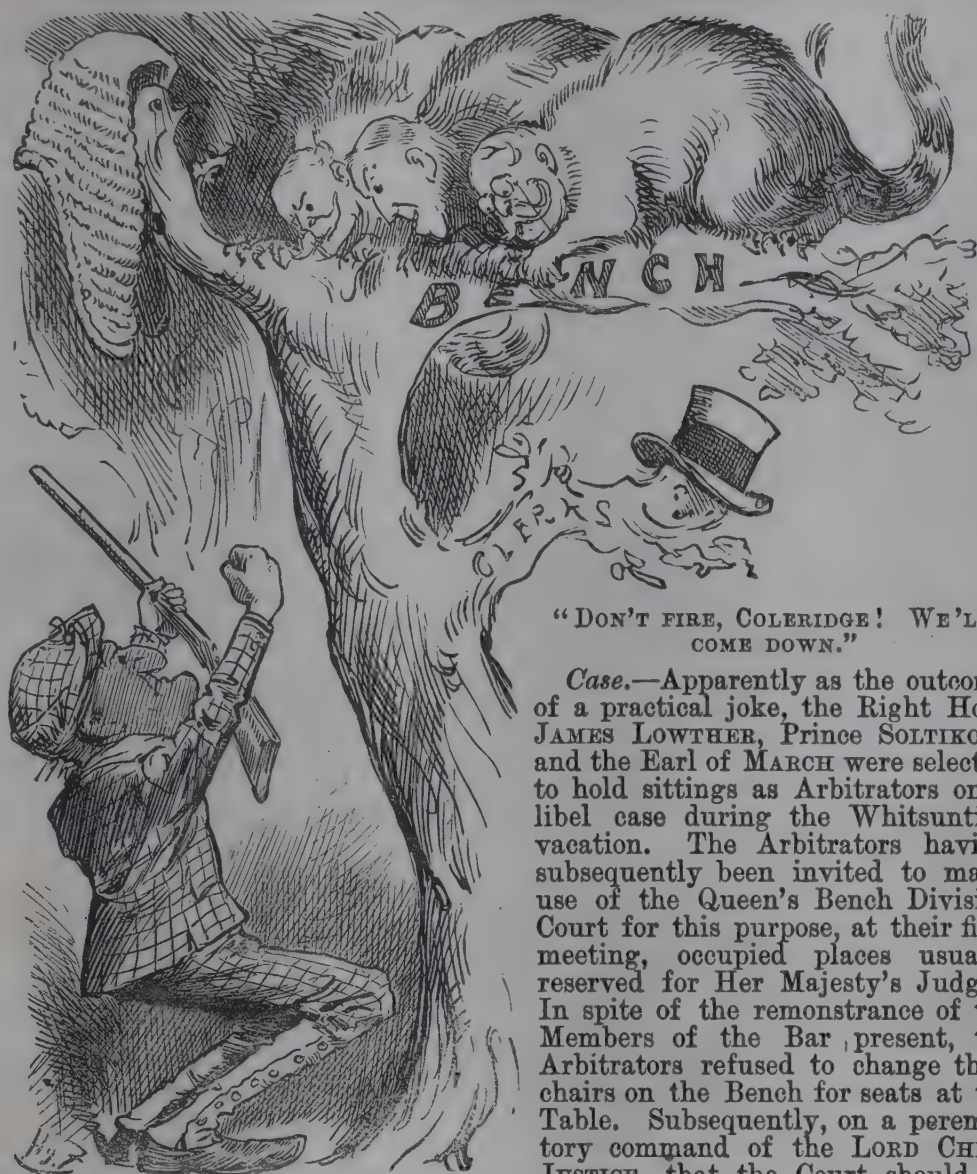


"A young Greek goddess," too,
was there,
Escaped from high Olympian duty,
Another, with Junonian air,
A delicate dark-featured beauty.
A poetess, in gold brocade,
Who murmured triolets and sonnets;
And many spinsters, every maid
Was quite above the thought of bonnets.
They talked of pictures and of books,
And subjects argument inviting;
They interchanged the sweetest looks,
And each one puffed the other's writing.
And silver laughter filled the room,
At jokes, the subjects are not stated;
But publishers were left to doom,
And Paternoster Row was "slated."

At last, O tell it not in Gath!
A lady, hailed as benefactress,
Did not disdain Nicotian path
Of dalliance with the weed: an actress
Produced a case of cigarettes,
And then, O theme for scurrile joking!
These attitudinising pets
Of railway bookstalls, took to smoking.
Uprose then Mrs. MONA CAIRD,
With soul superior to garters,
And in sarcastic speech she dared
To give as toast, "The Married Martyrs."
Perchance some spinsters there who heard,
Would think they'd often wondered why
Did not propose: and how absurd [men
It was, a wife should scoff at Hymen.

Ah! Literary Ladies, you,
Who are not prudish or pedantic,
If all these foolish tales be true
About each gastronomic antic,
Think on the Laureate's lines, and scan
His "Queen of Farce," so sagely silly;
Woman's "not undeveloped man,"
Although she dines in Piccadilly.

RE—THE TABLE AND BENCH QUESTION.



"DON'T FIRE, COLERIDGE! WE'LL COME DOWN."

Case.—Apparently as the outcome of a practical joke, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, Prince SOLTIKOFF and the Earl of MARCH were selected to hold sittings as Arbitrators on a libel case during the Whitsuntide vacation. The Arbitrators having subsequently been invited to make use of the Queen's Bench Division Court for this purpose, at their first meeting, occupied places usually reserved for Her Majesty's Judges. In spite of the remonstrance of the Members of the Bar present, the Arbitrators refused to change their chairs on the Bench for seats at the Table. Subsequently, on a peremptory command of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, that the Court should be

closed unless the Arbitrators descended from the Bench, the Arbitrators expressed themselves satisfied with the less dignified resting-places indicated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, which they thereupon occupied.

Counsel will kindly say:—

1. Whether there was any justification for Arbitrators occupying the Bench.
2. Whether the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was right in ordering the Court to be closed if the Arbitrators failed to content themselves with seats at the Table.
3. Whether the Arbitrators acted wisely in making to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE the concession required of them, and comported themselves discreetly.

And will advise generally.

Opinion.—1. I cannot, go so far as to say, that the Arbitrators were "justified" in taking the places reserved for Her Majesty's Judges, but, I feel they had a strong excuse. No doubt, it was the intention of the Arbitrators to invest the proceedings, into which they seem to have been lured with so much humour, with as much pomp as possible. To use a word frequently employed in this case, they were "handicapped" at the outset, by having to appear in morning dress instead of the robes worn by their Lordships when sitting in open Court, and anything suggestive of "importance" no doubt would occur to them as enhancing their dignity. It may be advanced, that they might have appeared in hunting costume, and certainly this would have had a picturesque effect, but it must be remembered that it would have been contrary to the traditions of the Bar for the Counsel employed, so to speak, to have followed suit. In obedience to these traditions, the Counsel engaged dispensed with their robes with the result, that when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL aided by his learned Junior, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS cross-examined Sir GEORGE CHETWYND, the scene was not entirely unsuggestive of a retired Doctor of Divinity assisted by a favourite pupil (who having come from school last, it was to be presumed would be less "rusty" than his leader) conducting the *viva voce* portion of an attempted pass of a somewhat backward (both in age and knowledge) undergraduate. It must be remembered that as a Member of the Privy Council and an ex-State Official of high standing, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER (the Chief Arbitrator) would naturally desire to invest his proceedings with as much state as possible. It would occur to him that an entrance from the Judges' Apartments, through curtains, would be infinitely more impressive than emerging, through a small hole, from the subterranean regions below the level of the well of the Court. It cannot be denied that this is a reasonable view of the matter, as the first entrance would not seem to be an unworthy companion picture to the "Doge of Venice and two of the most influential Members of the Council of Ten taking their seats in the Council Chamber," while the second would not be unlikely to conjure up a recollection of a severely reduced band mournfully occupying the space devoted to the orchestra in a small provincial theatre threatened with

bankruptcy. There was this further excuse for the Right Hon. Gentleman, that the surroundings he found in the Queen's Bench Division No. 5 were similar to those in an ordinary *cause célèbre*, and likely to create in his mind some misconception of the part he should play in the inquiry. For instance, the number of reporters were legion, and the proceedings were of a nature to suggest the dreariest hours of the Special Commission. It was natural too, that he should wish to go down to posterity at the pencil of Mr. SYDNEY HALL (who was present) in that atmosphere of grandeur which does not exist apart from the Bench. But after making all these deductions I am unable to find an entire justification for his conduct.

2. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has jurisdiction over the Common Law Courts, both in Term and out of Term (I do not myself find anything in the authorities upon this matter, but no doubt this decision will in future be quoted as a precedent), his Lordship was clearly within his rights to order Queen's Bench Division No. 5 to be closed unless the Arbitrators consented (like the coon in a frequently quoted American case) to "come down." I do not see that the consideration that the possible result of this closure might have caused a change of venue from the interior to the exterior of the building should have had weight with his Lordship, as there was nothing to prevent (if required) the holding of the inquiry in the green space bounded on the North by Carey Street, the South by the Strand, the East by the Law Courts, and the West by Clement's Inn. I am the more of this opinion as the matter, being heard out of Term, the proceedings would not have distracted the attention of the Chief Clerks of the Chancery Division, whose rooms overlook the green space I have sufficiently indicated. Consequently I concur in his Lordship's decision.

3. For the above reasons I think the Arbitrators acted quite wisely in making the required concession. I also believe that they have been most discreet. It was not impossible that, after the foreign fashion, Prince SOLTIKOFF, in the heat of the moment, might have demanded satisfaction. I am happy to hear no suggestion that this has been the case. It is patent that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE could not have agreed to meet his Highness within the Queen's dominions; and, had his Lordship consented to visit some distant land outside Her Majesty's jurisdiction, with a view to carrying out the Prince's hypothetical proposals, considerable, and, possibly, irreparable damage and delay might have been occasioned in the due administration of the law. I also entirely approve of the Arbitrators placing on their table volumes of the *Racing Calendar* in lieu of law books, and concur with them when a dispute on a difficult point of law arises between Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES in the advisability of seeking professional advice from my learned (if somewhat youthful friend) Mr. NORTH—a gentleman no doubt quite capable of affording them assistance of the utmost benefit and value.

Finally, I advise generally that those not engaged in the case should carefully avoid Queen's Bench No. 5, as the proceedings therein are so dull that, compared with them, ditchwater is an effervescing beverage, of the most exhilarating character.

(Signed)

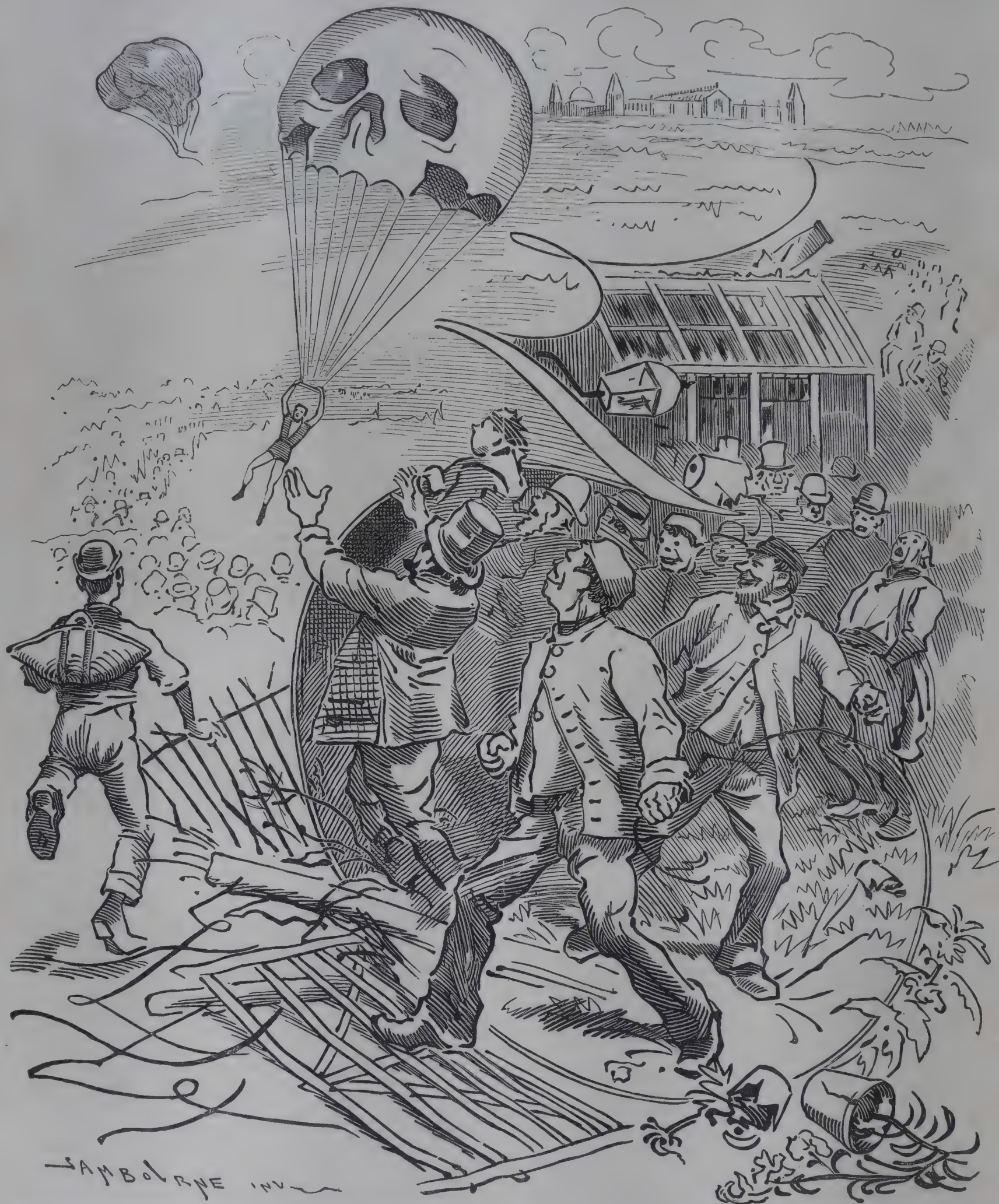
A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

HOLES AND CORNERERS.

AN admirable society for the help of Bachelors, has been started in London. The programme is to provide persons who will sew on buttons, darn, mend, and otherwise care for the neglected habiliments of unwedded gentlemen. In future such a thing as a button off a shirt, or a rent in a vest, or a little rift within a sock, will be impossible. The Society issues its "No Rent" manifesto, and will cure faulty garments by the process of "mending or ending." All bachelors should in-vest in the Society's aid—"first aid to bachelors," it might be called. How often, when we have discovered a "missing link," or a link missing between collar and shirt, have we been inclined to darn—but no; in future that sort of thing can be done by the skilled fingers of the humble workers provided by the "Stitch-in-time Association." Won't the result, however, be to remove one powerful inducement to matrimony—the desire to have a mender on the premises? If so, Mr. Punch cannot call the idea admirable, but only sew-sew!

THE MODERN PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.



No bacchant-nymph, with breeze-borne
tresses,
And luring eyes, and bosom bare,
Is it in whose pursuit fast presses,
With blood-shot gaze and blatant blare,
This eager crowd.
How hoarsely loud

The ululations rise!
Pirates who track a helpless prize,
Might howl like this, or wolf-pack pierce
The wintry air with cries as fierce;
And yet they chase not prey, but—Pleasure!
SWIFT's savage wit perchance might
measure,

In flail-like phrase, the glorious gain
Of Realism's ruffian train,
Over those merely fancy-pictures
Which move the modern critic's strictures.
Great Modern Spirit! what a mercy
That Allegory, quaint, fantastic,
No longer finds our fancy plastic,—



COMPLIMENTS.

"The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—'MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM—!"

The Witness (overhearing). "EXCELLENT JUDGE!!"

That the contemporary Circe,
Needs not a limner high, Miltonic;
Rather a Zola, coarse, sardonic.
Out on the false poetic prism,
And ho! for dry-light Naturalism!
What do they chase, this motley mob?
Not aught to make the pulses throb
With Passion's fire or Beauty's light,
Such rubbish is *rococo*, quite;
The Comus of the Parachute,
The Pleasure of this mob's pursuit,
Appeals to the unchastened brute

In animal humanity.
A scent of risk, a whiff of blood,
These are the things the world finds good
To move the masses to the mood

Of suitable insanity.
The mob won't move in eager chase
If Beauty only lead the race.
Who will pant on for the first place
In the court of a Muse, in the train of a Grace?
Rather the butcher-mood of Rome
Finds in our British bosoms home.
Beetle-browed brutes who bruise for gain,
Athletes devoid of heart or brain
Appeal not to the mob in vain.
The hope of risk, the sight of pain,
These thrill the sons of toil—or leisure.
The callow swell, the callous "rough,"
Both find brute-impulse quite enough
Without art, taste, or such tame stuff,
To fire the new Pursuit of Pleasure.

Pleasure? Yes! There's peril there,
Dropping, drifting in mid-air.
Prospect of nerve-tingling crash,
Chance of sanguinary smash,
Something lethally soul-thrilling,
Fetches fast the people's shilling.

Skill? There's not much "fun" in skill
When not meant to maim or kill.—
"Great Scott! The beggar's dropping, BILL!
Come on! *This way!* No road? What matter?"
See how they cluster, crush and clatter,
How fast the brute within them wakes!
Through flower-beds and shrub-clustered
brakes
Headlong they throng and heedless trample
Flushed, fiercely howling!

Lo, a sample
Of the material for a nation
Under thy stimulus, Sensation!
Smugsages, shifty statesmen, can you measure
The meaning of this new Pursuit of Pleasure?

DOWN ON THE FOG DEMON.

IN his pictorial forecast of New London, Mr. Punch indicated that one of the labours of that new Hercules, the L. C. C., should be fighting the Smoke Fiend. Well, Mr. WALTER WREN, it seems, has given notice of Motion to the effect:—

"That it be an instruction to the Sanitary and Special Purposes Committee to take into consideration the causes of the Fogs which trouble London during the winter months, and the increased death-rate during their prevalence, in order to put in force existing powers for dealing with them, and obtaining increased powers if necessary."

In support of which Motion Mr. WREN has written a Memo. on "Causes and Cures for London Fogs." The Motion and the Memo. have Mr. Punch's approval and best wishes.

"We want London Fogs to be things of the past," says W. W. Precisely. But it would seem that in the past they were in-

initely less prevalent. He draws a pleasing picture of London seventy—only seventy—years ago when, says he, "it was a bright and sunny town." Bright and sunny! Why it was but the other day, Mr. Punch, had to burn gas during the greater portion of a forenoon in June. "At Queenhithe, in 1832, the air was quite as pure as it now is at Streatham or Blackheath; and beds of flowers blossomed to perfection within twelve furlongs of the City boundary." Indeed! "This state of things must be regained." 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished. "Were coal smoke avoided by complete combustion, and were houses scientifically warmed, the saving in the cost of coal, and in the labour and sickness, the destruction and depreciation caused by smoke, would in one year yield all the sum that is immediately required to provide sufficient parks and playgrounds, gardens, boulevards, and avenues for the Metropolis; and London would then be as bright and cheerful as it was three-quarters of a century ago." Sounds optimistic, not to say Utopian. But we have it on the authority of Mr. WREN and the *Quarterly Review*.

O WALTER WREN, if you do not joke,
But will the C. C. powers invoke
To banish from London the Demon Smoke,
Whose game is to blacken, and poison, and choke,
You'll win the thanks of long-suffering folk.
O Science, teach us to burn and stoke,
In 'ARRY's phrase, "bid that black-a-vised bloke,"
The London Fog-fiend, "go home and eat coke,"
And free our necks from his dismal yoke!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 17.—Feel something like the boy who stood on the burning deck; "CASSAWARY"—wasn't that his name? Not that there is a deck, or that there is anything burning, except JACOBY'S indignation at general disregard of his Whip. It's the all-but-him-has-fled aspect of the situation that fits me. *Mr. Punch* and his merry men all gone off to Paris, not principally to see the Exhibition, not principally to enjoy themselves; stern sense of duty calls them off.

"Why," said my venerated Leader, "should OLD MORALITY enjoy monopoly of performance of duty to House and Country? we have a duty to perform and shall do it; the MARKISS has snubbed France, has declined to permit British Minister to take part in Centennial celebration of certain historical event; LORD MAYOR stepped into breach; very well done, but still something lacking; *Mr. Punch* shall go to Paris in the flesh (what there is of it) and thus shall be removed the last vestige of ill-feeling created by the MARKISS'S *bêtise*."

"And me?"

"You, TOBY, dear boy! like the rest of us, you'll do your duty: House meets on Monday after Whitsun Recess; you shall go and keep House for us; let you know how we get on; ta ta, or as they say in Parry, *o revor*."

This was yesterday; now he's gone, and they're gone, and I'm left. All doing our duty, I know; but on whole think they've got pleasantest department.

Not many here, and not much doing; looked in at Post Office for letters; quite a heap; some been here for day or two; shall go on terrace, smoke cigar and read 'em.

Yacht "Garland," off Tintagel, Friday.

TOBY ahoy! You will, I am sure, excuse the nautical turn of my address, but persons of my comparatively youthful years and decidedly impressionable nature are apt to take on the tone and colour

of current circumstances. I am, as you will gather from the ordinary channels of information, not exclusively a seafarer. One foot on sea and one on land, I am, perhaps, to a certain extent amphibious in my characteristics.

We have had a very pleasant time, our progress being marked by those kindly gifts, miscellaneous in their design but uniformly useful in their character, the presentation of which has for many years past marked my public peregrination through Great Britain. Amongst other things we have received a casket of pure white Mexican onyx, with a handsome raised floral decoration of

wild roses and forget-me-nots on the lid. The casket is enclosed in a polished walnut box. *Item*, a marble mosaic table. These and other articles of what *Mr. Wemmick* called portable property we shall add to the accumulation gathered on earlier pilgrimages which, warehoused at Hawarden, gives the place what my recent host Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT calls a pantechuonic air. I shall not be in the House on Monday, but hope to see you later. Meanwhile, I remain,

Your humble and obliged W. E. GL-DST-NE.

Hatfield, Thursday.

DEAR TOBY,—What do you think of Grand Old Man spending his Whitsun holidays cavorting about Devon and Cornwall? Why can't he take a rest like an ordinary mortal? The worst of it is, it seems to agree with him. What would break down an ordinary man at half his age, only serves to brighten him up. Still I think he ought to be ashamed of himself going about with white umbrella, a

rose in his coat, and a mosaic table under his arm. But if he thinks he vexes me, or gives us a moment's uneasiness, he is mistaken. If you have an opportunity, just mention this.

Yours faithfully, S-L-SB-RY.

Eddystone Lighthouse, Friday.

TOBY, old man, how goes it? It's my watch below, so I take this

opportunity of writing a few lines, hoping they will find you pretty taut, as they leave me at present. You will be surprised to hear of me here; but the fact is, it seemed the only place I could go to spend a quiet time. I can't stand a ship in present state of our Navy, and I can't live ashore. There are only three courses open in such circumstances. I determined to take the third, and live in a lighthouse. So here I am, tra-la-la!

Very jolly time with my two mates; we weigh out each other's grab, take watch and watch about, and sit down to supper in tarpaulins when the weather is rough. When I come back to House, I mean to let out on Lighthouses. We are terribly undermanned. England will never be the nation she was, or able to hold her own, unless she has as many Lighthouses as any two Continental Powers combined. That's my new tack, of which you will hear more by-and-by.

Yours to command,

CH-RL-E B-R-SF-RD.

Somewhere in Norway (can't spell the name). Tuesday.

DEAR TOBY,—Just heard I've won the Oaks; (hope it is not spelt with a *h*.) DUNRAVEN sends me word, and you know what an incorrigible joker he is, in spite of his grave aspect, and his mission to reform the Lords. If it is true, it will suit my book to a *t*. I have long had a fancy that the only thing lacking to complete my popularity as a Statesman is, that I should own horses, and win an occasional race. Fancy GEORGY HAMILTON winning a race, or even OLD MORALITY, though of him I'll say nothing. Of course you've read what warm friends we are now; how I look up to him as my natural Leader, and how he begins to think I'm not nearly so bad as I've sometimes been painted.

I hear there's some wonder expressed at my leaving London for this place in height of the season, and on eve of Oaks. All kinds of reasons are suggested. I don't mind telling you the truth, though it needn't go any further. It's WOLFFEY; he's come home quite rosy, with a lot of fresh stories culled from the Persian; a sort of spectacled *Lallah Rookh*. He was bad enough before he went, but now he's unsupportable.

He offered, in patronising way, to present me to the SHAH when he arrives. Me, who only the other day had BOULANGER'S boots under my mahogany! WOLFFEY is not going to show me round, I can tell him. So I made up my mind to come off here, where he is not likely to follow me.

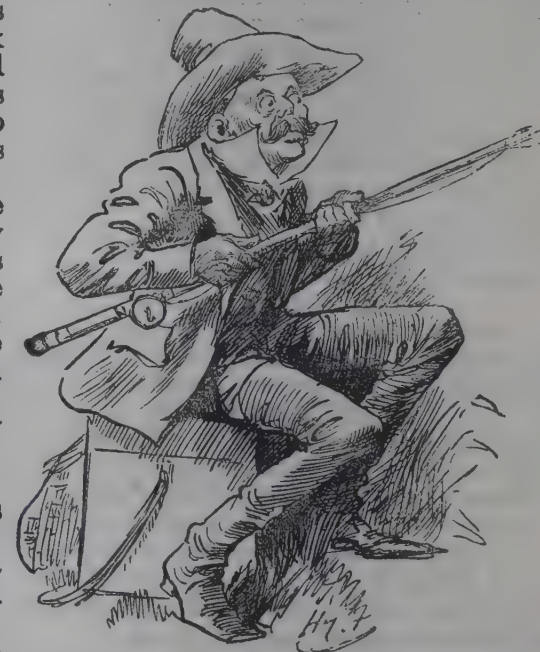
I'm supposed to be fishing, but haven't done much yet. Saw a salmon yesterday, at least I think it was one; hope I'll catch it; Generally do when I'm at home.

Yours,

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

Henley-on-Thames, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY, I wonder if you will be in the House on Monday, or whether you will be tempted by the state of the weather to extend your recess? It is, as you know, the early bird that catches the



last train, and I should be wanting in my duty to the House and the Country if I were to miss it, and so fail to be in my place to greet the SPEAKER on his resuming the Chair.

I do not expect we shall be excessively lively. The disposition to lead to excitable episodes appears to have subsided. What influence upon the assembly my equable presence may have had it is not for me to say; but it is impossible to avoid noting the circumstance. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is not unreasonable to expect, may, to a certain extent, be what, in writing privately to you I may describe, as pumped out by his excursion to the West. My esteemed young friend GRANDOLPH is engaged in what I am given to understand are piscatorial pursuits; CHAPLIN is in a simmering state of content in anticipation of the devolution upon him of newly constituted ministerial functions. Looking around from this quiet retreat in a riparian district, I think I may say that events have a pleasant air of quiescence, and that in the coming weeks we shall have the opportunity of making steady progress with business, which, as far as is consistent with anybody's feelings, is my earnest desire.

Hoping that you have enjoyed the temporary cessation from labour, and will return to what I may perhaps call the workshop refreshed and invigorated, I am, yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH.

There's the division-bell; don't know what the question is, but I shall go and vote. JACOBY sure to be there to show me which Lobby to go into; only, as LAWSON says, one is apt sometimes to get into the wrong box.

"Looking at JACOBY," he says, "one instinctively starts to follow the 'Noes.'" *Business done.*—Supply.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 10.—The bill for this evening at Covent Garden contained *Aida*, set down to be read, or rather sung, at least a third, if not a fourth time. The provisions thoroughly understood, and passed without demur by a full house. Madame VALDA in charge of the title rôle resuming the lead (shared a few nights since with Madame NORDICA), ably supported by Madame SCALCHI. Monsieur JEAN DE RESZKE also made a most effective defence of VERDI's music. Proceedings in every way satisfactory. Her Majesty's Opposition still enjoying the pleasures of the Whitsuntide recess.

Tuesday.—At Covent Garden, *Guillaume Tell*, with Monsieur LASSALLE in the bill, but out of the cast. However, the disappointment might have been greater had not Monsieur SEGUIN supplied his place, at short notice, most efficiently. Monsieur LESTELLIER not so satisfactory. If very great things were expected from this *Mons.*, the result has not been entirely unlike the *ridiculus mus*.

By the way, it is becoming so much the fashion nowadays to allow the *artistes* to select their own language (I fancy Monsieur SEGUIN sang in French this evening), that it would not be half a bad idea to put up *Lucia*, with Miss MCINTYRE in pure Scotch, and the MAC-GUCKIN as *Edgar* (to balance his not having played the Knight of the Swan in *Lohengrin*), in the original Irish *engrin*, in the original Irish

Mixed Italian Opera. Barty M'Guekin, bedad, and Maggie Macintyre "take the flure." of his native land. But to speak once more of *Tell*. Mlle. LITA made rather a mess (some even said a litter, but they were wags, and as such unworthy of respect), of the acting in the part of *Mathilde*. I could not help thinking that her presence in the train of *Gesler* may possibly have had something to do with the unpopularity of that misguided nobleman. The *Barber* leading the Opposition in another place.

Wednesday.—Evening sitting at Covent Garden as an extra night with *Faust* to the fore, and here let me correct a slip of the pen in my report of last week when the matter was also before the house. I then praised M. LASSALLE as an excellent *Mephistopheles*, and however just that praise may have been (for, no doubt whenever the gifted baritone plays the part he plays it thoroughly well), he was not on the occasion in question devilling for anyone, but appearing in *propria personâ* as *Valentine*. It was Monsieur DE RESZKE who assumed the diabolical character, and assumed it very well. To-night we had the same caste *plus* an additional DE RESZKE and WINOGRADOFF and *minus* LASSALLE and TALAZAC. The absence of the latter was not to be regretted, as he was scarcely the sort of *Faust* to captivate the heart of so charming a *Marguerite* as Madame NORDICA. It must have occurred to many present that *Mephistopheles* had given rather short measure in return for *Faust's* blood and bond. The Opposition taking it very easily at Her Majesty's, but promising something with the charm of novelty by GOUNOD for to-morrow.

Thursday.—Again Monsieur LASSALLE away as the leader of the house at Covent Garden, and once more there is an efficient substitute to supply his place. A member of "the talented DAN DRABDIES family" simply excellent as the amatory *Don*, and Madame MARIE VAN ZANDT more than confirms the favourable impression she has created in the *Page* from the *Nozze*. Another absentee in the person of Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER was to have done wonders with that lively individual *Donna Anna*. Instead, we have the MADI, who, after the fashion of her great African namesake, turns up unexpectedly, but (unlike him) most pleasantly. Another alteration of not quite so delightful a character is the appearance of M. LESTELLIER as *Don Ottavio*, when we had been promised Signor MASSIMI. It is of course, rather difficult to say what the Signor would have been like, as he did not appear, but I think he would have been better than the *Mons.*—if he had not, I should have been at once surprised and disappointed. For the rest, the *mise-en-scène* excellent, and the general performance all of the best.

Faust at Her Majesty's Opposition. Politically it has been declared that "the business of an Opposition is to oppose." Lyrically the maxim hardly applies; but Mr. MAPLESON may perhaps claim to have "opposed" the conventional setting of GOUNOD's masterpiece; the performance on Thursday being at least an original one. There was a fair muster on the Opposition benches—or stalls—and the house seemed to approve Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Marguerite*, and Signor PAL O' MINE—I mean PALERMINI—as *Valentino*. Mlle. ZÉLIE was voted bright and tuneful, and no cynical operative TALLEYRAND seemed inclined to protest in this case against *trop de Zélie*!

Saturday.—Foreign affairs attracting the attention of the House. *Romeo et Juliette* produced in French, and our "lively neighbours" consequently put upon the footing of the most favoured nation. Madame MELBA (French, no doubt, for Melbourne) a capital representative of SHAKSPEARE's heroine. Her singing of the waltz in the First Act had but one fault—it provoked the audience to ask for a double *encore*. The Brothers DE RESZKE in great force. Monsieur EDOUARD conducted the marriage service (fully choral) in a manner calculated to cause the profoundest envy in the breast of the most accomplished curate attached to St. George's, Hanover Square; and Brother JEAN "lightened up" the part of *Romeo*, by wearing tights of an eccentric pattern. Chaff apart (as they do not say in the French), both admirable. Smaller parts well filled. Signor CASTELMARY distinguished himself as *Le Duc de Vérone*—this accomplished person is a very good Duke, in spite of his appearance in *Faust* having argued that he was a very poor devil. The whole production (dresses, *mise-en-scène*, everything) worthy of the Poet, the Composer, and the Manager.

Her Majesty's Opposition, to-night, "moved" DONIZETTI, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the majority of a rather thin House voting decidedly "in an affirmative sense." Mlle. GIUSEPPINA GARGANO made a sprightly and melodious *Adina*, and Signor CARACCILOLO a sonorous and Lal-Brough-ish *Dulcamara*; whilst Signor VICINI, whose voice is very pleasing in piano passages, found them to be by no means "passages that lead to nothing," for in *Nemorino's* slightly sentimental Romance, "*Una Furtiva Lagrime*," they led, on this occasion, to a very vigorous *encore*, duly accepted.



"Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Suggestion for a Statue to be erected in the R. I. O. C. G.





L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

1888.

(Great Improvement in Masherly Form.)

1889.

"HAVE A DANCE?"

"M' I HAVE TH' PLEASURE OF A DANCE?"

THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

NASR-ED-DIN *soliloquises* :—

Personally conducted!!! By the Seven Fountains of the Sun, it is one of the accursed innovations of the modern muddle they mis-call Civilisation to which a descendant of DARIUS finds it hard to reconcile himself. Oh, for the Magic Carpet of HOUSSAIN the Persian! When he, setting forth on his travels, "took the road of Samarcande" he was not bothered with such "supporters" as mine. Better the blessed Carpet of Bishnagar than the cheapest and most carefully arranged Cook's Tour!

"His throne was in radiance like the bow of Heaven, upon which, pre-eminent in majesty, he sat without observing the sceptred potentates of the earth more than atoms in the beams of his presence." So the old Persian tale said of a King. *That* was something like. "Good old Persia!"—as a cockney cad would say. The "sceptred potentates of the earth"—confound them!—did then not dare to bother the Shahinshah concerning railway concessions or the free navigation of Persian rivers. Whereas now, between the Bear on one side, and the Lion on the other—but hist!—the brutes will overhear me!

Oh, to be a fine old Persian potentate, one of the olden time! "He fixed the rings of subjection in the ears of Fortune, and made the Spring spreader of the carpets of his pleasure. Time gave the reins of his party-coloured coursers into his hands, and Pride laid the head of obsequiousness upon the threshold of his door of audience." Lovely! INATULLA of Delhi, flowery wert thou in language, but thine ideas of kingliness were decidedly O.K. Then, as INATULLA said, "of all gardens that of rhetoric justly challenged the highest fame." But now, to enter the modern Baar Danesh, or Garden of Knowledge, even NASR-ED-DIN must pass through the portals of forced politeness, on the arm of these rude rival brutes, who, to imitate INATULLA's style, endeavour to hide the greed of carnivorous appetite under the grin of diplomatic dissimulation.

As to the Bear, he is getting unbearable. Smirks like a Nautch-girl, but snubs like a Shah in a tantrum. How affectionately—and paralytically—he grips my arm at this moment! On the whole I

prefer his frank menaces to his sinister caresses. Yet could I have bowstrung him with my own hands when he boastfully and threateningly alluded to his bristling legions and my defenceless borders. Like DAKIANOS in the coils of the serpent, I feel "a shadow of power, an object of impotence."

As to the Lion, he is better-mannered perhaps, but has he better intentions? Keeps a tight hold of my dexter arm as though I were an inebriated Bank-Holiday-maker, and he, what the batter-faced infidels call, I believe, a "Bobby." Quite a little holiday! Yes! Only somehow I feel as if I were being "run in."

That Bishnagar Carpet, now, would obey my orders, and not direct my course. Forty purses were well expended upon its like. Better infinitely than a Special Pulman. As it is, I feel that I am "on the Carpet," in the coarse Western sense. Oh, for the wonder-working aid of the fairy PARI-BANOU to give these intrusive Infidels emphatically and finally "what for!"

No, by the beard of ZOROASTER, were their Buckingham Palace more beauteous than that of PARI-BANOU herself—which it is *not*!—yet would I gladly shirk a second visit thereto did I dare. Nay, even their grand orchestral music—what they call "tuning-up"—and the jocund gyrations of their nimble Nautch-girls—or Gaiety "Choristers"—should not tempt me again into their brumous Babylon, were I but absolute master of Prince HOUSSAIN's Carpet—and of myself. But between Bear and Lion—not to mention the fortuitous wing-flappings and incidental beak-proddings of certain Eagles, one or two-headed—a Shahinshah's life is not a happy one. How happy could I be *without* either! Hah! I begin to think that life would be tolerable—even to an elderly Shah in difficulties, but for its—Holidays!

Tram-car Trammels.

WE are told that the London Tram-car men are kept on their feet some sixteen hours at a stretch. Poor fellows! *Mr. Punch* wonders they stand it, and feels that they—and a sympathetic Public—ought to make a stand against it. Let Public Opinion, as imperatively as the old highwaymen, bid the Monopolists, "Stand and deliver" these poor tram-slaves from their tedious thralldom!



THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

SHAH (*sotto voce*). "RATHER WISH I HADN'T COME!"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VI.—THE CHIVALROUS.

The Singer (who should be a large man, in evening dress, with a crumpled shirt-front) will come on the stage with a bearing intended to convey at first sight that he is a devoted admirer of the fair sex. After removing his crush-hat in an easy manner, and winking airily at the orchestra, he will begin:—

THERE'S enthusiasm brimming in the breasts of all the women,
And they're calling for enfranchisement with clamour eloquent:
When some parties in a huff rage at the plea for Female Suffrage,
I invariably floor them with a simple argu-ment.

Chorus (to be rendered with a winning persuasiveness).

Why shouldn't the darlings have votes? de-ar things!

On politics each of 'em dotes, de-ar things!

(Pathetically.) Oh, it does seem so hard

They should all be debarred,

'Cause they happen to wear petticoats, de-ar things!

Nature all the hens to crow meant, I could prove it in a moment,
Though they've selfishly been silenced by the cockadoodle-does.
But no man of sense afraid is of enfranchising the Ladies.

(Magnanimously.) Let 'em put their pretty fingers into any pie
they choose!

Spoken—For— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They would cease to care for dresses, if we made them elec-tresses,
No more time they'd spend on needlework, nor at pianos strum;
Every dainty little Dorcas would be sitting on a Caucus,
Busy wire-pulling to produce the New Millenni-um!

Spoken—Oh! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

In the House we'll see them sitting soon, it will be only fitting.

They should have an opportunity their country's laws to frame.

And the Ladies' legislation will be sure to cause sensation,

For they'll do away with everything that seems to them a shame!

Spoken—Then— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They will promptly clap a stopper on whate'er they deem improper,
Put an end to vaccination, landed property, and pubs;

And they'll fine TOM, DICK, and HARRY, if they don't look sharp
and marry,

And for Kindergartens confiscate those nasty horrid Clubs!

Spoken—Ah! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They'll declare it's quite immoral to engage in foreign quarrel,
And that Britons never never will be warriors any more!
When our forces are abolished, and defences all demolished,
They will turn upon the Jingo tack, and want to go to war!

Spoken—So— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

(With a grieved air.) Yet there's some who'd close such vistas to
their poor down-trodden sisters,

And persuade 'em, if they're offered votes, politely to refuse!

Say they do not care about 'em, and would rather be without 'em—

Oh, I haven't common patience with such narrer-minded views!

Spoken—No! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

And it's females—that's the puzzle!—who petition for the muzzle,
Which I call it poor and paltry, and I think you'll say so too.

They are not in any danger. Let 'em drop the dog-in-manger!

If they don't require the vote themselves, there's other Ladies do!

Spoken—And— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

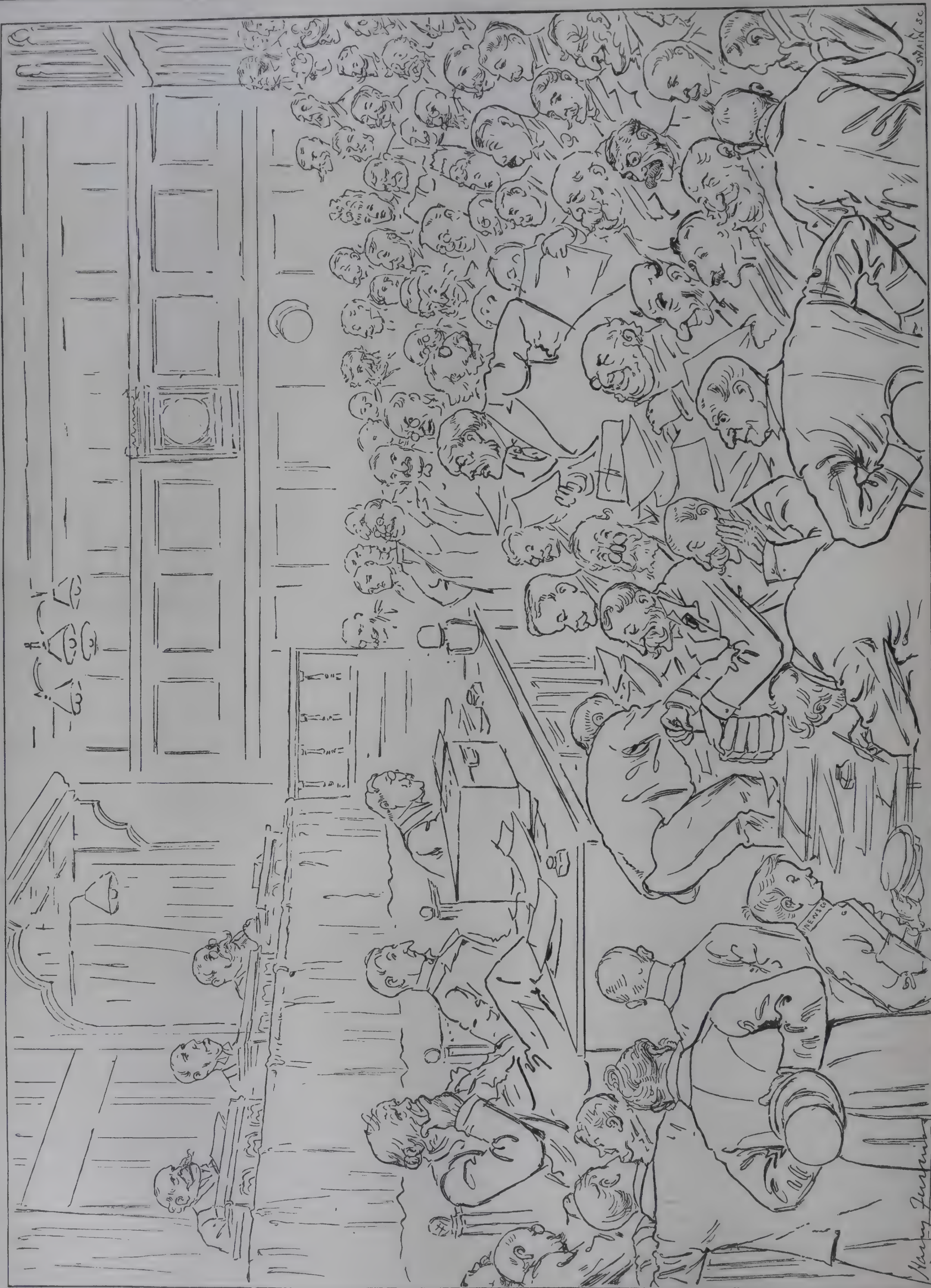
[Here the Singer will gradually retreat backwards to the rear of the stage, open his crush-hat, and extend it in an attitude of triumph as the Curtain descends.]

"THE case in a nutshell"—or at least, if a nutshell may be considered as a hat, in a hat-box. In the Bishop of LINCOLN's prosecution, it was thought that the decision in the BENNETT case would be of some weight. One objection to this was, that in future the two would be quoted as "The Lincoln and Bennett" cases, and so cause some confusion.

FROM THE DISESTABLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.—The modern JONAH is the English Church in Wales.

"STRIKES ON HIS OWN BOX."—The Paris Cabman.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 71.



THE JOCKEY CLUB IN COURT.

PERSIAN PUZZLES. (WAITING SOLUTION.)

How will they manage to land the SHAH at the Speaker's Stairs? How will they get him there? Will they smuggle him on board at Greenwich, and bring him in a Penny Steamboat, or leave it in the hands of the River Police?

Will he and his *suite* of seventy-three attendants be conveyed by the London General Omnibus Company, and escorted by the Royal Horse Guards Band to Buckingham Palace? Will the stair-carpet of that establishment all be taken up, fresh straw spread on the floors of the State rooms, and the furniture covered up, so as to suit it to the Oriental habits of its temporary occupants?

Will the Director of the Household supply the SHAH and *suite*, pending their stay, with free admissions to the Baths and Washhouses in the Buckingham Palace Road?

Will His Majesty be suffered to make his toilette in the State drawing-room, and wipe his muddy boots on the blue satin damask of the over-mantel?

Will he, when he lunches with the LORD MAYOR, present him with the stalks of his asparagus and expect him to eat them?

Will he insist on bestowing the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pink Hyæna on M. TUSSAUD?

Will he, during his visit to Covent Garden, send for Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and, offering to buy the entire *Corps de Ballet* of him, expect him to cart it off to Buckingham Palace as it stands?

Will the Crystal Palace Company secure him on a Saturday, and making a feature of him, together with "fountains and fireworks," manage, by the joint attraction, to score a decent financial success.

Will the rival institution at Muswell Hill be able to persuade him to go up in a Balloon and descend in a Parachute before the admiring thousands who congregate there daily to witness such performances.

Who will look after the SHAH when the public Showmen have done with him?

What on earth will Lord SALISBURY do with him for the two days that he is going to entertain him at Hatfield? How will he try to counteract the effect of the CZAR's alleged threat of the "hundred thousand bayonets"? Will he button-hole the SHAH, and do his best to allay his fears at a Garden Party? Will he try to pacify him by making him an Honorary Grand Knight Outsider of the Primrose League? Or, will he endeavour to impress him by showing him his poultry and pigs? If not, will the Duke of NORFOLK, who is to have him next, be likely to improve on the occasion?

Failing this, who will be able to provide a programme of excitement, change, and sight-seeing that will last his surfeited Majesty out the entire three weeks he purposes devoting to his inquiring stay among us?

Blissful Ignorance.

"It may be doubted whether one person in ten thousand who read what was written (last week in the papers) knew anything about BRUNO at all."—*Saturday Review*, June 15.

WHO WAS GIORDANO BRUNO?

I don't know, I own. Do *you* know?

Who or what he was but few know;

Fewer still, and this I do know,

Care one cuss for this same BRUNO.

HOOK AND LINE.

HAPPY Thought of the Great Eastern Railway Company to issue little pamphlets containing lists of houses and cottages to let along their line, also farm-house apartments, with names of owners, number of rooms, terms, &c. Delightful associations conjured up by the words "farmhouse apartments"—better still, if they could keep the good old title of "lodgings"! Home-made bread! Pure milk! Fresh eggs! *And* fresh air! *And* purling (why "purling"?) streams! *And* daisied and buttercupped meadows! All you have to do is to get your pamphlet, and take your choice—of houses. The list is a long one—you enter the lists, and you're suited at once! Then the G. E. R. also publishes little descriptive leaflets of the districts it runs through—the Valley of the Stour, for instance, which of course helps the tourist greatly in fixing on his s-tour! He will probably sing, "Mine be a cot beside the Great Eastern Railway Line," and thank the Directors for directing his attention to this crowd of would-be letters—this rural "letter-press"!



SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"—"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-'OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

YANKEE NOTIONS.

(New Version composed by a Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, during the visit of the American Engineers to London on their way to the Paris Exhibition.)

WE have come across the sea from America the free,

And we guess it is to see how you are, JOHN BULL.

We'd a notion that your bridges matched with ours were much like midges,

When compared with a big bufler or a bar, JOHN BULL.

We have enterprise and nous, and a hundred and fifty thousand

Miles of railway, and the Washington monument, JOHN BULL,

But we've seen in your small clearing some big works of engineering,

And a very jolly time of it we've spent, JOHN BULL.

We have seen the Mersey Tunnel, 'tis a tidy little funnel;

The Manchester Ship Canal, and Bridge of Forth, JOHN BULL.

And we find the land of SMEATON not so easily is beaten.

We have travelled East and West, and South and North, JOHN BULL.

In your skill we've grown believers, and those Forth-Bridge cantilevers

Lick the topping towers of Washington and Eiffel, JOHN BULL.

And now we would say thankee on behalf of every Yankee

Who has had your hospitality, no trifle, JOHN BULL.

At the Guildhall Banquet truly every toast was honoured duly,

And the Yankee Engineers received a bumper, JOHN BULL.

The old "Star-spangled Banner," sung by FRYER in a manner

All his own, made every Yankee heart a thumper, JOHN BULL.

It seemed to float right o'er us as we all joined in the chorus,

And drank the loving cup in Civic style, JOHN BULL.

Well, and here's three hearty cheers for Old England's Engineers,

Who make the best of your queer little isle, JOHN BULL.

'Tisn't long, 'tis rayther narrow, but LAIRD, BESSEMER, and YARROW,

With ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, MAUDSLAY, FORD, and RENNIE, JOHN BULL,

And others quite as clever use their very best endeavour

To make their little land as good as any, JOHN BULL.

We must presently go back, and when on the homeward track

The results of our excursion we shall tot, JOHN BULL,

And shall find ourselves agreeing we have seen some things worth seeing

In the land of TELFORD, STEPHENSON, and WATT, JOHN BULL.



THE AUTOMATIC POLICEMAN.

PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND HE STOPS THE TRAFFIC.

A PACIFIC LAY.

"The American Consul in the Society Islands, Consul DOTY, has just married the beautiful but dusky Princess POLONA."—*Daily Paper*.

MR. DOTY was an enterprising Yankee,

An aggressive, imperious, go-ahead sort of cuss;

In New York he frequently became rather moody (but not particularly SANKEY),
Because the place offered no scope to his undoubted geni-us.



He said to himself, "I am in rather a ticklish position,
If I stay here, I may be driven to some desperate deed;

I may become a murderer—or even a politician,
Though naturally to the son of scrupulously honest parents (that's me) the latter possibility is horrible to contemplate, unless one were in absolute need."

So Mr. DOTY went off to the White House, and asked for a berth,

Although, having already been born once, it was rather unfair of him to expect to have it all over again;

He got one, however, as a Consul at the ends of the [earth;

And, having a good eye to the main chance, he determined to chance the perils of the main.

He arrived at the Society Islands in perfect safety,

And seeing a comely Princess, bethought himself of a Safety Match!

"As an American Consul," he soliloquised with remarkable naïveté,

"I have a right to some Consul-ation, and I fancy I'm rather a catch."

The wooing was short, in accordance with the habits of the nation,

For Consul DOTY just told the King he doted on his Burnt-Um-berish girl;

And his Majesty treated the matter as an official communication,

And regretted that all the dowry he could afford was one exceptionally fine pearl.

So, married they were; but the Bridegroom thought he had been a trifle hasty,

When his Father-in-law explained the usual rites where a cannibal Princess is wed;

And Princess POLONA herself boxed his ears in the vestry,

Because he had not provided some plump relations (cold) for the nuptial spread.

However, they served up his best man (a Yankee friend) as a tasty side-dish,

And the Princess's "going-away dress" was exclusively composed of the teeth of some lively sharks,
And when the Consul succeeds to the kingship of the Cannibal Islands—if such be his wish—

He may be more inclined than he is at present to think that his alliance with the beautiful but carnivorous Princess POLONA was rather larks!

"LE FOOTE-BALLE."

Offices of the Athletic Convention, Paris.

MONSIEUR,—HAVING already expressed my views as to the capabilities possessed by "Le Cricquette" for becoming a national game worthy the attention of the young sporting gentlemen of our modern France, I now turn me to the consideration of your "Foote-Balle."

I have examined the apparatus for the play you have so kindly sent over,—the great leathern bag of wind which is kicked, "*les Goalpoles*," and the regulations for the playing of the game, and have seen your fifteen professional County "kicksmen" engage,—I shudder as I recall the terrible sight,—in a contest, horrible, murderous, and demoniacal, with an equal number of my unhappy compatriots, alas! in their enthusiasm and *élan*, ignorant of the deadly struggle that awaited them in the game in which they were about innocently to join. To witness the savage rush of your professional kicksmen was terrifying, and when, in displaying "*le scrimmage*," they scattered, with the kicks of their legs, my fainting compatriots, who fell lamed and wounded in all directions, I said to myself, this "Foote-Balle" is not a pastime, it is an encounter of wild beasts, "*un vrai carnage*," fit to be played, not by civilised sporting gentlemen, but by cannibals.

But let me explain that it is not the kick to which I object, for is not *le coup de pied* the national defence of France? Indeed, in your own fist contest in "Le Boxe-Match," is not to deliver a kick in the jaw of your antagonist considered a meritorious *coup*, showing great skill in the boxe-man? And do not our own *garçons de collège* kick a *confrère* when he is "down," and point to the circumstance with a legitimate pride and satisfaction? No, it is not *le coup de pied* which makes horrible "Le Foote-Balle," but the conspiracy organised of the kicksmen—*Les Demidos* (the 'alf-backs), *Les En Avants* (the Forwards), and the "Goal-keepers"—all to kick the leathern bag of wind at once, and so produce a murderous *mêlée*, in which arms, legs, ribs, thighs, necks, and spines are all broken together, and may be heard simultaneously cracking by any of the terror-struck but helpless spectators who are watching the ghastly contest.

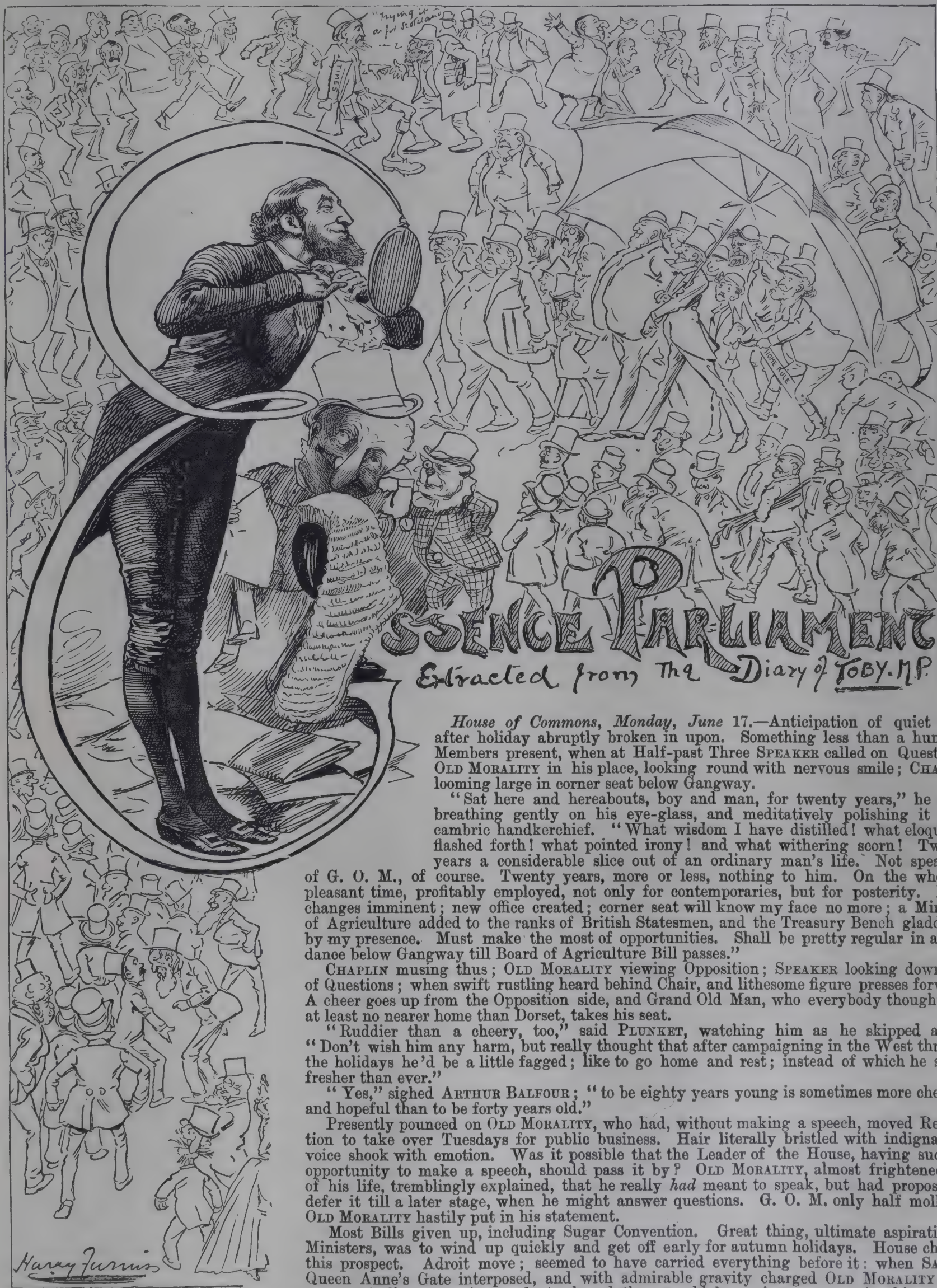
Viewing the game under this aspect, you will not be surprised to hear that my Committee have, as they did in dealing with "Le Cricquette" revised the rules and regulations for the playing of your "Foote-Balle," so as to suit it to the tastes and requirements of the rising generation of our Modern France. I cannot at present furnish you with full details of the suggested modifications, but I may inform you that it has been unanimously decided that the "Balle," which is to be of "some light, airy, floating material, and three times its present size," is not to be touched by the foot at all, but struck lightly by the palm of the hand, and thus wafted harmlessly, with a smart smack, over the heads of the combatants.

As to costume, the game is to be played in white satin bed-room slippers, with (as a protection in the event, spite every possible precaution, of "*le scrimmage*" arising) feather pillows strapped over the knees and chest. It is calculated by our Committee that the savage proclivities of the game, as fostered by the terrible rules of your murderous "Rugby Association," will be thus, in some measure, counteracted.

Hoping soon to hear from you on the subject of your *Courses d'Eau*, as I shall doubtless have some suggestions to make in reference to the conduct of your aquatic contests, receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY TO THE CONGRESS.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A song, called "*Though Wisdom Bids Me Forget*," by H. KLEIN, is effective if, on being asked, you can sing it; if not, "D. Klein with thanks."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

Extracted from The Diary of TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—Anticipation of quiet time after holiday abruptly broken in upon. Something less than a hundred Members present, when at Half-past Three SPEAKER called on Questions. OLD MORALITY in his place, looking round with nervous smile; CHAPLIN looming large in corner seat below Gangway.

"Sat here and hereabouts, boy and man, for twenty years," he said, breathing gently on his eye-glass, and meditatively polishing it with cambric handkerchief. "What wisdom I have distilled! what eloquence flashed forth! what pointed irony! and what withering scorn! Twenty years a considerable slice out of an ordinary man's life. Not speaking

of G. O. M., of course. Twenty years, more or less, nothing to him. On the whole, a pleasant time, profitably employed, not only for contemporaries, but for posterity. Now, changes imminent; new office created; corner seat will know my face no more; a Minister of Agriculture added to the ranks of British Statesmen, and the Treasury Bench gladdened by my presence. Must make the most of opportunities. Shall be pretty regular in attendance below Gangway till Board of Agriculture Bill passes."

CHAPLIN musing thus; OLD MORALITY viewing Opposition; SPEAKER looking down list of Questions; when swift rustling heard behind Chair, and lithesome figure presses forward. A cheer goes up from the Opposition side, and Grand Old Man, who everybody thought was at least no nearer home than Dorset, takes his seat.

"Ruddier than a cheery, too," said PLUNKET, watching him as he skipped along. "Don't wish him any harm, but really thought that after campaigning in the West through the holidays he'd be a little fagged; like to go home and rest; instead of which he seems fresher than ever."

"Yes," sighed ARTHUR BALFOUR; "to be eighty years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Presently pounced on OLD MORALITY, who had, without making a speech, moved Resolution to take over Tuesdays for public business. Hair literally bristled with indignation; voice shook with emotion. Was it possible that the Leader of the House, having such an opportunity to make a speech, should pass it by? OLD MORALITY, almost frightened out of his life, tremblingly explained, that he really *had* meant to speak, but had proposed to defer it till a later stage, when he might answer questions. G. O. M. only half mollified. OLD MORALITY hastily put in his statement.

Most Bills given up, including Sugar Convention. Great thing, ultimate aspiration of Ministers, was to wind up quickly and get off early for autumn holidays. House cheered this prospect. Adroit move; seemed to have carried everything before it: when SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and with admirable gravity charged OLD MORALITY with systematically aggressive conduct; hoped there would be an improvement in this respect. OLD MORALITY, at first thought this was a joke, and smiled his genial smile. But no

responsive flicker of amusement on faces round him. All looked grave, sad, reproachful. Smile after few ghastly flickers, died off OLD MORALITY's face. Was it true? Could it be so, that he had shown himself aggressive, bullying the House, trampling on the rights of private Members, scaring his colleagues with scathing glances? He bent his head in acknowledgment of the crime, resolved to fight against his besetting sin. *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—Miraculous effect of waving of OLD MORALITY's magic wand. His masterly speech of yesterday has overcome all opposition, smoothed away all acerbity, brought about a political Millennium.

"Talk about squeezing oil out of bladders on to the stormy seas," said Admiral FIELD "it's nothing to our great Captain's operations.



The Admiral.

I'm an old Salt of many years pickle. Suppose I may say that I'm the best stage sailor in the House, more rollicking in my gait, more familiarly uncouth in my speech, and more generally a nuisance than any other retired Admiral. Feel I've a right to speak on this as on any other matter, and I will say that, for a regular storm-soother, a patent dead-calm producer, pipe all hands aloft and give me OLD MORALITY!"

More point than usual in Admiral's remarks. House evidently made up its mind to wind up business, and get ready to make holiday with the SHAH. GRANDOLPH, who was to have smashed GEORGIE HAMILTON in Committee, salmon-fishing in the Champs Elysées; CHARLIE BERESFORD still aboard the lighthouse; even the austere spirit of SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate subdued. Votes put and passed without controversy; thousands piled on tens of thousands, and millions on millions.

By Half-past Ten the last Vote for the year in Navy Estimates agreed to. Everyone makes believe it is in ordinary course of things; not even a cheer raised. Then Fleet retires; British Army assembles on the strand, and STANHOPE moves successive Votes. The Colonels prove as docile as the Admirals; Vote after Vote passed; only when midnight hour strikes, Committee pulled up, having done more work in a single sitting than accomplished in the whole of twenty-nine nights previously spent in Committee.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Thursday.—GEORGE CAMPBELL managed to give a filip to Debate on Scotch Universities Bill. Didn't look as if anyone could do it; but GEORGE, taking counsel with Dr. CLARK, managed it. Debate been on for several hours. Scot succeeded Scot with regularity and despatch. English, Welsh, and Irish Members fled the scene. It was Home Rule realised; Scotch Parliament debating a Scotch measure. JOSEPH GILLIS, whose judicial engagements keep him in town, hovered around the back benches, casting benevolent regard upon the scene. Particularly enjoyed the bored look of the Clerks, and the lassitude against which SPEAKER bravely struggled. When five or six Members rose together, competing for precedence, JOSEPH's smile broadened, and his eye took on a deeper mist of tenderness as it fell upon the four or five who missed the chance and resumed seat with woebegone look. After a while the pleasure palled, and JOSEPH lightly withdrew, to return again at midnight and see that no one by accident got his Bill advanced a stage.

CAMPBELL and CLARK each had speech to make. Rose with great regularity when opening presented itself. SPEAKER didn't see them. "Oh! very well!" said the KNIGHT of KIRCALDY, "the time will come when you shall hear me."

LYON PLAYFAIR, finding an opening, grew quite eloquent. "The lion rampant o' Scotland," said he, "has been standing on its hind legs, pawing the air." Curious to note how involuntarily the orator, extending his hands, imitated gesture of the nobler beast.

At midnight Professor STUART on his legs, "commenting with satisfaction on the clauses for affiliation with local institutions with the Universities." Only ten minutes left. OLD MORALITY sent for; hurriedly enters; planted himself on extreme edge of Bench, with hands on knees and eye on the clock; familiar attitude, ready to pounce. STUART, catching sight of him, brought remarks to sudden conclusion. Five minutes to twelve, and still time to divide. Then uprose KNIGHT of KIRCALDY and moved adjournment of Debate. Cry of despair from Ministerial Benches. OLD MORALITY's emotion pitiful to look on. Just missed his chance. If he moved that "the question be now put," "the question" would be, not that Bill be read a Second Time, but that Debate be now adjourned. Appealed to KNIGHT to withdraw. CLARK said "No." He and KNIGHT would die first. Question put, that Debate be now adjourned; the KNIGHT relented; did not challenge SPEAKER's decision that Noes had it.

Therefore Debate might proceed. CLARK rose to continue it. Only two minutes to twelve. If he spoke for two minutes Debate necessarily stands adjourned. Critical moment. OLD MORALITY, trembling with excitement, rose to its height. Almost tumbling off edge of seat, he pounced. Closure was carried, with sixty seconds to spare, and, just on the stroke of Midnight, Bill read Second Time.

"These are mad moments," said OLD MORALITY, as he passed the LORD ADVOCATE's handkerchief over his moist and massive brow, "that make old men of us before our due time."

Business done.—Scotch University Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—Ireland once more burst in at Evening Sitting. Introduced by JOHN ELLIS. House went back to old topic like reformed drunkard breaking out again. Benches filled; eyes brightened; faces flushed; cheers and counter-cheers filled place. Grand Old Man looked in, spoiling for a fight. Up half-a-dozen times whilst SAUNDERSON speaking. But no chance for Old Parliamentary Hand. ARTHUR BALFOUR driven into last half hour of sitting; JOHN MORLEY crushed out altogether; CLANCY delivered tremendous oration; SAUNDERSON lashed out in fine form. Then WIND-BAG SEXTON took the floor, and all was lost. Stretched himself and his speech over Half-past Twelve. *Business done.*—More Supply.

SOLDIERING AT ISLINGTON.

THREE more days of the Military Tournament! Charming sight at Merry Military Islington. Go and see the musical single-stick drill by the boys of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. Not a single stick among them. What a good idea for rehearsing dull actors? The "Single-stick Drill" eh? The Prince of WALES's own Lancers—Dancers are as good as ever, and their musical ride is one of the prettiest sights of the Show. So for the Gallant Heavies on their magnificent chargers. The musical dumb-bell Sailor Boys Drill is a fine sight. How the exercise opens their sea-chests! And then to see them marching home gaily sucking oranges! "The Tug of War," is exciting. This is a part of the entertainment calculated to attract all Etonians, and I wonder your friend Mr. DUMB CRAMBO hasn't drawn a youthful Eton Colleger squaring up at an Oppidan to illustrate "The 'Tug' of War."

The Grand Finale of laying down a river, starting a couple of banks—quite secure, and offering facilities for military investment—of making a bridge in less than five minutes, of bivouacking, of firing, fighting, killing, wounding, mending, marring, storming and



"The Camels are coming! On quick! On slow!"

capturing the fort, is admirably done. This portion of the show, with the additional novelty of a specimen of the Camel Corps, is under the command of Colonel ONSLOW, the Inspector of Military Gymnasias, who has done so much to give an impulse to useful and entertaining work. Then, when the battle is over, to see them pack up, demolish the bridge, pull up the river (without any boat! quite a marvel in itself), carry off the wounded, and ride and drive away as blithe as thrushes in the early morn, sends all the spectators away contented, except such as choose to stop for the lemon-slicing and ring-sticking for prizes. Perhaps ere this appears the German Dogs of War will be on view. In speed they excel bicyclists and horses, and are trained to fetch and carry despatches. Retrievers capable of retrieving the ill fortunes of war. Ah, que j'aime les Militaires! And long life to Major MARCUS TULLIUS, the courteous and obliging Cicerone.

THE ANGEL OF ISLINGTON.



"SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 17.—Covent Garden devoted to the Home Department in *Lohengrin*. Scotland and Ireland represented by the O'BARTON MCGUCKIN, and the Colonies generally by Madame ALBANI, the "Tenor from the Emerald Isle" playing with just the least touch of vinegar in the title rôle. The O'BARTON makes *Lohengrin* a much sharper Knight than the gentleman usually represented by M. JEAN DE RESZKE. As he sings in Italian, those who do not understand that delightful language, and are too mean to purchase "a book of the words," can imagine that he is saying "just thread on the tail of me coat," in Act I. Madame ALBANI as delightful as ever, and the real trees introduced in the "exteriors" flourishing. No Opposition to speak of (or to listen to) at Her Majesty's.

Tuesday.—Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER, promised for last week, makes her first appearance under the banner of DRURIOLANUS in *Valentine*. The young lady scores a success, although only a daring wag would declare that her name should not be abbreviated, as there AN TONI like her. *Mise-en-scène* excellent, and real trees from Epping Forest, in spite of their late hours' work, as fresh as Epping butter. Her Majesty's Opposition, determined to have one good night of something really novel, produces the *Trovatore*. *Manrico*, represented

by Mr. WARMUTH. In Music Hall slang, "WARMUTH is a 'hot' 'un." He beginneth coolly, but Warmuth to his work.

Thursday.—Mr. HARRIS's Government supports the second reading of Italian Opera in French. *Roméo et Juliette* Bill cut up into several Acts. M. MONTARIOL as good-natured as ever. Last week this talented person sang the music of a minor character "to oblige the management;" now he is announced to have "kindly consented to play *Tybalt*, although not a leading part, in order to assist in making a perfect ensemble." DE RESZKÉ FRÈRES engaged in the like endeavour. Same pleasant task undertaken by M. SEGUIN, and that perfect Duke, Signor CASTELMARY. Madame MELBA-MELBOURNE also doing her best to carry out a similar object. Last and not least, real trees from Epping Forest kindly lending their valuable services by appearing in the Garden Scene, thus obliging the management, and assisting in making a perfect ensemble. House crowded with an audience at once discriminating and enthusiastic. *Her Majesty's Opposition.*—Low-price Policy Bill brought in.

MON SHAH, CHAR-MANT.

SIR,—Now that the SHAH is on his road to our shores, it has occurred to some one to remember the condition in which Buckingham Palace was left after his last visit. To say the least, the recollection is not a pleasant one, and can scarcely afford gratification to Lord SALISBURY, the Duke of NORFOLK, and the other obliging and patriotic persons who have been so good as to promise to "look after" his barbaric Majesty from "a Saturday to a Monday." It is, perhaps, not too late even now to make some slight alteration in the programme which would at once protect the Royal property, and sensibly increase the comfort of the swarthy Sovereign and his eccentric suite. To assist the Authorities (if they are willing to adopt this idea), I beg to suggest the following time-table:—

10 A.M. Grand reception of the SHAH and suite in the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

11 A.M. State practical joke of upsetting His Majesty and suite into the ornamental water.

12 NOON. Great drying competition in the sun on the top of an artificial hill, in which His Majesty and Court will be invited to take part.

1 P.M. State visit of inspection of the SHAH, attended by his Grand Vizier, to the coal-cellars of Buckingham Palace.

2 P.M. Royal banquet. Specially prepared luxuries for the SHAH and suite, served in an empty wine vault.

3 P.M. Prize-fight in a retired part of the pleasure-grounds, at which the Persian visitors will assist in honour of His Majesty.

4 P.M. Siesta (in the loose-boxes of the Royal stables) of the SHAH and Persian Court.

5 P.M. "Five o'clock bones" served in the same place.

6 P.M. Visit to Spanish Exhibition, where the Wild West Enclosure will be reserved as a retiring-room for the Persian visitors.

7 P.M. Fireworks and a Bull-fight, subject to the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

8 P.M. "Row-how-whack," or State Quarrel, in which members of the Persian Court will take part.

9 P.M. The SHAH, escorted by a squadron of Horse Guards (Blue), will be conveyed to his State Apartments in the Zoological Gardens.

10 P.M. His Majesty will take dinner in the presence of the British Public.

They say His Majesty has much improved since he was last here, so this change of programme may not be so necessary as at present it appears to yours, "SWEET LAVENDER."



ARISTOCRACIES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SCENE—An Island in British Oceania. TIME—1989.

His Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein. "ACH! MISS PROWN—IN YOUR LÔFLY BRESENCE I FORKET MY ZIXTY-VOUR KVARTERINGS. I LAY MY DITLE AT YOUR VEET. BITTE! PECOME ZE CRANT TOCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN!"

Miss Brown. "YOUR HIGHNESS ALSO FORGETS THAT I HAVE SIXTY-FOUR QUARTERINGS!"

His Highness. "ACH! HOW IS DAT, MISS PROWN?"

Miss Brown. "WHY, MY FATHER AND MOTHER, MY FOUR GRANDPARENTS, MY EIGHT GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, MY SIXTEEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, AND MY THIRTY-TWO GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, WERE ALL CERTIFIED OVER SIX FOOT SIX INCHES, PERFECT IN FORM AND FEATURE, AND WITH HEALTH AND MINDS AND MANNERS TO MATCH, OR THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO MARRY. AND THOUGH I'M THE SHORTEST AND PLAINEST GIRL IN THE COLONY, I SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO MARRY ANYONE SO VERY MUCH BENEATH MYSELF AS YOUR HIGHNESS!"

TAKING IT EASY.

HENLEY, 1889.

S-L-SB-RY (in stern-sheets) sings:—

REALLY, WILLIAM HENRY, this *is* placid.
DIZZY'S "holy calm" was hardly in it.
In his smile there lurked a sneer sub-acid,
But *this* calm grows calmer every minute.
Pouf! The breeze will hardly fill the sheet.
Just a brisker puff would be more bracing.
Henley time; but nothing that we meet
Speaks of racing.

"Greenlands," SMITH, is really most delightful;

Quite a jolly place for the Regatta.
Here we can forget the shindy frightful
Of the friends and foes of restless PAT. Ah!
GLADSTONE has a funny way of spending
Holidays. He Cornwall stumps, and Devon.
Purgatory sure is speech unending;
This is heaven!

With the wind, and with a stream that's
flowing, [sion],
(GLADSTONE fancies that's *his* sole posses-
This, indeed, is pleasant, easy going.
Look ahead, SMITH! What is your im-
pression?

Far as *I* can see, the way before us
Is as clear as are the skies above us.
Whilst our friends ashore, in cheery chorus,
Swear they love us.

Where are now the boats that blocked our
course? [scamper?]
Where the tow-path imps that howl and
On we waft, with wind of gentle force,
With a flowing sheet and a full hamper.
Souging winds soft whisper through the
trees,
By our boat the wavelets lap and bubble,
All is happiness and hopeful ease,
Void of trouble.

The preliminary heats are done,
All portends an unopposed "walk over."
Don't you feel, SMITH, that this life is fun?
Don't you own, my lad, that we're in
clover?
Don't you think this calm, of menace void,
Free of all the row the Rads were hoping
for,
This sweet time of joyance unalloyed,
Was worth stopping for?

THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET. — An op-
posite to "Base Ball."

A LAUREATE'S PROTEST.

Uttered on reading an account of a recent Auction
Sale.

BEHOLD, they will dare anything!
They'll sell my friendship by the yard,
And count the bargain none too hard,
Provided it but profit bring!

So runs my say! But what are they?
Mere wretched hucksters, making light
Of authorship's unchallenged right!
Their one idea—to make it pay!

NICE DOG THAT.—Last Saturday the *Daily Telegraph*, giving an account of a burglary at Wanstead, told how plucky young Mr. DENMAN let loose the dog and entered the dining-room, where two burglars were at work. One of them bolted. Mr. DENMAN went for the other, calling upon the dog to seize him. But the dog quietly turned tail and "trotted out of the room." We present this wonderful instance of sagacity to the *Spectator*. The reason for the dog's movements will probably be best explained in one Latin word, which gives at once the question and answer; i.e., "Cur?"

PARIS WELCOMING MR. PUNCH.

(Allegorical Cartoon.)





MR. PUNCH IN PARIS.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

"Il faut absolument faire quelque chose," wrote M. le Président CARNOT to the Universal President PUNCH, "ou la grève va tout gâter, et l'Exposition ratra. Notre bon M. DE BL-W-TZ n'est pour rien dans cette crise, et ce cher C-MPB-LL-CL-RKE, 'de la plus grande circulation du monde,' a naturellement son équipage à lui, par conséquent cette grève ne l'incommode en aucune façon,—au contraire, il n'en circule que plus grandement dans les rues désencombrées de fiacres. Et moi,—hélas!—est-ce que ma présidence va se signaler par un fiasco, comme celle de mon prédécesseur GRÈVE-Y?"

"I must stop this," said Mr. Punch, Universal President of Art, Science, Letters, and, raising his silver ink-horn to his lips, he sent forth one circular note, clear and distinct. In obedient response to the summons, fourteen Cabinet Councillors stood round the Presidential Chair.

"Ten of you will accompany me to Paris," said Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P., has Parliamentary duties to attend to." Toby howled piteously.

"Cheer up, TOBY," whispered The Great Unapproachable Cartoonist, "you are out of it, but so, unfortunately, am I. Yet you shall be in my allegorical Cartoon, representing the triumphal entry of Mr. Punch into the French capital."

AT VICTORIA.

The Regiment of Guards was drawn up, and all the veterans of the Line (L. C. & D.) were in gala uniform, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Punch, who was accompanied by Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C. of Grub Court, The Private Orator. The Treasurer, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, The Marquis D'AMPSTEAD, The Philosophic Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, The Reciter, and The Genial One. The Chairman and Directors

walked in procession to the State Saloon Carriage; and Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, of the L. C. & D. Foreign Office, to whom the perfection of all the arrangements is due, overcome with emotion, fainted in the arms of Mister Chief Station-Superintendent MATTHEWS, as amid the joyous peals of bells and the letting off of the Royal steam-whistle-salute, the train slowly left the platform, Mr. Punch waving his adieux to the enthusiastic crowd.



EXCITEMENT AT DOVER.

Weather lovely. On board the *New Calais-Douvres* Mr. Punch was received by all the L. C. & D. officials in full uniform, and shown into the State Cabin. Here a Deputation of the Ladies of England presented an Address and a magnificent bouquet. Then the Private Orator returned thanks in a speech which would have been ever memorable as one of the finest efforts in the English language, had not Mr. Punch, to whom punctuality is of the essence of politeness, ordered the *clôture* bell to be sounded, when the Deputation withdrew as quickly as possible, and the Orator was taken below.

THE SCENE AT CALAIS.

Here the enthusiasm was indescribable. All along the quays, the jetties, and everywhere about the harbour, the crowd was drinking a "*Punch d'honneur*." Captain BLOMFIELD, of the L. C. & D. Navy, presented the courteous *Chéf-de-gare*, the principal officials, and the French representative of ROBERT the Waiter, who in turn presented the luncheon, on its arrival.

assembled, when Mr. Punch, unwilling to detain the train, expressed his wish to proceed.

"But, Sir," protested the Private Orator, "my address"—"Is on your luggage," said Mr. Punch, benignly; "it will be taken as read."

REJOICINGS IN PARIS! LA FIN DE LA GRÈVE!

Mr. President PUNCH's progress had been one long triumph all along the line. His entry into Paris was an event the like of which, for simple and touching grandeur, has not been seen within the memory of man. The *Cochers*, all out to a man, beamed with joy, cracked their whips and sides with laughing. *Largesse* and *pourboires* everywhere.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

Here The Baron BLUM, and all the Chiefs of the Service, with band and chorus, received Mr. Punch in the courtyard. After a short speech from the Private Orator, Mr. Punch was conducted to the State Apartments, specially reserved for him and five of his *suite*. The remainder were taken to



EN ROUTE. MR. PUNCH AT LUNCH.

TOUCHING CEREMONY.

It was here that TOBY, M.P., wearing his collar, for it was a "Collar Day," most reluctantly took leave of his kind master and the luncheon, which he eyed wistfully.

"Sorry we cannot take you with us, Toby," said Mr. Punch, "but you must stay at home and mind 'The House.' You can have some chicken and a little *Beaune* at the Buffet. Your barque is on the sea. Love to all at Westminster. *Au revoir!*"

EN ROUTE.

"Better a luncheon *ong root*, and contentment therewith," began the Marquis D'AMPSTEAD, forgetful for the moment of the presence of the President, who at once, raising his glass, drank to "absent friends." ROBERT le Français did wonders with an apparently inexhaustible basket. It was an entertainment equal to anything of another ROBERT'S—ROBERT HOUDIN—only infinitely more substantial.

RECEPTION AT AMIENS.

When ROBERT with his trick-basket descended from the train, Mr. Punch presented him with a gold medal commemorative of the occasion. The chief officials were in waiting, the Private Orator had already placed himself in an attitude near the book-stall, in front of which an enthusiastic and respectful crowd had

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Where the Treasurer *dît* "The Pard," The Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, and The Young Substitute for the Unapproachable, were comfortably accommodated. The next morning the first meeting was held at

LA TOUR EIFFEL.

There was a discussion as to the correct pronunciation of this word. "*Mon ami*," said the President, taking off his hat to M. EIFFEL, and then looking up at the gigantic, but light and elegant, structure, "I pronounce it—MARVELOUS!"

M. PUNCH VISITS M. FIGARO.

"We cannot do better than procure a *Guide-Bleu* for the Exposition," observed Mr. Punch, "published by my friend Figaro, who, as Figaro should be, is everywhere."

"Ah, bravo Figaro, bravo bravissimo," hummed Mr. Punch gaily, as, stepping out on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower, he made his way to the Pavillon du Figaro, "*à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur*,"—but there was not the slightest sign of hauteur about M. EMILE BERR, who, *très bien élevé* at that elevation, most courteously received the Illustrious Visitor, explained to him "*comment s'est faite l'Exposition*," showed him how Figaro's

printing machines worked, and gave him "*renseignements généraux*" of the most useful and comprehensive character.

After warmly shaking hands with M. EMILE BERR, and saluting the cheerful and polite compositors, Mr. Punch was conducted to the lift by M. EIFFEL, whom he sincerely congratulated on the success of his vast enterprise.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Subsequently, in company with the Great Originator, Mr. Punch spent over an hour on the topmost storey, whence is visible the most admirable panorama in the world, and in the Observatory he made this one observation—"L'Exposition,—c'est La Tour Eiffel."

"Now, Sir," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., of Grub Court, "it is already twenty minutes past breakfast-time,"—but not another word was requisite, and they descended by the lift

garden of the Tuileries. After a short rest, and an entire change of costume, Mr. Punch drove to

LE RENDEZVOUS DIPLOMATIQUE, AUX AMBASSADEURS.

Here, as might be expected, the table, *sur la terrasse*, was covered with "excellencies," while a crowd in the garden below from time to time acclaimed with rapture the entertainment, which lasted on "that lovely night in June" (Miss DAMIAN's health and song!) until 11 o'clock. It was nearly midnight when Mr. Punch, noticing that Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., was speaking of a *Café Chantant* as a "shaffy kontong," thought it time to summon the *voitures*, and drive to the *Café de la Paix*, where he considered that a refreshing iced drink taken through straws, would revive the eminent Barrister. The last straw, however, broke the Barrister's back, and murmuring something about "legal business of importance requiring his instant



MR. PUNCH AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

AU RESTAURANT BRÉBANT,

where, out on the balcony, was served for him and his companions an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a light and airy repast, with plenty of moisture perfectly in keeping with the situation *in nubibus*. "It is an eager and a nipping air," quoth MR. CARTOON JUNIOR, as he helped himself to a "fine."

"*Finis coronat opus*," said The Philosophic Bard, following CARTOON JUNIOR's example.

After cigars and coffee, the party descended to the *Beaux-Arts* Section, where awaited them an

ARTISTIC DEPUTATION,

headed by M. MAURICE BONVOISIN, to whom the *Journal Amusant* is the *Vrai Champ de "Mars"*, and M. POIRIÉ dit "Caran d'Ache," in whose work Mr. Punch has always been deeply interested. Accompanied by these Artists of Light and Leading, Mr. Punch visited the most interesting and entertaining shows of the Exhibition, as well as the cleverly executed *Panorama du Siècle* in the

attention," Mr. BRIEFLESS received permission to retire for the night. On the third evening, being waited upon by a deputation from the *Français* to be present at a performance of *L'Etrangère*, Mr. Punch expressed his genuine regret that such a visit was not included in his programme, as nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to visit

LA MAISON DE MOLIÈRE,

if he had not received a most hospitable invitation to be present at a special evening entertainment

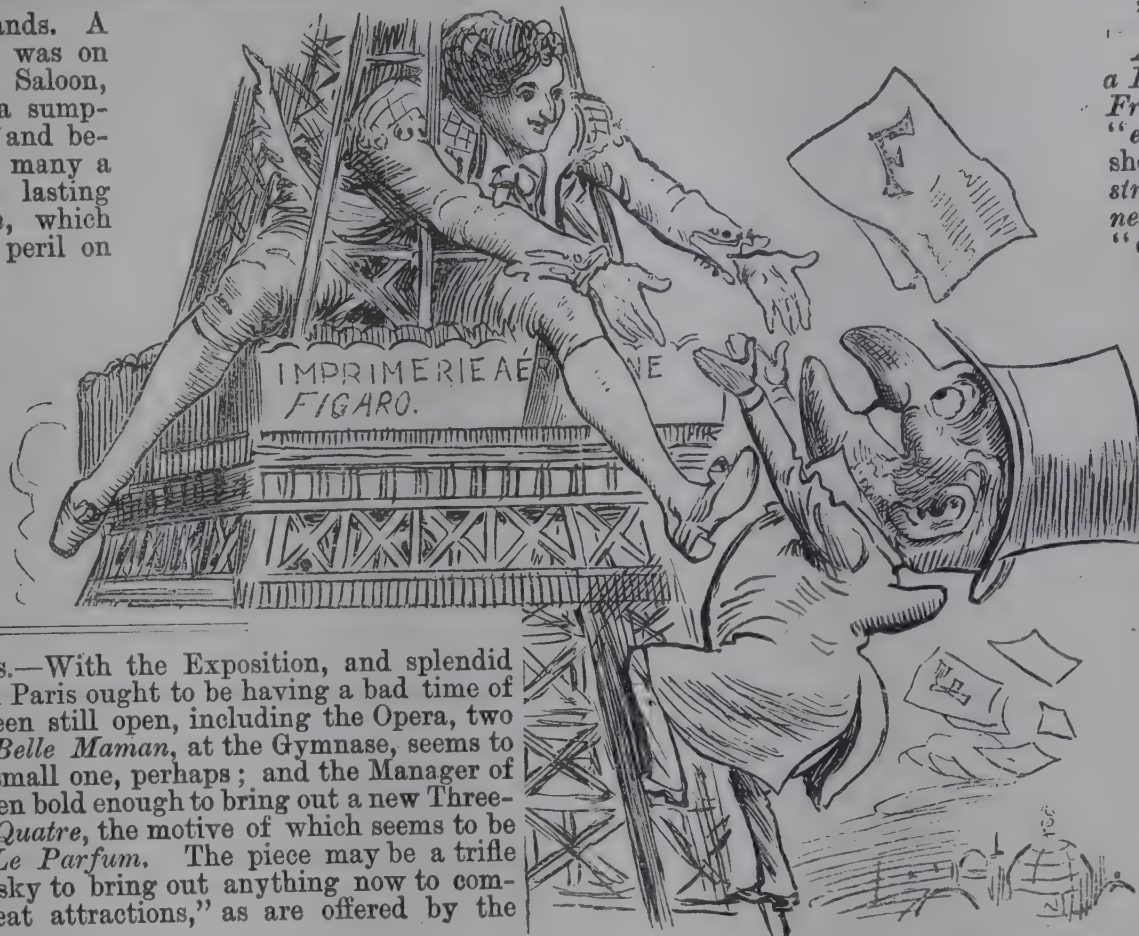
CHEZ MOLIER,

which he admitted was a horse of quite another colour. Here, while the night was yet young, Mr. Punch enjoyed the humours of *Le Veau et le Paysagiste*, the fun of *Le Buste*, and the capital burlesque pantomime of BUFFALO BILL'S Show.

LE RETOUR D'ULYSSE.

Early on Wednesday morning Captain CHURCHWARD, L. C. & D., in full uniform, was in attendance, as were all the officials of the

Gare du Nord, with bands. A Parisian *Garçon-en-chef* was on guard in the Reserved Saloon, where, soon after 10.30, a sumptuous repast was served, and between Amiens and Calais many a toast was drunk to the lasting success of *L'Exposition*, which had been in temporary peril on account of the *grève des cochers*, now happily ended by the visit of the Universal President PUNCH, who had thus restored confidence to the international visitors, good humour to everybody, and if he had left General BOUTANGER in London, it was to establish General Satisfaction in Paris.



FIGARO, BIEN ÉLEVÉ, WELCOMES MR. PUNCH ON THE TOUR EIFFEL.

'ARRY IN PARRY.

Arry (who has overheard a Lady in a Victoria tell her Friend something about an "en tout cas"). I say what's she mean by that? (suddenly struck by his own sharpness). Oh, I twig! of course, "ong two car," that's the thing she's driving in. 'Ow simple, when you know the language a bit!

HOW TO "DO THE EXPOSITION."—Take a *fauteuil roulant* at 2.50 the hour, and be wheeled about everywhere. Said SANDY M'NAB, "In this way ye'll do it varra wheel."

ANOTHER AND A SHORTER WAY OF "DOING" THE EXPOSITION.—Get in without paying. If you succeed, you will, perhaps have the additional pleasure of being invited to remain in France for some time, enjoying the hospitality of a truly liberal Government.

A FULL AND COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

(Compiled in the Style of the French Newspapers.)

You wish to get there? Why not? First your ticket. Bought at the door—one franc! Purchased at the Grand Hotel, seventy-five centimes!! You may even obtain one just outside the entrance for *four sous*! But the one purchased at four *sous* may be a forgery! If it is, a *sergent de ville* will arrange matters with you, and probably give you a new experience!!!

And now you are in the great Exposition! Your first impression is, that the Government have annexed a large slice of Paris! You find that the "right of way" has disappeared from bridges, streets, and galleries. If such a thing were done in England, the papers would teem with indignant letters, addressed to the Editors. Do the Parisians complain? Not in the least—it is simply carrying out the idea of "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," at the nominal charge of one hundred centimes per person. Long live the Republic!

"*Vive la Liberté!*" ought to have been inscribed over the Section where "Liberty's Fabrics" are exhibited.

You pass under the canvas awning of an annexed bridge, leaving on your left the Palais Gastronomique, and the theatre of *Les Folies Parisiennes*, and on your right the Pavilions devoted to the glories of two sister governments, the Mexican and Argentine Republics, supported by a railway station. You can leave these objects (with the Trocadero at your back, full of casts of ancient sculpture) safely for inspection until you visit the Exposition for the 489th time; if you do not visit the Exposition as often—well it doesn't matter! And now you are at the Tour. It is certainly immense, and so are the crowds waiting to go up it! There are two ways of going up.

Plan Number One.—Wait an hour in the first crowd round the bureau for tickets up to the *second étage*. Wait two hours in like manner on the *second étage* for tickets for the *troisième étage*. Fight your way to a seat after each wait, feel "jumpy" (especially during the last ascent—*deuxième* to *troisième étage*) from first to last, get a view of Paris which might be equally well obtained from Mont Valerien, and—come down again!

Plan Number Two.—Get at once and without any difficulty a ticket at the bureau for the *premier étage*, and go up to a restaurant (that of Russia is the best) at an altitude of about the summit of St. Paul's. Stay an hour, or an hour and a half. Allow yourself five minutes for the view—the rest for refreshment. Come down again and see whether you can decide which was the sweeter—the air or the champagne *très sec*!

Having disposed of the Tour Eiffel as you imagine (it will be only in imagination, as you will find it in models and pictures, everywhere) you can turn your attention to other matters. Make for the *Beaux Arts*, and do the pictures. But, first admire the group of sculpture round the statue of CHANCY. And although Gastronomy is certainly a fine art (and consequently very properly, here you will find the chief restaurants inclusive of SAPIN'S) do not forget the pictures. England represented by MILLAIS, LEIGHTON, SOLOMON, FILDES, WATTS, and gentlemen nearly equally illustrious.

General impression created by the picture-show,—"*Seen nine-tenths of this before, and would not mind seeing a third of it again.*"

Pictures done, and there remain the *Galerie des Machines* and the *Groupe Divers*. Well, the last are like the usual things at Kensington, Vienna, Australia and America. International selection of leather, cotton, pottery, furniture, brass, wall-paper, clothes, jewellery, and clocks and watches. You may spend five minutes or (if the Exposition remains open long enough) five years in looking at the interesting display—if you are pressed for time, perhaps it would be wiser to limit yourself to five minutes!

Galerie des Machines!—Biggest room in the world, full of working machinery. Compared with the Jubilee collection at Manchester, objects superior in quantity but inferior in quality. Exit, and you will find at hand the Cairo Street and the bits of Old Paris, which would be startling in their novelty had not the same idea been worked out in the British Metropolis years and years before!

Grounds left—and right. Fountains—illuminated, and others—shrubby. Make for the toy railway station to the left of the Tour Eiffel. You start. The little engine puffs, and bangs a gong. You rattle away, and your attention is drawn to a request, written on the walls, in English, French, Greek, Russian, Spanish, and Hebrew, to "respect the trees, and not to put head and arms out." You jerk along, just shaving a tunnel here, a road there, and some shrubs yonder, until you stop at the "Station Alimentation." *En route*, more shaves, another station, and you find yourself landed at the terminus of the Quai D'Orsay.

There are yet a few odds and ends. You will find them in front of the Hôtel des Invalides. Some concerts—which are not to be recommended, as they are unworthy of a country fair. French Colonies, Ministry of War, with guns, balloons, ambulances, tents, mineral waters, and a Panorama (to wind up) of *Tout Paris*. This last costs an extra franc, which may be cheerfully expended by a loyal Briton wishing to see how much imagination a French artist can display in painting the portrait of the Prince of WALES!



LASTING

MR. PUNCH, CHEZ LUI, DREA



PRESSIONS.
HIS TRIP TO PARIS LAST WEEK.

'ARRY IN PARRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—You'll twig by the paper this comes from a Parry hotel ; It's the great "Continongtal," my pippin', the pick of the proper and swell. I'm a doin' my Parry on prance, I can tell yer, dear boy, and no kid ; And an English *Milord* on the scoop can't be equalled at blueing a quid.

Oh them spondulicks, CHARLIE, old pal, 'ow they 'andicaps dashers like hus ! Still I've spread myself out pooty sparkling, dear boy, and it might 'ave bin wus.

There's a party I know lives in Parry, got pieces, and well in the swim, And this pal's put me up to a lot I should never 've seen but for him.

This 'ere *Grand Expersition*, dear boy, is a town in itself, and no kid. If you'd wandered about it for hours on the 'unt for a friend, as I did, You'd have thought 'twas as big as all Brompton, with Battersea Park, say, chucked in, To do the thing proper all round would want weeks and a hatfull of tin.



There's miles of it, CHARLIE, I tell ye. It covers the big *Chump der Ma*, And stretches hout like a large Hootopus 'eaven alone knows 'ow far. I quite lost the run of it, swelp me, found Guide Books and Plans little use, And the paths was that endless and gritty I wore out my best pair o' shoes.

Bazaar bizness, lots on it? Yus ; but there's larks in them bloomin' bazaars, Some sights as would knock a mere juggins, and make even 'ARRY see stars. Arab dancers, dear boy, dark-eyed donas in shawl-patterned togs on the twirl. One on 'em a fair champion wriggler ; I got reglar mashed on that girl.

Not our form of the mazy, my lad ; she teetotummed about on her toes, Whilst her mates drummed and scraped like JEMMER. 'Twas one of the rummiest shows

A gal with her body all hinges aint my style of partner, exact, But if dancing means wild wiggle-waggle, she did take the cake, that's a fact.

The East must be 'ot and no horror ! but podgy young minxes arf drest, A-wobbling their 'ips to wild music seems nuts to the swells of the West. Whether Tunis or Egypt perdooced 'em their ways was not pooty or nice, And for beauty a ice-gal from Peckham would lick 'em two times out of twice.

Then the Tower, dear boy ! Ah, that Tower ! I guess I've the gift o' the gab But this 'ere is a case where description falls flat as a sole on a slab. It's a blooming sky-scraper Topper ; JACK's Beanstalk in iron ! Oh my ! Good old Babel may take a back seat, for the Eiffel is boss of the sky.

Just fancy a big iron tortoise a-straddle in Trafalgar Square, With a lighthouse of girders and rivets about arf a mile in the air

Aperch on its back ; all Bank Holiday chucked into lifts and let loose,

To grub, swarm, and cackle, all over it ! Fancy—but lor, wot's the use ?

Fancy chucks up the biz as too big for her. Paris jest now is the Tower.

The *Chump* may be like a bazaar, and the *Bor der Boolong* like a bower,

But to eat, drink, and smoke, on the Eiffel, and brag of the "stages" you've done,

Is the treat of the whole blooming Show, and the pick of the whole blooming fun.

To grub arf a mile in the air on a balcony 'ung in blue space,

With mankind like black beetles below, and the clouds nearly flicking yer face,

Gives yer storberries quite a fresh flavour, and lends a new charm to yer smoke.

From the top of the Eiffel, old pal, all the world looks a jolly good joke.

When you go to a Show, my dear boy, and must travel about it by rail.

And take trips—say, from Tunis to Java, a cove's parts of speech seem to fail.

If I piled it on thick for a ream, I should still 'ave a lot left to pile,

So we'll jest leave new Babel a bit, and trot back to the city awhile.

I've done all the *Caffys* in turn, mate, and as to the tipples—well, there !

'Ardly know 'ow I worked through 'em, CHARLIE, and managed to keep on my hair.

Nasty syruppy mucks, many on 'em ; the waiters are slippy and neat,

But I couldn't, somehow, make 'em see as they mixed all my lotions too sweet.

Here, Gassong ! sez I—"Vla Mossoo !"—Now, *regarday*, sez I, "*mong onfong*,"

Donnay mor unq—er—squash—*par trow doo, ler—er*—last was like treacle gone wrong,

Didn't twig, but fell back upon "*Commong* ?" the Frenchified form of our "*Wot* ?"

I fell back on a "*Bock*," sort o' beer as is prime when it isn't too 'ot.

In fact, mate, I *Bocked* it tremenjus, for wosn't it sultry ? Ah, just !

And the fust thing I picked up in Parry, dear boy, was a thunderin' thust !

I 'ad Bocks on the Bullyyards, Bocks on the Tower, at all the rum shows,

In fact, CHARLIE, "*Hangcore ung Bock* !" was my motter from starting to close.

Wot I like about Parry, dear boy, is the general *al frisky* all round.

(*Al frisky* means out in the open) wherever you sit there's a sound

Of feet and *flakers* (that's cabs), rustling leaves, chinking glasses, and song,

And I must say the slapuppest lark is to sup at a *Caffy Chantong*.

Our "*Healtheries*" game wasn't in it with—say the "*Ambassadors*." Ah !

Fancy pouching your prog on a terrace, with crack Comic Singers *lah-bah* ;

Green leaves, pooty women, gay mashers. *Tam-tam ! Patata ! ! Patapouf ! !*

Great Scott ! I could go it for hages, if only I'd more of the oof.

Then the *Caffy American*, CHARLIE ! My eye and a bandbox, dear boy,

Talk of Lumps of Delight ! It's all dazzle and yum-yum, a place to enjoy ;

The *crame der lar crame* of the rosy and rorty, mate. Thanks to my friend,

I 'ad wot is ere called the *ongtray* ; and him and me went it, no end.

Swell furniture, CHARLIE, soft swabs, and the air full of frolic and fizz ; [well up to their biz.]

Sleek waiters with regular-bilk footfalls, but snide, and Like a helegant droring-room party, but rollicking, yus, and song jane, [tubs of champagne.]

Which means free-and-easy, my pippin, swell dresses, and

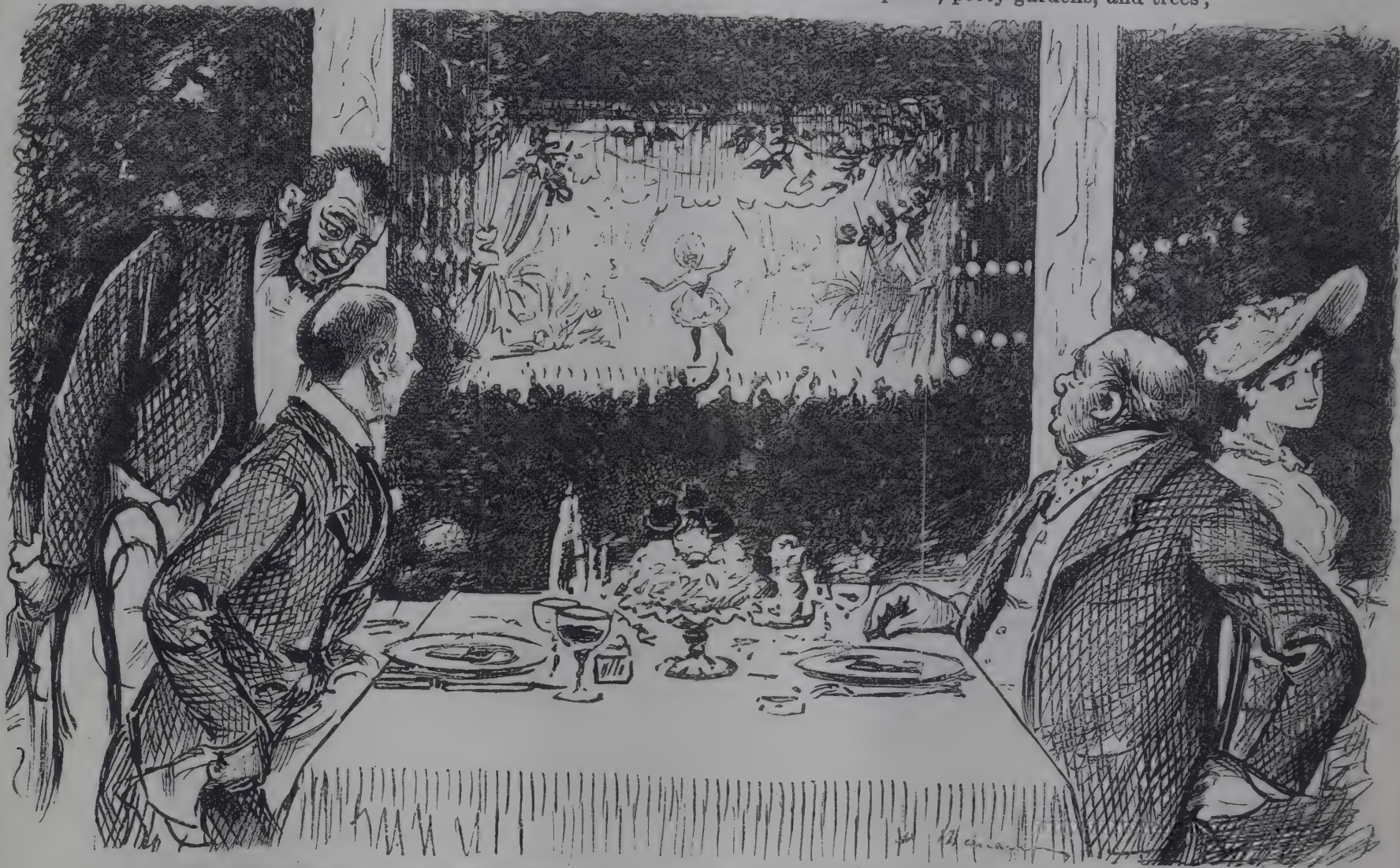
I wasn't quite fly to the patter, not always, French chaff may be prime,
But it flew a bit over my 'ed, and I felt in a fog arf the time.
Still, when one of the ladies, a sparkler, got quoting "Two Lovely Black Eyes,"
Wy, it put me at 'ome in a jiff, though I answered, "O, wot a Surprise!"

At night-time they squat at round tables of marble, mate, under green trees,
The Frenchies, men, women, and young 'uns, in parties of twos or of threes.
Buz-wuz goes the Bullyvard bustle, click-clack go the *Voytures*, and loud
Above leaf-rustle, glass-chink and chat sounds the tramp of the orderly crowd.

Spicy cards, snapping cigarette-cases, rum himages, all sold as free
As shirt-studs or sticks in Cheapside! There ain't no bloomin' fiddlededee
Of mealy mock-modesty, CHARLIE, about the dashed Froggies, that's flat,
As their funny *affichees* or posters will prove. But no more about that.

It's the whole world packed into a field, spreadin' out by
the side of the Seine.
A Babel of talk, with the Tower chucked in, travelled
over by train,
Full of palaces, parks, and pavilions, bazaars, buffets,
brasseries—Lor!
When I foxed the whole thing from the Eiffel, it struck
even 'ARRY with hor.

The people swarm in in their 'underds of thousands, and
yet there's no squeeze,
'Cos the place seems like all out-of-doors, with its
parks, pooty gardens, and trees;



L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES. AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.

The Garsong (to Jones and Brown, from Clapham). "BUT YOUR DINNER, GENTLEMANS! HE GO TO MAKE 'IMSELF COLD, IF YOU EAT 'IM NOT!"

The Bullywards do me a tréat, mate, and so they do BILLY BOLAIR.
You know BILLY; an old pal o'mine. Well, I tell yer, old man, I did stare
Wen a-settin one night in a Caffy a-doing my smoke and my wet,
I lifted my lamps and saw BILLY. We did a good chi-ike, you bet!

"Watcher, BILLY, old buster!" says I, "you in Parry, like all the *herleet*?
"Yus," sez BILLY, "*jee swee ay jee rest*," for a fortnit. This is a rum meet.
Wot's yer pison, old pal?" I was on; and the way we two spread ourselves
out,

And went in for more Bocks and loud barnies, estonished the Gassongs, no doubt.

Our true English manner of greeting, a dig in the ribs and a 'owl,
Seemed to kibosh the Frenchmen completely, and some on 'em did a fair scowl.

"Yah!" sez BILLY to me, *sotter voychy*,—though some seemed to twig; they're
dashed quick—

"Their hail when they meet is a smack on each cheek, 'ARRY." Made me quite
[sick!]

Me and BILLY made quite a sensation along of our style and our togs,
They carnt do the heasy *daygajay* in check suits and rounders, them Frogs.

And my stor and striped flannels fair flummoxed 'em. Scissors! our style made
'em stare

More than all the Moors, Arabs and Chinamen found in that rum *Rooder Caire*.

BILL and me did that quarter completely. Rode races in queer Chinese cars
Drawn by lemon-skinned Johnnies in 'ats like hextinguishers. Made 'em see
stars,

We did, at the caffays and sing-songs, a *gammon der Parry's* all there.
But when 'ARRY is well on the swivel he makes Cairo donkey-boys stare.

They are nice cups of tea, and no horror, fair cautions for patter and cheek.

Then—but, there, I can't tell yer a tenth of the larks if I yarn for a week.

It's a reglar fust-class fair eye-opener; a Big Thing, dear boy, and no kid.

I can't patter or picture it out, and you couldn't catch on if I did.

Domes here, towers yonder, big *sals*, monstrous galleries
theatres—yus

And enough grubbing places chucked in, mate, to feed
'arf a town without fuss.

If you get tired of padding the hoof, there are *fotooey*
roolongs all round,

Like big pramberlators, dear boy, which blowshed coves
shove along without sound.

I didn't quite cotton fust off, for I felt like a kid with
his nuss,

But when you've bin hours on the trot you will find you
might easy do wus.

I return, mate, tomorrer—wus luck! There's enough to
fill up all next week,

France has taken the bun with this Show, and her Tower
is somethink uneek.

I may drop yer a line or two more, when I'm back, about
wonderful Parry,

But no more at present, dear boy, *except Vive lah bell*
France! from

Yours, 'ARRY.

RAPID ACTS.—Very rare are the instances of trans-
lating English pieces into French. Last week, how-
ever, a well-known English Dramatist was observed
busily engaged in this operation. In less than three
minutes he had transformed five English pieces into six
French ones!! This took place at the *Caisse* of the Grand
Hotel.



"GREAT ATTRACTION."—BIRDS OF ALL NATIONS FLYING TO LA TOUR EIFFEL.



1889.

FROM CALAIS TO PARIS. QUITE FIRST-CLASS.

"WHAT, GO YOU TOWARD THE TOWER?"

King Richard the Third, Act. III. Sc. 2.

THE Pharos of Egypt, the world's Seventh Wonder,
(If poets feign not and historians don't blunder)

Must take a back seat amongst marvels quite minor,
Since France pitted stable strong fact against fable,
And beat at a bound all the rivals of Babel,

Where men do not swarm up in lifts, smoke or dine, or
Crowd on to and into. That old liar, PINTO,
His credulous hearer would hardly dare hint to

Of such an imposing, colossal, Titanic,
Earth-striding, sky-climbing, huge mountain metallic,
Which schemed in the epoch of structures termed phallic

As something Satanic had raised a world-panic.
Lutetia's long-spined, wide-straddling, young giant
Though huge, to the canons of beauty is pliant,

What marvel it acts like a world-lighting beacon
And draws to its flare all the earth's birds of passage?
Curiosity draws both in clever and crass age,

Its hold on mankind wit and wisdom wont weaken.
See, see how they muster, and crush, crowd, and cluster!
With what wild wing-flappings, what bluster and fluster,

These birds which can scarcely be called "of a feather,"
So varied their plumage; but yet with wild rumpus
From every conceivable point of the compass,

With far flight convergent, they're flocking together,
With twitter and squeal, and with crow and with cackle,
With all shapes and colours of pinion and hackle,

Cocks, eagles, and owls, birds of paradise, pigeons,
Great condors and ospreys, and gulls, quite a lot of 'em,
Some vultures (he'd help the great world who'd get shot of 'em),

And bantams, and boobies, and wild-ducks and widgeons,
All species of creature that flutters on wings there,
The harpy that preys, and the warbler that sings there,

Come, drawn like the gulls to a lighthouse, with power.
And Punch owns that there is attraction, for Paris
Has managed to blend Vulcan swart with sweet Charis
For once in her Titan-like world-witching Tower.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A PARISIAN CAFÉ CHANTANT.

SCENE—An open-air restaurant in the Champs-Élysées; the seats in the enclosure are rapidly filling; the diners in the gallery at the back have passed the salad stage, and are now free to take a more or less torpid interest in the Entertainment below. Enter Two Britons, who make their way to a couple of vacant chairs close to the orchestra.

First Briton. "Entrée libre," you see; nothing to pay! Cheaper than your precious Exhibition, eh? [Chuckles knowingly.]

Second Briton (who would rather have stayed at the Exhibition, but doesn't like to say so.) Don't quite see how they expect the thing to pay if they don't charge anything, though.

First B. Oh, they make their profit out of the dinners up in the gallery there.

Second B. (appreciating the justice of this arrangement, having dined with his companion elsewhere). Well, that's fair enough.

[Feels an increased respect for the Entertainment.]

First B. Must get their money back somehow, you know. Capital seats for hearing, these. Now, we'll just take a cup of coffee, and a quiet cigar, while we listen to the singing—you'll enjoy this, I know!

[With the air of a man who knows the whole thing by heart; the Waiter brings two tumblers of black coffee, for which he demands the sum of six francs; lively indignation of the Two Britons, who denounce the charge as a swindle, and take some time to recover sufficient equanimity to attend to what is going on on the Stage.]

Female Artiste (sings refrain)—

"Pour notre Exposition,
Il faut nous faire imposition!" &c., &c.

Second B. (who not being at home in the language, rather resents his companion's laughter.) What's that she's saying?

First B. (who laughed because he knew there was a joke about the Exhibition.) Eh?—oh! I'll tell you afterwards.

[Hopes his friend will have forgotten all about it by that time.]

Second B. (pertinaciously, as the Singer kisses her hand, and rushes precipitately off stage). Well, what was all that about?

First B. (who, upon reflection, finds that he hasn't the faintest idea). Oh, nothing very much—more the manner, you know, than anything else—it's the men who have all the really funny songs.

[A Male Artiste appears, bowing and kicking up his left leg behind: the First Briton bends forward with an anxious frown, determined to let nothing escape him this time. Fortunately, as M. CHARLEMAGNE, the Comic Singer, possesses a powerful voice, the First Briton is able to follow most of the words, from which, although they reach his ear in a somewhat perverted form, he contrives to extract intense amusement. This is how the Chanson reaches him.

Seul boulevard silent
vous arrête:
Quand monde a tout
départ d'amas,

[He can't quite make
out this last word.

Repondez vite—
[Something he doesn't
catch.

Le fou l'eau sitôt vous
crie "un rat!"

[Here he whispers to
his friend that
"That last line
was rather neat."

Refrain (to which M.
CHARLEMAGNE
dances a gavotte
with his hat thrust
into the small of his
back).

Il n'a pas départ
Dinard.

[This makes the First
Briton—who once
spent a week at Di-
nard—laugh immoderately.

Ne Pa, ne Ma!
C'était pas tant, mais sais comm ça—
Il n'a pas départ Dinard,
Il non a pas certain-y-mal là!

First Briton (to Second Ditto). Very funny, isn't he?

Second B. (who—less fortunate than his friend—has not caught a single word). Um—can't say I see much in it myself.

First B. (compassionately). Can't you? Oh, you'll get into the way of it presently.

Second B. But what's the joke of all that about "Pa"?

First B. (who has been honestly under the impression that he did see a point somewhere). Why, he says he's an orphan—hasn't any Pa nor Ma.

Second B. (captiously). Well, there's nothing so very funny in that!

First B. (giving up the point on consideration, as M. CHARLEMAGNE skips off). Oh, it's all nonsense, of course; these fellows only come on to fill up the time till PÔLUSSE sings (feels rather proud of having caught the right pronunciation). PÔLUSSE is the only one really worth listening to.

Second B. (watching two Niggers in a Knockabout Entertainment). I can follow these chaps better.

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



M. EIFFEL.

"OUR ARTIST'S LATEST TOUR DE FORCE."

One of the Niggers to the other. "Ha—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Sar! I'll warm you fur dat ar conduct!"

First B. (in a superior manner). Oh, yes; you soon get into the accent.

[Later—M. CHARLEMAGNE has reappeared, and sung a song about changing his apartments, with spoken passages of a pronouncedly Parisian character.

First B. (who little suspects what he has been roaring with laughter at.) That fellow really is amusing. I must take NELLIE to hear him some night before we go back.

Second B. (dubiously). But aren't some of the songs—for a girl of her age—eh?

First B. My dear fellow, not a bit! I give you my word I haven't heard a single line yet that was in the least offensive—not a single line! Anybody might go! Look here—it's PÔLUSSE next; now you listen—he'll make you laugh!

[The great M. PAULUS appears and sings several "Chansons" in a confidentially lugubrious tone, and with his forefingers thrust into his waistcoat pockets. Curiously enough, our First Briton is less successful in following M. PAULUS, than he was with the Artistes who preceded him—but this is entirely owing to the big drum and cymbals, which will keep coming in and putting him out—something in this manner:—

M. Paulus. Et quand j'rent', ce n'est pour rien—
Ma belle me dit; "mon pauv' bonhomme,
Tu n'a pas l'air de"—(The cymbals: brim-brin-brien!)
Ell' m' flanqu' des giff's—(The drum: pom-pom-pom-pom!)

Refrain (which both Britons understood).

"Sur le bi—sur le bô; sur le bô, de bi, de bô.

Sur le bô—sur le bi; sur le bi, de bô, de bi!" &c., &c., &c.

First Briton (after twenty minutes of this sort of thing). That's the end, I suppose. They've let down the curtain. Capital, wasn't he? I could listen to him all night!

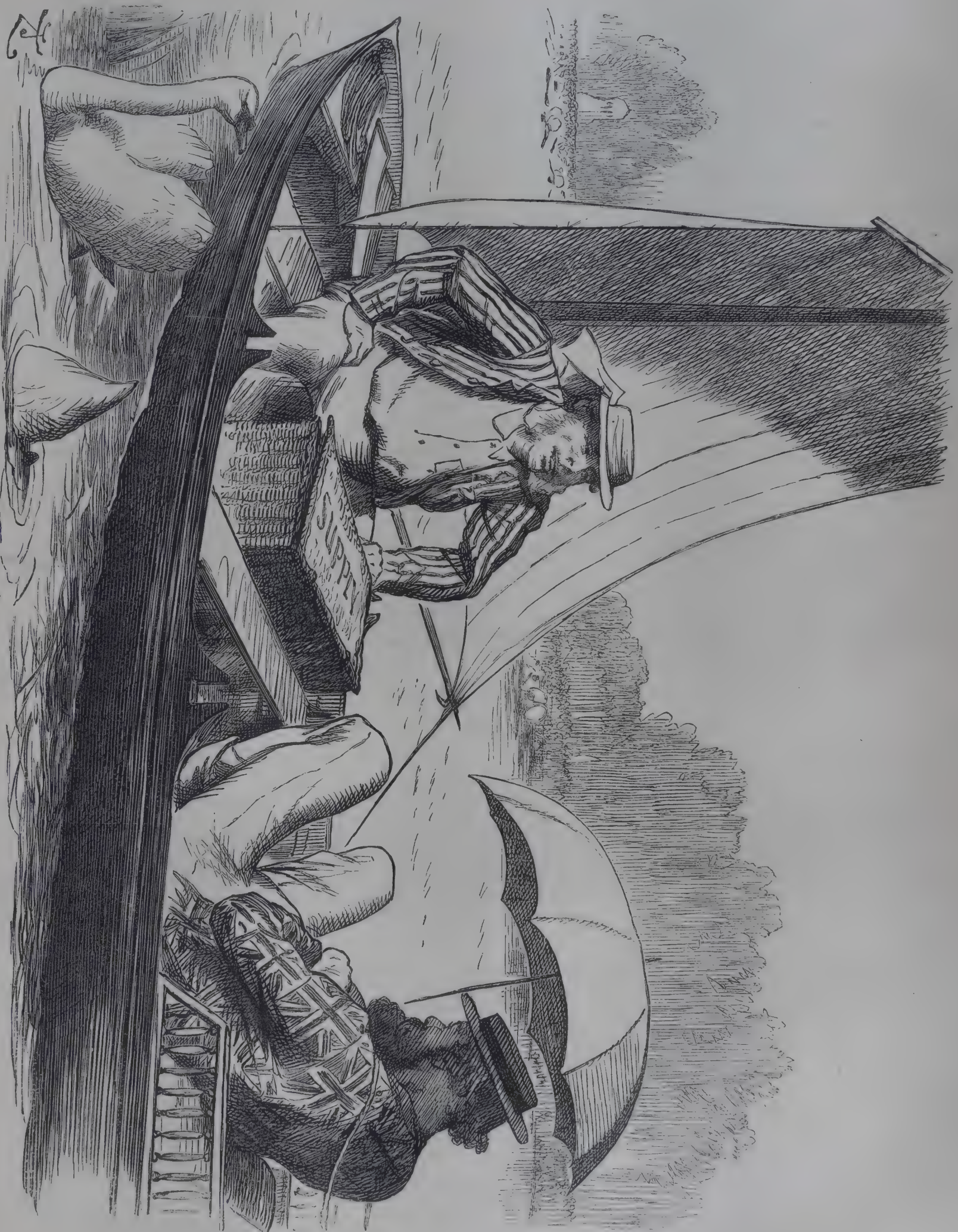
Second B. (as they pass out). So could I—delightful! Don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. The other people don't seem to be moving, though. (Consults programme.) There's another Part after this. PAULUS is singing again. I suppose you'll stay?

First B. Well—it's rather late, isn't it?

Second B. (much relieved). Yes. Not worth while going back now (with a yawn). We must come here again.

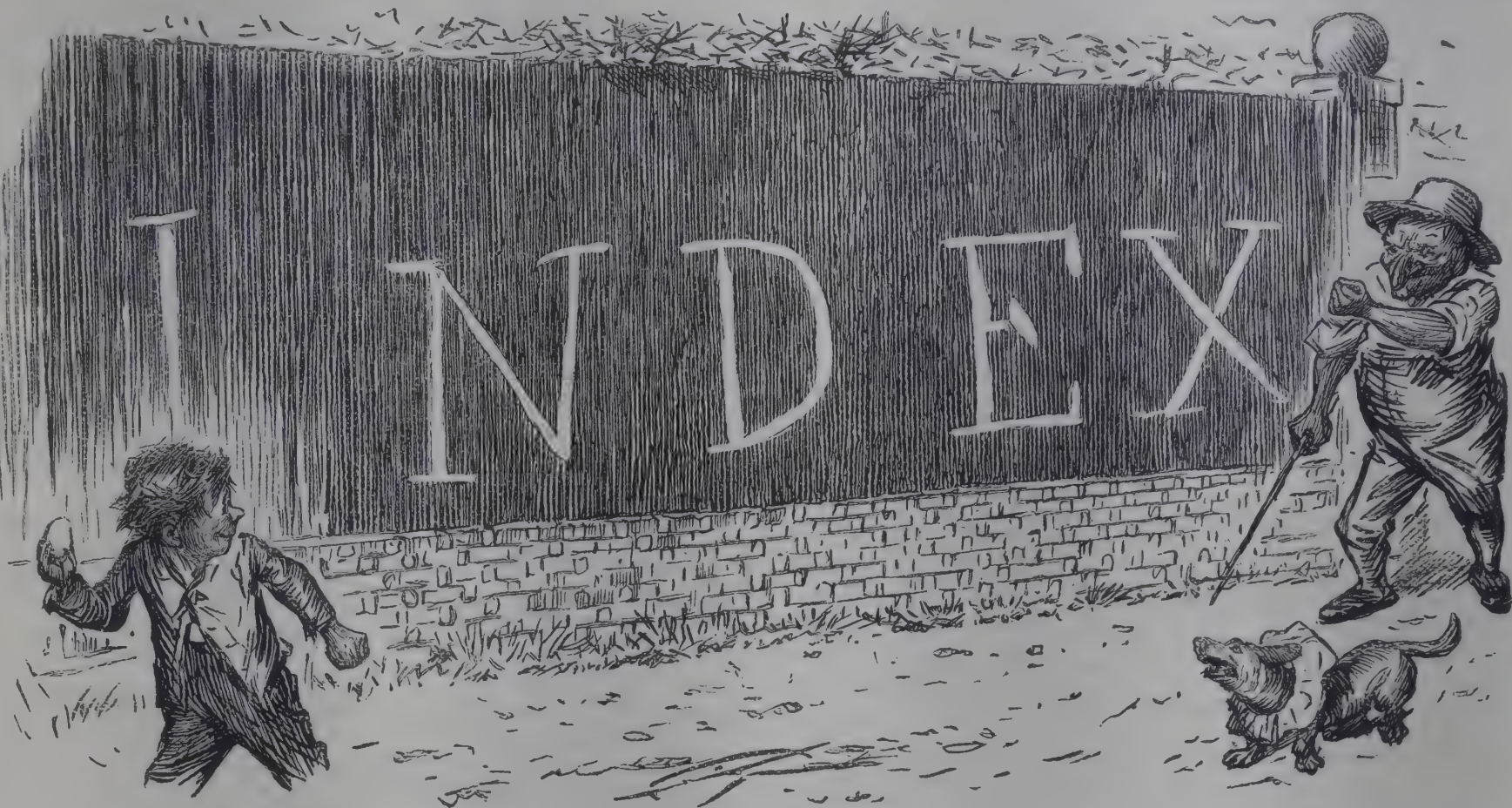
First B. (making a mental resolution to return no more). Oh, we must; nothing like it on our side of the Channel, y' know.

Second B. (with secret gratitude). No, we can't do it. (Walk back to their hotel in a state of great mental exhaustion, and finish the evening with a bock on the Boulevards.)



TAKING IT EASY. HENLEY, 1889.

SALISBURY. "A FAIR WIND, A FLOWING STREAM, A FULL HAMPER, AND NOTHING IN THE WAY—THAT I CAN SEE. JOLLY—AIN'T IT!"



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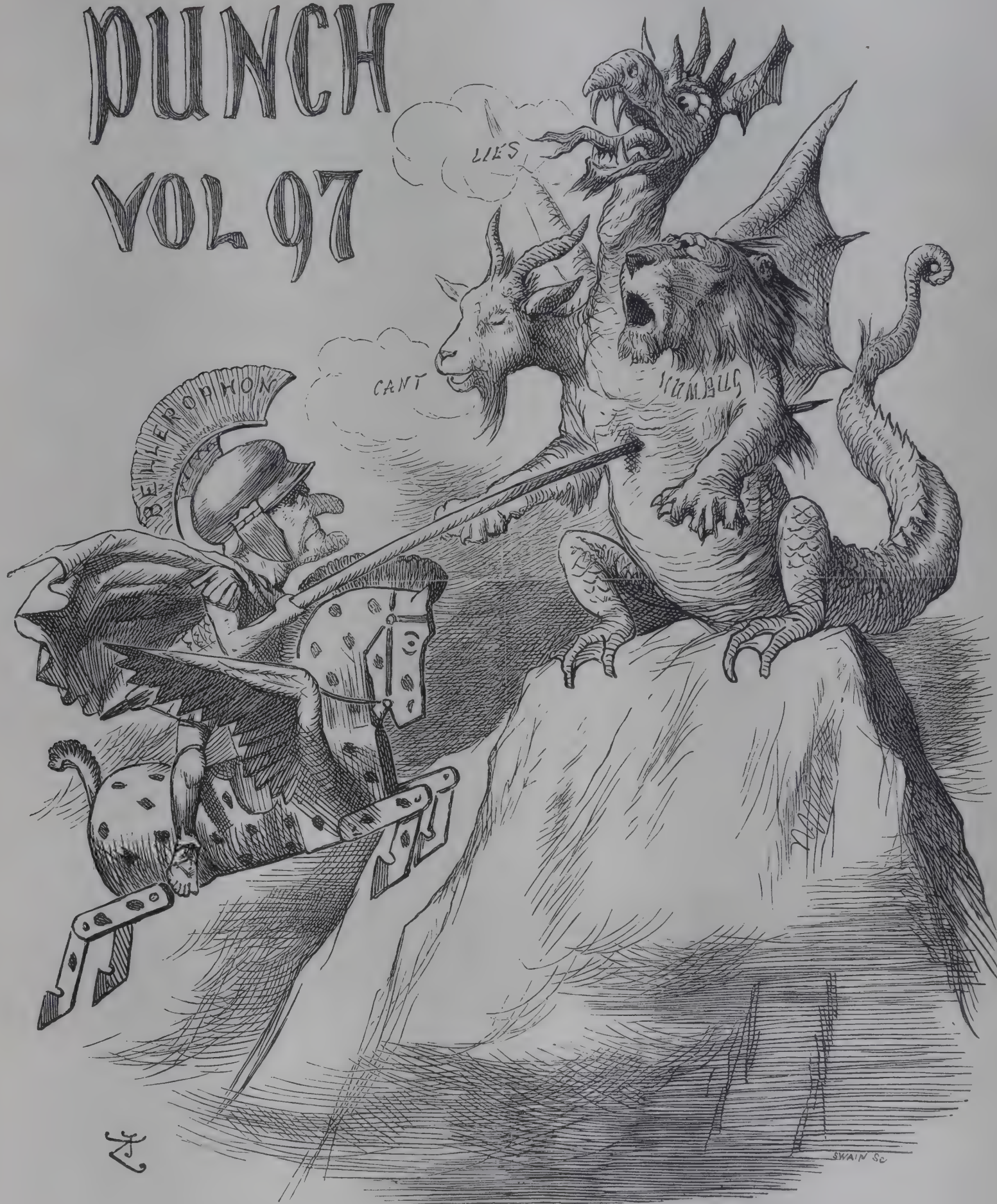
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PUNCH

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PREFACE.



SCENE—*The top of the Tour Eiffel.* TIME—*The Eve of the New Year.*
Present, MR. PUNCH and TOBY.

Mr. Punch (*quoting from his friend the Poet Laureate*).

"I stood on a tower in the wet.
When the New and the Old Year met."

Humph! ALFRED, you were unfortunate in your weather.
(You are not in your new poem, however—nor is the world.)
Wonder what tower it was? Not the Tour Eiffel, anyhow.
(*Improvises.*)

PUNCH stands on a Tower in the night,
As the Old Year takes its flight;
And the star-rays shower like rain
O'er the City by the Seine;
O'er the site of the mighty Show
That in shadow stretches below,
Silent, where lately beat
The tramp of a million feet;
Still, where a while ago
Such a tide of life did flow;
Dark, where Lutetia's air
Was gay with her summer glare;
Ghostly, where—

TOBIAS, what *are* you looking at? Do you see a ghost?

Tobias. Whack-wow-wow! [*Crouches and quivers.*]

Mr. Punch. TOBY, TOBY, be not alarmed!

Come, bear thee like a Sage's dog,
And do not droop thy tail!

By SHAKESPEARE and the Psychical Society, he *does* see a ghost, though. Who is this, slowly "materialising," like a Mahatma, before my very eyes? Spirit of BEAUMARCHAIS, Shades of MOZART and ROSSINI, I should know that short Spanish jacket, that jaunty cap, that jimp figure, that *espiègle* physiognomy. It is, it must be, *mon ami* FIGARO himself. *Largo al factotum!* Ah! bravo, FIGARO! bravo, bravissimo!!!

Figaro. None other indeed! Well met, in good season and suitable place! The Sage of Fleet Street and the Barber of Seville encountering on the top of Paris's Babel Tower, just before the dawn of the *Jour de l'An*, is a sight for gods and men,—could they see it.

Mr. Punch. "Two on a Tower," as my friend THOMAS HARDY might say. Would the witty watchmaker were here to make a third. PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON, surnamed of Beaumarchais, has never yet perhaps been quite fully appreciated.

Figaro. Sir, I salute you! The compliment to my spiritual progenitor sounds pleasantly in my ears.

Mr. Punch. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent?* But wits well met surely never foregathered so singularly. LUCIAN and CHARLES LAMB talking a-top of CHEOPS' Pyramid, what time Memnon awaited the music-stirring sun, might perhaps be "in it" with this encounter.

Figaro. You were here before, when the Great Show was at its height, *n'est-ce pas?*

Mr. Punch. Is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the Visit of the Punch Staff to Paris? Which of course you have read?

Figaro. Upon the advice of M. EMILE BERR—yes. But here we are, higher than even the "Pavillon du Figaro," "à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur." And what a panorama is spread before us—to the mind's eye! Wider even than the Panorama of the Year in your Christmas Number, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. I perceive that you keep *au courant* with the best literature and art of the time, friend FIGARO.

Figaro. Else would the Shades be somniferous indeed. Notre Dame still towers *là-bas*, notwithstanding PAUL BERT and Company. And there stands the simulacrum of that Bastille, the destruction of which BEAUMARCHAIS lived long enough to witness. "Tout Paris" is therein expressed. They say I "did no little towards preparing the way for the Revolution," that the *Mariage de Figaro* effected even more than the *Memoires* towards bringing contempt upon the "institutions of the old régime." Fitly then was the Pavillon du Figaro perched high on the Tower whose erection was part of the celebration of the Centenary of the Year of Revolution. And yet—

Mr. Punch. "BEAUMARCHAIS, in spite of all his wit and energy, was not naturally a revolutionist." Neither am I.

'Tis the "flies on the cart-wheels" who prate most of Revolution. Like you, I am "*partout supérieur aux événements, loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là, aidant au bon temps, supportant le mauvais, se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants.*" Yes, "*aidant au bon temps,*" but not turning the world upside down in search of an Utopian Paradise of Fools.

Figaro. Mr. PUNCH, I also spake of myself as "*faisant la barbe à tout le monde.*" But even I could not "shave" you!

Mr. Punch (singing).

"My comb and my razor,
My lancet they praise, or
My scissors for trimming stray locks into grace."

My dear FIGARO, your razor, or lancet, and my *bâton*, should be co-operative, not antagonistic. "*Se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants!*" There lies our joint function!

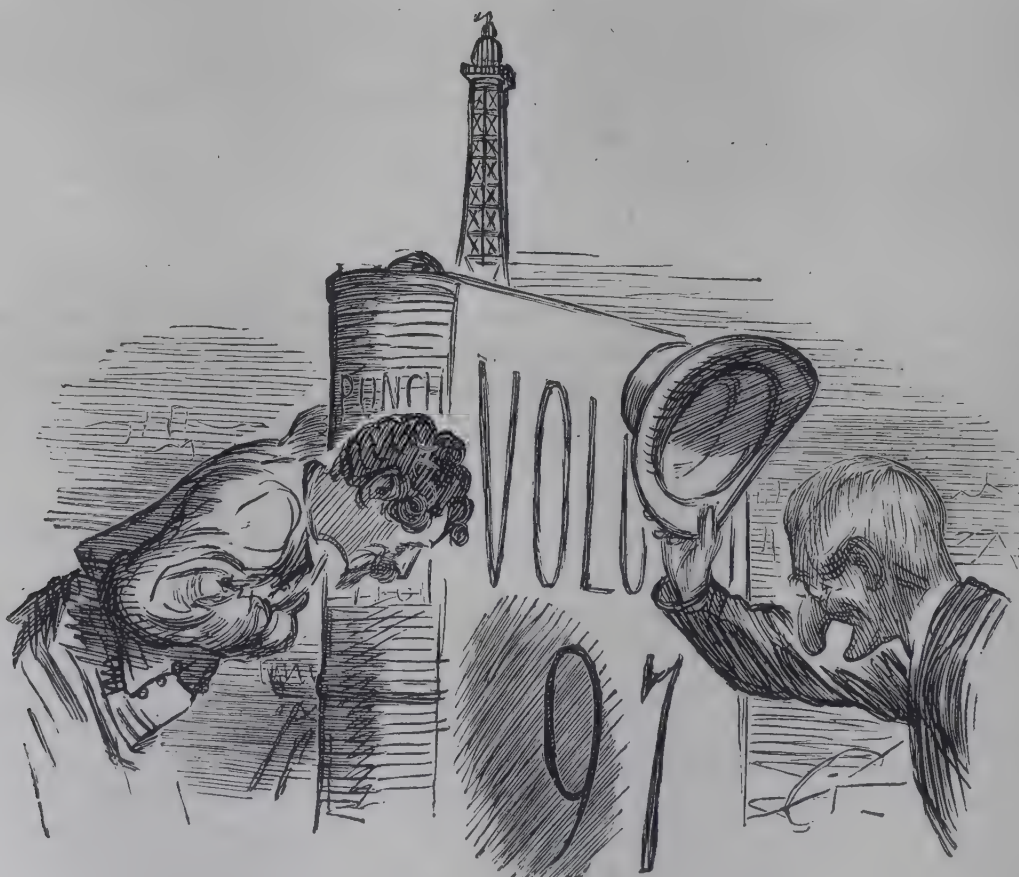
Figaro. And how do you fulfil it, Mr. PUNCH?

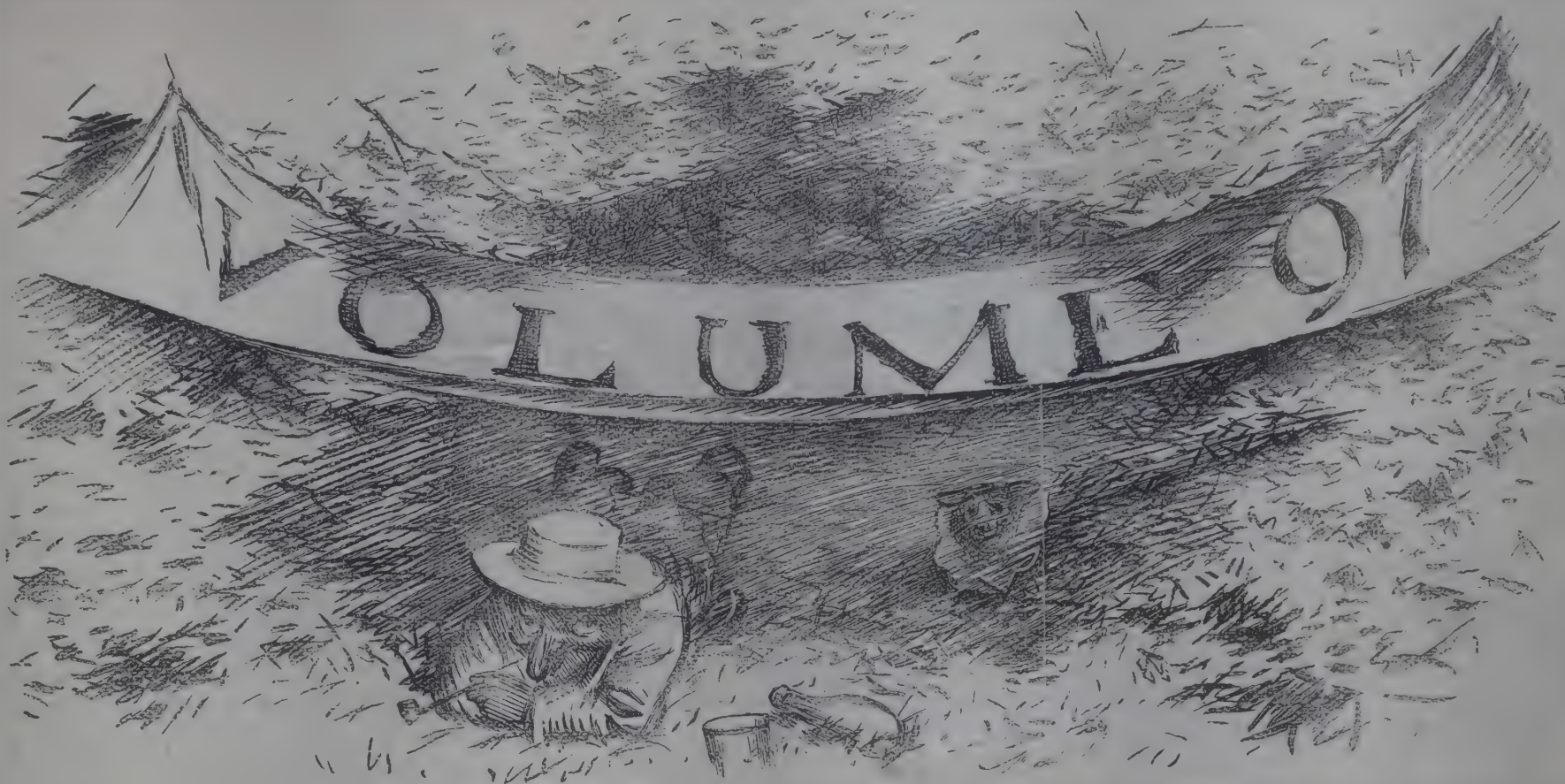
Mr. Punch. I, the FIGARO of Fleet Street?

Figaro. That, and much more!

Mr. Punch. Graciously said, but truly withal. My instruments are pan-pipes and drum, yours is the guitar. But I am Moralist as well as Musician, Sage as well as Shaver, Bard as well as Barber, Warder as well as Wit,—have in fact a whole world of varied functions that even the Factotum himself never aimed at fulfilling. As you say, yon scene, stretching far and wide from the foot of this Tower, suggests my Panorama of the Past Year! A scene of Changes and Chances, of Catastrophes and Centenaries, of Revolutions and Royal Flights, of Wandering Princes and Flying Pretenders, of Mighty Reforms and Brave Rescues, of Social Upsurgings and Great Strikes, of Big Commissions and Colossal Shows! As my pointer indicates, so my *bâton* should direct. It is a sort of universal wizard-wand, or cosmopolitan sign-post, conspicuous as this Titan Tower, sensitive as the fabled Divining-Rod, unerring as the gnomon on the sun-dial of Old Time himself. Sages, Heroes, and Wits gladly accept its guidance, as Fools, Knaves, and Quacks shrinkingly fear its force. BISMARCK, EIFFEL, STANLEY, as well as McDUGALL, BOULANGER, and BARNUM, recognise, each in his own way, its influence. True as the Magnetic Needle, straight as the tail of TOBIAS, it "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm" of contemporary events. And you, my brave *Barbier*, would fain know "how it's done," as Dr. LYNN would say. Take, then, what will enlighten you on that, and on most other points, as well as move you to honest laughter that is not merely a mask for menacing tears. You hastened to laugh lest you should be constrained to weep. I laugh that the world may not weep, but be merry and wise. Take, my dear FIGARO, what will tell you all about it, and make your New Year happy! Take, in short, my

Ninety-Seventh Volume!





OUR BILL FOR LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

HAVE we not weather in London nearly equal to that in Paris? Haven't we nearly as many days of heat without rain during the Summer? We advisedly qualify our question with "nearly" because we are only about to suggest what could be done with "nearly" as many open-air refreshment-places.

1. Restaurants in the gardens on the Thames Embankment. Lower the iron railings, so as to give a good view of the Thames, and let there be central entrances, in addition to those now existing. These Restaurants to be open till 12.30. Virginia and other fast growing creepers to be trained over all the structures belonging to the District Railway.

2. The entire length of the Embankment to be lighted by electricity.

3. In future, wherever a new Restaurant is to be built in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and so forth, the frontage shall not abut the pavement, but be so far back as to leave plenty of space for taking refreshment out-of-doors.

4. That trees be at once planted all along Regent Street, Portland Place, and Oxford Street, and their number be increased in the new Avenues.

5. That there be a good Restaurant in Kensington Gardens, with abundance of small tables and chairs, and ample attendance. Private rooms for dinners, &c., and a terrace under cover for meals *al fresco*, at all times of the day. Open on Sundays. Band to play at certain hours.

6. Another Restaurant, on

a similar scale, to be in Hyde Park, in central situation. Both these to be lighted by the electric light.

And, having disposed of these dinner and luncheon provisions, we return once more to provisions for the comfort and safety of the neglected equestrian in London. And we would have it enacted,—

1. That Rotten Row, now the most monotonous ride in Europe, be extended into Kensington Gardens, with an entrance in Bayswater, and that a new ride be made from some starting point near the Powder Magazine right away to the Marble Arch.

2. That gravel be laid down thickly at least four times every day on the stones at the different Park Gates, which are now generally slippery and dangerous for equestrians.

3. That the Police guarding the Oxford Street thoroughfare by the Marble Arch, always more or less slippery, should have strict orders to be on the watch for equestrians entering or leaving the Park, and to at once stop all vehicles, especially carts, buses and careless hansoms, which cause great peril to the life and limb of horse and rider.

Will the First Commissioners of Works, GEORGE RANGER, and Mr. MUNRO see to this? Or will they wait until some fatal accident compels their attention? (Signed) **PUNCH**,
Guardian of the Public.



KENSINGTON GARDENS, AS THEY MIGHT AND OUGHT TO BE. MR. PUNCH TAKES OUT TOBY, M.P., TO ENJOY HIMSELF DURING THE GAY DOG DAYS.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—Last Friday in the Trocadero was held a *Congrès de Boulangerie*. It was not suppressed. The Government, however, is meditating taking some steps to cool the heat of the temperature, because, being "Baking hot," it is perpetually reminding the people of *Le Brav' Général*.

VALUABLE THEATRICAL WORK.—Ancient Testimony to the Antiquity of the Benefit System. Read one of the most recent additions to Bohn's Standard Library, a work translated by A. STEWART, M.A., entitled *Seneca on Benefits*.



"A NASTY ONE!"—Ancient Hereditary Legislator (to Old Family Solicitor, his Second). "I GAVE HIM A GOOD KNOCK THAT TIME, DIDN'T I?"

"A NASTY ONE!"

OR, "OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

A Sensational Scene in the Modern Corinthian Ring.

A CURIOUS incident occurred a few days ago, during an evening gathering of Corinthian patrons of the Fancy, at a celebrated and highly "select" Sporting Pub. in the neighbourhood of Westminster, kept at present, as those "in the know" are well aware, by that hospitable and high-bred host, BOB SALISBURY, better known in fistic circles as SWELL SOLLY.

For some time past SOLLY has taken huge interest in a very promising young Pug, in whose pretensions to first-class "form" mine host of the "St. Stephen's Arms" has unshaken belief. The youngster was "introduced" in the first place by old "HARDSHELL GIFFARD," commonly called "The Chancellor," but it was well known that young "BILL LAND" had the invaluable backing of that Modern MENDOZA, crossed with Gentleman JACKSON, favourably known to all prominent Sports of the period as "ould" BOB SALISBURY. BILL was, indeed, commonly spoken of as "SOLLY'S Novice," and great things were expected of the pet protégé of so experienced a judge of fistic promise.

BILL had, indeed, at the St. Stephen's Meetings on two occasions, been "taken on" and put through his facings, in a quiet sort of way, with undoubted success, and great satisfaction to his chief backer. BILL seemed a well-set-up, young fellow, as capable of taking gruel as of administering it, and was thought to be highly popular all round in Corinthian circles.

As the Transatlantic lute-thrummer puts it, however, "things are not what they seem" always, and a secret simmering sort of hostility to SOLLY'S Novice had unquestionably been observable (by the acute) among the sportive top-sawyers in the habit of assembling at the "St. Stephen's Arms." Young BILL, was thought by some of the tradition-tied old-stagers to be a bit bump-tious in his bearing, and disposed rather to ignore some of the ancient "rules of the ring," and go in for what they considered "flashy" innovations in fistic "style," which, though taking enough to the groundlings, did not meet with the approval of the elder Corinthians. BILL, they maintained, was hardly "respectful" enough to his elders and betters, was inclined to slight the claims of seniority and birth, and to go in for a "cheap" style of milling, which, in the eyes of these blueblooded oldsters, was also open to the suspicion of being "nasty."

When SOLLY and "The Chancellor" first became fly to this prejudice against the young pug they patronised, they were naturally equally surprised and disgusted. "The Chancellor" complained of "belated and unreasonable opposition" to the claims of their Novice, whilst SOLLY pointed out the "odium" which might be incurred in the lower fistic world against the Corinthians, if the expectations excited by published accounts of the Novice's promise were disappointed by the action of the said Corinthians in snubbing and metaphorically "knocking out" the lad who was by many looked upon as the coming Champion.

It was all in vain. The Corinthians had got their old backs up, and were by no means disposed to "back down," even in face of the plaintive appeals of "The Chancellor," or the proud expostulations of SOLLY himself.

Mine host of "St. Stephen's" thereupon got rather raspy, and standing forward, offered to back his Novice against the best man amongst those who thus unexpectedly and tardily denounced him. Young BILL LAND bore himself manfully, and assumed an attitude of proud but modest defiance. Murmurs of approval were heard even amongst those whom BOB SALISBURY could not generally reckon upon as his supporters; "The Chancellor" chuckled, and SOLLY smiled confidently, when suddenly—Oh! what a surprise! An aged Corinthian, who had, in his day, been a good 'un with the mawleys, but was now decidedly *passé*, and went commonly by the name of "The Dodderer," was suddenly seen to "put up his dukes" in a somewhat senile, but still decidedly energetic fashion, and lo! before SOLLY'S Novice knew where he was, he received "one in the wind" from "The Dodderer's" shrivelled but knuckly "right," which fairly doubled him up, and sent him staggering to his second's knee.



WHAT THE DANCING MAN HAS COME TO.

"NOT DANCING ANY MORE TO-NIGHT, FRED?"

"NO; AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL NEVER PUT MY FOOT IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN! WHY, I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED THREE TIMES!"

Of course the fat was in the fire at once, and the shindy that ensued was startling. "Unfair!" "Foul blow!" "Took him unawares!!!" shouted the friends of the Novice. "Go it, 'Dodderer'!" "Call him a Champion?!!" "Take him away!!!" counter-yelled the delighted Corinthians. A highly respectable old Family Solicitor who was present, so far lost his usual sense of deference due to "the quality," in the excitement and delight of the moment, as to smack the "Dodderer" soundly on the back, shrieking exultantly, "Go it, Old Strawberry! Double the young duffer up, dear boy!! We'll show 'em how to pooh, pooh seniority, and violate the good old Conservative Rules of the Corinthian Ring!!!"

And "The Dodderer," though somewhat staggered by the Solicitor's slap on the back, rubbed his ancient hands together triumphantly, and crowed out complacently:—"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he! I gave him a good knock, didn't I, dear boys?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that the country is luring people from Town, *Rural Rambles*, and *Our Lanes and Meadow-paths*, both by Mr. H. J. FOLEY, will have considerable attraction for that more civil than military personage, the General Reader. These little works are usefully embellished with Maps, showing the road to pastures new from Piccadilly. Should the Tourist require mental refreshment, he might take with him on his journey Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT'S *Stone Broke*, his latest "story of startling interest." In *Stone Broke*, Captain Malwyn (who is supposed to write his own history) defers shooting himself through the head, in order to complete his shillingsworth of autobiography. As the narrative is full of sensational incidents, the abandonment of the contemplated suicide may not only be pardoned, but applauded. Nay, the reader will be quite sorry when Captain Malwyn dies, but will appreciate the absolute necessity for his death when he finds that Mr. A'BECKETT, in *Stone Broke*, has got to the last sentence of the final chapter. *A Babe in Bohemia*, by FRANK DANBY, must be reckoned among the books that had better have been left unwritten, or, if written, better left unread. It has no story to speak of, and so I won't speak of it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PLAYFUL PROCEEDINGS.

MACBETH, late of the Lyceum, has gone away for rest and change of air, perhaps to the Moors, though this is unlikely, as the Moor has come up to the Lyceum. *Otello* is no *Macbeth*, and *Macbeth* is no Moor for the present. Mr. IRVING is preparing for *The Dead Heart*,—in this weather I had nearly written *The Dead Heat*, which promises to be a splendid revival. It will be, indeed, a triumph to revive a *Dead Heart*, and make it go again with all its former vigour. But HENRY IRVING has felt the pulse of the public, and knows what to prescribe.

Of course, our ELLEN will be very much in it,—a noble and pathetic part, if I remember it rightly. Then Mr. BANCROFT is also to be revived, not only to show us that he cannot say "My art is dead," but to re-start him; and if he is to be once more the "busy B. improving his shining hour," will it be too much to hope that we shall see the Queen B. at work again? The "Reminiscences" of the B.'s are all in favour of such a movement. 'On and off the Stage.' *Exeunt both; then re-enter.* "On" we goes again!"

SARA B., whom I saw looking so well and handsome in a *fauteuil roulant* at the Exposition, having grown stouter, is now going to play *Lena*, alternating her performances with those of Professor BLACKIE, *dit* the Moor of Venice.

CHARLES WYNDHAM is going through his *répertoire* previous to his departure for America. He airs *David Garrick*; he produces a comedy by a young hand who shall be nameless, entitled, I believe, *The Headless Man*, and, on the last night of the season, the *pabulum* he will provide for the public will be *Wild Oats*,—sown long ago. When he goes to America it is to play in a theatre not yet built, under the management of Mr. ABBEY. This combination ought to delight "the Church and Stage Guild" (if it still exists), as how could the Theatrical-Ecclesiastical union be better typified than by a theatre under an ABBEY? Yours truly,
PRIVATE BOX (1st Royal Supers and Minors).

REVERENDUS REDIVIVUS.

IN the list of distinguished guests invited to attend the State Concert, stood out all alone in his glory the title of "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET." No other name: that was quite enough. Now, considering the Fleet has ceased to exist for many a year, in fact, since the last prisoners of distinction (Mr. *Pickwick* and Sam Weller) were confined within its walls, the office of the Chaplain of the Fleet must be literally a sinecure,—for he is a clergyman *sine cure*,—and therefore a fitting subject for certain Parliamentary inquirers. One thing is certain, that this announcement of the presence of so historic a personage at the State Concert will be regarded by Mr. WALTER BESANT and his publishers as a first-rate advertisement for his well-known novel.

HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.—This was done when they made a Sheriff of KNILL.

"THE WOOING O'T!"

New and Royal Version. Dedicated respectfully to the Happy Pair.



DEE-SIDE DUFF came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Our dear LOUISE (whom love calls Loo)
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Princesses hold their heads fu' high,
But sly McCupid, dancing by, [try!]
Whispers to FIFE, "Take heart, and
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
DUFF declared, and DUFF so pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
As quite to melt the Royal Maid,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

FIFE, gude faith, hath lands and "tin,"
Yet was fortunate to win
Fair LOUISE, of Royal kin.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
May fair time and chance betide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
FIFE and his sweet Royal Bride.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
See McCupid, fu' of glee,
Pipes before them merrily. [times three!
Punch drinks their health with three
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

don in November. After that date I shall appoint him Lord Mayor of Teheran, with a residence in my capital, for life.

WHISPERS FROM WINDSOR.

THERE was some complaint made about the catering at this Exhibition of British Agriculture. But why? The Royal Menu, which set the example, was thoroughly English:—"Tortue Claire," "Saumon à la Norvégienne," "Anguilles en aspic aux truffes," &c.; "Suprême de Volaille," "Pâté de foies gras," &c., &c.; "Pouding glacé à la Parisienne." Where was the *Rosbif de Vieille Angleterre*, and "Le Pouding d'Yorkshire," where the "Le Stout et Bitter," et "Le Plum-pouding," et "Le Fromage de Cheshire"? "Punch" was there with the "Tortue Claire"; and "Punch" was drunk. Of course this is not Mr. Punch, but the delicious beverage named in his honour. It was real good weather for anything iced. The little Eating Boys were on in this scene, having obtained leave of absence in the time of WARRE, in order to study the Arts of Peace.

Among the best bred exhibits at the Great Agricultural Show the Shool-bred Towel horses were remarkable for their light build and great strength.

Perhaps the best bred thing of all, was the Pommery '80, furnished for H.R.H.'s special refreshment at lunch ("which, well he deserves it") which was quite up to the excellent taste already displayed by decoration of the Royal Pavilion. On dit, that Mr. WALTER SHOOLBRED is to be made a Marquee.

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

It is extremely kind that the English should honour me by conveying me from Gravesend to Westminster in a state vessel, called a "Pen Y. Steam-Boat."

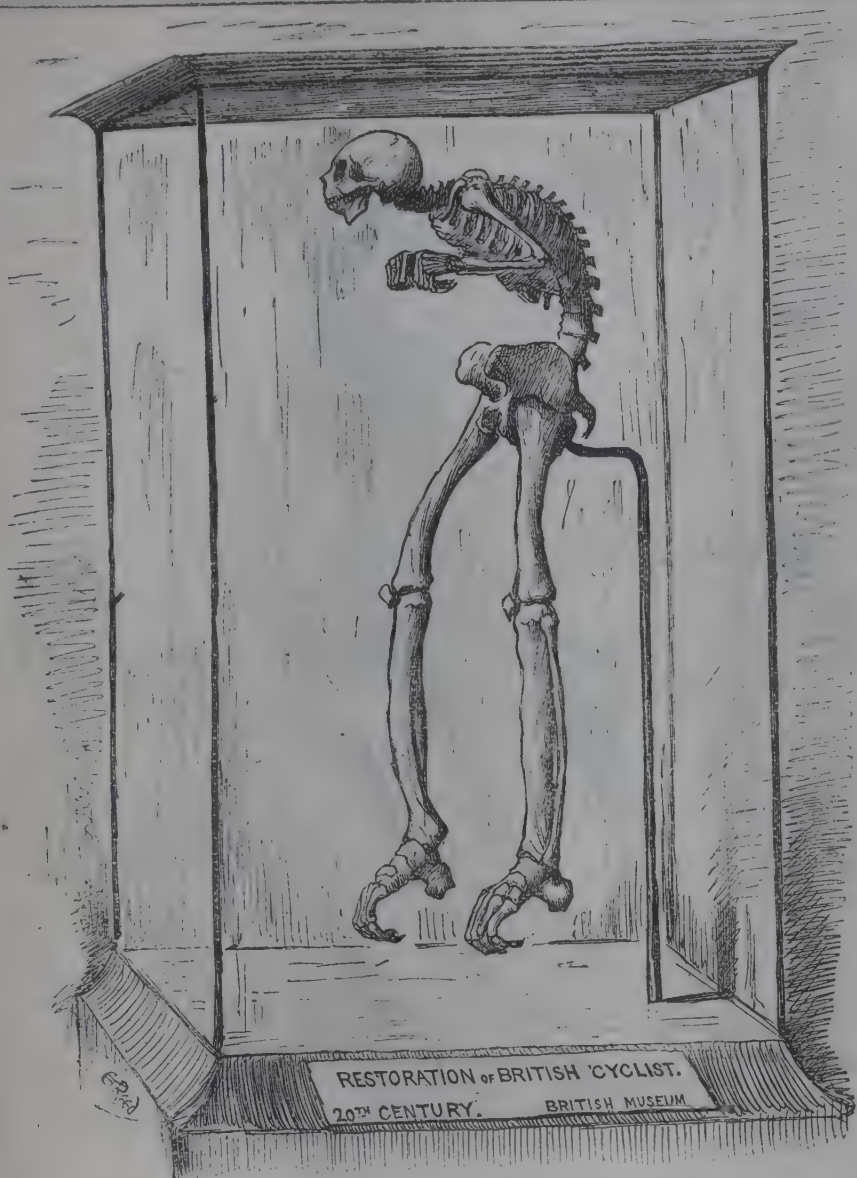
H.R.H. the Prince of WALES too on board! How shall I show my gratitude for his courtesy? He has already received an assortment of Persian orders. Ah, a pleasant thought! I will present him with Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF as a slave for life!

Last time I was in England I was only curious now I am solely anxious to improve my country, and develop its resources. To carry out this idea, I will order the Empire Theatre to be removed with its entire contents from Leicester Square to Teheran.

I see that the Rev. HAWEIS, says I am no longer a barbarian. This is kind of the Rev. HAWEIS. He must be a good, a compassionate man. I will appoint him appropriately my Chief Executioner with the usual remuneration—twenty bags of diamonds a-year and a residence in Persia.

I like Windsor. When I was there, there seemed to be a large number of bullocks. If I had not known that Her MAJESTY would have ordered every beast in the Royal Agricultural Show to be slaughtered, so that I might have the tenderest possible morsel, I should have asked for a beef-steak for luncheon.

The turtle at the Mansion House is excellent—so is the LORD MAYOR. I hear that Mr. WHITEHEAD ceases to be Lord Mayor of London in November.



A WARNING TO ENTHUSIASTS.

"SUMMAT LIKE A SELL."

SUGGESTIONS for utilising the top of Snowdon, which, with the "hotel" and various appurtenances were last week put up to auction, and knocked down—fancy knocking the top of Snowdon down!—of course to the highest bidder.

1. (By a Philistine Correspondent.)—Build a really nice hotel there, something like the Rigi, Kulm, or Kaltbad, with mountain railway up from Llanberris. Then one would have a chance of seeing the view in something like comfort.

2. (By Another—only more so.)—Turn it into slate quarries. Hang the scenery!

3. (From a Patriotic Astronomer.)—Build an Observatory that will lick Lick!

4. (From our own Æsthete.)—Abolish the cairn, and all other disgusting traces of man's presence. Let any person leaving a ginger-beer bottle, or carving his initials anywhere about, be flung from the Menai Bridge. Begin Welsh Disestablishment by disestablishing the vendors of tea and Bass's ale in those elevated hovels. Let Nature reign supreme (she generally does rain on Snowdon)!

5. Erect an Eiffel Tower on the top. Let us try to give Ben Nevis a back seat.

6. Buy it up as a Public Park for the Nation.

7. Reserve it as the meeting-place of the Welsh Parliament—when Wales gets one. The event will probably take place when the (Druids') Circle is squared; or perhaps, by squaring the Druids themselves, they might consent to do without Home Rule.

A PAR ABOUT THE BAR.—Our Mr. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR writes to say, that a mistake was made in his description in our columns last week. In spite of the eminence he has attained at the Bar, he has not yet become a Q.C., and still is satisfied with chambers in Pump-handle Court. We can only account for his address being given in that eminently respectable and high-priced locality, "Grub Court," by the suggestion that it is common knowledge in the profession that he has frequently refused "silk" on account of his well-known preference for "stuff," and that an association of ideas would naturally connect "Grub" with food, and "stuff" with eating.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

Covent Garden.—Nothing very startling this week. Friday.—Good old Trovatory Government night. Mlle. TONI-SCHLÄGER, with fine Toni'd organ, is, in every sense, a powerful *Leonora*. Signor LESTELLIER, half a head shorter than Mlle. TONI, is an undersized *Manrico*; but, like GARRICK, he is six feet high when he is in a passion. To-night he only gets up to five feet ten. Mr. CROTTY, as our dear old melodramatic *Il Conte di Luna*, looks the "two-pence coloured" part to the life; and, when he gets mixed up with the bed-curtained four-post-tented field, he stirs up many

SEASONABLE AND FASHIONABLE.



A (Covent) "Garden Party."

a touching memory, and there is scarcely a dry eye (though many a dry throat) in the House among those who, in boyhood's happy days, delighted in "SKELT's scenes and characters," sixpenny paint-boxes, and penn'orths of tinsel. Should the chance be again offered of witnessing the performance of Mr. CROTTY as the *Count di Lunatico Inquirendo*, let no true lover of art miss it. "Please remember the Crotty." Conductor RANDEGGER looks round amiably on the house, to see how it takes the announcement in the programme, that the management of the R.I.O. has broken off with MITCHELL of Bond Street. Up to now, "MITCHELL's" has been a powerful Operatic tradition. No MITCHELL, no Opera. But AUGUSTUS DRUBRIOLANUS COUNTICOUNCILARIUS PROTECTOR LEGIS BRITANNICÆ is autocratic. On Friday and Saturday both parties were in Court before Mr. Justice STIRLING, —[*Happy Thought*.—A legal paradox,—the Judge always comes first into Court, and yet everyone comes before him!—]—and in reply to the attempt to get his head into Chancery, DRUBRIOLANUS, Defendant and Defiant, exclaimed, "Remember Mitchellstown!" The Judge observed that Mr. MITCHELL seemed to have benefited by his visit to HASTINGS (Q.C.), and that he would leave the matter pretty much where it was before there was any row at all.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—Mlle. GARGANO an effective *Lucia*. Pleasant voice, but forces upper notes. SINDONA EDGARDO and GALASSI ASHTON more emphatic than elegant, but can't have everything. "Minor parts"—which sounds sad as a universal expression in an Opera—satisfactorily filled. Acting might be better; stage-management a trifle antediluvian.

Tuesday.—First appearance in this country of Miss MINNIE EWAN. Quite a New 'un. Voice clear and melodious. Rather nervous at first. Very well received. Hot night. The *Warmth* of the weather apparent on stage as *Il Duca*.

Covent Garden.—Ere this appears, the SHAH, in such a state as never was, will have visited the Opera, have heard the Melodious Medley, our National Anthem, and the Persian one as well. He's SHAH to be pleased.

RIVAL STARS.



It is as soon as he arrives, or nearly, that the Shah is able to behold the whole Empire at one Private View.

Otello (at the Lyceum). Why doesn't he come to see Me? Am I not a man and a brother?



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Hostess (who is proud of her popularity). "YES; I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NOT A DOOR-BELL IN THE WHOLE STREET THAT'S SO OFTEN RUNG AS MINE!" *Fair Visitor.* "WELL, DEAR, I HAD TO RING IT FIVE TIMES!"

AN AFFECTING MEETING.

NASR-ED-DIN soliloquises:—

AH! this is the land where men hustle and hurtle,
And e'en at their feeds seem to race against Time;
But 'tis also the place where the Love of the Turtle
Makes crowding endurable, hurry sublime.
I know the spot, I have tasted the wine.
To see the Madeira once more richly shine
In the slender-stemmed glasses, and sniff its perfume,
More sweet than big gardens of Göl in full bloom,
Is worth travelling far, though the Briton's a brute,
And the voice of diplomacy never is mute;
And the tints of the towns, and the hues of the sky,
With mud-lakes and bitumen-filled valleys might vie.
Still the virgins are fresh, and the dishes are fine,
And as for their thick Turtle-soup, 'tis divine!
'Tis the Land of the West, uncaressed by the Sun,
But no doubt, as before, I shall have some good fun.
Ah! 'tis sixteen long years since I bade it farewell,
And strange tales to this day of my doings they tell.

Yes, once more I am here; so's that sly Western WOLFF!
'Twixt the present and past there's a tidy wide gulf.
If a Diary once more the SHAH deigns to pen,
Some contrasts will show twixt the Now and the Then.
Yet at bottom the whole situation's the same;
There's small change in my fix, or the Giaour's sly game.
A cordial reception? A warm welcome? Bah!
Do they think they see green in the eyes of the SHAH!

At Gravesend—detestable name!—I was met
By Princes and Dukes—the old mutton-faced set,
Rather grizzled perhaps, some gone shiny-topped. Ah!
Time will not even spare a sublime Shahinshah!
But no matter! Whilst bowstrings and hair-dyes abound,
I shall well hold my own—on my own Persian ground.

Here? Well, we shall see. WALES grows portly of port,
But an affable Prince, and not half a bad sort;
And were he rotund as a Royal rum-puncheon,
At least he knows how to preside at a luncheon.
Every step made me think of my previous stay;
At Westminster Stairs I felt well on my way,
For the old showy round, troops, feeds, female fal-lals, lace,
Grand dames, guards of honour, and Buckingham Palace.
Garden parties will follow, and races, and bores
That the Giaours call Concerts; a Shahinshah snores
Through those horrid inflictions the best way he can.
Crystal Palace, of course; and I think they've a plan
To take me to Hatfield; the prospect much irks;
Then Birmingham shows and those big Forth Bridge works,
Which the Infidels make such a brag of, no doubt,
Will "astonish the SHAH"—or, at least, tire him out!

However, to-day to the City I turn;
To the Mansion House Banquet my bosom doth yearn.
The great Civic Turtle and I are old friends.
Ah! "doth not a meeting like this make amends"
For the infinite boredom and insolent fuss?
Dear Turtle! I knew you would welcome me thus!
What! affected to tears, Turtle? Come to my arms!
My long long lost friend, how sublime are your charms!
Come! keep up your pecker, and tip us your fin,
For I love you, old boy—and I long to begin!

[Left embracing.]

MRS. R'S WORTHY SUCCESSOR.—A City Magnate, Mr. Deputy MUDDLEWICK (brother-in-law of our dear old Mrs. R.), in an after-dinner speech on the occasion of the opening of some large building, complimented the architect on "the zeal and acidity he had shown during the progress of the work." The Reporters present, however, generously translated it into "assiduity," which probably was what the Deputy meant. We shall keep our eye on Deputy MUDDLEWICK.



AN AFFECTING MEETING.

THE SHAH. "WHAT! MISTER TURTLE!—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO! CHARMED TO RENEW THE ACQUAINTANCE!!"



SCENE—ROTTEN ROW. TIME—3 P.M.

FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION, ON HORSEBACK, COME TO VIEW OUR BEAUTY AND FASHION.

AT THE ALBERT HALL.

"A means of putting the stall-holders and their associates *en évidence*, and gratifying the fashionable passion for notoriety."—*The World*.

"HERE we are all keeping shop;
Come and spend the nimble shilling.
You can lounge, and flirt, and stop,
For, like *Barkis*, we are willing.
If with wonderment you see
Ladies in this strange position;
Like the goods we're selling, we
Are of course on exhibition.

"We stand here the livelong day,
'ARRY comes with queer grimaces,
And, in his familiar way,
Critiques limbs and faces.
Then the papers, too, report
All the details of our dresses;
Whether frocks were long or short,
And the colour of our tresses.

"Standing here like dolls on view,
We of course do hear the oddest
Things, and, to be strictly true,
Much that's neither nice nor modest.
But, what matter? Let the prude
Frown disdain upon our capers;
Though the pushing crowd be rude,
We've our names in all the papers."

Lo! the cads may gape and stare,
Leering at you o'er the shoulder,
Maids and Matrons, we declare
That it sickens each beholder.
Never, in the far-off days,
Could we see this shameful minute;
Notoriety's your craze,
And these wanton antics win it.

AN EGYPTIAN FIND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FEAR this is rather an ambiguous title, and might cast unjust reflections on the Egyptians. "Find" means a discovery—not that a son of KHEM has been amerced by the Magistrate. However, this is what I have discovered in a copper cylinder in a hidden chamber in a forgotten pyramid in a sanded-up desert. It is a fragment of a dialogue, and runs as follows:—

"Isis, Sir?"

"Yes; and Osiris, if you have any."

"Very sorry, Sir; Osiris is off."

"Waiter, a papyrus roll."

"Yes, Sir."

"And butter."

"D'rec'ly, Sir."

"And a Lybian dessert to follow."

Here, unfortunately, the fragment ends, though I can just decipher something which looks like *Cigarcoffagus*. The fragment is apparently from a familiar work, either of the great MUR-RA, or of the TA-BEL DOTARDUS, of the so-called Three-and-sixpenny Dynasty. I found it myself in the Kaf-feh Restaur-On Chamber of the Pyramid of Chops, near Cowey Steaks, on the Pelasgic branch of the Nile. It has given me six months' work, and the translation of it has nearly killed me; but it will, like Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S *Cleopatra MS.*, drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy.

Yours, severely,

The Ven. THOMAS, Q.T., I.O.U., &c.
Knippin Court, St. Neots.

MISS-GUIDED FOLKS IN PARIS.—Evidently those who are personally conducted by "Lady Guides."

TO A RISING STAR.

As you twinkle, SHAHINSHAH!
And the mob asks who you are,
Won't some keen folks wonder why
We thus set you up on high,
Bring you up the river way,
Make a pageant of your stay?
Won't they ask, when you appear,
Why the crowd begins to cheer?
Why the troops have lined the street?
Why the guns your presence greet?
Why the Prince sits by your side?
Why you down to Windsor ride?
Why fine people round you press
"By request" in Courtier's dress?
Why great nobles of the land
Welcome you with outstretched hand?
Why all this? What have you done?
Is it, with a sense of fun,
That e'en yet the story lingers
Of your eating with your fingers?
Throwing bones beneath the table?
Making of your room a stable?
Stopping your imperial train?
By your coming, do we gain?
Can you give a *quid pro quo*?
Reason glibly answers "No."
Then why all this flood of fête
Garnished up with show and state?
Is it, that we think O SHAH!
You'll to Russia prove a bar,
And that your barbaric *nous*,
P'raps may serve the British House?
Well! we only know you're here!
But what makes us shout and cheer—
That's a thing, without a doubt,
That no fellow can make out!

LA TOUR EIFFEL (1st Landing).—"Encore un Bock." Scotch translation, "Bock agen!"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 72.



HENLEY AQUATIC CARNIVAL.

Harry Furniss

A FALSE NOTE FROM HENLEY.

Regatta Week, 1889.—It is satisfactory to be able to state that the arrangements of the Thames Conservancy this year are admirable; but it must be well understood that I make this statement on my own personal responsibility. I may add, that nothing could have been more delightful than the original idea of the Authorities, to ballot for stations on the river. If this had been carried out, no doubt many persons who let out house-boats would have reaped a golden harvest, to the anger of those old owners who year after year have taken an infinity of trouble to secure a "coin of 'vantage" beside the river's bank. Well, it would have been a fair exchange, hire for ire! However, the Conservators at the last moment reverted to the old custom of first come first served. And is everybody satisfied? Well, I will not go as far as that; but I can, at any rate, say that I am!

For Henley is certainly delightful. No trouble about the steam-launches, which, of course, are *not* allowed to come so near the "river residences" that illumination is an impossibility—oh, no, nothing of that sort allowed *this* year. And I make the satisfactory announcement on my own personal authority!

And are the people on the banks satisfied? Well, I say so. It is an open secret that the landowners are only too pleased to have as many house-boats as possible in front of their grounds. They revel in the view of awnings and kitchen funnels. Who says so? Why, I do.

And you may ask me for my signature. You may wish to learn who is so satisfied with Henley and its surroundings. You may like to find out the name of the enthusiast who considers the Thames Conservators the best possible Conservators, the owners of the Thames house-boats the best possible persons, the riparian landholders the most unselfish of proprietors? This curiosity is easily satisfied. So I append my signature. In guarantee of my satisfaction, content, and delight, I sign my name. Who then is satisfied with this year's arrangements at Henley? Why, **NOBODY!**

The Sells, Long-bow Reach, near Henley.



"COUNSEL'S OPINION."

Judge (testily, to persistent Junior). "SIR, IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"
Junior (pointedly). "QUITE SO, MY LUD, QUITE SO!"

[Proceeds.]

HENLEY REGATTA.—Here Rowing-men have a rowlocking time of it. And we hope that the weather will be what the French call "*Boat temps.*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Business still hopping along by leaps and bounds. Board of Agriculture Bill on for Committee as first Order for to-day. Paper bristling with Amendments. HENEAGE drawn up whole pages, chiefly designed to do away with proposed Board, leaving only the Minister.

"We hear," he said, "from time to time, a good deal about boarding-out principle in connection with pauper children. Let us apply it by putting this Board out."

OLD MORALITY, who has personal charge of Bill, came to front; carried everything before him with usual irresistible skill and force. Explained to HENEAGE that whilst Board must be retained, it should have no power or authority; practically no existence; sort of phantom appanage.

"Neither the Minister, nor the House, nor the country," he added, "will ever be bored by it. Nothing," he continued, in his winning manner, "would give me more sincere pleasure than to meet the views of my Right Hon. friend, whose acquaintance with all that relates to Agriculture is extensive and peculiar. But though we do not propose to invest the Board with any power, or, indeed, with any reality, we feel it necessary to ask the House to pass the Bill as it stands. What I would suggest to my Right Hon. friend is, that, having been at the trouble to draft these numerous, important, and singularly interesting Amendments, he should imagine the House has accepted them, and that they have been incorporated in the Bill. That done, we will pass the Bill as it stands, and ever one will be satisfied. I venture with some diffidence, though I may say with great confidence, to recommend this suggestion to my Right Hon. friend."

HENEAGE jumped at idea; imagined his Amend-

ments were accepted and incorporated in the Bill, and so it passed through Committee. All over in less than half an hour.

"That's what I call genius," said PULESTON, admiringly. "Talk about your PALMERSTONS, your DIZZIES, and your GLADSTONES leading the House of Commons; was ever anything done like this? By sheer urbanity, combined with perfect knowledge of human nature, OLD MORALITY gets through a critical stage of a Bill which certainly would, in other hands, have occupied the House through a long sitting."

Way thus marvellously cleared, BALFOUR got on early with Bann Drainage Bills. Position of Irish Members embarrassing. Bill and kindred measures proposed to endow Ireland with large sums of money at expense of British tax-payer. The money desirable; but absolutely necessary to oppose any measure brought in by BALFOUR. At same time, while opposing Bill, must be careful it was not lost. Accordingly, Irish Members refrained from moving hostile Amendment. STOREY obliged with one, and JOSEPH GILLIS stipulated that he should fight Bill tooth and nail.

"I'm only a little one," he pleaded, "and no harm will be done." As for the general view of Irish Members, it was eloquently expressed by The O'HANLAN.

"We Irishmen," said he, scowling black brows on BALFOUR, who lay languorous on Treasury Bench, much enjoying comical situation, "will take all the money you offer us; but, Sir, we will take it under protest!"

Business done.—Board of Agriculture Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—"I don't know which is the more grateful and comforting," said OLD MORALITY, reflectively, as he listened to Debate on Swiss Labour Conference. Was thinking about BAUMANN and DARLING (CHARLIE the particular Darling he had in mind, not MOIR TOD STOR-



Pleasant Puleston.

MOUTH, of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's University). These two eminent young men, whilst not moulting a feather of personal friendship, had differed in opinion as to conduct of MARKISS. MARKISS, replying to invitation to send Delegate to Berne Conference, had made certain stipulations limiting range of discussion. BAUMANN disapproved this course; regarded it with grave displeasure; even seconded hostile Amendment which CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM moved. DARLING (C. J., not yet L. C. J.), on contrary, was able to regard policy of MARKISS with almost unqualified approval. Not absolutely unqualified; that too much to expect; but enough to sustain MARKISS, and prevent complications certain to arise from resignation at present crisis.

BAUMANN declared for largest, fullest, illimitable range of discussion. "If," he said, fixing significant glance on COURTNEY, "there are any reasonable number of people in this country who doubt the rotundity of the earth, I will discuss the matter with them." Nothing could be handsomer. House felt this; uncompromising supporters of the Government, though outraged at this revolt in Peckham, murmured applause.

DARLING, on contrary, insisted that the worst the MARKISS had done, was to exclude from consideration two matters not mentioned in the programme. Perhaps if the MARKISS had consulted some of his supporters, the phrasing of his objection might have been happier. But that was nothing. DARLING (C. J.) stood by Her Majesty's Government, and OLD MORALITY heaved sigh of relief. "Wonderful young men!" he said. "Happy the Government that numbers in its ranks two such brilliant oruscations—if I may say so—of humanity."

Business done.—Government saved from Vote of Censure.

Wednesday.—In Committee on Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill. Tough fight over ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Amendment to omit from Bill words prohibiting employment of Children under ten in theatres. MUNDELLA, in charge of Bill, accepts Amendment. DICK TEMPLE, SAM SMITH, and other superlatively good people, object. Amendment defeated by 120 votes to 80.

"No Fairies for me," said TEMPLE—"I'll have none of 'em."

Thursday.—HOME SECRETARY sits on Treasury Bench pleased, watchful and alert. Ministerial life for him has been almost unbroken series of reproaches. When anything has gone wrong in London, the cry has always gone up, "*Cherchez le HOME SECRETARY!*" When found he has been made a note of in most disturbing style. Now STUART, with ill-advised enthusiasm, gives him opportunity to appear in the right at least for once. Seems that yesterday it occurred to directors of "Salvation Army" that it would be excellent advertisement to march with flags flying, drums beating and thousands shouting, along Strand to Exeter Hall. Announced intention to Commissioner of Police; Commissioner pointed out public inconvenience; politely suggested that "Army" should proceed along Embankment; "Army" declined, for very good reason. Never saw a stream of sandwich-board men parading Embankment. Strand, Regent Street, and, above all, Bond Street, as being particularly inconvenient, owing to narrowness of thoroughfare, their happy hunting-grounds. So "Salvation Army" attempted to stream along Strand. Police resisted; scrimmage; flags torn; drums staved in; several "Captains" and "Colonels"

put *hors de combat*. STUART wants to know, how's this? CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM adds indignant inquiry; HOWELL and ROWLANDS, jealous for their own preserves, drop in a few words. Then MATTHEWS rises to explain; ventures to hint that Strand not made exclusively for "Salvation Army;" that there are a few million people in London who have right to expect that public thoroughfares be kept open for them to go about their business. Added that every courtesy was shown to the directors of the troupe, and it was only when they insisted upon storming the Strand that the police closed up their ranks. HOME SECRETARY defending police on charge of interference with liberty of subject hailed with unwonted cheering from both sides.

Business done.—Scotch University Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Armenia in Lords; Scotch University in Commons; dulness everywhere. Met in corridor PEMBROKE, that Eiffel Tower of House of Lords. "Seen this controversy about who's 'W. H.?' " he said—"SHAKESPEARE'S Mr. W. H., 'the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets'?" Some people thought it was settled long ago; fixed on my forebear WILLIAM HERBERT, first Earl of Pembroke. Now OSCAR WILDE says it's Mr. WILLIAM HEWS. All nonsense, TOBY. You and I know better

than that. SHAKESPEARE a man not for an age but for all time; saw everything and everybody centuries ahead. 'Who's Mr. W. H.?' *Why it's SMITH!*" And PEMBROKE lifted his tall head and laughed.

Business done.—Very little.

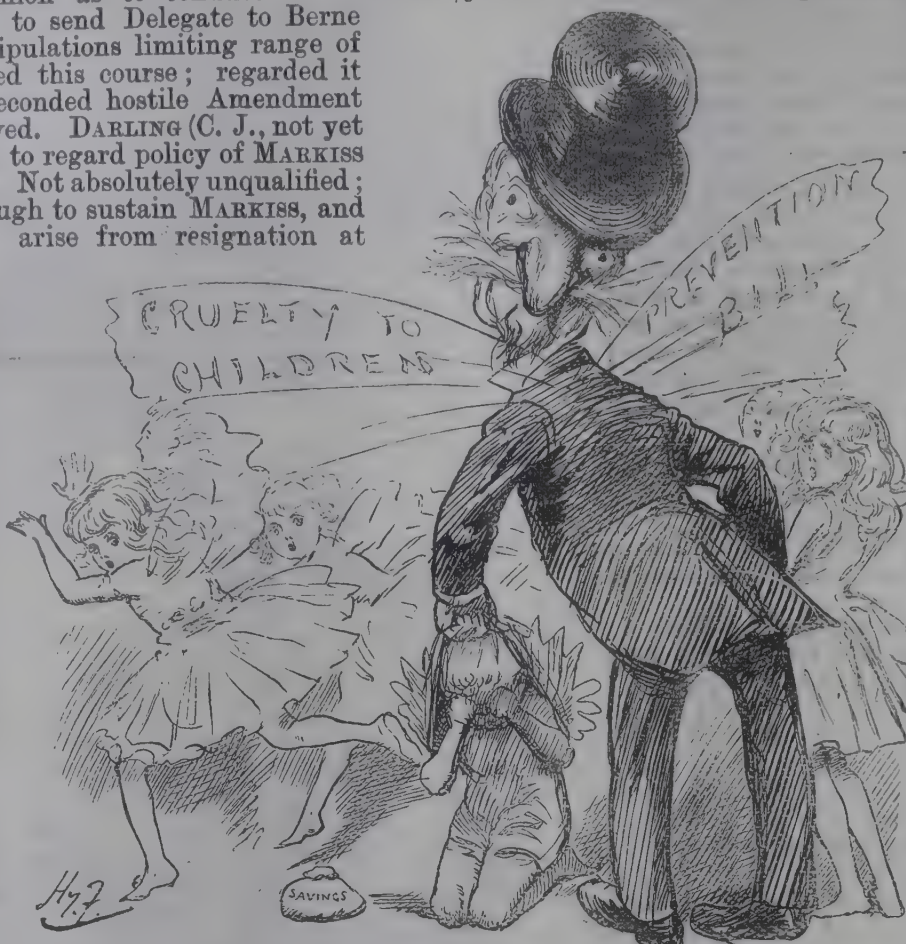
PLAY-TIME.

At the Opéra Comique.—"Place aux Dames!" Two new pieces by Lady-Dramatists. Better to be a Lady-Authoress than an Alderwoman or Countess-Councillor. *To the Rescue*, by Mrs. GREET, was, as our friend WAGSTAFF observed, "warmly greeted." *Our Flat*, by Mrs. MUSGRAVE is a capital farcical comedy, excellently well played.

There is not a weak point in the entire bill. Miss FANNY BROUGH, as a young lady who meets poverty with a bold front, and turns domestic distress into food for laughter, would have been the life and soul of the piece, were it not that her colleagues, Misses MAY WHITTY, ANNIE GOWARD, LAURA SEDGWICK, and ENID LESLIE, are lives and souls also.

Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN provokes tears of laughter at every turn. And as Miss BROUGH is supported by the ladies, so is Mr. EDOUIN by the gentlemen, for one and all give completeness to the *tout ensemble*. Mr. NAINBY is good, Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT is better, and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD is best. The scene in which admirable substitutes for drawing-room furniture are found in tubs, barrels, and egg-boxes, covered with shawls, fairly brought down the house. Bravo, Mr. EDOUIN! You're sharp to produce *Our Flat*.

MUCH TO BE PITIED IN THIS WEATHER.—"The Standing Committees." Won't anybody provide them with seats? The name of Chairman is a misnomer if he has also to stand. If he is seated, he had better stand them chairs all round,—and cool drinks as well.



"No Fairies for me! I'll have none of 'em!"

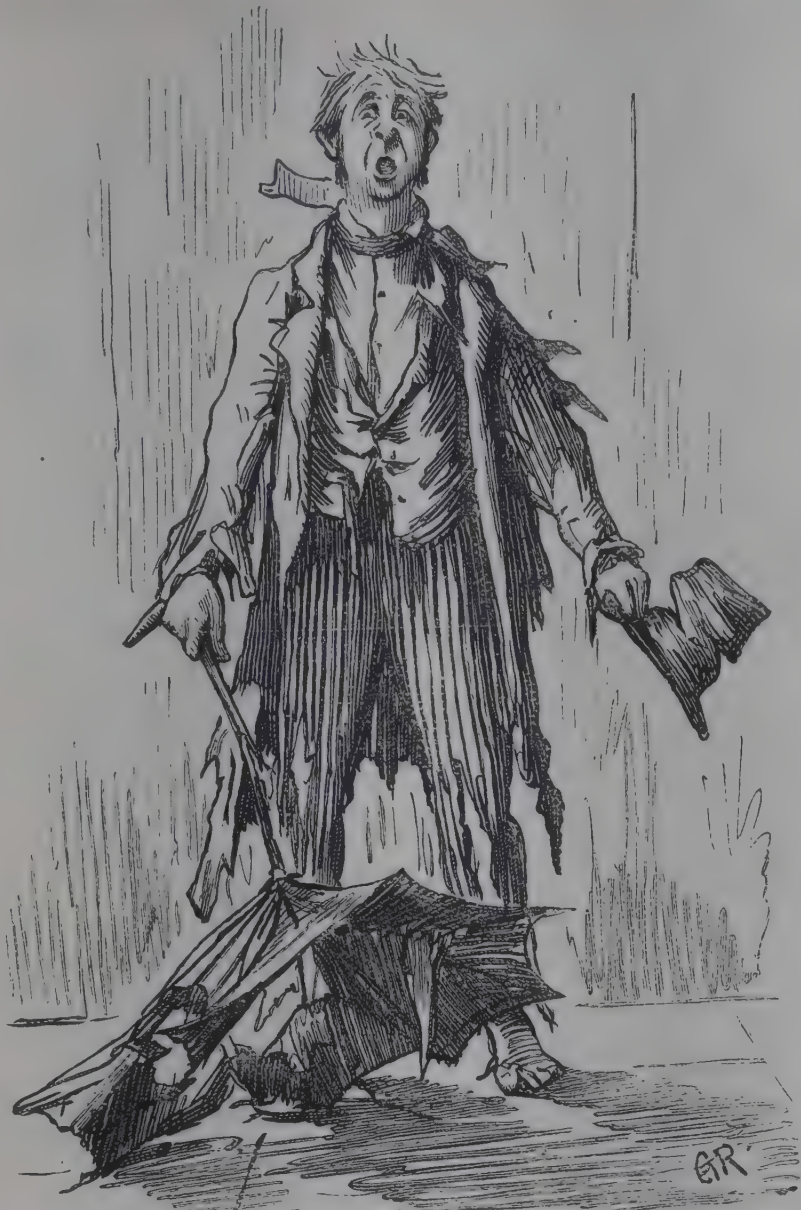


The Secretary, for Once at Home.

Embankment. Strand, Regent Street, and, above all, Bond Street, as being particularly inconvenient, owing to narrowness of thoroughfare, their happy hunting-grounds. So "Salvation Army" attempted to stream along Strand. Police resisted; scrimmage; flags torn; drums staved in; several "Captains" and "Colonels"



Sharp Practice in *Our Flat*. A fall in stage props.



"HAVE I SEEN THE SHAH? YES, I HAVE. DON'T I LOOK LIKE IT?"
[He had been in the ugly rush just before the Shah's landing at Westminster, July 1.]

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

July 2, 1889.—Once more in the Guildhall ante-room, where our attention is distracted by the preparations for the reception of the SHAH that are going on hard by. Possibly "Mister" ROSEBERY is reminded by the hammerings and red-clothings that "His Imperial Majesty" (save the mark!) is a nuisance. But he puts it nicely. Says "Mister" ROSEBERY says he, "A great potentate came to this country, and he was welcomed in the City. A route was selected which was naturally the best for him to traverse, but the guardians of the route were not merely not consulted as to whether the route was convenient for them, but they had not a man, except the door-keepers in their office, whom they could appoint to protect their property."

It is fortunate that the attention of these rather venerable officials are engaged in telling members of the Press the way to the seats reserved for them, and keeping an eye upon the hats, coats, and umbrellas, while the Mister of ROSEBERY says this. I fancy that were the door-keepers to learn that there was a prospect of their being called upon to keep the ground for the SHAH, that resignation would be the order of the day. By the way that bright and intelligent Knight of the Italian Crown, HOWARD VINCENT, is strangely silent. Surely after his success at the Fire Brigade Parade he might have claimed as a right to look after the trees and the people at the head (more or less), of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. If he is not to be trusted on an occasion such as this, what possible good can it be to him to be the author of so erudite a volume as *Elementary Military Geography*? By the way I have not read the deeply interesting work myself, but from what I know of the writer am convinced that the title he has given his book must be fully justified by the contents. No doubt the Knight of the Crown of Italy's military geography is very elementary.

But this is only preliminary to the real work of the meeting. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK brings up the report of the Standing Committee, recommending that Sir P. EDLIN, Q.C., (who, during the Jubilee Year, was Deputy and Treasurer to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES,

and in that capacity once returned thanks for his Illustrious Chief and the Rest of the Royal Family), shall only have £1500 for the present. Mr. DAVIES promptly, as an "amendment," moves that £1500 a year is ample. "Mister" ROSEBERY suggested that "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" (as I think we may fairly call Mr. DAVIES, as he was educated in those sparkling localities) has not moved an amendment, but only used an adjective. Then Mr. HORSLEY, to set things right as a civil, a very civil, engineer, proposes that the salary of the *ci-devant* representative of the Prince of WALES and the Rest of the Royal Family shall have £2000 a-year.

Upon this we have a real treat. The Patriot BURNS—whose sweet, gentle voice, and nice ear for the use of the aspirate is a joy for ever—interposes in his customary winning manner. It is pleasant to see him as he stands addressing the Mister, with his bright aristocratic face, his commanding stature, his well-fitting clothes, and his spotless linen. Of course, he objects to Sir PETER receiving more than £1500 a-year, for the Patriot is an economist, and in his opinion, the learned gentleman indicated is already receiving a salary out of proportion with the services rendered. Moreover, the kindly BURNS mildly intimates that he considers that some of the sentences lately passed by Sir PETER are "simply disreputable." Called upon to withdraw the expression as inappropriate, the Patriot, with the fine feeling for which he is justly celebrated, substitutes "disgraceful" for "disreputable." Then the storm continues, until "Mister" ROSEBERY feels it incumbent to inform "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" that something or other he has said is immaterial, and to tell Mr. DAVIES that he cannot withdraw his Amendment without the consent of the Council. Then we have the Closure, and a Division of 73 votes to 7.

But our troubles are not yet finished. We are treated to a long wrangle over a report of the Corporate Property Committee, which keeps the Council hard at work until eight o'clock. When the Chairman at length vacates his seat, I cannot help thinking that he must regret his acceptance of office. For when all is said and done, the Earl of ROSEBERY is a gentleman and a scholar, and holds Cabinet rank as a Statesman. Surely someone else of less distinction would do equally well to preside over such worthies as the Patriot BURNS, "the Pride of Mill Hill," and the rest of them!

BEDDED OUT.

(A future Possibility—we hope.)

DID you say that it was the County Council that has established all these delicious little ferny grottoes and pretty *cafés* the whole length of the Embankment?

Dear me! The Seven Dials seems to have disappeared, and in its place here is a public garden with a statue of Lord ROSEBERY, and a refreshing fountain in it!

Why, St. Martin's Lane is no longer a narrow and grimly depressing thoroughfare, now that the houses have been set back and trees planted at intervals down the street.

As for Trafalgar Square, the Democrat who would try to hold a public meeting there now, and thereby spoil the lovely turf and exquisite beds of flowers, would indeed be a hopeless Vandal.

Since prizes were given to any ratepayer who distinguished himself by the floral decoration of his windows and balconies, London has become a sort of Florist's Paradise and Horticultural Eden.

Now that flowers and trees are planted in every available corner and street and alley of the Metropolis, and the smoke demon has been finally put down, ailing country children are habitually sent up to Town to recover their health in its pure and invigorating atmosphere.

HOPELESS.

HEART-sick at the shindy, absurd and horrific,

That's raised by our partisan gabies and babies,
Punch longs for a PASTEUR who'd find a specific

To stamp out *political* rabies!

But in politics more than in science, 'tis sure,
You would ne'er make the duffers believe in the cure.

PLAY-TIME.

THERE are exceptions to every rule, and the *Matinée* on July 3, at the Strand Theatre, was one of these exceptions. Morning performances are usually the dullest of functions, but the occasion referred to was absolutely pleasing. There were two new pieces, *Christopher's Honeymoon* and *Bravado*, both fairly amusing. In the first Mrs. T. E. SMALE (who, by the way, adapted the second very cleverly from the French) distinguished herself as a sprightly representative of the *genus* Laundress. Considering the large share this talented lady took both as authoress and actress in the afternoon programme, and the satisfactory time at which the performances were brought to a close, the *Matinée* might have been aptly described as "SMALE and Early."



Leslie

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR JUNE.

NOT IN THE NEWSPAPERS;

Or, What our Illustrious Guest saw in Bacterial Billingsgate.

It was early—very early—on a fine July morning, when two striking, though evidently carefully disguised Personages might have been observed worming their wet and winding way with much difficulty amidst the chaos of vehicles of all sorts, from a railway van to a coster's barrow, which cumbered all the approaches to what Mr. J. LAURENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., has not inappropriately termed Bacterial Billingsgate. Despite their elaborate *mufti*, consisting in each case of a waterproof, a sou'-wester, and wooden-soled shoes, the discriminating eye might have detected the Sage of Fleet Street and the Star of Ispahan.

The latter slipped up over a slimy and malodorous pool on the much-cracked pavement of the market, the jerk arresting an obvious yawn which had begun to distort the swarthy symmetry of the royal features.

"It is early," he muttered, apologetically.

"An Oriental Luminary should, like the sun, rise early," said his companion, sententiously.

"My gorge rises, anyhow, and readily enough," responded the Star, sniffing distastefully.

"Ah! Civic Banquets and florally decorated theatres are all very well in their way," remarked the Sage. "But *this* scene is more really characteristic of our sea-washed Isle, and one of its great staples."

"Is it?" snapped the Star. "Well, it looks very dirty, and it smells very nasty. *Bismillah!* What is that?"

"Only the tail of a half-frozen cod-fish. I hope it has not damaged the royal eye."

"But why," asked the Star, "do these dirtily-draped hordes of burden-bearers dart about in every direction in this distracting way? And why do those others, at intervals, howl so distressingly? And why do those vociferous vendors stand cramped up in nooks and corners, surrounded closely by a damp crowd of customers? And why are the floors like muddy pools, and the slabs like reeking gutters? And why is there so little suggestive of the sea and so much suggestive of a sewer? And why is it impossible to stand, or move, anywhere without getting wet-footed, and dust-besprinkled, and scale-covered, and permeated with the peculiar foetid odour which pervades the whole place?"

"These questions, and others which suggest themselves," replied the Sage, "can only be answered in one way. It is because this is Billingsgate—in other words the most inadequate and ill-arranged fish-market which ever disgraced a great—no, I beg pardon, a *big* city."

"Well, even with this waterproof on I am getting as damp as the fish, and as dirty as the ice in which it is packed. But it is wonderful how these hosts of rapidly moving, hard-working, but singularly hideous fish-porters contrive to dash about with their top-heavy burdens of boxes, bags, and barrels without colliding."

"It is a skill akin to legerdemain only to be acquired by practice in these narrow and crowded precincts," said the Sage.

"But *why* narrow, and crowded?"

"With a view apparently to the discomfort of both vendors and purchasers, and to the spoiling of the commodity they deal in," was the answer.

"But that—as your Euclid says,—is absurd? objected the Star.

"Quite so. Billingsgate is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a Metropolitan Fish Market. It has—as Mr. LAURENCE-HAMILTON says, a Thames frontage of 160 feet instead of some 2000. Its land approaches are cramped and circuitous. To load, unload, store, preserve, sell, and distribute the fish are all equally difficult. Its internal construction is fortuitous and conducive to filthiness. Everything is as porous and spongy, in other words, as dirt-absorbing and disease-disseminating as possible. Everything, from a salmon-slab to a periwinkle sack, is carefully fitted to be the haunt of *bacteria*, 'the birth-place, home, and distributor of putrefactive fish-germs.'"

"Pah!" exclaimed His Majesty, with a shudder. "And is none to be bowstrung or bastinadoed for this?"

"Step aside, your Majesty, behind this pillar. Between the shouting salesmen and precipitate porters a spectator is sure to come to grief."

"But now I am standing in a pool, and inhaling putrefaction," objected the Star.



A DILEMMA.

Nervous Gentleman (to two Sisters). "I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF YOU IN TO DINNER. A—A—LET ME SEE—A—WHICH IS THE ELDER?"

"Then," said the Sage, "we had better go. These are the normal conditions of Bacterial Billingsgate, not to be escaped even by Us."

"Its floor," says the scientific critic before referred to, "is composed of a porous, soft stone, so worn and uneven, that its pavement is a network of filth-pools, super-saturated with germs, or *bacteria* or *microbes*, specially ripe, and ready to spoil any unspoiled dead fish which may be in the market."

"I know little about what you call *microbes* or *bacteria*," rejoined his Illustrious Companion; "but if they mean nastiness, it seems to me your scientific critic is not far out. We Persians are not supposed to be over-particular, but if I made a sketch of this place, and its pallid, slime-stained, blood-splashed 'porters,' my subjects might mistake it for a shambles or a torture-room."

"Fish-salesmen," pursued the Sage, adroitly dodging a falling crate on one side, and a pad of mud-stained plaice on the other, "have, I am informed, 'to pay from sixpence to ninepence a-week for occupying each square foot of space hired in Bacterial-Billingsgate,' and I agree 'it is disgrace that, with such high rents and close competition, they are not provided with properly-constructed stalls in a properly-constructed market, with ample space and ample approaches by land and water.'"

"And why," asked the Star, preparing to dodge his way out of the dirty chaos—"why did you bring me to this dismal and disgraceful place?"

"In order," replied the Sage, "that your Majesty might be induced to describe it with pen, and perchance with pencil, and that, 'seeing itself as others see it,' Bacterial Billingsgate may be ashamed of itself, and reform."

"Humph!" said the Illustrious One, picking his way amongst the filthy pools with a perfumed handkerchief at his offended nose.

SUMMER LIGHTNING.—The Clergy have recently been attempting to clear the air with a little mild fulmination—a sort of "flash-in-the-Pan"—Anglican meeting—about the heinous sin of Gambling. Certainly, a well-intentioned effort. But do these Ecclesiastics forget that they owe their present existence to the fact of there once having been a very big BET on the Throne.

OUR old friend, Mrs. R., remembers the SHAH being here sixteen years ago. She has a portrait of him which, she says, "I keep as a momentum of his visit."

"NIGHTS TWA WI' THE SHAH."

(By Our Own Special Plenipotentiary.)

SIR,—How right you were to send for me on this occasion. So was AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. No one knows better than yourself, Sir, and DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, how valuable my services are on such occasions. For years a resident in Persia, speaking the language fluently, and writing it to perfection, up in all their customs and habits, the trusted friend and adviser of NASR-ED-DEEN,—"ED DEEN" is his ecclesiastical title,—Manager of the Imperial Fallalah (Sun Music Hall) in Teheran, and Director of Fallalalheen (singers),—who, I ask, could have been more fitted for the task than the humble individual who undertakes to write for you the Diary of DARIUS, and become, without fulsome flattery, his Mede of Praise. But to begin with Monday night.



On the Job.

Ah, Sir, the work of a Persian Special is a hard one! All night was I up with AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS teaching him how to receive the SHAH. Most difficult. DRURIOLANUS is a man who likes to advance with the times, and in this case he had to learn to walk backwards in a Court suit, and to avoid getting his sword between his legs while holding a couple of electric-lighted candelabra, the battery being concealed in the tail pockets and connected by wires threaded into the seams and passing down the sleeves into the ruffles. There were only three of us. Myself teaching as M.C., and the Private Sec. of DRURIOLANUS (famed as the Defender of the Faithless "ARRY B. PASHA"), who on this occasion took the part of SHAH, just as he had stood up for the aforesaid, "ARRY B." The Persian Court reception step is difficult to learn all at once; it consists of three paces back to the right, two to the left, hop, jump, turn over twice (this bothered DRURIOLANUS, and he wanted to substitute Little LAURI, but I wouldn't agree to it), and come down in the same place, or as near it as possible, and so on down the passage until the Imperial box is reached. To do this without dropping the candelabra requires more than a couple of hours practice, as I know to my cost. But before 4 A.M. DRURIOLANUS had mastered it completely.

"What a pity these are not the days of PERSIANI!" I exclaimed. "How appropriate it would have been!" Immediately afterwards I was sorry I had spoken, as the remark seemed to cast a gloom over DRURIOLANUS. "The programme can't be altered now," he sighed reflectively, "unless MELBA, or MARIE ROZE, would take the name of PERSIANI for this occasion only!"

The Shah's Visit.—You Sir, Mr. Punch, with your brilliant staff, and TOBY with a dog-rose in his button-hole, were of course the first to receive and welcome the Royal and Imperial party. DRURIOLANUS executed the reception step perfectly, only making one slight slip where some stupid idiot of a carpenter had omitted a nail in the stair-carpet. There's a stair-rod in pickle for him. However, it caused only a delay of a second, as with a marvellous effort of agility DRURIOLANUS caught himself tripping (for the first time in his life) and turned a midsummersault lightly and gracefully backwards (a development and an improvement, I am bound to admit, on what I had taught him) and alighted with a Persian bend, and the candelabra in his hands, on the first landing, which is in future to be called historically, "The Landing of the SHAH." After this all was easy.

The SHAH's little boy was there, and I presented him with a cake, and a box of sweetmeats, on which was inscribed an adaptation from HORACE; "*Persicos amo! Eat! Puer apparatus!*" which, as a neat bit of scholarship,—"*puer apparatus*" being of course, applied to this little chap,—takes the cake, as *he* did, by the bye, and ate it too.

"A gorgeous spectacle, MASHAR," I observed to him. I have the privilege of addressing him familiarly as "MASHAR."

"Not so gorgeous," he replied, *sotto voce*, "As my spectacles," and, to emphasise the joke, he removed his gold-rimmed specs, and wiped them carefully. I thought he was going to present them to me as a *souvenir*, but he didn't. I didn't smile. In Persia, when a joke is made, you *must* keep your countenance, or lose your head.

Well, it was all a great success. On quitting the theatre the SHAH summoned TIN KHAN, the Treasurer, and presented *tip-poo-tip* (Persian for "gifts of money") to the attendants. I saw his Imperial Majesty home at a late hour to Buckingham Palace. He had lost his latch-key, and it's an awkward place to be locked out of, as there's no getting within three hundred yards of the front-door bell on account of the railings and the sentinels. But my experience came to MASHAR's aid, and going round in the direction of the stables—But I must not be indiscreet. I saw H.I.M. up-stairs, where, at the entrance of his dressing-room, he was received by OT VATAH KHAN and Khold VATAH KHAN, his chamberlains. After saying, cheerily, "*Bon soir, MASHAR!*" (he understands French), I left him to LULLAH BI BI BOO, whose office it is to sing the SHAH to sleep

every night. And as I went down the stairs this refrain reached me, arranged for two voices:—

"Have you seen the SHAH?
Tra la la la la!"

If you've seen
MASHAR-ED-DEEN,

You have seen MASH-SHAH."

The *Daily Telegraph* Special said that the SHAH took a pencil from the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and drew that Artist's likeness. "Aha!" quoth DRURIOLANUS, looking at the magnificent and crowded house, "The SHAH can 'draw.'"

Thursday Night. At the Empire.—Splendid entertainment given by Sir ALBERT SASSOON to the SHAH, the Prince and Princess of WALES and such a marvellous assemblage of rank, fashion, wealth, and beauty as has never before been gathered together within the walls of a theatre at



Lullah Bi Bi Boo.

"O Mon Shah Charmant!"

the invitation of a single private person. On this night the Empire was indeed a Theatre of Varieties. The Diamonds were dazzling! the flowers a beautiful sight, CYRIL FLOWER, M.P., included. I was there of course,—all there. "How are you?—all right?" says the SHAH to me. "Quite, thanks," I replied, with the respectful familiarity of an old friend. "You'll have a big night of it here, MASHAR." He chuckled, and wiped his glasses. Then upstairs he went. The SHAH was enchanted with those birds of the night, the Acro-bats, and positively smiled when *Cleopatra* came on in her ballet-galley. Poor little "*Apparatus Puer*" became so very sleepy that DHOST MANKHUM and LULLAH BI BI BOO had to take him back to Buckingham Palace. As we were allowed to circulate all over the house, when the heat became oppressive and our throats dry, I took my old friends NUBAR BHIR KHAN (the Persian Inspector of Imperial Pints), and GUZZLAR ALI KHAN to various buffets where we drank POMMERY's Sherbet *très sec* '80. This is sherbet I can confidently recommend to all good Mussulmen. At the generous and hospitable invitation of our liberal host, I was enabled to entertain a few foreign friends at a small table in the corner—and I did entertain them too, as we hadn't met for sixteen years, when most of my best-known stories which have since become "chessnuts" were new. But I've added to the stock, and they've forgotten the old ones. Among the honoured guests at my table were His Excellency AMIN AH MUKZIR (the Imperial Boot and Shoe Persia-Polish Inspector), LAHRZAH MIRZA KHAN, who is always in a state of chronic astonishment; NODZA NIZAM KHAN, still a gay dog with his "glasses round" on all the pretty women; MUDLAH ALI KHAN, Minister of Public Instruction; AHMAD KHAN, a very eccentric but privileged individual; HEZIN SULTAN, the only at all bad-mannered chap of the lot; and, indeed, if it hadn't been for the presence of ABUL CHOOKHAH OWTAH, Chief of the Persian Police, a man of fine physique, HEZIN SULTAN would have had a row with SEDIG-US-INRIBZ, the Court Jester, who is no respecter of Persians.

Then there was TATAR KHAN, the Imperial Vegetarian; ADUL KHAN, good fellow, but never sees a joke, though he laughs occasionally; his half-brother, ADULLAH KHAN, who is still more obtuse, and never laughs at all, except by Imperial command, on such grand festivals as Horse-Collar days; and TWEZZAH KHAN, the Chief Court Dentist, with his old favourite, BAK MOLAH AKAH KHAN, whom he always takes out on every possible occasion.

A merry night! "Ta Ta, mi bul-bul," said the SHAH, as we parted at Buckingham Palace gates, which to-night had been left open. "Ta Ta, MASHAR," I replied, in excellent Persian (pronounced as spelt), as I drove off. And so ended the second of the memorable "Nights wi' the SHAH."

THE (STAN) HOPE OF THE FAMILY.—One of the golden medals given to good artists by the Awarders in the Paris Exhibiton, fell to the lot of the youthful STANHOPE FORBES, who, it is now generally known is wedded to his Art, a relationship, not within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. We drink to the happy pair. Stan' up FORBES, and respond for "the health of the bride."

TOUCHING CEREMONY.—The SHAH at Paddington. Most affecting to see the Great Eastern visiting the Great Western. Even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., wept.

“MODUS OPERANDI.”

Covent Garden, Monday.—*Roméo et Juliette*. House crowded. Preparations commencing for SHAH's visit to-morrow. But we attend to Opera. Here is a tip gratis to DRURIOLANUS and the Organising Committee. Start earlier next year, and bring out *Roméo et Juliette* in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race week. Why do I suggest this? Why? because of *Roméo's* tights. *The right tight is dark blue, and the left light*. Now isn't DRURIOLANUS just the man to seize such a chance at the right (tight) moment? These



DUET—"C'est une alouette."

Hark! Juliet, hark! | This is indeed a lark!

parti-coloured tights would suit all parties. If the Opera were played every night during the week, the popular JEAN DE RESZKÉ might adopt such attitudes as would give special prominence to neither colour. But on the Saturday night, *after* the Boat-race, then he would *put the best leg foremost*, according to the winning colour. "It need hardly be said," remarked Lord CH-RL-S, "that no change affecting *Romeo* could be made without consulting our own MONTAGUE." How lovely is this Opera, words by Monsieur WILLIAMS DE VINE, music by M. GOUNOD. How unspeakably but singularly charming is this duet:—

Roméo.	Translation.	Juliette.	Translation.
O ma JULIETTE,	O my JULIET,	Non! pas d'alouettes, No! no larks!	
C'est une alouette,	This is a lark,	Dit votre JULIETTE. Says your JULIET.	
O ma très chère!	O my dearest!	Moi! je suis sévère! I am strictly serious.	

Mlle. MELBA charming, JEAN DE RESZKÉ at his best, EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, the stout friar, first-rate, but with a very bad habit. *Father Laurence* was an exemplary monk, and he oughtn't to have a bad habit. Colour wrong, and, as to the cord round his waist, it is quite appropriate that an operatic monk should come on with a chord, but let it be the right one, the Franciscan cord, or chord of F. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS knows what the value of correct detail is in perfecting an *ensemble*.

Otello. Words by Signor SHAKSPEARIO, music by Signor VERDI. On Friday night it was evident, in more senses than one, that Signor TAMAGNO, Signor MAUREL, and the big orchestra under the conductorship of Signor FACCIO, required a far bigger house than the Lyceum, as Signor TAMAGNO's powerful voice would have filled one twice the size, and the orchestra was, in the opinion of those close to it, literally "stunning." *Otello* is the effect of VERDI converted to Wagnerism. Those who expect "here a tune, and there a tune, and everywhere a tune," will be disappointed. Of masterly dramatic accompaniment there is enough and to spare, and M. MAUREL's acting generally excellent, though too much in it of the twopence-coloured melodramatic style. Still, when both artists become accustomed to the Lyceum stage, they will learn to economise their energies, and Signor FACCIO will restrain the exuberance of the cymbals, drum, and wind. "Less wind, and more air," was the murmur of the enervated, half-suffocated, but, up to the last, enthusiastic audience that assembled at the Lyceum to welcome M. MAYER's introduction of VERDI's Grand *Otello* to the British Public. Both Signors MAUREL and TAMAGNO were rapturously encored in the declamatory dramatic pieces which do duty for songs. As to *Iago's* devilish kind of *Credo*, they would have had even this three times. Twice was more than enough for some of us natives, who could find no warrant for it in SHAKSPEARE. House-room being required, why not have taken it to help Her Majesty's Opposition, now shut up, which, even with the Grand *Otello*, would have all its work to do to get abreast of the Covent Garden Party, whose leader DRURIOLANUS, is able to do what I believe no Impresario has ever yet done, and that is, contend with General MITCHELL, of Bond Street, so, that the latter instead of, as heretofore, being appealed to by the Operatic Manager to assist the enterprise by taking stalls and boxes, has now to hale DRURIOLANUS before a Judge in order to insist on his ancient privileges being

conceded to him. "Remember Mitchell's-tone' in former days," says DRURIOLANUS; but, in the interests of all parties, the public included, the matter will be amicably settled.

WHAT IT HAS NEARLY COME TO!

Interrogator. I shall be obliged for the amounts of your butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and other tradesmen's books, during the past year.

Ratepayer. In compliance with the Circular already received, I produce them.

I. I thank you. Now, kindly tell me, can you afford a trip to the seaside?

R. Yes, a fortnight at Herne Bay in furnished apartments in a back street.

I. Be good enough to hand over the school-bills of your children.

R. Again, in compliance with your Circular, I produce them.

I. I am obliged to you. Now, kindly say does your mother-in-law ever pay you a visit?

R. Not when I can help it.

I. Pardon me, that is scarcely an answer to my question. May I take it that she stays with you on an average a third of the year?

R. I suppose you may.

I. I do not think she is a total abstainer?

R. No more do I.

I. I see. And now, will you give me the bills of your wife's personal expenditure?

R. I cannot just at present, as they have been lodged by my Solicitor in the Court of Bankruptcy.

I. When I next see you, kindly have them ready! And now tell me is the sum you have sent in the full amount of all your receipts?

R. I believe so.

I. That is scarcely enough. Have you received no gifts during the past twelvemonths?

R. On my wedding-day a distant relative sent me a fiver.

I. Dear me! That is a serious omission in your return! Pray have you had nothing else either in cash or kind?

R. My youngest son on my birthday sent me a picture-card.

I. Which, no doubt, was worth sixpence. You were very remiss in making no return of so important an amount! And now be good enough to say—do you take an egg with your tea?

R. What's that to you?

I. Pardon me, I come here to ask questions not to answer them—but if you are disinclined to give me a satisfactory response, no doubt I can get a reply from either your neighbour or your servants.

R. Come, this is too much of a good joke! What right have you to put such inquisitorial questions to me?

I. Every right; and we will continue the examination when I call again to-morrow.

R. But, good gracious, man! if I am to keep my temper, tell me at once who you are!

I. Certainly! I am an Assessor of Income-Tax. And now, adieu, or, rather, *au revoir*!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

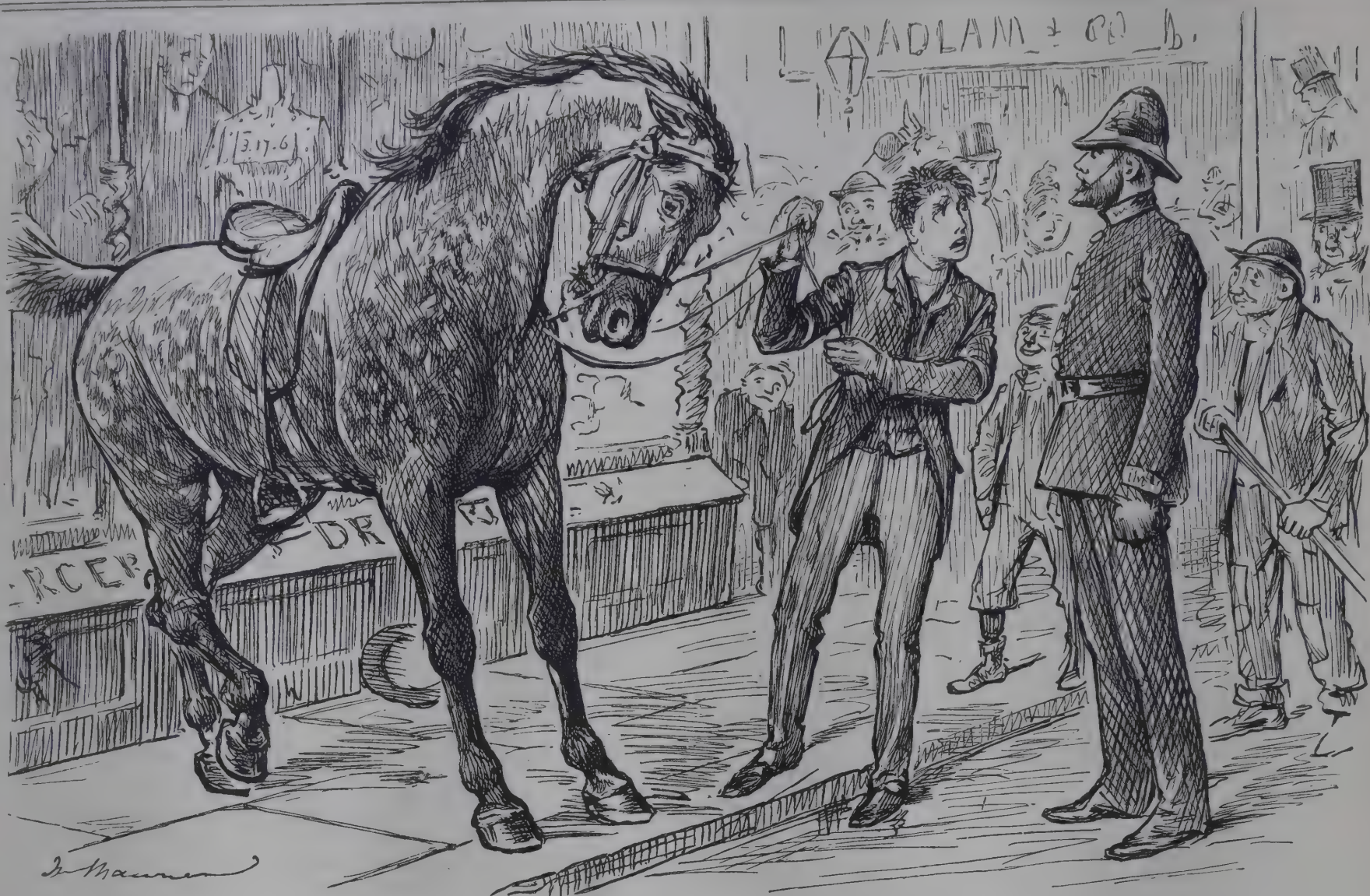
Good number of *Fortnightly*, under the able guidance of the outspoken and uncommonly frank HARRIS. *How the Shah Travels* when he's at home is, of course, peculiarly appropriate; but in spite of Mr. BENT's contempt for the opinion of English journalists as to certain, or, as he thinks, uncertain facts about the SHAH, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS ventures to think that the aforesaid journalists were correct *here*, and the writer of the article no doubt is most correct in Persia. But, of course, we musn't expect any article signed "BENT" to be perfectly straight; there must be some bias in BENT. *The Ethics of Punishment* is a counterblast—or rather a blow straight from the shoulder, smashing the illogical rose-water sentimentalists, who, unable to bear punishment, will find it difficult to come up smiling after the "winner" in the face. And from a LILLY, too! Oh, what a surprise!

We see by the *World* last week that "L. E." has withdrawn from the conduct of *Our Celebrities*. We shall miss the monographs—"so Engel-ish, you know"—which accompanied M. WALÉRY's admirable portraits, but trust that the interesting series of the Waléry-Gallery will not be discontinued.

Mr. FARJEON seems to have been very busy lately, as I have seen several books of his about, of which the titles are new to me. But I also have been uncommonly busy, and so haven't had time to peruse them. FARJEON at a distance, will please take notice.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ASK THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—As to Costume on the occasion of the SHAH's Visit to the Opera, the *Court Circular* said:—"The dress worn by the Household was full dress with trousers." *With trousers!* Then what is "Semi-state dress?" The Kilt?



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Nervous Rider. "LOOK HERE, POLICEMAN! I GIVE THIS HORSE IN CHARGE!"

[Puts rein in Policeman's hand, and bolts.]

CHEEK!

"Portugal may have more to gain by an arrangement than by a conflict."
—"Times" on the Delagoa Bay Difficulty.

WHEN a naughty little boy, with intention to annoy,
Puts a sleeper or a stone across the rail,
He is mad if he means blocking, while, if more, 'tis simply shocking,
And enough to make a Portugee
Turn pale!

Well, out Delagoa way there's a boy inclined to play
Such a sly, obstructive, homicidal trick,
As portrayed in *Punch's* picture. Gentle diplomatic stricture
Seems less applicable here than
Summary Stick!

For this little Portugee, with an impish kind of glee
That is horrible to see in a kid,
Plans a trick which anyhow BULL's unable to allow,
And there'd only be a row
If he did!

True, out in foreign parts parties practise "rummy starts,"
And indulge in simian arts pretty much;
But the monkeyishness exhibited this time must be prohibited,
And downed upon and gibbeted
As such!

Eh? The little boy declares it's the silliest of scares
To imagine he prepares for a smash?
Well, my little Portugee, *Punch* is watching, and can see,
And he thinks that simple plea
Will not wash.

Senhor BARROS GOMES, too, says (as he is bound to do)
There's no cause for big boohoo or botheration;
That the urchin's hands are clean, that he is not stirred by spleen;
That that big stone does not mean
Confiscation!

Well, that little Lisbon lad *may* not mean to play the cad,
But the look of things is bad, GOMES mine!
Still, to your attempts to clear that small boy from motives queer,
Punch a most judicial ear

Will incline.

You, of course, would much regret such a thing as an upset
Of a train in which our interests are united.
If the boy (and the big Boer) monkey-mischief quite give o'er,
Punch will then be—no one more—

Much delighted.

But, upon the face of it, ere the urchin we acquit,
We need just a little bit more clear light.
There's the railway, there's the stone, there's the boy; till more is
BULL stands fast, which, you will own, [known,
Seems but right.

That little Portugee *has* shown cheek, as all agree,
And though smallness, don't you see, is permitted
Many privileges, still Lilliput rules not, nor will,
Though endowed with simian skill,
And sharp-witted.

"Don't hit me—arbitrate!" Well, young urchin, bless kind fate
That JOHN BULL's no ogre, great at mere gobble.
If he were, we'll say, a Bear, you'd have reason good for scare,
And would soon be in a rare
Hopeless hobble!

A HINT FOR THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT OFFICE.—In the list
(as given by *The Times*) of Aldermen present at Guildhall, on the
occasion of the SHAH's visit, occurs the name of "WAGSTAFF."
What's in a name? Much. Why here's an opportunity to revive
the ancient office of "LORD MAYOR's Fool." WAGSTAFF is the very
name for a jester. THACKERAY would have delighted in it.

PROJECTED ROYAL VISIT.—Preparations are now being made for
the reception of the British Sovereign in Brazil.



CHEEK !

MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE PORTUGAL. "PLEASE, SIR, DON'T HIT ME,—LET'S ARBITRATE!"

ROBERT AND THE SHAR.

WELL, I spose as, sum of these days, peepel will begin for to know the great himportance of the old Copperashun, and to wunder what on airth the Guvernment and the Country wood do without 'em, when they wants to make frends with a grand old Pottentate. Why I scarce xpects for to be bleeved—xcept for the honnerabel caracter I have sustaned for these 20 years past—wen I says that I has it strait from one of the Royal Footmen, that wen our latest himportant Wisitor, the Shar of PERSHER, was arranging with a certain Royal Welsh Prince, who shall be nameless, as to what entertainments he was to be taken too, he acshally said, thro' his hinterpreter, "Whatever helse you leaves hout, mind you don't leave hout the wisit to Gildhall, for I remembers well as they had the largest lot of red-coated officers there, the perfekest tuttle an grin fat, and the loveliest lot of bewtiful women, as ever I saw outside a Theater." And if that wasn't a complement, I shoold like for to kno what wood be. So on Wensday he came.

By the by, I'm werry much greeved to hear as that sum few of our unexperienced extra Waiters got theirselves into great disgrace by their unwaiter-like conduct. That they must have been born fools as well as mere Green Horns is proved by their showing their bad conduct before sum of the most principleest Litery Men of the day! Why, if they had behaved badly before a lot of Dooks and Wicounts it woodn't have been of half so much himportance, becoz they can't, by harf-a-dozen words of complaint in their reports, like the others can, get them dismissed from their nice cumferal places. The fact is, that sum of us about spiles the public as regards Waiters. Of course, when about a nundred Waiters is wanted for such a occashun as this, it wood be all serene and cumferal if they cood get about sixty ROBERTS and about forty BROWNS, but in course it can't be done, for the best of all reasons, and then these unfortnit ewents happens, and the angry Litery Gents of course abuses Waiters in general, as is only nateral, if not quite just.

One of the Royal Footmen, which he's a bit of a wag, said as he had bin told, as the SHAR woodn't take off his At, not ewen in the presense of the bewtiful Princess of WALES, coz he had had his hair cut jest afore he came, and the Pershan Barberosser, as they calls 'em, cut it too short, and it was the larst chance he ever had of making that mistake, poor Feller!

The SHAR didn't keep us waiting, but was punktual, as all reel genilmien allers is. He lissened most respectful to the learned Ricorder, and seemed quite to understand his dillicate illusion to the Gold Carsket. But his speech in reply was suttently the werry shortest as ever I herd deliverd, and I was too fur off to hear a single word of it. I was glad to ketch the i of my distinguished imployer, Mr. Punch, a sittin' with TOBY, M.P., and Mr. CHARLES



WINDUM, of the Kriteerium Theayter, on a sidebord, as merry as cold be. Suttently they lookt as if they'd got all the freedum of the City.

Didn't the SHAR look jest jolly prowld when he was allowed to walk off with the hansum LADY MARESS. He ate a werry good lunch, and didn't arsk for no Shiraz wine as we xpected he wood, tho of coarse it's only the Pershan name for Sherry, but was quite

content with the Halbion's Champagne, which didn't surprise me, as I have known it of old, speshally the werry old Perryhay Jeway, tho I've erd as Perinay Fiz was orderd for this okayshun. He acshally stood up to return thanks for his elth! but then I sposes as it tisen't werry offen as he has to speak to a LORD MARE. But I trembel to think wot miter happn'd. While the SHAR stood up he changed his mind, and thort he'd sit down agen. He was about to do so, and got arf way, honly to find as sum ignorrent offishul had



ackshually taken away his chare! Plump (or thin) he'd 'ave bin down on the flor but for Mister MORLY, the Tost Master, or sum wun ellus, who shuvd up the chare just in time to ketch the SHAR and save the Purshun Karpit and the Empier. And then the Scotch Pershun, MALKUM KAN spoke for him, an' acshally proposed the werry identickule tost as wos set down for H.R.H. the Prince of WHALES. But the tack of the Prince and Mare put all parties konsernd at their hees, and so all went rite.

As for our own LORD MARE, it doesn't seem to matter to him weather it's a King, or a Prince, or a Most Honnerable Markis, or a real Shar, he's ekally at home with all of 'em. Why, his speech on proposing Lord SORLSBERRY's health amost made him blush, tho he is a Prime Minister, and what did Lord SORLSBERRY tell the lissening World? Why, that when the LORD MARE speaks, he not only speaks for the City of London, the first City of the hole World, but for the hole Country.

I was a good deal estonished at the hutter hignorance of sum peepel as pretends as they knos ewerythink about sillybrated peepel. Peepel did say as the SHAR wasn't a good Sailer, but much they knowed about it. Why, I had it on the werry hiest orthority, that is, from one of the Tems Conservatifs who went down on Monday to Gravesend to fetch him, that they showed him the road all the ways up to Westminster Peer, and he wasn't a bit sea sick not wunce.

Upon the hole I feels inclined to say, as Wensday's recepshun of the SHAR, what with the large number of the Royaltys, and the large number of what I shoold think must be the hansumest troops in the world, and the large number of the Corporation Leftenants, as isn't quite so hansum, but don't cost quite so much, and the large number of Royal Carridges and Royal Hosses, was about the most splendidest thing of the kind as the grand old Copperashun has had for many a long day. The only thing as I shoold wentur, werry umbly, to ask his Sharship, when next he cums—and cum I kno he will—is, to change his Nashunal Air for sumthink quite diffrent. We don't want two, so we might lend him "Rool, Britannier!" But really his present one is about the most uncumferallest as I ewer heard, and when played about ewery ten minutes for about two ours, it becomes quite a cawtion.

His Royal Madjesty behaved werry kindly to me on parting. For, not being able to see me for the werry great crowd as stood near his carridge, he stood up in it for two or three minits and looked all about him, till at last seeing what I supposes I may call my well-known feutures, he raised his hand to his At, an says he, "ROBERT, I'm a-go in to dine all alone at Buknam Pallis, you kum an wate." Which I did, an your artiss wos aloud to make a sketch, tho' my wife says it ain't a bit like me—not arf flatterin enuf. But wot's it matter, as long as the Public favrably rekinizes

ROBERT.

OLD SAW RESET FOR THE TURF.—"Pull Devil, pull Jockey!"



THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS, DRAWN BY H.I.M. HIMSELF FOR MR. PUNCH, "THE LONDON SHAH-IVARI."



BONCHIENIE.

Young Lady Tourist (caressing the Hotel Terrier, Bareglourie, N.B.). "Oh, BINKIE IS HIS NAME! HE SEEMS INCLINED TO BE QUITE FRIENDLY WITH ME." Waiter. "Oo, AYE, MISS, HE'S NO VERA PARTEEC'LAR WHA HE TAKS OOP WI!"

ENGLISH—AS SHE MAY BE TALKED IN FRENCH.

Being a few colloquial British phrases, rendered freely into their nearest Gallic equivalents by Our Own Special Translator for the use of the intending Visitor to Paris.

IN SOCIETY.

Elle était certainement une fille foudroyante. She certainly was a stunning girl.

Elle et moi, ne savez-vous pas, nous sommes des grandes cuillères. She and I, dontcher know, are great spoons.

Mais elle n'est pas une pièce sur la Duchesse. But she is not a patch upon the Duchess.

O! Mais je suis affreusement purée sur la Duchesse. Oh! but I'm awfully mashed on the Duchess.

TRAVELLING.

Comment trouvez-vous le train aux trèfles? How do you like the Club train?

O! c'est parfaitement de première côtelette. Oh! it is quite first chop.

C'est de véritable confiture. It is real jam.

SPORT AND PLAY.

D'aller aux courses c'est un morceau d'une alouette. To go to the races is a bit of a lark.

Oui. Voulez-vous descendre dans un quatre en main? Yes. Will you go down in a four-in-hand?

Certainement, si je puis m'assurer de la siège de portemanteau. Certainly, if I can make sure of getting the box-seat.

Sans doute c'est préférable à la planche de couteaux de l'omnibus. It is undeniably to be preferred to the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Parler d'un omnibus, ça me rend encore chez-moi comme clignement. To talk of an omnibus takes me home again like winking.

Eh bien, gardez ouvert votre œil de temps et dites moi vos petis jeux comme un Johnnie excellent. Very well, keep your weather eye open, and tell me your little games like a good Johnnie.

Voulez-vous essayer un jeu de sommeil léger? Will you try a game at Nap?

Avez-vous assez du pied de cheval avec vous? Have you enough 'oof with you?

Les biftecks, sont-ils d'une mauvaise odeur? Are the stakes high?

Vous n'avez pas d'objection à un singe? You don't mind a monkey?

Merci, mais je voudrais mieux prendre une main à tisonnier. Thank you, but I would rather take a hand at poker.

Ah! vous avez l'intention de prendre le gâteau. Ah! you mean to take the cake.

Eh bien, je suis un peu noisettes sur ça. Well, I am rather nuts on it.

VALE, WIMBLEDON!

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE having kindly consented to allow the National Rifle Association to hold their annual meeting for the last time at Wimbledon, it is earnestly requested that the following regulations may be observed, so that the property of the Illustrious Personage may be injured as little as possible:—

1. Volunteers are warned to keep to the gravel-paths, and not to walk on the grass.

2. Persons desiring to live under canvas must use no pegs in erecting their tents, so that the turf may suffer as little injury as practicable.

3. Smoking cannot be allowed within six miles of Coombe House, as the effluvia of tobacco might be considered offensive by the inhabitants of that desirable family residence. (For cards to view, please apply, &c., &c.)

4. So that persons visiting the Duke's property may not be annoyed by noise, no Band will be permitted to play in the Camp during the fortnight.

5. Should it be considered advisable to present a testimonial to the Illustrious Personage, as a small acknowledgment of the invariable kindness he has shown to the Volunteers, the contribution will be limited to the sum of ten guineas and upwards.

6, and lastly. No person, on any consideration whatever, will be allowed to open a soda-water bottle that has its neck pointing towards His Royal Highness's property, for fear of accidents.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 1.—House of Lords quite crowded. Question is, is JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, Earl of Mar and Kellie, or, does the ancient title belong to WALTER HENRY ERSKINE? House of Lords does not hear of case for first time; discussed it long ago; decided in favour of WALTER HENRY. JOHN FRANCIS naturally objects. ALLAN PLANTAGENET STEWART, tenth Earl of Galloway, brother-in-law of the MARKISS, stands by him. Swears on the Garlies claymore that he will see right done. Retires to study on one of the earliest days of young and unsuspecting year. Picks up sheaves of manuscript; goes into the matter thoroughly; spares no incident; burkes no date; shows to his own satisfaction and that of JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, that WALTER HENRY ERSKINE is only Earl of Kellie, and has no right to title of Mar.

This all very well for JOHN FRANCIS and ALLAN PLANTAGENET; but after half an hour with the manuscript House of Lords revolts. GRANVILLE gentlest of men, most courteous of controversialists, calls attention to fact that instead of delivering speech, GALLOWAY is reading essay. GALLOWAY inarticulately waves off Noble Lord; plunges once more into manuscript. GRANVILLE up again, a little more imperative in manner. GALLOWAY waves him off with roods of manuscript. A third time, with increasing asperity, GRANVILLE comes to charge; says it's breach of order for Member to read his speech. Then ROSEBURY takes up protest; threatens to move that speech of Noble Lord be taken as read. GALLOWAY, with tears in eyes, protests that never was Noble Lord so ruthlessly interrupted; violently waves manuscript over his head, as if it were flag of Scotland; cheered on by Earl of MAR, proceeds. More murmurs; things growing desperate.

"Well, I'll skip a page," says GALLOWAY, soothingly.

Does so; no appreciable influence on sequence of argument. Presently more murmurs.

"Then I won't say all I was going to say," GALLOWAY breathlessly promises, always waving his right arm in rotary fashion, as if he were winding himself up.

"Bless me!" said Lord BANGOR, who had been following discourse in increasingly desperate effort to understand its purport, "this is terrible; another good page gone! Reminds me of the story of What's-her-name, mother of a large family, who, pursued by wolves, threw an occasional child to them, and so safely pursued her journey."

GALLOWAY went on through quarter of hour after quarter of hour. Once discovered going back to read page which he said he'd given up. Howl of indignation from outraged House.

"Well, I won't read *that*," said GALLOWAY, nodding his head soothingly towards malcontents. But they must really listen to peroration. Couldn't at first find peroration; got mixed up with exordium, with the Firstly and the Fourthly. But at last here it was, and GALLOWAY's right arm going round and round, more than ever like an exasperated windmill, he declaimed sonorous sentence about Law and Order, Justice and Mercy, MAR and KELLIE.

Business done.—In Commons, Committee on Scotch University Bill.

Thursday.—Rather smart Debate on proposal to appoint Select Committee to inquire into question of Parliamentary Grants to Royal Family. OLD MORALITY moved Resolution in touching speech. At one moment not a dry eye in House, unless it was the SAGE's. This happened when OLD MORALITY, drawn aside by mention of the word "family," dropped into a little disquisition on touching theme.

"The idea of family in this country is predominant among all who have the honour to be subjects of the QUEEN. Now, what is a family?" he continued, gazing benignantly on faces clustered round him. "A family is a congeries of human beings drawn together, often accidentally, by ties of blood, and generally, I may say invariably, at the outset dwelling together under a single roof—or shall we say roof-tree? A family may be large or small, but usually its commencement is infinitesimal. Beginning with one (and that undersized), it grows on—accumulates, as it were—sometimes reaching a considerable number, all animated by a sense of duty to their QUEEN and their country. Around the sentiment of family is clustered all that is good and pure in the Constitution of this country. We therefore take pride in the fact that our Royal Family, which stands at the head of the State, comes to us occasionally—nay, I will say not infrequently—for Votes of the kind alluded to in the Most Gracious Message from the Throne."

"My idea of a family," growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, a little later, vainly trying to imitate this lofty eloquence, "is, that you keep your own children." House too completely under sway of OLD MORALITY's eloquence to listen to heresy of this kind; so voted Committee by 313 against 125.

Friday.—PEMBROKE at me again about the "Mr. W. H." business.

"I know the Sonnets off by heart, dear TOBY," he said, obligingly sitting down, so that conversation should partake something less of the character on my part of halloaing to the Monument; "and the more I think of it, the more certain I am that it was not my ancestor, WILLIAM HERBERT, that SHAKSPEARE addressed, much less the WILLIAM HEWS of OSCAR WILDE's mad fancy. The fact is, as I mentioned the other day, SHAKSPEARE's prophetic soul beheld the realisation in these later days of W. H. SMITH. I don't care to press the point too much, but in my own mind I'm convinced that in the 65th Sonnet you find a distinct reference to our esteemed friend, either undesignedly marred by an error of transcription, or designedly blurred by SHAKSPEARE's art. It is now printed

'What Sad Mortality o'ersways their power.'

Here, if we take away the superfluous 't,' we have a vivid picture of OLD MORALITY, unwilling, regretful, but still moved by sense of duty to the QUEEN and the country, beating down obstruction in the House of Commons. There is another passage in 12th Sonnet, where we have suggested with vivid touch our own 'Mr. W. H.' in his familiar attitude, sitting on edge of Treasury Bench, with his eye on the clock, waiting for opportunity to pounce:—

'When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sink in hideous night.'

As to the trifling with letters, leaving out one or adding a supererogatory consonant, we have another striking example in the 16th Sonnet. Here

there is a clear reference to OLD MORALITY's embarrassment in connection with a certain great organ of the Press:—

'But wherefore do not you, a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?'

In this very Sonnet, a little lower down, we find the final 's,' added, and the *Times* fully disclosed even to the dullest vision. The tendency sometimes shown in certain newspapers to summarise OLD MORALITY's observations is hinted at in the 38th Sonnet:—

'Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse.'

In the 135th Sonnet we have, in SHAKSPEARE's most nervous language, a picture of OLD MORALITY's troubles in the House with a too exuberant Leader of the Opposition:—

'Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,
And WILL to boot, and WILL in overplus.'

Is it possible to conceive a happier allusion to GLADSTONE's restless way when in Opposition? I could quote scores of other lines which have scarcely veiled references to OLD MORALITY; but one more will suffice. It is to be found in the 45th Sonnet, and runs thus:—

'My life, being made of Four, with Two alone
Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

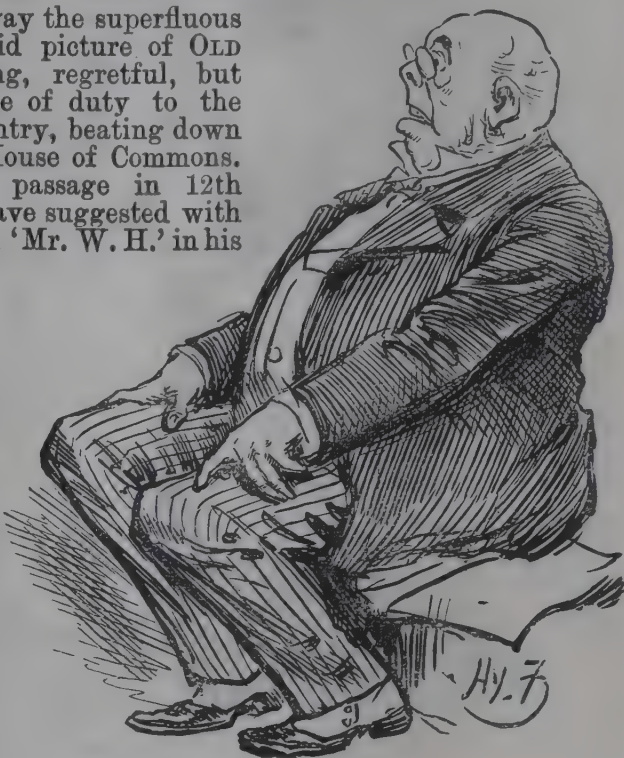
Now, here is OLD MORALITY's political history in a couplet. The Fourth Party, turning upon poor STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and rending him, created a vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons. HICKS-BEACH being put up couldn't stand the racket. Then came GRANDOLPH, and so way was made for the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy. The 'Two alone' remaining of the Four who made his official position are, of course, ARTHUR BALFOUR and GORST, though why SHAKSPEARE should have described them as oppressing 'Mr. W. H.' with melancholy, is a secret that lies buried at Stratford-on-Avon. But don't you see something else in this couplet? Take the last line and I will mark certain letters in italics:—

'Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

Do you see? SHAKSPEARE with cunning art transposes the ordered form of spelling; but re-adjust it, and you have S-M-I-T-H, staring you in the face."

Upon my honour I think there is something in what PEMBROKE says. That last cryptogram a crusher.

Business done.—MARKISS defeated in Lords.



"Mr. W. H."

"The Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets."
Shakspeare.

VOCES POPULI.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

SCENE.—The Open Space between the Serpentine and Marble Arch. Demonstration in progress calling upon the Government to resign instantly. Intense heat; hot, hoarse men are to be observed gesticulating frantically from breaks; all the indignation and enthusiasm proceed from that portion of the Crowd nearest the vehicles—those at a distance are either apathetic or languidly amused. In the breaks, perspiring persons of both sexes sit, beaming warm approval of the speeches. Seedy men hold up huge banners with the perfunctory air of stage supers. Bandsmen sprawl on the turf, as far away from the oratory as practicable, smoking clay pipes. At no great distance from the Demonstration an Elderly Faddist is expounding a new philosophy which is to regenerate Society, to a few irreverent boys and an unconvinced mongrel. Close by, a Socialist is haranguing on a stool, and a Field Preacher is delivering an extempore address, while an open-air Reciter endeavours in vain to retain an audience, which has somehow formed an impression that he is advocating the Eight Hours Labour Bill. All these various deliverances are audible at the same time, and much to the effect indicated below.

Orator in First Break (educated voice; carefully attired in white hat and waistcoat, frock-coat, button-hole, &c., addressing crowd of well-fed and comfortably clad citizens).



Unsociable Socialist.

Well, Gentlemen, there's one Court these precious aristocrats have all to themselves—and I wish them joy of it! (Pauses for oratorical effect.) I refer, Gentlemen, to the Divorce Court. (Roars of virtuously derisive laughter.) Far be it from me to contest their right to such a monopoly. We will leave them that. (Scornful groans.) But, I ask you—(he drops all playfulness and becomes sinister) if we—the down-trodden slaves of the aristocracy—were to go to them,—as they roll round this Park, revelling—(scathingly) ay, revelling Gentlemen! (Savage yells as the accuracy of this picture of high-life is recognised)—if we were to go to them, in our destitution (pulls out a silk handkerchief) in our squalor (arranges button-hole) our poverty—our rags (buttons coat)—how would they receive us? Would they take us to their bosoms?

Crowd (with conviction.) Not they!

The Orator (fiercely.) Not they!

indeed! Why, Gentlemen, they would laugh—yes, laugh, laugh in our desperate faces! But let them take heed to themselves! (And so forth.)

Another Orator. Those among you who have access to Blue Books—(Howls from his auditors, who imagine that this particular form of light literature is being held up for execration.)

Third Orator (an Irishman). And I'd just like to ask ye now, as liberty-loving Englishmen, how would ye feel—hwhat would ye think—hwhat would ye do—if here, in this great Metropolis, ye saw a man barbarously turned out of house and home, for no other rason in the worrld, Gentlemen, for no other rason on this earth—than being unable or unwilling to pay his rint? Would ye call that Civilisation?

Crowd (unanimously.) No!

The Elderly Faddist. The force that governs this world, my friends, is one which, for want of a more appropriate term, I shall venture, with your permission, to call "Detriment." (The Mongrel has had enough of it, and strolls off to listen to the Preacher.) Detriment. Two dots make a line—(argumentatively)—Do they not? With the second dot we know the direction, but not the value. With the third dot—

First Rude Boy. Ga-arn—yer dotty yerself!

The E. F. And so with everything. All the words in our language are founded upon one or other of the primary colours. We study Nature—and what do we find? This great elementary Law; the Rule of Five, supplemented, I ought to say, by the no less elementary Rule of Two. Thus, the human trunk with the four limbs make five—there are five senses, five holes in the head—

Second R. B. There's a crack in yourn, anyway!

The E. T. (ignoring this personality.) Five petals in most flowers, five points to a starfish, the average number of peas in a pod—five.

First R. B. 'Ow many bloo beans mike five, eh, Mister?

[E. F. gives it up in despair.]

Fourth Orator. Depend upon it, my friends, when that iniquitous law was passed, Mr. BALFOUR's couch was visited by a nightly

spectre—the phantom—(lowers his voice impressively)—the ghost, my friends,—the ghost—

The Reciter (who is well on in "Fallen by the Way"). "The ghost had a clean white surplice as a clergyman might ha' wore!"

[Fourth O. finds his climax spoilt.]

Irish Patriot. There's nothing at ahl dishonourable in being in prison, Gentlemen. Some of the best and greatest men that ever lived have been in prison—

An Auditor (who seems to have reasons of his own for finding this argument particularly soothing). 'Ear, 'ear!

The I. P. Look at GAMBETTA!

A Dull Man (to Neighbour). Wot's he a-tellin' of us to look at?

His Neighbour. GAMBETTER.

The D. M. GAM—'oo?

Neighbour (curtly). Better.

The D. M. Better nor wot?

Neighbour (losing patience). Oh, I dunno—arsk 'im!

The Preacher (concluding an anecdote with the voice of a bull). But that little bo-hoy was not afride, dear friends. No-oh! That little bo-hoy was not afride. And why was that little bo-hoy not afride, dear friends? Shall I tell yer? Beeos 'is father 'ad 'old of 'is 'A-and! Har-yes! (&c., &c.)

The Socialist. Don't you be led away by no words. We shall never get our rights without we shake the fist o' fizzical force in the faces of our capitalist foes!

Puny Shopboy (much impressed). Ah, yer right there, and no mistike about it!

The S. We're the honly class wuth bein' considered, feller-citizens! It's hus that reppresents the hintelleck, the henergy, the ability, the morality of the nation. (General chorus of "'Ear, 'ear!'") The Haristocracy and the Middle Classes—well, they've got jest enough er cunningness (I won't call it hability), er cunningness, for to cheat us out er wot's ours! D'yer spose as hanyo' these 'ere Parliment blokes go into politics for the good o' hothers?

An Individual (who clearly retains no illusions). Ketch them a-doin' of it!

The S. (triumphantly). Hexactly—and that's jest wot yer won't do. Depend on it, whether they call theirselves Radicals, or Liberals, or Tories—I draw no distinctions, they're hall as bad as one another—they go into politics fur wot they kin git hout of it. (Crowd murmur detestation of such sordid selfishness.) Well, wot you've got ter do is—horginise, and when you har horginised, you'll 'ave all the power, and then—then, fellow citizens and workers, then yer kin vote all the Supplies yerselves, and vote them among yerselves!

[Enthusiastic applause at this lofty ideal.]

Another Orator (perorating from waggon). I'm speakin' now with all 'istry vivid to my reckerlection, and I've no 'esitation whatever in asserting fearlessly, and without fear o' contradiction, that, of hall the abominable tyrants that hever perlouted this earth, the present Government (sustained groans)—the present Government. Har. The most Abandoned! (He screws each epithet out of himself with a tremendous contortion.) The most Degraded! The most Cowardly! The most Debased! The most Ber-lud-thirsty! Set of Sneakin' Ruffians. That hever disgraced the Title. Of so-called Yumanity!

Admiring but Familiar Friend. Brayvo! That's the way to 'it 'em. Good ole HATKINS!

[Bugle sounds; Resolution put from platforms. Processions march off with bands and flying colours, well pleased with the manner in which they have spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Redistribution of Property practised in sundry directions as Scene closes in.]

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

"AGE cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety?" Time, the laggard,
For many centuries in that task might fail,

But now succeeds—with aid from RIDER HAGGARD.

For Cleopatra, proof 'gainst use and age,
Is dull as Fulvia's self in HAGGARD's page.

His "Royal Egypt" SHAKESPEARE's thralls had best shun;
She's stale, almost, as—the Egyptian Question!

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.—We must be careful how we comment on the Commission, but the mention of a Witness's opinion of Iago given last Thursday should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Witness couldn't trust Iago, and no one could. Now, why didn't Sir JAMES HANNEN the Impartial at once send round to the Lyceum Theatre and order M. MAUREL to come forward, and, if he couldn't speak up for Iago, at least sing for him? "Ah!" as Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH observed with a sigh to Mr. Justice DAY, behind the President's back, "Iago's always been mixed up with a very black business. Of course," explained A. L. to his learned Brother, "I mean the plot of Othello." "No Moor!" murmured Sir JOHN (KNIGHT and DAY.) "Lunch!" said the President.

DISINTERESTED COUNSEL.



Poodle (pulling Lion's tail). "COME AWAY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR YOU TO DO!"

Oh, come along do! Why on earth should you linger?

You *are* such a selfish and stolid old brute.

In everyone's pie you'd be popping a finger,

You want to play umpire in every dispute.

Fresh pretexts you find for prolonging your stay,
Where nobody wants you at all. Come away!

You'd stay in the land of the Copt—if I'd let you—

As long as the Pyramids. I know your style.

It would get along better without you, I bet you

My bottomest dollar. Go back to your Isle,

You big, bushy-headed old buffer, go back!

There will never be peace on the Nile till *you* pack.

The Pyramids? Why, they are French, there's no doubt of it.

Centuries forty still sit there and wait

For the advent of France the Deliverer! Come out of it!

Leave the poor Fellahs to merciful fate

And the generous Frank! Swish your tail, yes, and roar!

But I shall not let go, you intrusive old bore!

The Bondholders' bliss and the Fellaheen's freedom

Will both be secured, if you leave it to me.

Your services? Bah! They don't value or need 'em;

It's all British bunkum, pure fiddle-de-dee.

Take the tip of the Rads and their own Grand Old Man,—

Bid a long last farewell to the dismal Soudan.

You've botched and you've bungled, you've
 pottered and paltered,
 And stuck to no one line—except to stay on.
 Every plan of to-day has to-morrow been
 altered;
 You've done everything—except just get
 you gone. [that:
 Do, do, you dear long-tailed old duffer, try
 If the world don't rejoice, I will just eat my hat!
 Eh? What? Those dashed Dervishes giving
 fresh trouble?
 Well, well, they *can't* do so if once you
 clear out.
 Your duty? A phantom! Your honour?
 A bubble!
 Turn tail, that's your tip! Ah! what are
 you about?
 Don't roar and lash out with your tail, LEO, so,
 Or you'll make me feel bad, and I'll have to
 leave go! [Left hanging on.

THE POST ON TOAST.

General Pillar-to-Post-Office, July, 1889.

IT having come to the knowledge of the General Commanding at the Pillar-to-Post-Office, that the Public are under the false impression that the Department is intended for the convenience of Her Majesty's subjects, the following regulations are now issued for their better information:—

1. When a telegram is superscribed in such a manner that the receiver can only be ascertained by a momentary reference to the *Post-Office Directory*, the despatch will not be delivered, as the Department does not undertake to consult Directories for the purpose of amplifying addresses which the senders have curtailed apparently to reduce the charge. It must be understood that the object of the Department is to cause the Public as much expense as possible, and to disturb the leisure the female officers have for chatting with one another and engaging in flirtation with suitable persons on the other side of the counter, as little as practicable.

2. When a member of the Public over forty, if a male, and of any age, if a female, asks for stamps it must be clearly understood that the supplying of the same is merely a concession, and that the officers of the Department are not required to be either prompt or courteous.

3. As it is not obligatory upon the officers of the Department to supply change, any officer can refuse to give stamps and silver in lieu of a half-sovereign. It will not be accepted as a reason that this convenience should be afforded that the letter intended for dispatch is of great importance, as the Public must learn that their interests are entirely subservient to the caprice of the young women who are paid by the State to supply postage-stamps on application.

4. It is entirely contrary to the regulations that a postman who has just emptied a pillar-box of its contents, shall allow one of the Public a minute late to drop a letter into his bag, as this course would be calculated to foster the impression, that the Department were willing to suit the convenience of those who use the post as a means of intercommunication.

5. Should a member of the Public have cause of complaint, he may address a letter to the Department, which letter will be duly acknowledged. After a suitable delay, a further communication will be made to the writer informing him that the matter has been inquired into, and that nothing further is to be done, as the Department is entirely right and the member of the Public entirely wrong.

6. Should by any carelessness on the part of the Department a member of the Public



ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

"OH, JOSEPH! TEDDY'S JUST BEEN BITTEN BY A STRANGE DOG! DOCTOR SAYS WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM OVER TO PASTEUR AT ONCE!"

"BUT, MY LOVE, I'VE JUST WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED A VIOLENT ATTACK UPON M. PASTEUR, ON THE SCORE OF HIS CRUELTY TO RABBITS! AND AT YOUR INSTIGATION, TOO!"

"OH, HEAVENS! NEVER MIND THE RABBITS NOW! WHAT ARE ALL THE RABBITS IN THE WORLD COMPARED TO OUR ONLY CHILD!"

be called upon to pay a less sum than the Department considers properly chargeable, the member of the Public shall be treated to a series of letters and interviews, the cost of which shall be sometimes twenty or forty times in excess of the sum in dispute. By this means the Public will be taught that expense is no object when a member of its body has to be harassed and snubbed.

7. And lastly. It must be clearly understood by the Public for the future, that the golden rule of the Pillar-to-Post-Office is, "When in doubt stand to your guns and be disobliging and cheeky," and that to this regulation there can and will be no possible exception.

READY! AY, READY! NAVAL INTELLIGENCE À LA MODE.

It is reported that H.M.S. *Blunderer*, though she will not receive her entire armament as promised, will be equipped with at least one of her new guns, which, together with two old muzzle-loaders, and several others of an extinct and condemned pattern, it is calculated will enable her, if she does not join in the firing, to take part in the forthcoming manœuvres in the Solent, and the Authorities are said to be highly gratified at this result. It transpires, however, that there has been found great difficulty in manning many of the vessels of the First Reserve; but the Port Admirals and the Intelligence Department, who are responsible in the matter, are said to have made every effort to cope with the emergency, they having fallen back on the supply afforded by the dregs of the local population, and thereby secured a good muster of harbour-loafers, discharged coal-heavers, and unemployed bathing-machine men, from which to make up the temporary deficiency. Due to the carrying out of the above measures, Her Majesty's gunboats, *Jackass*, *Bluebottle*, and *Clothes-basket*, have all respectively received a mixed crew of sweeps and costermongers, and will put to sea as soon as they are able under the peculiar circumstances. It is said that every vessel of the Torpedo Fleet will be entrusted to the charge of a couple of octogenarian veterans from Greenwich, but as it is expected that their age and infirmity, no less than the novelty of the work, will somewhat hamper them in the management of their respective craft, it has been decided that they shall each take on board with them an experienced bargee, under whose orders they will act.

THE END OF AN ACT.

(A Fragment from a Story of a Bill of the Play.)

THE Bright Little Girl was ushered into the presence of the three greatest English Actresses of modern days. The first of these three was golden-haired and blue-eyed—the only exponent of *Portia* and inimitable as *Lady Macbeth*. The second, who had retired for a while (on a fortune), was admittedly the Queen of Laughter—the best *ingénue*, the cleverest *Nan* that had ever lived. The third in

OUR THEATRICAL CHILDREN.

(According to recent Grandmotherly Legislation. Dedicated to the (Sir R.) Temple of the Drama.)



Rolla and the Child (legal infant, over ten) crossing the Bridge.

Rolla. "Awfully heavy child."



Norma's Children according to the New Act. Over Ten, but wonderfully small for their age. Odd! But there always is a supply to meet a demand.



Macbeth. "What is this, That wears upon his baby brow—" Child (interrupting him). "No babe, But over ten years old. Ha! Sold again!"



A MERRY CHRISTMAS PROSPECT! "Oh, Mother dear! No Pantomime! No money! No Christmas dinner!"

her presence conjured up recollections of romantic drama and that kind of comedy which has "domestic" annexed to its name. Need it be said that they were all delighted to see the Bright Little Girl.

"What do you want?" asked *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*, smiling.

"Can we help you?"

"If we can, we will do so willingly," said the good-for-everything *Nan*.

"Oh yes," cried Domestic Comedy, clasping the tiny mite in her arms.

"If you please, I want to be an Actress," returned the Bright Little Girl. The three goddesses shook their heads.

"Long before I was ten," said *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*.

"I too,—long before I was ten," put in the half-retiring *Nan*.

"And I—I fancy—but I am not good at dates, and can't be certain—long, I think, before I was ten," put in Domestic Comedy.

"And did playing before you were ten hurt you very, very much, Ladies?" asked the Bright Little Girl.

"You must judge for yourself, my dear," returned the three celebrated Actresses, smilingly; and with this useful reminder to those who are prepared to oppose the Measure in the House of Lords, the interview terminated.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Last Coup. On hearing of this book for the first time, one would naturally imagine that *The Last Coup* was a tale of agricultural distress in Lancashire. It is, however, nothing of the kind, but an excellent story in one volume by HAWLEY SMART, full of interest from start to finish. By the way, BARRAUD'S *Men and Women of the Day* contains an admirable portrait of this popular novelist, accompanied by an interesting biographical notice. The other two celebrities included in this number are General BOULANGER and Miss M. V. WHITE. This publication, which has now reached its eighteenth number, shows no falling off in the excellence of its pictures. A capital half-a-crown's-worth, for two-and-six.—*A Strange Enchantment* is a very original story, well-planned and thoroughly carried out by B. L. FARJEON. It is, indeed, one of the most farjeonate of this clever writer's one-volume novels. We shall probably be not very far wrong when we assert that the reading public will find *A Strange Enchantment* strangely enchanting.—*Walks in Holland* is not a juvenile volume treating of perambulations in pinafores, but a thoroughly practical guide to the country of the Dutch. If you wish to ascertain for yourself that the Dutch have taken Holland, you cannot do better than take Mr. PERCY LINDLEY for your guide, and he will tell you all about everything in the fewest words and the clearest manner possible.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

RARE ENTOMOLOGICAL CHANCE.—An Aged Gentleman of scientific pursuits, who has devoted much of his life-time to the Training and Development of the Intellectual Instincts of Insects, is anxious to part with a couple of hives of highly educated Bees to some Enthusiast who would be willing to continue the course of instruction with them that he has so successfully commenced, but which, owing to a slight accident, he has been unwillingly compelled to make up his mind to abandon. Having accustomed them to assemble in his Dining-room at meals to the sound of a foghorn, and seek their hive again—a box of peculiar and ingenious construction—at the beating of a frying-pan and kitchen poker, he had almost succeeded in getting the little creatures to know him, when, on his eightieth birthday, he had the misfortune to fall down-stairs with the whole apparatus, and, thereby startling and exciting the Bees, was so severely stung by them in their momentary panic, that he has determined, in consequence, on relinquishing henceforth their further care. As a wire-net helmet, neck-defender, and pair of protecting-gloves are included in the purchase, an Entomologist gifted with a tolerably thick skin, and of an adventurous disposition, might safely communicate with a view to negotiation in the matter. A second-hand fire-escape, dozen of cranberry jam, or a few guinea-pigs, would be taken in exchange by the Advertiser, who will be glad to receive as early an application as possible on the subject.

THE LAST CHAT AT WIMBLEDON.

Mr. Punch. If you are not busy, I should like a few words with you.

Old Established Habitué. Busy! Why we are never busy here! Most delighted to see you. Have some claret cup—or strawberries and iced cream?—You will find both on that sideboard.

Mr. P. You seem to be pretty comfortable.

O. E. H. Well, yes, we get on fairly well. Planked floor, carpet, easy chairs, mirrors and Japanese fans. Yes, not bad. And you see, I have some nice plants in the mould outside my tent. The place looks very well when it is lighted up with paper lanterns at night.

Mr. P. You know the Camp well?

O. E. H. Been here for the last twenty years. Wouldn't miss the fortnight for the world. The only fault of Wimbledon is that it's rather noisy—at least near the ranges.

Mr. P. And what sort of time have you had of it this season?

O. E. H. Oh, very fair. Rain now and then, but this place is water-tight, and of course, if the weather becomes impossible, one can always run up to Town. But, take it all in all, we have seen a lot of the sun, and had plenty of Lady-visitors.

Mr. P. Don't you find them rather in the way?

O. E. H. Good gracious, no! Why should we? It makes the place look lively to see a number of pretty girls, in pretty dresses, resting in garden-chairs. Why Wimbledon would be as dull as ditch-water without the fair sex!

Mr. P. And have the gatherings at the Cottage been successful?

O. E. H. Certainly. Lady WANTAGE is always a delightful hostess. I must say it is a great shame to break the whole thing up, and send everybody to Bisley. Not that I shall go. It will be too far away for me and most of us. Besides it won't be the same thing!

Mr. P. Why not?

O. E. H. Why not! Why, how on earth can you get people to come all that way for afternoon tea? Why, you might just as well send out invitations for a garden-party at Aldershot! Oh, I consider it simply suicidal. It will smash up the N. R. A.

Mr. P. The N. R. A.! Why, what mysterious body do those letters represent?

O. E. H. Not know what the N. R. A. means! Well, you are behind the times! Why, the National Rifle Association, to be sure!

Mr. P. The National Rifle Association! That reminds me. You have said nothing about the shooting. Tell me all about the shooting!

O. E. H. The shooting, my dear fellow! Why, none of us go near the shooting. In fact Wimbledon would be twice as jolly without it.

Mr. P. But it is on account of the shooting that you are told to move on, isn't it?

O. E. H. Yes; and there's where the bosh comes in. Surely the Council might have arranged to stay on, by cutting the shooting out of the fortnight's doings.

Mr. P. And you don't think that would have robbed the meeting of one of its important features?

O. E. H. Not a bit; on the contrary, improved the programme. The ranges might have been utilised for croquet and lawn-tennis. But now, my dear fellow, I am afraid I must turn you out, as I have to dress for mess. Pray forgive me; but, you see, as a soldier, I am a slave to duty.

Mr. P. "As a soldier"—h'm—quite so!

[Exit.]

ONE WORD MORE.

WELL-INTENTIONED persons do a heap of mischief, and talk and write a lot of nonsense about what they don't understand. There are dangers to morality ("who deniges of it?") in the Theatrical Profession, as in every other profession; but these affect the amateur, and those who go on the stage late in life, not those who are to the manor born. The lives of poor, honest, hard-working theatrical families, where the sons and daughters obtain theatrical employment at an early age, are thoroughly respectable. Their stage-work is not only compatible with their receiving a sound education, but is a complement of it. Habits of strict discipline, cleanliness, and domestic thrift are inculcated; the little children, from the biggest down to "the Widow's Mites" engaged in a Pantomime, are seldom sick, and never sorry, but do their work with pleasure, and would probably be willing to undertake even "more study," rather than be deprived of their theatrical employment which brings in the money, pays the school, and helps to keep a happy family together under one roof, which "be it never so 'umble," is styled by that dear old English word "home,"—and there is no place like it. The efforts of those who would exclude children under ten from theatrical work, may cause great misery and break up many such happy homes. We say this in serious earnest, and, from practical experience, we do know what we are talking about.

PUNCH.

MODUS OPERANDI."

Thursday.—With much pleasure to hear *La Sonnambula*. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! Again in the merry Swiss Village, "all among the barley"—I should say the *ballet*—and



The Count Out; or, Arrival of a Giant at a Merry Swiss Village.

greatly refreshed by the sight of so many Swiss boys and girls of all sizes and all ages. The air of the *La Sonnambula* country evidently agrees with them. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, a very characteristic *Amina*, with just the peasant walk and awkward elbow action when she wishes to express emotion, reminding me of the vigorous flapping of half-fledged chickling's wing. Had the old song, "Would I were a Bird," been in this Opera, how mightily appropriate it would

have been for our good little peasant girl, VAN ZANDT. Then, she's so affectionate to her kind old mother, *Teresa Gummidge* (touchingly played by Madame LABLACHE), who is so "lone and lorn," and apparently like "the old mawther" in *David Copperfield*, frequently "thinking of the old 'un,"—the old 'un being, of course, the late lamented *Gummidge*. MARIE VAN ZANDT brings out strongly the contrast between *Amina*, so amenable to good influences, so easily led away by her mother, and our *Lisa*, the flirty and flighty, so easily led away by anybody in the shape of a man. Our *Lisa* capitably played by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Is there any part of any age, country, musical, mountain or kitchen range, that this universal genius couldn't play to the great contentment of even the most critical audience? Is there a better *Marta* in *Faust*? A better *Inez* in *Trovatore*? A better *Giovanna* in *Rigoletto*? A better—I forget her name—in the *Barbiere*? and a better anybody in any other opera you like to mention? She is the *Bauermeistersinger*. VAN ZANDT immensely applauded, specially in high notes, which went far up above EDOUARD DE RESZKE's head, and that's saying or singing a good deal, as when he once appears on the stage as *Count Rudolfo*—a misnomer, as he is *Count Polite-olfo*, with charming manners—all the others are mere pigmies; and, as for *Elvino*, the typical Swiss peasant lover, had it come to a big row (and there was a little one occasionally), *Count Edouard* would just have taken him up—perhaps he might have liked being taken up by a nobleman—and pitched him over his shoulder into the next Canton, or farther,—into Pekin. Delightfully pretty Opera, so simple, tuneful, and dramatic.

Saturday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Musically, histrionically, and spectacularly, a magnificent performance. Opera full of melody and genuine humour. All of the Wag in WAGNER is in *Die Meistersinger*. Slices should be taken out of First and Second Acts. *Eva* is about the poorest part Madame ALBANI has *Eva* undertaken; *Hans Sachs* a grand one for M. LASSALLE, and *Walther* equally fine for M. JEAN DE RESZKE; honours easy—*Sachs* of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Signor ISNARDON shows himself a genuine Comedian as *Sixus Beckmesser*; and M. MONTARIOL a most conscientious artist, inasmuch as he has shaved off his capillary attractions in order to play the gay young *David*. MANCINELLI conducted admirably, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE beamed on everybody from a private box. *Mise-en-scène* most effective. Memorable triumph. Go and see it.

PENSÉES POUR PLUNKET.

How lovely is the Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars! Where are the *al fresco* Restaurants?

How nice trees would look in Regent Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly, as far as South Kensington Museum, where the Boulevard begins?

If it can be done in Shaftesbury Avenue, why not everywhere else?

How greatly the Parks and Kensington Gardens might be improved if I could induce the other fellows to adopt *Mr. Punch's* suggestions.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, SO FAVOURABLE TO FURNITURE, WALL PAPERS, PICTURES, SCREENS, &C., IS NOT ALWAYS BECOMING TO THE FEMALE COMPLEXION. LIGHT JAPANESE SUNSHADES WILL BE FOUND INVALUABLE.

"WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."

LATEST VERSION.

Sung, à propos of the Commission on Royal Grants, by a Working-Man.

I'm a 'orny-'anded Son of Toil—leastways, so say the patterers,
When I come to think of it!

And all my 'appiness in life comes from—well, *not* the chatterers,
When I come to think of it!

They cackle of Democracy—I don't think arf a dump of it,
That is, the sort they recommend, and I 'ave 'ad a lump of it.
Both sides 'ave tried it on me now—and now I've got the hump of it—
When I come to think of it!

It seems to me the upper classes always get the best of it,
When I come to think of it!

They've got their palaces, good pay, big pensions, and the rest of it,
When I come to think of it! [spout of it,

If a Workin'-Man thinks somethink's wrong, and wants to go and
He'll find a lot of M.P. pals to back him, there's no doubt of it;

But when he's listened to their chat—he don't get nothink out of it;
When you come to think of it!

Take this here Royal Grants affair—it's stiffish, I'll allow of it,
When you come to think of it!

But reason ought to settle it, no good to make a row of it,
When you come to think of it!

LABBY and STOREY argufy, and want to make a fight of it;

But will they save a copper when they're in the very height of it?

Fancy there ain't much option, and SMITH feels he's in the right of it,
When he comes to think of it!

The "Workman's Friends" put up their backs whenever there's a
chance of it, When you come to think of it!

They patters on, in Parlyment, and makes a pretty dance of it.
When you come to think of it!

They're "brothers, pledged to Labour's Cause,"—they *do* spout,
you'll admit of it.

They swore to free Old England from class rule; we'd soon bequit of it;
I arst you—have they done it? will they do it? Not a bit of it!

When you come to think of it!

A Royal Wedding causes joy to every one who hears of it,

When they come to think of it!

I fancy I can see the show, and hear the 'arty cheers of it,

When I come to think of it!

I likes to hear of wedded bliss; our Royal Lot thinks well of it; [it;
I've watched—and paid—for forty year, and that's a goodish spell of
And now I sometimes wonder who the sum and end can tell of it,

When I come to think of it!

We're told the Prince of WALES works 'ard—it's quite true every
word of it, When you come to think of it!

I think he earns *his* screw, at least, from what I've seen and heard
of it, When I come to think of it!

Stinginess ain't a Briton's game; for Me, I will have none of it;
Still, one *would* like to know *how* fur we'll go afore we've done of it.

If 'tis "till further horders," well, I don't quite see the fun of it,
When I come to think of it!

Fair's fair, and whilst we 'ave a Throne we're bound to up and pay
When you come to think of it! [for it,

But when I arks "How much?" I wants a arnser. I will stay for it—
When I come to think of it!

But they mustn't snub me as a snob because I dare to speak of it.

Some say it ain't my business, boys,—I like the blooming cheek of it.
I 'ave to stump up from *my* screw—there's thirty bob a week of it!

When I come to think of it!

I think there ought to be *some* rule, and that we ought to know of it;
When I come to think of it!

This here Committee may do good if they can make some show of it,
When they come to think of it!

But as to lots o' this loose talk—I'm not a blessed babby, boys,
I wants to do the thing that's fair, not swindled, nor yet shabby, boys,

And that they'll find is the straight tip, STOREY, BRADLAUGH and
LABBY, boys! When they come to think of it!



SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

(On the Question of "Royal Grants.")



A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?" *Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!!"*

PASTORS ON CASTORS.

(What we may expect, if other Prelates follow the example of Bishop Jayne, and take their exercise on a Tricycle.)

DID you say that the "Racing CANTUAR," or the "Episcopal Ball-bearer," is now the favourite sort of cycle among connoisseurs?

Dear me! At first sight it seems quite odd for a Bishop to arrive at a country Ordination with his gaiters coated with mud, and his hat hopelessly caved in as the result of a nasty spill into a ditch!

It is said, that the number of Dissenters in the Diocese has much increased since the Bishop was seen coming down-hill at thirty miles an hour, with his legs over the handle of his machine.

In the last private exhibition of Episcopal "trick riding," which took place in the grounds of the Palace, an athletic Suffragan easily carried off the first prize, by being able to write a page of a sermon, repeat the Thirty-nine Articles backwards, and stand on his head on the saddle, while propelling his bicycle at an average rate of speed along a cinder-path.

The Archbishop would look better on a cycle if he did not happen to be such a very *Broad Churchman*. The expression "His Grace" seems inappropriate.

Yes, that man careering along that road at a breakneck pace, with his coat-tails flying over his head, and holloaing to the little boy to get out of his way, is the newly elected occupant of the See of ARGYLE and the (machine) ILES.

His language to the youth who has thrown his cap into the spokes seems, at this distance, to be hardly episcopal.

Now that the Bishop has taken to riding a "Racing Facile," the Dean and senior resident Canon have introduced a "tandem" into the cloisters, and career wildly round and round, while most of the Cathedral Staff practise on "Sociables" in the Crypt. The Chapter has been quite a Chapter of accidents!

"All Uncharitableness."

SATAN and his sly imps work mischief still;
But at destroying mutual good-will
Amidst all classes in our speech-plagued nation,
The worst of Satan's imps is imp-utation!

LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

Tuesday, July 9.—Really one begins to regret the good old days of "the Westries," as certainly the proceedings in those now obsolete bodies were and are quite as respectable (if not more so) than our own. By "our own" of course I refer to the doings of the extraordinary body I see gathered round "Mister" ROSEBERRY this sultry afternoon. The Members present are the usual *habitués*—patriots, friends of the working-classes, fire-and-fury philanthropists, and the rest of them. The hero of the sitting is Mr. THOMAS GEORGE FAUDELL, who, so to speak, in lieu of turning up his nose at the Equator, performs the same awe-inspiring operation in connection with the Chairman's chair. "Mister" ROSEBERRY almost loses his temper, and regards the fractious FAUDELL with an *et tu Brute* sort of glance. By the way it may be as well to explain to Lady Members of the Council (and perhaps some of the less educated of the patriots) that *et tu Brute*, strange to say, does not mean, "And you, you brute!"

The conflict is a regrettable incident. THOMAS GEORGE is an Eton and Christchurch man, and, moreover, is a Member of the Bar. "Mister" ROSEBERRY was also at Eton and Christchurch, so that the Chairman and the Independent (perhaps too independent) Member were schoolboys, if not quite together, at any rate only with a short pause between them. Scene follows scene, and the Gentlemen of the Press get weary of reporting the same old story of bickering. As for myself, I bring my notes this week to a close with the reflection that did I extend them further, it might make the other Vestries—I beg pardon, Municipal bodies—justly jealous. I frankly confess that, were I asked, "Why, in describing parochial proceedings, I recognise the County Council and ignore the Vestry?" I should find the conundrum a very difficult one indeed to solve!

From Drogheda.

Cox and GILL
Had managed ill,
And got into hot water.

But for the Crown
The case broke down,
And triumph followed after!

HARROWING MEM.—July 15. Lords. Harrow A 1. Eton B-Eton.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 73.



A NOTE OF THE OPERA. BY MR. PUNCH'S ELECTRIC LIGHTNING ARTIST.

THE POLL OF HIS HEART!

NEW VERSION.

AIR—"His Heart was True to Poll,"

"I must go to sea,"

Said CHARLEY B.

As he sang the good old song;

"When a tar wants to fight,

He doesn't do right

To stay ashore too long.

For there are such rum 'uns

In the House of Commons,

Red tape-ist old pig-tails, droll!

They won't mind my defection,

And I shan't seek re-election.

That's not my sort of 'Poll.'

But—

To POLL my heart is true,

'POLL' means the Jacket Blue,—

It's no matter what I be,

On the turf or an M.P.

To POLL my heart is true!"

Chorus.

His heart is true to POLL!

His heart is true to POLL!

No matter what he be,

On the Turf or an M.P.,

His heart is true to POLL!

So he spoke out his mind;

And immediately resigned

His Parliamentary seat;

For says he, "Belay, I shall

Come back an Admiral

When once I've joined the Fleet.

Just give me a command,

No more I'll stop on land

To be a figure-head or wooden doll,

For wherever I may wander,

I'm a thinkin' of the Condor,

For my heart is true to POLL!

Refrain (with resignation).

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

Wherever I may be,

On the Turf, or an M.P.,

My heart is true to POLL!"

Chorus (all).—His heart is true to POLL, &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INFANTS' DISORDERS.—No, we cannot say for certain that the convulsions from which your child has suffered—(we are glad to hear that he has quite recovered from the attack to which you refer), were caused by over-feeding him on "Pilkington's Infantile Brain and Nerve Vegetable Food." It is much more likely that they were occasioned by that hearty meal of japanned lobster you mention, or more possibly still by his eating the tops of those patent Norwegian matches, to a box of which you unfortunately seem to have let him had access. We cannot say whether holding him up by the legs and giving a tumbler of hot gin-and-water every ten minutes would prove an efficacious remedy. It sounds as if there were something in it. Next time you notice any symptoms of the fit coming on you might certainly try it.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE VERSION.

HOPE springs eternal in the female breast:
Woman ne'er is, but always to be—dressed!

A NEW MUZZUL'UM ORDER—not given by the SHAH, but by the Police. Dogs to be muzzled from 31st inst. till December. But why defer it till the end of the month? The dog that knows the value of his day will make the most of the remainder of July.



A GRIEVANCE.

(THE STOCK INEXHAUSTIBLE!)

Landlord. "WELL, STUBBLES, AT ANY RATE YOU 'VE GOT A MAGNIFICENT CROP OF HAY THIS—"

Portly Tenant Farmer (reluctantly). "YE-ES; BUT YOU SEE, MY LORD, THERE'S SUCH A PRECIOUS LOT OF IT! LOOK WHAT IT 'LL COST ME FOR LABOUR TO GET IT IN!!"

"LENA" AT THE LYCEUM.

OF all the actresses so fair,
How very few like SALLY!
Such tones, such charm, such auburn hair!
Of which she knows the vally.
And when she 'll act,
We cry—'tis fact—
"Some inspiration's ta'en her!"
But when she won't,
Why, then—she don't,
And she does both as Lena.

MOST ANNOYING.

Frivolous Person (who has been brought by Serious Friend to see an Ecclesiastical function, catches sight of Foreign Prelate). Is that the Archbishop of Cyprus?

Serious Friend (anxious to impart useful information). Yes, that is "his Beatitude."

F. P. (seeing an opportunity). Fine up-standing chap. (Suddenly.) Hope he's a good sailor.

S. F. (falling into trap). Why?

F. P. (delighted). Because if this is his Be-attitude, I should like to know what is his Sea-attitude.

[Serious Friend wishes he hadn't induced him to come.

A NURSERY FORECAST.

SING a song of Royal Grants,
LABBY full of glee;
Twenty-one Commissioners
Rather up a tree!
Yet, when the case was opened
It pretty soon was seen
They had resolved a dainty sum
To set before the QUEEN.
Though she, some malcontents averred,
Had hoarded heaps of money,—
But what she could have done with them
They frankly owned was funny.
But JOHN BULL, to such cavillings
Being not at all disposed,
For five good figures drew his cheque,
And thus the matter closed.

"N.B."—After the ceremony, at which the SHAH, it is thought, will be present (wedding-present, of course), the Earl of FIFE and his Royal Wife ("dropping into poetry") will go to the Thane's home in Scotland. This is Deesided.

NO SEPARATIST! BUT GRAND OLD UNION-IST!!—Mr. GLADSTONE on his Golden Wedding Day!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 8.—Government beaten in Lords last week; ran narrow risk of defeat in Commons to-night; all owing to the MARKISS. Like HANS BREITMANN, the MARKISS "had a Barty." About Four o'Clock, OLD MORALITY, looking round over deserted benches on Ministerial side, hoarsely whispered, "Vere is dat Barty now?"

"At Hatfield," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, a little tartly. Like the rest, AKERS been invited to meet the SHAH, but kept in town by sitting of House.

"Then telegraph for them to come back," said OLD MORALITY.

Situation certainly critical. WILLIAM O'BRIEN moving Adjournment, and discussing row at Cork, where PETER O'BRIEN, M.P. (always being mistaken for somebody else), got his head broken. Irish Members all in attendance; Opposition Benches full; thirteen men, all told, comprised full strength on Ministerial side. If Irish Members were to lead SEXTON away, close up debate, and take early Division, Government helpless. If SEXTON could be drawn out, good for an hour's speech, and Ministry would be saved. Telegram would have reached Hatfield; special train on the rails; every moment bringing it nearer. OLD MORALITY fidgeted on seat all through Question Time. When questions over, O'BRIEN rose to move Adjournment amid storms of cheers from Irish Members, spoiling for the fight. OLD MORALITY anxiously scanned benches, discovered SEXTON there.

"All not lost yet," he murmured, under his breath.

Help came from unexpected quarter. SPEAKER ruled O'BRIEN's Motion out of order; Ministers breathed again; House got into Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill; BUCHANAN moved Amendment raising whole question of rights of way. LORD-ADVOCATE opposed; Scotch Members saw their opportunity; shut off debate; shouted for Division.

"ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, turning to Civil Lord, "this suspense is terrible. Heard of your agility at Paris, your mounting Eiffel Tower four steps at a time; run up Clock Tower now; see if you can catch sight of our men coming."

ASHMEAD off like a young fawn. RITCHIE and ARTHUR BALFOUR put up to keep things going. JACOBY moving restlessly about, holding waverers with his glittering eye. Time of triumph near at hand.

AKERS-DOUGLAS's misfortune is JACOBY's opportunity. Hatless and almost inarticulate he prevailed the Lobby, bringing men from distant holes and corners. ARTHUR BALFOUR nearly finished his speech; nothing more could be done; Division must follow; defeat inevitable. OLD MORALITY's eyes fixed with strained glance on door through which ASHMEAD BARTLETT had vanished on way to Clock Tower. Will he never come back? Yes; rapid steps are heard; a flushed face flashes through House; and Civil Lord drops breathless on Treasury Bench.

"Brother ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, "did you see anybody coming?"

"Train arrived; men coming in hansoms, four-wheelers, busses, wheel-barrows, anything!"

ARTHUR BALFOUR down; bell clanging through House; and, just in time, the party from Hatfield headed by ADDISON, Q.C., in white waistcoat and new necktie, streamed in; saved the Government and strangled the rights of way in Scotland.

"Very interesting," said OLD MORALITY, mopping his damp forehead; "very interesting indeed, but a few more quarters of an hour like this would lead to vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons."

Business done.—Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—A bustling night in Commons. Sitting chiefly spent in Division Lobby. OLD MORALITY nominated Committee on Royal Grants. Gentlemen below Gangway protested. Threatened to take Division on every name; actually took six. Four hundred gentlemen, of various ages from twenty-two to eighty, racing round lobbies hour after hour. Grand Old Man kept well in the front. "Must take a certain amount of exercise every day," he said when I remonstrated with him on imperilling his valuable life. "Generally walk home after dinner; this evening get my walking done before."

Off again on sixth lap without turning a hair—almost, indeed, without having any to turn. STOREY, always long drawn out (six feet in his stockings, I should say), to-night longer than ever. Unfolded Chapter after Chapter; most exciting, Chapter III., headed "CHAMBERLAIN." OLD MORALITY moved CHAMBERLAIN on Committee; STOREY, amid strenuous shouts of delight from Radicals, moved him off. Drew interesting sketch of CHAMBERLAIN as SAMSON, with JESSE COLLINGS as DELILAH shearing his locks preparatory to

delivering him over to Philistines. (First Philistine represented by OLD MORALITY.) Ninety-five Radicals voted to bury SAMSON under ruins of proposed Committee. Philistines rallied round him; beat off assailants with overwhelming force of three to one.

GEORGE CAMPBELL, who usually votes with minority, went astray in one division. Voted with the Government for retention on Committee of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

"Couldn't help it, you know," he said, apologetically. "Blood is thicker than water. Clansmen must stand by each other. The CAMPBELLS always hang together."

"Serve 'em right!" growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate.

Business done.—Committee on Royal Grants appointed.

Thursday.—Atmosphere of Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill ruffled by little breeze. HOWORTH has discovered in Bill principle of Free Education; raises cry of alarm; talks about surrender of the Government; revolution ahead. RICHARD TEMPLE comes to the front.

"I must," he said, glancing askance at MUNDELLA, "ask those around me to aid in stemming the rising flood."

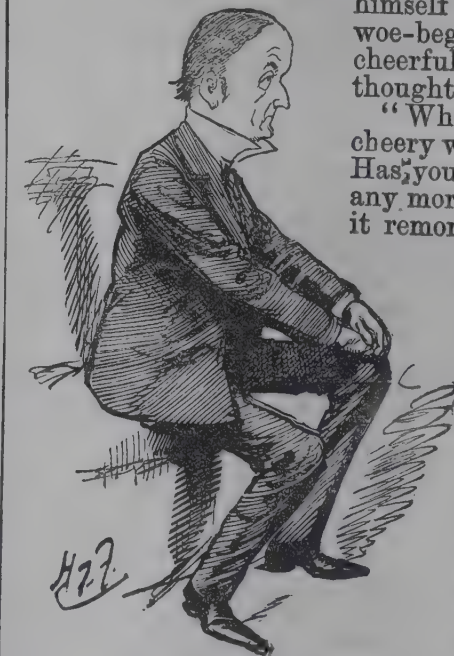
Opposition broke into ribald laughter. MUNDELLA pats Government on back; declares proposal in the Bill assailed by HOWORTH to be best thing they ever did. ARTHUR BALFOUR writhes under this patronage; almost impelled to join hands with TEMPLE and undertake the stemming operation for which general invitation had been issued. TREVELYAN jeers and flouts across table. What fierce delight it would be to marshal the Ministerial host, march them off into Lobby with HOWORTH and TEMPLE, and snatch this toothsome bone from the Radical dogs who were so noisily mouthing it! A moment of mad delight; but it would not do. So ARTHUR made a clever speech, in which he showed that whilst the Bill admitted principle of Free Education, it was only its little way. Really did not mean anything. Must stand by the Bill. Tories and Radicals went into one Lobby, 245 against Amendment, only 52, with RICHARD TEMPLE at their head, gallantly but vainly endeavouring to stem the Rising Flood.

Friday.—Came suddenly upon PHILIP STANHOPE sitting all by himself under Gallery. Had a peculiarly woe-begone expression unfamiliar on his cheerful countenance. Looked as if he thought he was in church.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in my cheery way. "Been a row in the family? Has your noble brother said he can't stand any more of your Radical goings on? or is it remorse at the anguish caused by your other brother on Treasury Bench, when you come up to table to 'tell' the rag-tag-and-bob-tail in its efforts to defeat the best possible Government?"

"No," said STANHOPE, clasping his hands over his knees, "it's none of those things. I'm thinking of JACOBY. All through the Session we have 'told' and toiled together, and now he's chucked the whole thing up. Says he won't play."

"Never mind," I said, "you'll get somebody else, though probably no one so much to the manner born. I suppose, now he's ceased to be



Thinking of Jacoby.

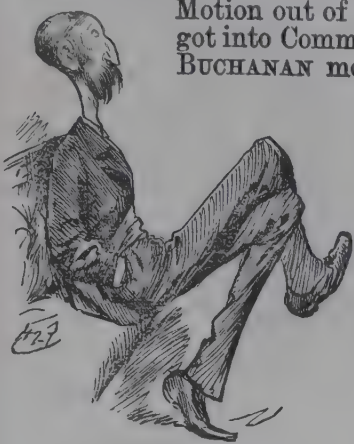
Whip, JACOBY will wear his hat again in the Lobby? He won't like that. What makes him so pleased to dispense with his hat?"

"Don't know," said STANHOPE, wearily, "unless in other times he may have acquired a distaste for the article through having gone about his business wearing three at a time."

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill again in Committee.

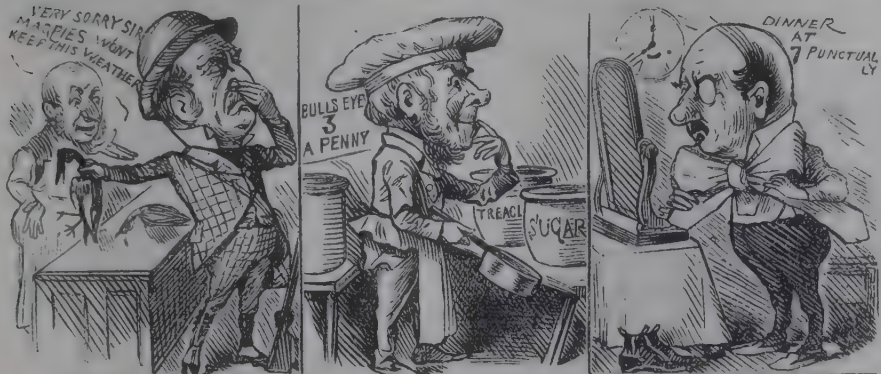


John Anthony.



Mover of Amendment.

WIMBLEDON WHIMS.



"Elevation wrong!" ...
"He obtained a high magpie!"

"He made several
bull's-eyes."

"Exciting!! A tie!! at
the last moment!!"

IRREPRESSIBLE! OR, THE CRIMINAL UNCAUGHT GUIDE.

Little Criminal Tragic Comedy, in Two Acts, now in daily rehearsal.

ACT I.

The Scene represents a back alley in a low East End slum, in which an atrocious murder has just been committed, forming in its turn the eighteenth of a series of similar outrages, the peculiar feature of which has been the screwing off of the victim's head by the perpetrator. The extra vigilance of the Police has for some time past apparently acted as a check upon the murderer, but this having been for no very definite reason just relaxed, he has quickly responded to it by the commission of a fresh crime. This has somewhat reasonably agitated the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood, and they, together with the Medical Men, Coroner, Jurymen, Police Authorities, Local Loafers, Night Lodging-house Keepers, Witnesses, and General Outsiders, are all assembled at the scene of the recent ghastly occurrence. A Rabid Interviewer, representing the "Irrepressible Press," Note-book in hand, forces his way authoritatively through the crowd, and pushes himself to the front.

Rabid Interviewer (going up to Witness and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder). Ha! You're the man I want to get at. Witness (resentfully). Come, now, what are you up to? You are making some mistake!

Rabid Interviewer. Not a bit. You're one of the Witnesses, aren't you? (Witness nods assent.) Well, then, you're the fellow to post me up in what I want to know. Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm the "Press." I'm here for the Irrepressible. Now do you understand?

Witness (with effusion). Perfectly: and in that case I'm sure any information I can give you I shall be only too happy to supply.

Rabid Interviewer. So do, and fire away. (He does, and furnishes his interlocutor with copious details of the recent evidence coupled with local gossip and much other interesting material for "copy.") Thanks! And now (turning to Police Official) perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what moves you are making in the game. You're on his track? eh?

Police Official (doggedly). I ain't at liberty to say what we is on and what we ain't. Besides, how do I know who you are who is asking questions of me. (With apologetic caution.) We must be on the look out, you know.

Rabid Interviewer (with much bonhomie). Quite right. Of course you must. But it's all right with me, you know. I'm the "Press": here for the Irrepressible.

Police Official (instantly convinced). Oh! then in that case, of course, I don't mind telling you that—

[Furnishes him with a complete account of all the measures about to be taken by the Authorities at Scotland Yard with a view to the capture of the "Wanted" Murderer, and puts him in full possession of all the secrets of the official programme.]

Rabid Interviewer (taking it all down in his "Notes"). Thank you, that'll do capitally. Ha! and now, let's see. Perhaps you can tell me something. (Suddenly buttonholes a Head of a Department, who has driven over in a cab from the West End to personally inspect the locality, and effectually pumps him, finishing his interview.) Thanks, that will be very useful.

Head of Department (with much urbanity). Delighted, I'm sure. Don't mention it. One cannot give the Press too much information on these matters.

Rabid Interviewer. Quite so. (Forces himself among a crowd of Unsympathetic Loafers who are vaguely discussing the recent atrocity). Well, my good people, and have you any news to give me?

First Unsympathetic Loafer. Give you any news? What for? Who are you, I should like to know?

Second Unsympathetic Loafer. Yes, and what are you a poking your blooming nose in here for?

Third Unsympathetic Loafer. I'll tell you who he is. He's "JIM the Choker," or next door to him. 'Ere let's run him in.

Several Unsympathetic Loafers. Run him in. String him up! Lynch him!

[They hustle him.]

Rabid Interviewer (protesting with a good-humoured smile). No, no, my good people—you don't understand. I'm not "JIM the Choker," I'm the "Press." I'm getting up facts about the murder for the Irrepressible, and if you'll turn in here and have a drink, you perhaps might be able to supply me with some particulars. (Mob of Loafers instantly relent, and turn in for a drink accordingly, furnishing the Rabid Interviewer with odds and ends of local information, with which he judiciously spices his five-column article for the "Irrepressible." Surveying with much satisfaction his work, which is an elaborate and exhaustive account of the whole affair, pandering to a morbid public craving, but furnishing the "Wanted" One, if he chance to see it, with a full and detailed account of all the measures taken by the Police to prevent his escape, and giving him exactly the requisite information he stands in need of to enable him to baffle Justice and elude the reach of the arm of the Law.) Well, come, I think that ought to satisfy 'em; I've left nothing out. (Admiringly). By Jove! if "JIM the Choker" were to see it, it would be quite a little handbook for him!

ACT II.—A hidden Retreat beyond the ken of the Authorities. The "Wanted" One discovered deeply engaged perusing a recent number of the "Irrepressible."

The "Wanted" One (rising with satisfaction). So, that's their game is it? Well, it's all set out here, chapter and verse, plain enough, and no mistake! Goodness knows what I should do, if it wasn't for these here blessed papers. Howsomever, thanks to them, I can pretty well see my next move. So here goes to make it. [Makes it, and is consequently continuing to escape detection, as Curtain descends.]

PLAY-TIME.

At the Court.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD is a public benefactress. London is getting dreadfully dull. The season is going out like an expiring set-piece of fireworkery. St. Swithin has got hold of the weather.

But at the Court Theatre you may enjoy two hours of the heartiest laughter. Aunt Jack is excellent fooling from beginning to end: full of quips and jokes, full of stirring incident, full of the most delightfully puzzling complications. I am not going to take the bloom off the flower by revealing the plot. I will content myself with congratulating everybody, all round, who interprets



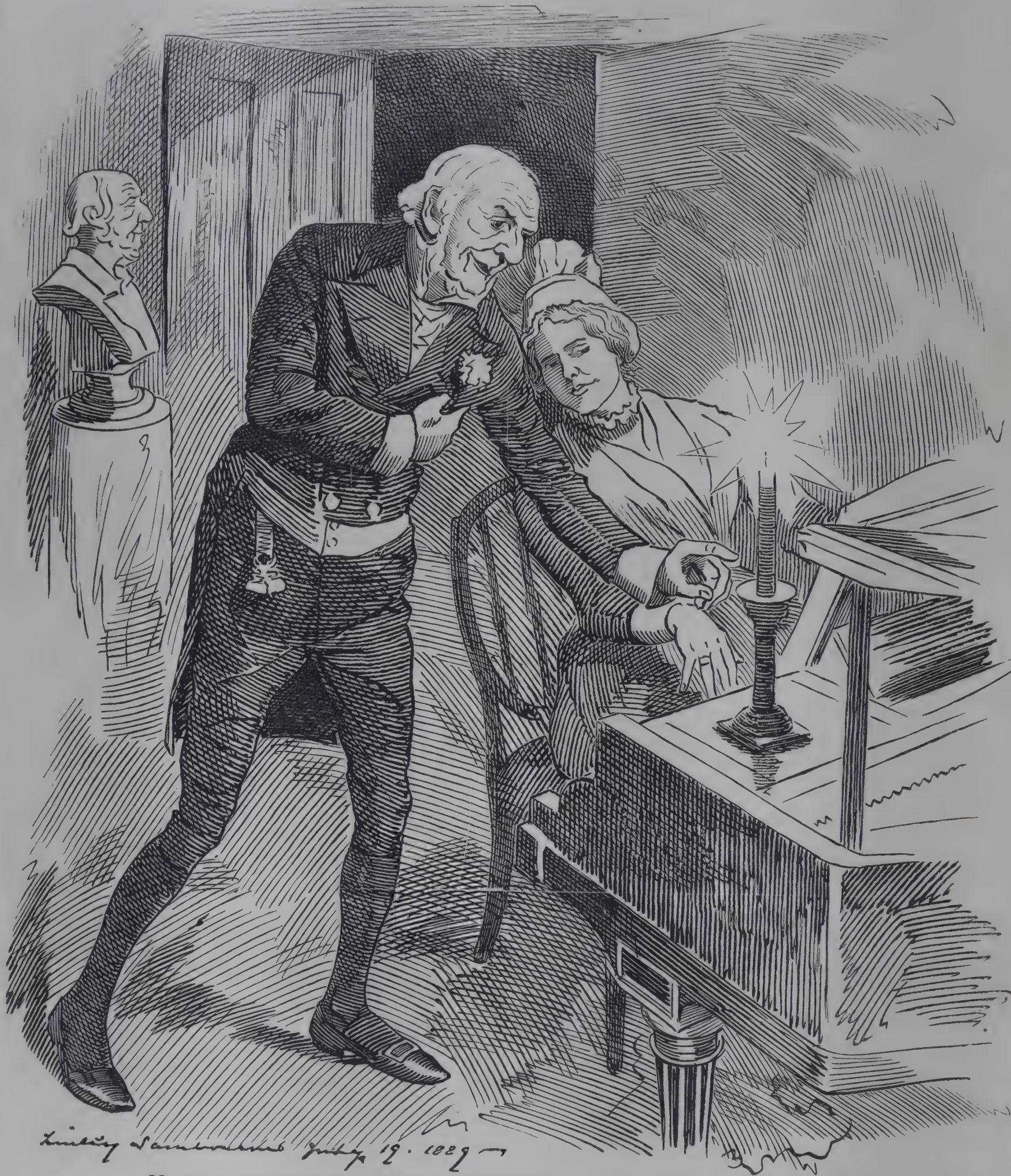
She Wood, and he Wouldn't.

Mr. RALPH LUMLEY's merry inspirations. Mrs. JOHN WOOD, most funny throughout, is quite inimitable in the last Scene, where she appears in the witness-box. It is hard to say if Mr. ARTHUR CECIL is at his best, making love in the First Act, or opening and tasting a bottle of very cheap champagne in the Second, or defending a Breach of Promise Case against his own fiancée in the Third. Mr. F. CAPE is quite a model Judge, and his dictum, "People should not go to law, unless they can keep their temper," should find place in the next edition of Broom's Legal Maxims. He would be quite a new Broom, and might make a clean sweep, which is a very different matter from making a sweep clean. But—passons! Miss ROSINA FILLIPI, as the dashing young widow of Mr. Ephraim B. Vanstreek of Chicago—"Pork was his vocation, he lived and died in it"—gives a piquant dash of Yankee flavour to the entertainment. Mr. ERIC LEWIS, impersonates excellently Aunt Jack's nephew, Mr. Caleb Cornish, and Miss FLORENCE WOOD is bright and intelligent as Mrs. Caleb. A success, says

THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

LATEST BULLETIN.—Poet BROWNING much better, in consequence of ALDIS WRIGHT's judicious treatment, but still suffering from FITZ.

"DARBY AND JOAN."



Lindsey Samuelson July 19. 1889

Mr. Punch (to the ex-Premier and his wife on the happy occasion of their Golden Wedding):—

DARBY and JOAN! My dear WILLIAM, I'm certain
You'll pardon the phrase; 'tis familiar, but kind.
To draw for the mob domesticity's curtain,
Which ought to be sacred, is scarce to my mind.
But when such great actors as you tread our stages,
There's little life lends that is solely their own.
In how many rôles have you posed in my pages?
Well, now you turn up, WILL, as DARBY—with JOAN!

You know the old ballad? Of course—you know all things,
From HOMER to WOODFALL, in verse or in prose;
For yours is a mind which, on big things and small things,
Can, like the great pachyderm's trunk, deftly close.
That DARBY might well be serenely reflective,
And you, my dear WILL, on this notable day,
Must surely incline to the mood retrospective.
A mingling of pensive, proud, grateful, and gay.



"AMUSEMENTS."

Tennis Player (from London). "DON'T SEE THE FUN O' THIS GAME—KNOCKIN' A BALL INTO A BUSH, AND THEN 'UNTIN' ABOUT FOR IT!"

'Tis fifty years since, in then little known Hawarden,
Its church, which so often has echoed your voice,
With laurels and flower-garlands glowed like a garden,
Whilst GLADSTONE was wed to the girl of his choice.
"Young GLADSTONE," the Church and State champion, Tory,
Disciple of PEEL and MACAULAY's grave foe.
Since then what a long, strange, illustrious story
Of rise vastly rapid and change far from slow!

July Thirty-Nine found you Benedick youthful,
July Eighty-Nine finds you—well, "Grand Old Man,"
As your worshippers say; and no doubt they are truthful,
Though stale adulation is not *Punch's* plan.
And GLYNNE's graceful daughter has shared it and crowned it,
That strenuous life and that splendid career;
Much harder great "DARBY" would doubtless have found it
Without gentle "JOAN" to console and to cheer.

Did "DARBY" now sing, it were scarce "*Camptown Races*,"
But rather that musical song by MOLLOY,
Which ANTOINETTE STERLING invests with such graces,
And *Punch* is most happy to hear and enjoy.
And "JOAN" would join in with a refrain quite ready,
For whatever change come in fortune or fame,
JOAN's faith in her DARBY is constant and steady,
And DARBY to JOAN will be "always the same."

And *Punch* on this bright Golden Wedding rejoices
To wish the great couple a future all gold;
And herein is sure he interprets and voices
The wish of all parties, of young and of old.
Here's WILLIAM and CATHERINE's health in a brimmer!
We'll trust the good pair who together have grown,
With hearts nothing colder and eyes nothing dimmer,
May live many years to play "DARBY and JOAN."

CONUNDRUM FOR NEXT BANK HOLIDAY.

Q. When is a City Clerk like an ill-treated Russian Serf?

A. When he gets an outing. [*Italics used to assist the earnest Student.*]

A PILL FOR "THE PILLARS."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In the years of long ago, when the "Vic" was indeed "the Vic" (and had not become a sort of frisky Coffee Palace), I remember seeing plays in which many a wealthy Merchant posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner. I fancy that I have seen a wealthy Merchant (who must have been a wicked Baronet, as no one at the Vic Unregenerate could be quite bad unless able to add "Bart." to his name) sending coffin-ships to sea to get rid of inconvenient witnesses to his crimes, and I imagine that I have noticed this wealthy Merchant learning in Act the last, that his only son was on board the vessel he had doomed to a watery grave. I have an idea, too, that the wealthy Merchant was not particular about the sex of those he ruined, and generally died by his own hand. And I remember that a play like this used to make me laugh.

Well, the other day (or rather afternoon) I went to the Opéra Comique Theatre, to assist at the benefit of that clever little actress, Miss VERA BERINGER, when I saw a piece called *The Pillars of Society*, of very much the same character as that I faintly recollect at the Unregenerate Vic. There was a wealthy Merchant (not a "Bart." because he was a Norwegian), who posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner, who sent coffin-ships to sea, and who found that in one of the doomed vessels was his own son. The wealthy Merchant of the Middlesex site, however, unlike the opulent "Bart." of the Surrey side, did not die, but repented, after a long and seemingly unappreciated confession. On the other hand, the wealthy Merchant, like his Vic-ious prototype, was not at all particular about the sex of those he ruined. But there was one distinct difference between the version of the North and the version of the South. At the theatre south of the Thames I remember the dialogue was crisp and to the point. We had plenty of action, and, so to speak, soon "came to the 'osses." North of the Thames the dialogue was hopelessly dull; so I did not feel inclined to laugh at the Opéra Comique Theatre—I only wanted to sleep!

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS HAD ENOUGH OF IBSEN.

P.S.—Let me add that the translation by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER seemed to be excellent. But what a pity it is he ever learned Norwegian!

JUNKETING.

Decision—Leaf from Cookery-Book—Rapid Run—Arrival—Peculiar People.

"I've heard that Ilfracombe's a beautiful place," I observe to my friend, COPLEY MARKHAM, taking care to emphasise "heard." This in reply to a desire just expressed by COPLEY to go out of town, and choose a house in some distant spot. Both of us are ready and willing for a junket. Junket is peculiarly Devonian. Therefore, merry House-hunters are we, and "a junketing we will go, my boys, a junketing we will go!"



Plain Cook's Tourists.

"To Cook's office for tickets," says COPLEY, knowingly, "because," he continues, as if giving the solution of a riddle, "Because Cook's office is just handy,"—we are at Ludgate Circus, "and when you arrive at the station provided with

"Cook's," you haven't got to wait your turn at the booking-office, but can nip into your carriage and secure the best places. See?" I do see. Our tickets are Cook'd, and we are ready to enjoy all the fun of the Fare. So COPLEY and I part, till to-morrow.

"If COPLEY is your travelling companion," says JIM O'DWYER, at the Club, to me, "mind you, my boy, you'll have to sweeten him, or he'll be nasty." This is a pleasant prospect.

Next Morning.—COPLEY seems to have met various persons who have set him against Ilfracombe. He has turned "nasty," as O'DWYER said he would, and he is perpetually regretting not having started for Switzerland, Scotland, Jersey—anywhere, in fact, except where we are bound for. I remark that I believe Ilfracombe is rather bracing.

"There you're wrong," he says, almost savagely, "it's relaxing." I feel I must try the "sweetening" process, so I smile, blandly. It doesn't sweeten him; it irritates him. "It is relaxing," he repeats, warmly. "You'll see. Old Thingumy told me so, and he ought to know, as he lived there for six years, and nearly died there."

We travel by the Great Western express, 9'20, direct. Flying by the stations, COPLEY is annoyed at being unable to discover their names.

"I'd stop all big advertisements at railway stations," he growls; "how on earth could a foreigner make out where he was? Why, he'd think that every station was called "Cocoatina" or "Maple & Co.;" for upon my word those are the only two names I can catch as we go along."

Ilfracombe, 4'20.—"Disappointing," grumbles COPLEY, as we drive from the terminus. "I thought it was all beautiful boulders, and rocks, and wild scenery. Why, it's like the new Finchley Road, that's all. Wish I'd gone to Switzerland." I begin to wish so too. He's growing "nastier" every minute. By what process can he be "sweetened"?

Rule for Travelling invariable.—Always ask for the Station-master wherever you are, and make his acquaintance. It doesn't matter whether you've anything to say to him or not. You may have, later on, and then to be on speaking terms will be useful. Abroad, always take off your hat to him, and offer a cigar. You never lose by politeness,—except, in this case, or out of this case, a cigar.

The Station-superintendent is most courteous and anxious to afford us all useful information. Noticing this politeness, COPLEY MARKHAM says, sneerfully, "Oh, they've mistaken you for somebody else. Perhaps they think you're the Duke of CAMBRIDGE *incog*. You're not unlike him."

But as I subsequently encounter this same courtesy everywhere about this very civilised district, I conclude that the North Devonian motto must be the motto of "Civility without servility."

"Nothing striking in the way of scenery," says COPLEY, as we drive along in the 'bus to the hotel. "And I didn't expect the fares would be a shilling each," he adds, as we descend. "Why, you can go from Brompton to Islington for threepence, and here we've scarcely been driven a mile!"

Lovely situation this of the Ilfracombe Hotel. Climate of South Devonshire at back, and the refreshing Atlantic in front. For the first time COPLEY is unexpectedly "sweetened" by the manner of the Conductor, who receives the money as if he were grieved at having to take so large a sum for so short a journey.

Nobody knows who we are, and they do not mistake me for

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, but everybody delighted to see us all the same. Old gentleman on the doorstep with bald head and without a hat (must be Proprietor, or Manager, as no one stands on the doorstep of a hotel without a hat unless he is a Manager or a Proprietor,—why should he?) smiles, bows, and makes some pleasant remark about weather and journey. I think he waves us toward the bar, where young ladies, buxom and businesslike, are preparing to take down our names in a register, as if we'd come to be married. Tall, delicate-looking Head Waiter—not unlike Mr. PARNELL, only darker, and with a higher colour—appears from coffee-room, and is followed by a short Waiter, just to show us that they've got 'em of all sorts and sizes; a Chambermaid is on the staircase expecting us, Boots and Porter in the hall,—all waiting breathlessly for our answer to somebody's momentous question as to what time we would dine, put by, I think, but am not sure, the bald-headed Proprietor or Manager.

COPLEY says, turning to me, "Seven-thirty, eh?" His time is mine; by all means, 7'30. This "sweetens" him again, and he's in a better humour. With a sigh of relief, the *tableau* breaks up; the coloured likeness of PARNELL retires, the short Waiter follows him, both smiling, as much as to say, "*Au revoir*—at 7'30 sharp;" the Boots disappears with our bags, the Hall-porter goes on an errand for the Proprietor, the young ladies return to their tea and ledgers, and the trim Chambermaid beckons us to follow her to our rooms.

"Sweetening" process taking effect on COPLEY. He actually commends the place so far as "pretty." But "not bracing," he says; "I don't think it's bracing. Though," he adds, meditatively, "the air seems to be giving me an uncommonly strong appetite." Then he suggests that, "as we have come to look for houses, we may as well call on the house-agent." I agree. We hire a fly.

Flyman most civil. "House-agent? Certainly, Sir." Mr. BILLAM is the man. Will drive us there in no time. On our road, Flyman pulls up sharply. Mr. BILLAM is just coming downhill as we are going up, having finished his work and closed his office for the day. "But that doesn't matter," says Mr. BILLAM, cheerfully, "I'll see to it at once, if you'll allow me to ride up." He jumps in—a sharp business-like man with a pleasant manner—and in a few minutes we are at his office, which he re-opens, and all his books as well, as if he were beginning the day again. Then he insists on going House Hunting with us. He is the huntsman, and shows us capital sport, but "we do not catch that house, brave boys." At last COPLEY, urged by consuming appetite, proposes to finish the chase, and begs to be allowed to go to dinner. Then, promising to put us on the right scent to-morrow right away as far as Lynton, the undefeated Mr. BILLAM leaves us much impressed by another specimen of Devonian politeness.

"Devon is celebrated for its butter," says COPLEY, giving an indication by this intended sarcasm that he is turning nasty again. But fortunately the dinner, being an excellent one, sweetens him, and restores his good temper. Only one thing goes wrong. I order a light claret. It is not a success. "I told you it wouldn't be," growls COPLEY, showing signs of turning nasty again. It is a ticklish moment. We try another, which is better, but COPLEY regrets not having insisted on champagne. "Poor stuff!" he says, reading the wine-list with the eye of a connoisseur. "Where's your Pommery '80, or a blend of '80 and '81?" The coloured portrait of PARNELL is deeply sympathetic, and sincerely grieves that we are not pleased. Then in a confidential whisper to COPLEY—not to me—he whispers that in the cellar there is a small quantity of wonderful champagne which could be specially brought out for COPLEY. This flatters him as a connoisseur of wine. He is sweetened. Up to this moment he has been "extra sec," now he is sweetened; and he says, with a knowing smile and smacking his lips, "We'll keep that for to-morrow night." The Head Waiter recovers from his temporary depression, smiles again, and, as it were, bids us hope. We have a delightful evening, with coffee and cigars, out on the terrace, with the *poluphloisboioing thalasses* just below us. COPLEY still sweetened, and says, "Well, I'm glad I came." So to bed.

Next Morning.—Starting in trap. A most pleasant lady, a perfect stranger—very perfect—as we are waiting for Mr. BILLAM, steps up, and hopes we'll excuse her for mentioning it, but there's something wrong with the near-side horse's blinker which may occasion trouble if not attended to now. Coachman thanks her, we thank her, she thanks us for thanking her. Never met such polite people. Mr. BILLAM comes up, brisk and smiling, with fresh list of places to inspect. He bows to perfect stranger lady, she to him, we to them, all bowing, and stranger lady leaves us. Does Mr. BILLAM know her? No; by sight only.

This politeness is the same everywhere. *En route* rural policemen in various villages offer to act as house-agents, and at Lynton the Fairy landlady of the *Valley of Rocks* waves her wand and something or other, perhaps a pot of Devonshire Cream, turns into a trap, provided for us to drive about to wherever we like to go free, gratis, and no questions asked. Polite people profess themselves ready to turn out of their houses and homes rather than we should return without having taken some place or other. COPLEY is puzzled.

Their politeness is gratuitous and "sweetens" him. Everybody is interested in us. "Will it be so if we once settle?" asks Copley. "Are we the two swallows who do not make a summer, though all the natives sincerely hope they will do so?"

Dinner with the wonderful wine. More and more politeness. Manager comes to see us, hopes we're "doing" well. We are. "So's he," says Copley, who is as sweet as molasses under the influence of this wonderful champagne. The Manager is a young man, therefore the elderly bald-headed person whom I hear giving orders to waiters, barmaids, and boots, and addressing the visitors, is evidently the Proprietor.

Second and Last Morning.—Nothing relaxing in this air. Fresh as larks, both of us. Even this capital hotel is not altogether perfect, and I have some complaints to make of small matters. Still, they must be made. And naturally to proprietor. Go to the fountain-head at once. The fountain-head is, I presume, the bald elderly man on the doorstep. Here he is at the door, as usual. I go up to him with the determined air of a man who will accept no stupid excuses. I commence my list of grievances, at once, being pressed for time. Our boots have not been properly attended to, we were not called at the right time, our clothes were not ready,—but above all, and here Copley backs me up strongly,—though directly I become dissatisfied, he at once finds excuses for the offenders in a thorough spirit of contradiction,—“The carriage wasn't ordered in time yesterday, and no one was sent for it when I complained, and really,” I say to the bald-headed

man, who appears to be utterly dumfounded, “it is too bad, in a first-class hotel like this, that we should be put to such inconvenience. You might, at least, have sent down a servant,” I tell him, becoming really angry, and turning as “nasty” as Copley himself in his worst mood, for the bald-headed proprietor doesn't offer a single word by way of excuse or explanation, and his conduct is totally contrary to everything we have hitherto experienced; “you might have sent a servant down,” I continue, forcibly, “to inquire as to whether our carriage was ordered or not. You were in the hall when we ordered it.” As I have almost arrived at shaking my fist at him, the bald-headed man protests feebly, muttering something which I don't catch, and I continue, severely:—“And knowing that it was late, why didn't you have the trap brought up here, instead of wasting our time and spoiling our whole day?” At this juncture Copley comes up, and plucks me by the sleeve. “What is it?” I ask, annoyed at his interference. He wants to speak to me, apart. “Well,” I say, hotly, “I suppose you'll take that old idiot's part. He hasn't a word to say for himself, and considering he's the proprietor—”

“No,” interrupts Copley, “there you're wrong—he's not.” “What!” I exclaim, utterly taken aback, “not the proprietor?” “No,” replies Copley, chuckling, “The old chap's only a quiet visitor who's been here a fortnight, and likes it very much. I've just been told so by the Head Waiter who was afraid to interfere.” I turn to apologise, but the bald-headed man has gone, and as we drive off immediately in the bus I see the elderly bald-headed gentleman, evidently furious at the indignity put upon him, gesticulating to the Manager, and vowing he'll leave the establishment at once. I hope he won't, as he seems to have made himself quite at home, and hence my mistake. We return to town, delighted with the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire politeness.



Righteous Indignation.

A SIGNAL TO STOP!—A paragraphist in last Saturday's "London Day by Day"—which forms two of the best and most ornamental columns that help to support the colossal fabric of the *Daily Telegraph*—informs us that "Sabbatarianism is once more up in arms," and that at the next half-yearly meeting of the Directors of the Brighton Line, there is to be a strong protest raised against facilities for Sunday travelling. Sabbatarianism again "in arms," indeed! Very much so; in its second childhood. But we hope that, though Sabbatarianism may be in arms, this, which is one of its pet toys, may not be carried, but go the way of so many other good "resolutions" that form the concrete foundation of a place which to ears polite may be described as "the Terminus of the Down Line."

THE HIGH-METALLED RACER.—A Locomotive Engine.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

"You English are great lovers of Music," said the Moon. "I saw that very clearly only a few evenings ago. It was in a side-street opening out of one of your great London thoroughfares, and a large crowd was collected on both pavements, gazing and listening with the most respectful attention to a tune which was being played on a piano-organ. The piano was one of the ordinary instruments, and the air—though the woman who turned the handle wore kid gloves—was quite a simple one. Still the crowd was perfectly entranced and regarded the very organ with reverence. There was a placard in front of it, which I could read distinctly by my own rays, for that is one of the advantages of being a Moon—you are so independent. In spite of their attention, the bystanders seemed waiting for someone to appear, and from time to time, some of them would peep through the swing-doors of a public-house close by, as if the person they expected were inside. Evidently the woman in the kid gloves was not the principal performer, who must have been a person with a peculiar gift for extracting melody from a piano-organ, or they would scarcely have waited so patiently for his reappearance. And indeed," concluded the Moon, "this was actually the case, for I remember now that the placard on the piano stated that he was a Viscount."

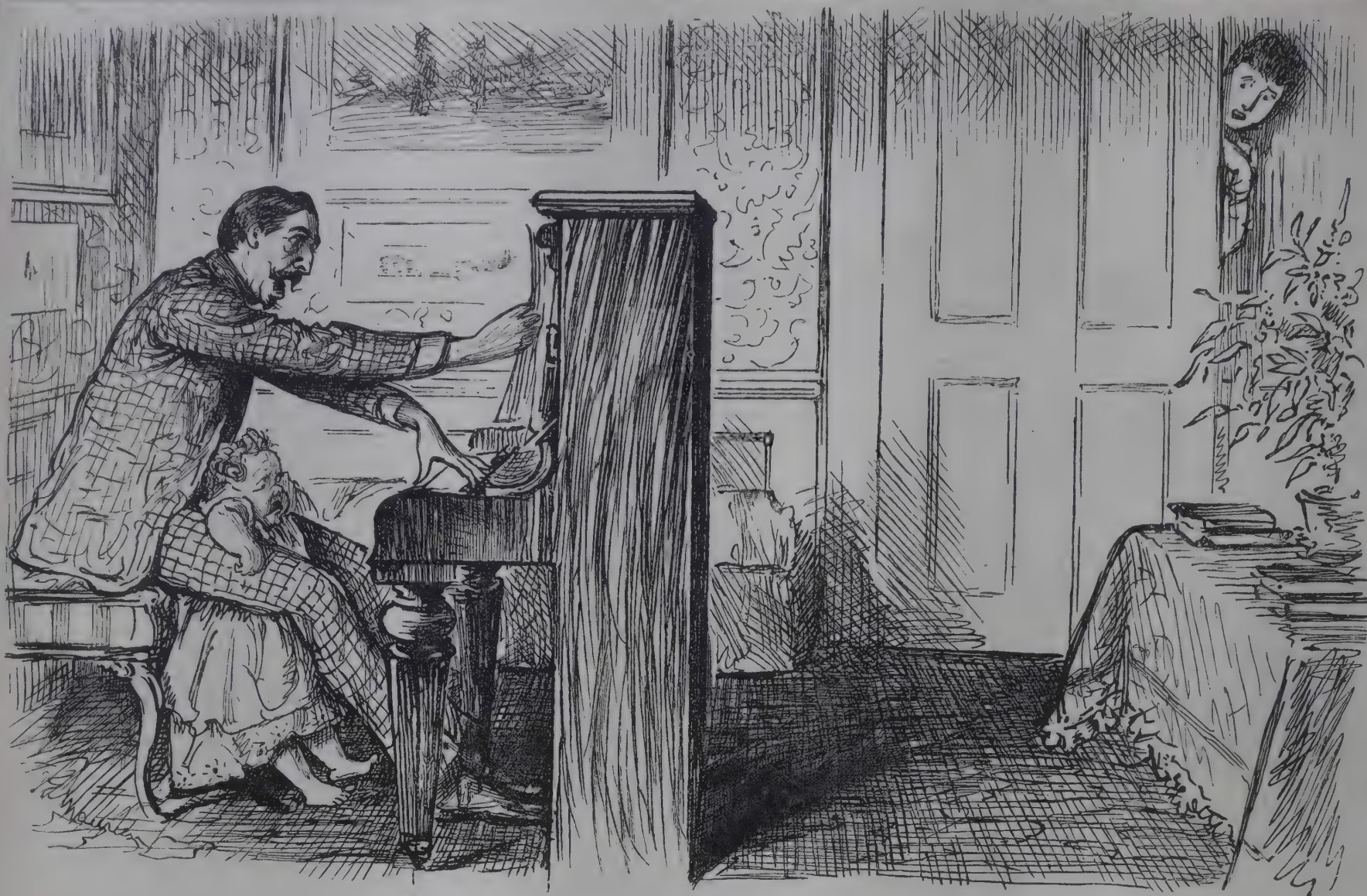


LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

Tuesday, July, 16.—Rather a sad sitting, as I look in vain for that silvery-voiced, humble-minded, to-aristocrats-personally-affable representative of what, perhaps, I may be permitted to call (to distinguish them from labourers in other walks of life) the "working (on beer) classes," the Patriot BURNS. However, to some extent we have compensation in the presence of that amusing rattle Mr. CHARLES HALLYBURTON CAMPBELL. When this Gentleman rises to address us, the silence is so deep, that were we to listen intently no doubt we should hear a pin drop—supposing always of course, that the pin weighed half-a-ton and fell through the skylight, from an altitude equal let us say, to the summit of the Tour Eiffel. This afternoon he is particularly amusing. He is a Magistrate, and has discovered, that he has the power, by some Act or other, in that august character to examine a candidate for compensation. The candidate for compensation is then trotted in. He is placed at the Bar of the Chamber, in imitation (save the mark!) of the Bar of the House, and is greeted with roars of laughter. The candidate for compensation looks frightened, but on finding, so to speak, that the "Court is with him," answers the amusing rattle (when that dignified person rises to shouts of "Now, CAMPBELL!") in more senses than one. On the whole, the amusing rattle gets rather the worst of it, partly on account of the interference of the ever-welcome ELLIOTT, whose knowledge of things in general (acquired no doubt as a Member of the Asylum Board and as a contractor for refreshments at the Law Courts) seems to be extensive. Ultimately the candidate for compensation is allowed to retire, and the matter is "referred back," with an instruction to the Committee receiving the reference that they shall be guided by "Counsel's advice."

Then Mr. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, of Market Lavington (which is not to be confused with the Bishop's or Western Division of that ilk, the cradle of a very ancient race), Wilts, rises, and most properly protests against the reduction of the salaries of the fourth grade clerks from £80 to £70 a year; and thus proves himself (in spite of sitting next a TORR, who, according to his name, is more than half a Tory) a true Liberal. He is supported by a gallant Colonel, whose eloquence is (I know not why) frequently described as "Rorron." Then we discuss examination-papers, and the proceedings become hopelessly dull. I must confess that, in spite of an occasional exhilarating explanation from Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH (whose every word seems to be regarded as golden now that he receives a salary of £2000 per annum), the debate is decidedly monotonous. This being so, I, not altogether reluctantly, close my note-book and take my departure, leaving my noble friend, "Mister" ROSEBERRY, still in the chair, and no doubt ready (as he ever is) to enjoy a thoroughly pleasant, particularly congenial, and entirely profitable afternoon, in the midst of his County Council associates!



TRIO—FOR BARITONE, SOPRANO, AND CONTRALTO.

SIGNOR TOMKINSONIO HAS BEEN LEFT FOR A FEW MINUTES IN CHARGE OF HIS BABY, WHILE HIS WIFE IS HAVING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

"ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM."

Policeman X, Junior, loquitur:—

Oh, yes, I *ham* Policeman X, but as, dear readers, you'll divine, All in this present blessed year of grace called eighteen-eighty-nine, I *ham* not him whose words and deeds good "Mister TITMARSH" did set down [the town. Long since, when that there Pallis Court was the great scandal of I *ham* a young P.C., I *ham*; where'er my beat, I'm hailed as well met; I do not wear a sort of shiny stoye-pipe hat, but a smart helmet. I've had Board-Schooling in my time, although my parents was not rich, "vich." And, though my spellin' may be weak, I do not stoop to "vos" and Ah! things is different all round since Mister MICHAEL ANGELO Described my predecessor's ways, before the period of MONRO, Our First Commissioner of Police, which I've been reading his Concerning the Metropolis, as I maintains all folks did ort. [Report The papers slate hus pretty free; praps reading this Report will check it. It isn't now as in the days of that good genial Beak, ABECKETT, Within whose Court old Policeman X would find materials for his pen. From hinformation I've received, things was took pretty easy then. The Metropolitan Police has other duties, ah! a many, Than them there early Peelers had, and, if we costs a pretty penny, In times like these so given to crimes, so Socialistic and Home-Rulish, A policy that's penny-wise must be perticklerly pound-foolish. Crime's on the hincrase, MONRO says; a nice look-out, upon my word. [habsurd. Some parties says it's all *our* fault, hus Bobbies, which is most Ignorent critics, when there's any public stir, pens lots of stuff of us, But Mister MONRO 'its the mark: we're good, but there are not enough of us.

Just fancy what we have to do, the tasks with which we're forced to grapple, From shindies in Trafalgar Square to 'orrid murders in Whitechapel, Semaphore duties at street-crossings, where we stands, not quite "in clover," [run over. To keep the traffic from sheer block, and folks on foot from bein' Salvation Armies want to tramp through crowded thoroughfares permiskus; [whisk us; Likewise, when Shahs and other Swells are on parade, away they And then they wonder at the luck of burglars, roughs, and suchlike beauties, [reglar duties. When we're thus forced, through hextry jobs, to slacken hoff our If folks *will* have religious rows, perlitickie shindies, and such matters, All over the confounded shop; if every fool a drum that batters, Or waves a flag, or howls a song, has leave to go where he darn pleases, JOHN BULL must just put up with crime—or give his purse some extry squeezes. Fancy dear old Policemen X's face, the 'orror and surprise of it, At Hallelujahs in the Strand! We're overworked, that's just the size of it. If you *will* keep our numbers down, although the population's double, Take Mister MONRO's tip—and mine, such skinflint ways will lead to trouble. "Crime can't be coped with,"—MONRO says,—not in a manner satisfactory, [refractory, If we're took up with shouting Rads and with Salvationists With railway stations, semaphores, and Shahs, *an cetrer*. There's your problem! double 'em. If double duties tax the Force, their numbers, too, you'll have to In fact, with old Policeman X, I say, "Move hon!" It is our maxim. JOHN BULL can have what Force he likes, if with the cost he's game to tax 'im. [docket 'em, Reports like MONRO's should be read, and *thought on*,—do not merely But study out their argyments—perticklerly the one *ad pocketum*!



“ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.”

MR. BULL (*reads Yearly Police Report*). “WHAT’S THIS! INCREASE OF CRIME—NOT ENOUGH POLICE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY! THEN, WHY ON EARTH—”

CHIEF COMMISSIONER. “YOU CAN HAVE ANY NUMBER OF POLICE, MR. BULL—*IF YOU LIKE TO PAY FOR THEM!*”



MR. CHAMBERLAIN PROPOSES TO ABOLISH A NUMBER OF ORNAMENTAL ROYAL OFFICES, SUCH AS THE MASTER OF THE BUCKHOUNDS, AND THE HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER. A GREAT CHANCE FOR MADAME TUSSAUD. THESE FIGURES WILL SOON BE ADDED TO THE COLLECTION.

MAMMON'S MARTYR.

I FEEL, it's natural, of course,
What Doctors call my "vital force"
Is all expended;
I've headaches sometimes rather bad,
And, on the whole, I'm very glad
The Season's ended.

At garden parties oft one gains,
On damp lawns, queer rheumatic pains;
And talks idyllic
Beneath wet trees whence falls a spray,
Lead to the acid, doctors say,
Is salicylic.

From a hot concert-room or ball,
Neuralgic pains will oft befall
A hapless maiden;
While over-ventilated rooms
Are like so many living tombs,
With phthisis laden.

And whether one is host or guest,
The wily plumber does his best,
Methinks, to kill us;
Within his untrapped drains there lurks
What no one all his lifetime shirks,
The gay *bacillus*.

I'm tired of pleasure's endless round;
My voice has quite a feeble sound;
I've every reason,
To think I need some stringing up,
So JENNER'S hand shall brim the cup,
To end the Season.

General and Particular.

Inquirer. Is General BOULANGER good-looking?

Informant. Not bad. But, as representing another General, he may be styled a "pretty fellow."

Inquirer (interested). Another General! What other General does he represent?

Informant. "Pretty General Discontent."

TURNED TO ACCOUNT!

(A Fragment from the History of the next Invasion.)

LONDON was in danger; nay, more, London was in the hands of the enemy. The Chinese Barbarians had, without difficulty, destroyed the British Fleet, and made their way up the Thames! They had landed at Westminster, and were now marching on Charing Cross. They had met Englishmen on their own ground, with their own weapons, discarding their terror-inspiring shields for magazine rifles of the most modern fashion. The Commandant of the Guards sadly awaited the advance in the yard of St. George's Barracks.

"We are lost," he murmured; "oh, why was not the warning of Sir HARRY VERNEY respected? Why was the National Portrait Gallery built here! We are deprived of space, and all for the sake of some pictures that no one cares to see!"

"We are no match for them Chinese, my Lord," replied the old Regimental Sergeant-Major; "they outnumber us by thirty to one. I will be sworn, our field state is no more than three hundred, all told! Bless me, my Lord! I do believe there are more portraits in the Gallery yonder than men in the Barracks over there!"

"Eureka!" shouted the Commandant, excitedly. "Sergeant-Major you have given me an idea! We may yet save London! Fall in the men and—" he whispered the rest.

The Chinese troops came on and on. They seized Parliament Street and Whitehall! They slaughtered the cows in St. James's Park! Oh, it was a dreadful moment for Londoners!

At length the invaders were opposite the National Gallery, outside which the Guards were now drawn up. The remainder of the British Army were standing at ease, with what seemed to be posters pendant before them after the fashion of perambulating sandwich-men. Their backs were turned to the enemy! The Chinese commenced to charge! "Right about turn!" shouted the British Commander.

The Guards faced about, displaying the canvasses, which served as breastplates. The Chinese wavered. Then, with an unearthly yell, the Asiatics fell upon their knees and surrendered!

"I thought they would be frightened out of their wits by those

wretched daubs!" muttered the British Commander, as he took the entire Chinese Army prisoners.

Yes, London was saved, and by the contents of the National Portrait Gallery!

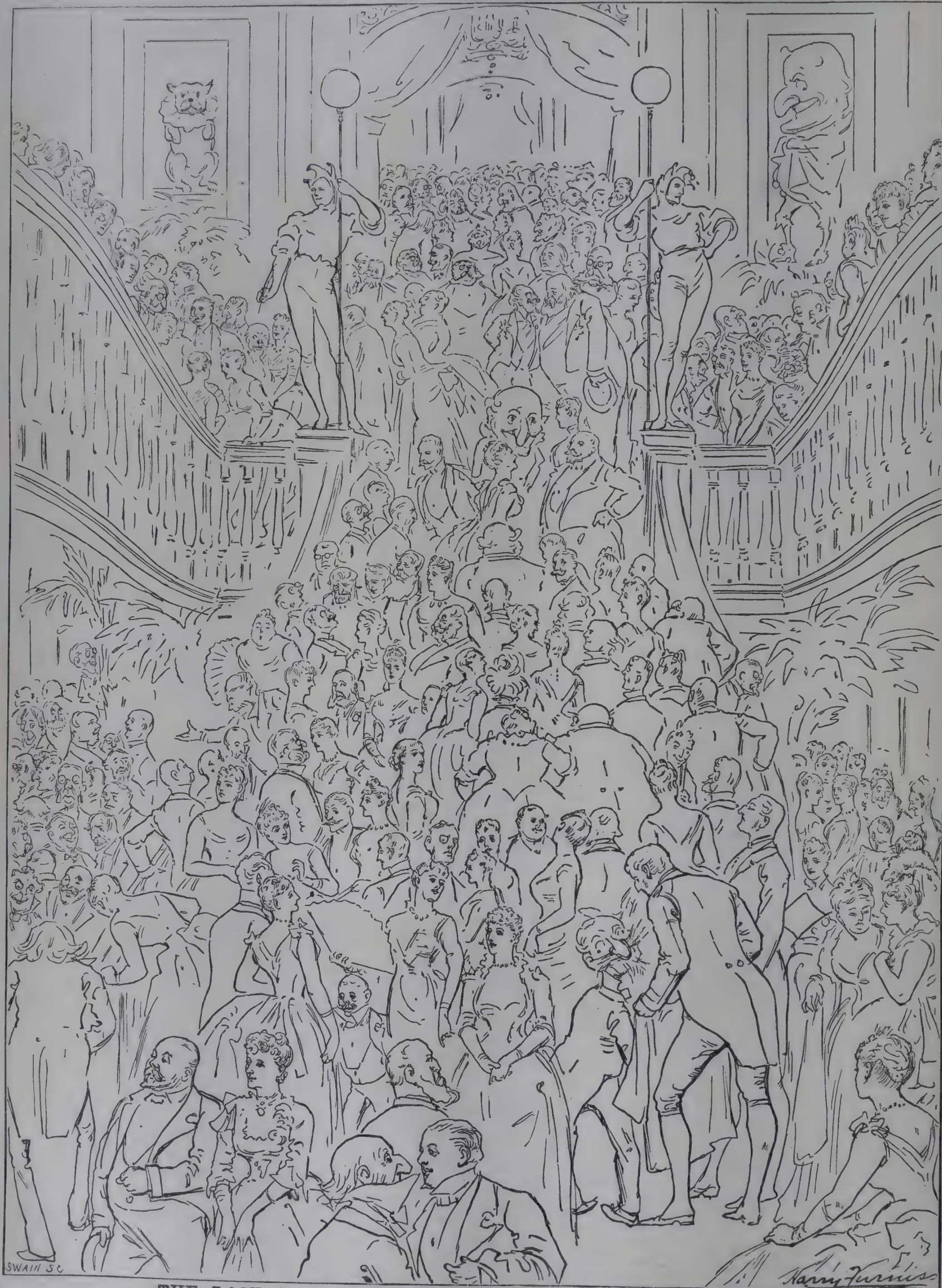
A NOTE FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

HAVING been asked by numerous Correspondents "why I did not proffer my own services to the accused before the Special Commission after they had lost the aid of their originally-selected advocates?" May I be permitted to answer, that I *did* on the impulse of the moment feel inclined to come to their succour, but after a second's reflection, decided that it would be far better to wait until my services had been formally requested. That Mr. PARNELL has dispensed with the assistance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ASQUITH, is really no proof that the Member for Cork City is in any way dissatisfied with the conduct of the Counsel who thus far have represented him. I should be very sorry indeed, and very loth indeed, to suppose that the Hon. Gentleman, by severing his connection with my learned friends, wishes to suggest, that he would be happier if I appeared in their place. Nay, I will go further and declare, that I believe such an idea absolutely preposterous, because, really and truly, both Sir CHARLES and Mr. ASQUITH have done their work in a manner that has met with my entire approbation. So, I would urge upon Mr. PARNELL and the other interested parties in the suit, not to place me in a position of very great embarrassment. I can assure them that there is little left to do. After the excellent address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, a second speech on the same subject from me might, perhaps, have the effect of an anti-climax. True it is that, recognising as I do the duty I owe to my fellow-man, I am always reluctant to decline a brief, and, yet I must deprecate a situation in which I find interests of a conflicting character, tearing, as it were, my robes and wig asunder. Of course, my Clerk attends to everything of a professional character for me, but I shall most deeply regret if that Clerk hands to me a retainer in any way calculated to wound the feelings of gentlemen for whose ability I have the profoundest respect.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 74.



SWAIN SC

Harry Furniss

THE LAST CRUSH OF THE SEASON.—MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

EVELYN'S HOPE.

THE hideous bustle at last is dead.

Come and talk of the beast a minute!

Never again will it flourish, it's said;

What on earth we women saw in it,

Or why we liked it, is hard to discover;

Only the world is a nicer place,

Now that the pest called a "dress-improver"

Is improved, by Fashion, right off its face.

There's the tall hat, too, which they say is doomed,

One rather liked it, or viewed it with awe,

Till one sat in a theatre, and far away loomed

A rampart of feathers, frilling, and straw,

Hiding the stage, the footlights, and all,

Save perhaps the top of a paste-board tree;

Oh, then one's fingers did certainly crawl

To fling a book at the filigree!

But, some day, in Fashion's whirligig,

The monstrous bustle, the Eiffel hat,

May arise once more, even twice as big,

For our great-grandchildren to wonder at.

Well, that's Posterity's matter, not mine.

The one thing now is to put up a hymn

Of praise, and of hope that, when new suns shine,

Good taste may flourish instead of whim!

QUESTION!—If the result of Mrs. FAWCETT's mistaken energy should be the transformation of this Theatrical Children's Bill into a rash Act, then the consequences will be to many hard-working persons the deprivation of a considerable portion of their daily bread, and the creation of a number of "idle hands," for whom, as Dr. WATTS, of respected memory, says, "Satan finds mischief still to do." Before it is too late, *Mr. Punch* would ask the lady this question—

Fawcett—an hæc olim meminisse juvabit?

And if Echo answers "a bit," she will be as mistaken as Mrs. FAWCETT herself in this matter.

"MUZZLE THE CATS!"—Ask the SHAH. He'll approve, as he is a thoroughgoing Muzzlem.



"THE EARLSWOOD TOTTER."

OUR MASHERS ARE STILL IMPROVING. THEY NO LONGER ENTER THE BALL-ROOM WITH THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS. THEY HAVE ADOPTED A MODE OF PROGRESSION MORE IN HARMONY WITH THEIR MENTAL STRUCTURE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 15.—JOSEPH GILLIS turned up to-night unexpectedly, but with striking effect. For a long time this great statesman has, like GRANDOLPH, retired from the Parliamentary conflict. Time been occupied elsewhere. Has had to keep Judges in order on Parnell Commission. On Town Holdings Committee has found it necessary to be in his place to curb impetuosity of Radicals like HARRY LAWSON, who want to enfranchise leaseholds and make other assaults on property. JOEY B. has had his wild days; has heard the chimes at midnight, and even after; but that was long ago. Members have come in who know not the JOSEPH of the Parliament of 1874, or of 1880. JOEY B. sly, devilish sly; moves with times. Never been the same man since he became possessor of that Castle. When he surveys himself in glass arrayed in black broadcloth, with gold chain swung across portly presence, and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which, mounted on his nose, add air of placid benevolence to his visage, does he ever, I wonder, think of the days when he wore the imitation sealskin waistcoat, thrust his thumbs in the arm-hole thereof, and called GLADSTONE "a vain old gentleman?" These are the days that are no more. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Esq., M.P., of Clifton Park Avenue, Belfast, and Blatherabbey Castle, County Cavan, is a very different man from the terrible free lance of fourteen years ago, who

used to look in on the wearied House after an All-night Sitting, and after passing night on two chairs in Library, announce in shrill tones that he had "come back like a giant refreshed."

To-night JOSEPH, putting on his gold spectacles and casting a scornful glance over the Bann Drainage Bill, opposed Motion made by ARTHUR BALFOUR that a money grant on account of the works should be agreed to.

"I 'ject to this Bill on several grounds, Mr. SPEAKER," said JOSEPH, with his loftiest judicial mien. "I specially 'ject to it on the ground that, if passed into law, it would be inoperative. Her Majesty's Government will, I think, act discreetly if they withdraw the Bill now, and introduce a more carefully prepared scheme early next Session."

It was beautiful! A sight to see, a voice to hear. An Alderman, or even an Arch-deacon, could not have put it better. Other Irish Members in a dilemma; could not support Government, and yet dare not oppose Bill that promised to convey a million and a half sterling of the British taxpayers' money for the endowment of an Irish district. Accordingly, they left the House without voting; but JOEY B., inflexible, incorruptible, sea-green, would hold no parley with Government, even for such a bribe. Insisted on dividing House, and presently led into Division Lobby GLADSTONE, JOHN MORLEY, HARCOURT, and the flower of the Liberal Party.

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS does battle with the Government on the Bann Drainage Bill.

Tuesday.—Ignorant or designing per-

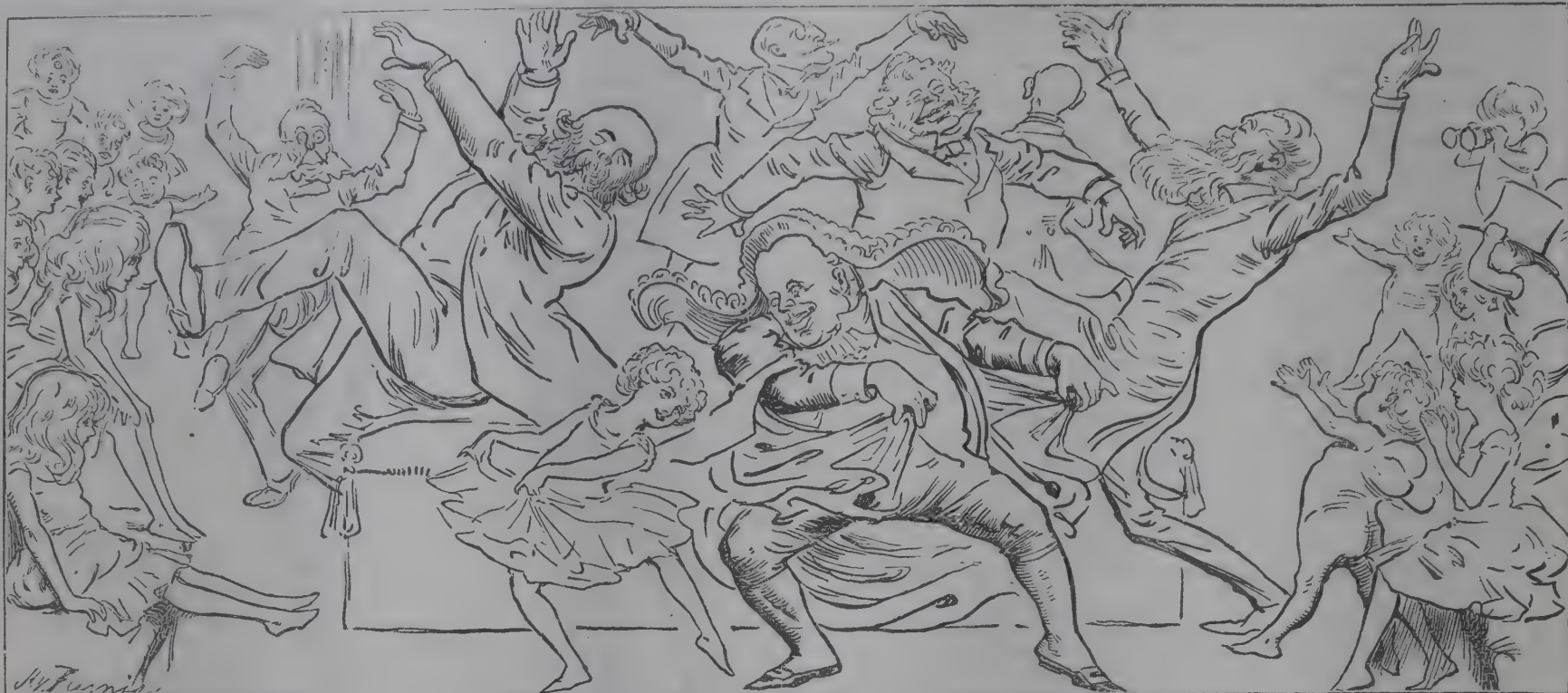


"Would suit me, I think."

sons spreading report, that JACOBY has retired from direction of the New Party. Has not been telling in divisions of late, and people, finding necessity of explaining absence, invented this story. Not a word of truth in it.

"I'm not the man to desert a friend," JACOBY said, putting me

Then, average policeman with ordinary training scarcely qualified to catch unmuzzled cat. To make the Force effective in this direction would require weeks, perhaps months, of special drill. On the whole, HOME SECRETARY rather discountenanced new departure; and the cat and dog business having been gravely disposed of, the High



The Peris (under ten) in the House of Peers, personally conducted by Lord Dunraven.

down for a dinner-pair. "I was present at the birth of this Party, and it may depend upon me being in at its death."

So far from resigning position as Whip, JACOBY is laying in new stores. Has noticed with secret admiration the height of BOBBY's collars; watched them with wistful eye flickering about the corridors and shining in recesses of Division Lobby. Why should BOBBY have monopoly of this distinction?

"Would suit me, I think," JACOBY said, wriggling his neck about. "Rather cut out for that sort of thing. A little sharp under the jaw at first, I fancy, but soon get used to that; besides, don't mind a little personal inconvenience to do credit to Our Party. Shall certainly order a couple of dozen."

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bills through Committee.

Thursday.—HOME SECRETARY led quite a cat and dog life. HENRY BRUCE first let slip the dogs of war. Wanted to know how about the German wire-muzzle used for dogs, and whether MATTHEWS would appoint Committee of Sportsmen to investigate matter? HOME SECRETARY doubted whether Government would not be travelling beyond its province in appointing such a Committee. Every man, he said, whether a sportsman or not, had the right, under Privy Council Order, to select form of muzzle which might best suit his dog. That was the inalienable right of the British citizen, and he shrank

from interference. Then H. FARQUHARSON came along with the cats. Did the HOME SECRETARY know that there were usually in London a large number of homeless cats? Would he see that cats were muzzled and the police instructed to seize and, if necessary, destroy all unmuzzled cats?

SEALE-HAYNE sat and mewed whilst question propounded. In his mind's eye he saw HOME SECRETARY pacing the West End squares with basket of catsmeat on arm, succouring the homeless, feeding the abandoned. In the distance he beheld the stalwart policeman lurking at corner in wait for the unmuzzled cat, or hunting it over dizzy housetops; a pleasing alluring picture, but not without difficulties, which the HOME SECRETARY had solemnly set forth in writing and now read to House. Existence of large number of homeless cats frankly admitted; desirability of muzzling them not denied; but how to do it? Hydrophobia may be conveyed by scratch of cat. Supposing it muzzled, its claws still at liberty.

Court of Parliament turned its attention to other matters. *Business done.*—Tithe Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Fighting in East Marylebone to-day for seat vacated by CHARLIE BERESFORD. Don't know yet who's won; but whoever it be, will have hard work to fill CHARLIE's place. CHARLIE, when he spoke, always seemed to bring a whiff of the salt sea breeze into jaded atmosphere of House. A model of the British Tar, with advantages of birth and education. Knew by intuition a marlinspike from a mizzen-mast. A little inconvenient for Admiralty to have this too candid friend always on the lee bow. Knew more about sea-going affairs even than ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; GEORGIE HAMILTON a mere landsman compared with him. Now he's turned his back on us, sheered off, gone for a long cruise.

"But I'm coming back again, TOBY, old man," he said, wringing my paw with affectionate but embarrassing heartiness. "Keep a look-out three years hence, and you'll see me beating up the offing. In the meantime, I don't forget you. Although my body may, in rough weather, be under hatches, my soul will hover about the SPEAKER'S Chair."

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Sheering Off.



The Shah, N.B.

THE SHAH sank exhausted on a sofa after his third lesson in dancing the Highland fling, and MALCOLM KHAN threw down the bag-pipes on which he is a proficient, though considerably out of practice.

"It is time for your Majesty to start for your visit to the Scotch Moors," said SOAPBAR KHAN, the Under-Chamberlain-in-Waiting.

"The Scotch Moors!" exclaimed the SHAH, "are they naturalised subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA? Why should I visit them? Let them be brought to me."

So LIKE HIM.—In the *Universal Review*, TOBY, M.P., has written an excellent article on Claret. We should have expected him to know more about Beaune. But whether it's Champagne or Claret, or argument *ad Hoc*, isn't such a dog the very person of all others to be a good judge of Whines?

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VII.—THE FRANKLY CANAILLE.

ANY ditty which accurately reflects the habits and amusements of the people is a valuable human document—a fact that probably



accounts for the welcome which songs in the following style invariably receive from Music-hall audiences generally. If—Mr. Punch presumes—they conceived such pictures of their manner of spending a holiday to be unjustly or incorrectly drawn in any way, they would protest strongly against being so grossly misrepresented. As they do nothing of the sort, no apology can be needed for the following effusion, which several ladies now adorning the Music-hall stage could be trusted to render with immense effect. The Singer should be young and charming, and attired as simply as possible. Simplicity of attire imparts additional piquancy to the words:—

We 'ad a little outing larst Sunday artemnoon;
And sech a jolly lark it was, I shan't forget it soon!

We borrowed an excursion van to take us down to Kew,
And—oh, we did enjoy ourselves! I don't mind telling you.

[This to the Chef d'Orchestre, who will assume a polite interest.

[Here a little spoken interlude is customary. Mr. P. does not venture to do more than indicate this by a synopsis, the details can be filled in according to the taste and fancy of the fair artiste:—
"Yes, we did 'ave a time, I can assure yer." The party: "Me and JIMMY 'OPKINS;" old "Pa PLAPPER." Asked because he lent the van. The meanness of his subsequent conduct. "Aunt SNAPPER;" her imposing appearance in her "cawfy-coloured front." BILL BLAZER; his "girl," and his accordion. Mrs. ADDICK (of the fried-fish emporium round the corner); her gentility—"Never seen out of her mittens, and always the lady, no matter how much she may have taken." From this work round by an easy transition to—

The Chorus—For we 'ad to stop o' course,
Jest to bait the bloomin' 'orse,
So we 'd pots of ale and porter
(Or a drop o' something shorter),
While he drunk his pail o' water,
He was sech a whale on water!
Was the poor old 'orse!

Second Stanza.

That 'orse he was a rum 'un—a queer old quadru-pèd,
At every public-'ouse he passed he 'd cock his artful 'ed!
Sez I: "If he goes on like this, we shan't see Kew to-night!
JIM 'OPKINS winks his eye, and sez—"We'll git along all right!"

Chorus—Though we 'ave to stop of course,—&c., &c.
[With slight textual modifications.

Third Stanza.

At Kinsington we 'altd, 'Ammersmith, and Turnham Green,
The 'orse 'ad sech a thust on him, its like was never seen!
With every 'arf a mile or so, that animal got blown:
And we was far too well brought-up to let 'im drink alone!

Chorus—As we 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

Fourth Stanza.

We stopped again at Chiswick, till at last we got to Kew,
But when we reached the Gardings—well, there was a fine to-do!
The Keeper, in his gold-laced tile, was shutting-to the gate,
Sez he: "There's no admittance now—you're just arrived too late!"

[Synopsis of spoken Interlude:—Spirited passage-at-arms between Mr. WM. BLAZER and the Keeper; singular action of Pa PLAPPER; "I want to see yer Pagoder—bring out yer old Pagoder as you're so proud on!" Mrs. ADDICK's disappointment at not being able to see the "Intemperate Plants," and the "Pitcher Shrub," once more. Her subsidence in tears, on the floor of the van. Keeper concludes the dialogue by inquiring why the party did not arrive sooner. An' we sez, "Well, it was like this, ole cock robin—d'yer see?"

Chorus—We've 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

Fifth Stanza.

"Don't fret," I sez, "about it, for they ain't got much to see
Inside their precious Gardings—let's go and 'ave some tea!
A cup I seem to fancy now—I feel that faint and limp—
With a slice of bread-and-butter, and some creases, and a s'rimp!"

[Description of the tea:—"And the s'rimps—well, I don't want to say anything against the s'rimps—but it did strike me they were feelin' the 'eat a little—s'rimps will do this, you can't prevent 'em." After tea. The only tune Mr. BLAZER could play on his accordion. Tragic end of that instrument. How the party had a "little more lush." Scandalous behaviour of "BILL BLAZER's girl." The company consume what will be elegantly referred to as "a bit o' booze." Aunt SNAPPER "gets the 'ump." The outrage to her front. The proposal to start—whereupon, "Mrs. ADDICK, who was a'-settin' on the geraniums in the winder, smilin' at her boots, which she'd just took off because she said they stopped her from breathing," protested that there was no hurry, considering that—

Chorus, as before—We've got to stop, o' course, &c.

Sixth Stanza.

But when the van was ordered, we found—what do yer think?

[To the Chef d'Orchestre, who will affect complete ignorance. That miserable 'orse 'ad been an' took too much to drink! He kep' a reeling round us, like a circus worked by steam, And, 'stead o' keeping singular, he'd turned into a team!

[Disgust of the party: Pa PLAPPER proposes to go back to the inn for more refreshment, urging—

Chorus—We must wait awhile o' course,
Till they've sobered down the 'orse,
Let our good landlady's daughter
Take him out some soda-water.
For he's 'ad more than he oughter,
'As the poor old 'orse!

Seventh Stanza.

So, when they brought the 'orse round, we started on our way:
'Twas 'orful 'ow the animal from side to side would sway!

Young 'OPKINS took the reins, but soon in slumber he was sunk—
(Indignantly) When a interfering Copper ran us in for being drunk!

[Attitude of various members of the party. Unwarrantable proceeding on the part of the Constable. Remonstrance by Pa PLAPPER and the company generally in

Chorus—Why, can't yer shee? o' coursh
Tishn't us—it ish the 'orsh!
You le'mme go, you shnorter!
Don' you tush me till you oughter,
Jus' look 'ere—to cut it shorter—
Take the poor old 'orsh!

[General adjournment to the Police-station. Interview with the Magistrate on the following morning. Mr. HOPKINS, called upon to state his defence, replies in—

Chorus—Why, your wushup sees, o' course,
It was all the bloomin' 'orse!
He would 'ave a pail o' water
Every 'arf a mile (or quarter),
Which is what he didn't oughter!
I'm my family's supporter—
Fine the poor old 'orse!

[The Magistrate's view of the case. Concluding remark that, notwithstanding the success of the excursion, as a whole—it will be some time before the singer consents to go upon any excursion with a horse of such bibulous tendencies as those of the quadruped they drove to Kew.

HEARD IN THE CROWD, JULY 27, 1889.

"STAND back—you'll all see if you stand back!" "Oh, ain't it a pity they didn't 'ave the soldiers instead of the purleece! The soldiers are a deal more showy, and much more purlite!" "Will you take off your hat, Sir?" "Yes, Mar'm, when you takes off your'n!" "Oh, dear me, what will the Germans do, the h'Earl of FIFE has got a wife, 'es a married the Princess Loo!!!" "Ah, there she is! She do look lovely!" "No, that's the Princess of WHALES." "Well, they all look so young, that I never know which is which in the photographs." "Ah, there she is, and ain't the Prince looking pleased?" "Bless her pretty face, I am glad it cleared up as she started for the church!" "Ere you are, the intire Ryal Family, with the h'Earl o' FIFE thrown in, for a penny!" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Lor, it is a fine coach! I s'pose it was lent by the Lord MAYOR!" "Not it—ow would 'e do without it?" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Well, what I says is, bless 'em both!" [And so says Mr. Punch, and "so say all of us."

THE JESTER'S JOUST; OR, SCATTERING A PARTY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Briton Rivière.)



THE Jester rode, the Jester sang,
Chanticleer-voiced, with cynic glee;
His ass's hoof-falls smartly rang,
His cockscomb waggled joyously.
The bauble in his dexter fist
Was furnished forth with bladders twain.
How the peas rattled! List, oh list!
The Mob is prompt in Motley's train.
Sweet on its ears attentive swells
The music of the Cap-and-bells!

The Jester sang, the Jester rode,
And flicked the ass's lengthy ears.
The patient creature he bestrode
With voice as loud as chanticleer's,

But less articulate, brayed out
A strident music on the air.
The pea-filled bladders played about,
When lo! the clarion's martial blare
Countered across the forest dells
The music of the Cap-and-bells.

There came a clump of steel-clad knights
Along the high-road's sandy way.
Their lances gleamed like wandering lights,
Their leader he was old and grey,
But martial still, and still erect;
Their steeds came pacing, pacing slow,
With cautious hoof and circumspect,
Following the bugle's brazen blow;

Better, they deemed, than mobdom's yells,
Or music of the Cap-and-bells.

The Jester rode, the Jester's glance
Fell mockingly on knightly mail,
And pennon proud, and lifted lance,
And ordered chargers head to tail;
Fell on the grey but gallant chief
Who led the careful cavalcade.
He laughed, "By Momus, I believe
This serried band in steel arrayed,
Will scatter wide by downs and dells
At music from the Cap-and-bells."

He tugged his rein, and lightly rode
Full front athwart the sandy way,

The docile creature he bestrode
Blared forth a prompt portentous bray.
He raised the rattling bladders high,
And wildly waved them to and fro,
"A Jester's Joust," he said, "I'll try,
For I am curious to know
How they will front, those steel-clad swells,
The music of the Cap-and-bells."

Oh, there was clattering of mail,
Jingling of stirrups and of swords;
Lifting of heels, turnings of tail,
And mutterings low of naughty words.
The grey Knight frowned and faced the
"moke," [prance.
The fat Knight's steed did plunge and
The Jester cried, "Oh, rare, sweet joke!
I'm leading them—a pretty dance.
How haughty chiefs shake in their selles
At music of the Cap-and-bells!"

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

(A Fragment from the next History of Persia.)

TEHERAN was in mourning. The inhabitants went about their avocations silently and gloomily. There had not been a public execution for nearly a fortnight, and thus it seemed that the business of the State had come to a standstill. The cause of this unusual depression and stagnation was to be found in the Palace.

Alas! the SHAH was very ill. Since his return from Europe he had seemed to lose all interest in life. He sat all day long on a pile of cushions lost in a brown study. Nothing would rouse him. The Prime Minister was ever on the alert to discover some distraction that might please his Imperial master. Now it was a practical joke by which a retainer lost all his teeth, now a torch-light serenade by the entire army—but nothing pleased the Lord of the Lion and the Sun.

"Sire," said the Prime Minister, striking the earth sixteen times with his forehead, after the fashion of the East, "your slave is anxious to know if your Majesty liked last night's fireworks. The portrait of your Majesty in different coloured fires—"

"Was not a bit like me," said the SHAH, gloomily. Then, after a pause, he added, "Behead Brock!"

The Prime Minister again struck the earth sixteen times with his forehead, and replied, "Nothing would give your slave greater pleasure, your Majesty, than to behead Brock, were it not likely to cause war with England."

"And why not a war with England?" shouted the SHAH. Then in his turn he added, "Were we invaded, I might hear it—might dance it! But worry me no further with affairs of State. I would be alone."

"Your pardon, Sire, but before I go let me give you a catalogue of my latest importation from Europe. By the ship even now in sight I have a ballet with music, scenery, and full company from the 'Empire.'"

"Tush!" impatiently observed the SHAH, "I am tired of ballets."

"Then," continued the Prime Minister, rather crestfallen, "I have a lady who can whistle *Lohengrin*, and give an imitation of a locomotive-engine entering a station, shutting off steam, and rattling through a tunnel; further, some Baldwin white mice that descend in a small parachute from a fire-balloon; and, lastly, a recent decision of Mr. Justice NORTH, translated into Persian. Surely, one of these should amuse you."

"Pooh! pooh!" again exclaimed the SHAH, "I am sick of them all. Look to your head, Sirrah—if I am not roused speedily, it will go badly with you!"

The day wore on, and the Lord of the Lion and the Sun became gloomier and gloomier.



"MARRY COME UP!"

SCENE—Botanical Gardens. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Brownscombe, A.R.A. (who was Painting there), and Gardener (who took care of his Easel, &c.). TIME—Saturday, Noon.

Gardener. "I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T DO ANY MORE WORK TO-DAY, SIR?" ("No," B. "thought not.") "No, Sir,"—(beamingly)—"MOST TRADESPEOPLE LIKES TO ENJY THEIR 'ALF 'OLIDAY ON SATURDAY!"

Suddenly His Majesty pricked up his ears, and began to listen. He became more and more attentive, and his excitement grew in proportion. The cause was not far to seek. The sound of barbaric music was growing louder.

"Dinna ken it?" he cried, using a few words of Scotch, he had picked up in the Highlands. "It is the slogan of the MAC-GREGORS, the grandest of them a'!"

The music grew louder and louder, and at length a bagpiper appeared playing his interesting instrument with marvellous skill and energy with one hand, while with the other he asked for *largesse*. The slogan, when the

instrumentalist had received a bonnet-full of diamonds, turned into a measure of a more lively character. With a cry of joy the SHAH jumped up from his cushions, and began dancing and shouting. This did he for ten minutes. Then, with his cheeks tinged with returning health, he sank back exhausted.

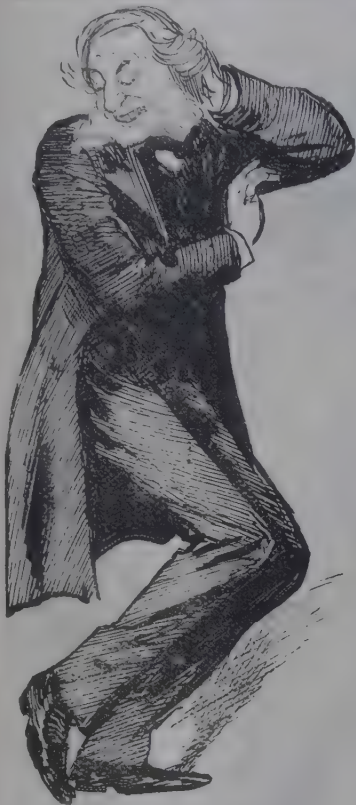
"It is all right," he exclaimed, when he had regained sufficient breath to articulate. I knew it would be all right if I could only remember the tune of the Highland Fling."

And jumping up again to the inspiring music of the bagpipes, he continued his life-restoring dancing! Persia was saved!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—Scotch Local Government Bill turned up under fresh aspect. Spent days and nights with it in Committee; various Amendments introduced; now House goes over these Amendments again with as successful appearance of interest



Lady Parker; or, The Fair Maid of Perth.

as if it heard of them only for the first time. Debate brought out C. S. PARKER, of Perth; known to the profane as Lady PARKER. His soft low voice—an excellent thing in woman—not been heard in House for whole sessions; his gyrations, his wriggling, his curtsying to the SPEAKER, and his vain attempts to do what JOHN BRIGHT said he never could do—turn his back on himself—with us once again. Dances round an Amendment, pirouettes round a proposition as if they were male partners at the county ball. “The Fair Maid of Perth” WALLACE calls the stalwart Member.

OLD MORALITY brought up the Report of Select Committee on Royal Grants. House received document in respectful silence. GLADSTONE presently interposing in support of OLD MORALITY’S Motion to take Report into consideration on Wednesday a strange thing happened. Of late enthusiasm on Liberal Benches bubbles forth at every movement of Grand Old Man. Cheer him when he comes in; cheer him when he goes out; shout with applause when he appears at table, if only to ask OLD MORALITY the time of day. To-night no welcoming cheer, no spontaneous bending forward of the crowded Benches to greet him. Ministerialists gratefully cheered when

he puts in a word for OLD MORALITY; but he sits down amid unbroken silence on his own side, whence a rattling cheer goes up as SAGE of Queen Anne’s Gate rises and bashful, blushing, catches SPEAKER’S eye and sounds first note of battle.

Met H.R.H. to-night just home from Waddesden, where he has been spending a day in the country with Baron FERDY. Told him about this little scene in House. “Curious,” he said, “and significant. Yet I’m not at all surprised. Always from first looked to GLADSTONE as our best friend on Committee. You and I, dear TOBY, will live to see the day when the G. O. M. will be altered to G. O. C.—the Grand Old Conservative.”

Business done.—Report on Royal Grants brought in.

Tuesday.—Very interesting debate in Lords to-night. It appears that the world knows nothing of its most eloquent Peers. Chamber in which they meet a nice place to look at, but bad to hear in. GRANVILLE bore testimony how, being frequently reported, he was often made unintelligible. ARGYLL said that was all nonsense. No difficulty in making himself heard.

“No,” said GRANVILLE, softly, “difficulty is to get people to listen to you or read you.”

The MARKISS put saddle on right horse. Not the fault of Reporters if reports were somewhat inadequate or incomplete. The fault, he says, is with those who have placed those gentlemen where they cannot hear.

“A very good thing, too,” said BRABOURNE, pointing a moral. “They never report me, so it does not matter where they sit or stand. Here is a man written some of the most charming fairy stories of the day; a great Statesman and a Railway Director; been on each side of politics, according as things are going; and, when he gets up in Chamber which he adorns, papers dismiss him with a few lines, with the insulting formula, ‘After a few words from Lord BRABOURNE, Lord SALISBURY said,’ or ‘Earl GRANVILLE said,’ and then

Points a Moral and adorns a (Fairy) Tale.

we come upon a column of,—I don’t say it offensively,—small talk untouched by fancy, unadorned by poesy. I venture to say that the best place for the Reporters is over there,” and Noble Lord pointed to outer Lobby.

BEAUCHAMP wouldn’t go as far as Outer Lobby, but proposed to put the Reporters in the ventilating chamber.

“Ah!” said ROSEBERRY, “now we’re beginning to ventilate the subject.”

TRURO, inspired by BEAUCHAMP’S happy thought, had a happier one.

“Cut the Clerks’ Table in the middle,” said he. “Have a trap-door by which Reporter could ascend, take his seat at the table, and there you are. Needn’t be here always. When he’s wanted, LORD CHANCELLOR presses spring, you hear a click, up jumps Reporter, and pegs away.”

“Why go to expense of cutting up the table?” asked KIMBERLEY. “Have your trap-door back of Wool-sack; touch a spring; Reporter bounds in over LORD CHANCELLOR’S head; alights on chair at foot of table facing your Lordships’ House.”

LORD CHANCELLOR understood to dissent from proposition. All very well, after a little practice, and machinery got to work with precision. But how about the rehearsals? And supposing the Reporter, in his passage towards the table, were to catch his foot in luxurious folds of LORD CHANCELLOR’S wig and carry it off. “Where would you be then?” said LORD CHANCELLOR, glancing triumphantly round crowded House.

“Better go back to my suggestion,” said TRURO, “trap-door under table. Not original idea; don’t mind saying I saw it at Lyceum; *Banquo’s Ghost*, donchaknow?”

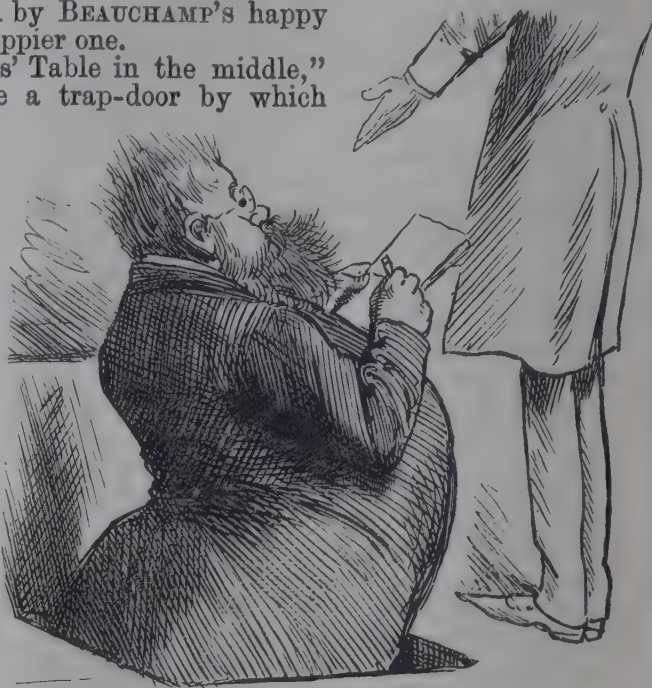
MARKISS put his foot down, and after heated discussion CADOGAN’S Motion carried, providing seat on floor of House for Reporter accessible without interposition of trap-door. A sporting proposal by DUNRAVEN, that Reporter should arrive on scene by use of *trapèze*, scouted, and House adjourned.

Business done.—Commons still harping on Scotch Local Government Bill.

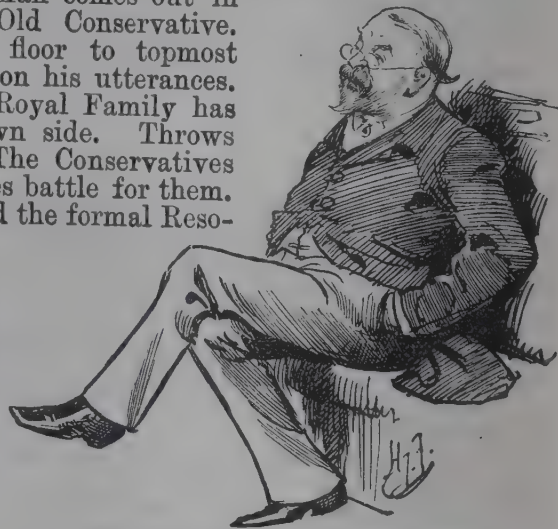
Thursday.—Thought this evening of what H.R.H. said to me on Monday. Grand Old Man comes out in full bloom as Grand Old Conservative. House, crowded from floor to topmost range of gallery, waits on his utterances. The proposed vote for Royal Family has been attacked on his own side. Throws himself into breach. The Conservatives stand aside whilst he does battle for them. OLD MORALITY has moved the formal Resolution, which opens the campaign; a solemn sermon, with its text, its firstly, and its fourthly in due order. Then the SAGE of Queen Anne’s Gate appears on the scene; drags across stage dummy figures of “greedy noblemen” who figure about the Court; eight Grooms-in-Waiting, four Equerries, a pack of hounds running after a tame stag, and a nobleman (price £1700 per annum) as Master of the Dogs. The SAGE undertakes to run the whole job for ever so much less. Scores of patriotic noblemen who, earnest for welfare of their country, would undertake to do the work for nothing. If not, let the State fall back on the untitled gentlemen of England.

“Take, for example, the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for West Birmingham,” said the SAGE, blandly, with his head on one side, and, with pretty here’s-the-next-article air, his hand stretched out to indicate CHAMBERLAIN.

A sudden, swift, unexpected, palpable hit, at which much delighted House roared with laughter. Next, STOREY, hitting out right and



A “Happier Thought.”



The Sage of Queen Anne’s Gate.

left, with a pretty contempt for princes, an uncompromising conviction that a man's a man for a' that.

I hear A. GATHORNE-HARDY humming:—

"The Member for Sunderland grumbles, they say,
At the Closure; but writers report,
That Monarchs of old had a different way
Of cutting a long STOREY short."

Then the G. O. C. takes the floor, in fine voice, with commanding presence. In a difficult position, but master of it. Till he heard him speak OLD MORALITY had no idea Government had such a good case. Difficult to exceed the dignified simplicity of the final sentence with all it means to those remembering the history of the past fifty years. "I am not ashamed to say that in my old age I rejoice in any opportunity which enables me to testify that, whatever may be thought of my opinions or proposals in general politics, I do not forget the services I have borne for so many years to the illustrious Representative of the British Monarchy."

Seemed for a moment as if Conservative Party would rise to their feet, rush across the floor, and lift shoulder high this stout Pillar of the State. Cheer after cheer burst forth; and so the Golden Wedding Day was crowned by the rare acclaim of ancient enemies.

Business done.—Debate on Royal Annuities.

Friday.—GLADSTONE yesterday, RANDOLPH to-night. No point of comparison between two speeches, except their common excellence. GLADSTONE at his loftiest; GRANDOLPH at his best—a sparkling pointed harangue, in which he pricked pretension and jocosely twitted pharisaic patriotism to ecstatic delight of crowded Houses.

Business done.—House resolves, by 398 votes against 116, to go in Committee on Royal Grants.

HEADS AND TAILS.

THE uncertainty manifested by the Heads of Departments as to the execution of the order enjoining the muzzling of all the dogs in the Metropolis on the 31st inst., has naturally excited a great deal of commotion in canine circles, and a representative meeting was accordingly held yesterday afternoon in a field adjoining the Dog's Home, at Battersea, to deal with the subject.

A St.-Bernard, who took a first prize at the last Dog Show, having been unanimously voted to the Chair, and greeted with a prolonged wagging of tails, said:—He felt he need hardly enter upon the cir-

cumstances which had occasioned the present meeting. There had been a good deal of talk, one way and the other, about their species of late, and probably owing to the Mansion House move in favour of the Pasteur System, and an isolated case or two of Hydrophobia—(growls)—the usual scare had got up, and as a consequence, the Authorities had decreed that they were all to be muzzled for six months. Personally, he was indifferent to the matter, and if his owners chose to strap up his face in a leathern or wire cage whenever he took his quiet and sober walks abroad, he could only suppose that in subjecting him to the humiliation, they could not help themselves. Still, though sedate himself, he could well enter into the feelings of his more frisky and lively brethren who felt the restraint keenly, and he thought, as there seemed to be no one capable of putting the order in force, that an opportunity was certainly presented of asking the HOME SECRETARY whether, under the circumstances, it wouldn't be wiser, to reconsider the matter altogether, and revoke the order, while there was yet time to do it.

[*Barks of approval, and prolonged wagging of tails.*]

A Drawing-room Pug, who spoke with some difficulty, owing to chronic indigestion, said, that of course if the order were in force it couldn't possibly apply to him, as he took his only exercise in a carriage round the Park, perched up on a feather cushion, with a piece of blue ribbon round his neck. As to the common class of dogs who went about on foot, he really didn't see why they should object to being muzzled. The order didn't touch him, and he didn't care.

A Bloodhound said, that to hear a mere show dog, who was out of it himself, express his opinion in that cool fashion, made his blood boil. The very thought of a muzzle almost sent him off his head. How could he, he should like to know, follow up a trail and catch a murderer by the throat, if he couldn't use his teeth? (*Barks of approval.*) All he could say was, that whether the order was passed or not, he wouldn't advise any policeman who valued his calves to come meddling with him.

A Punch and Judy Dog, who was warmly greeted, said he should like to know whether the Authorities meant to clap a muzzle on him, and expected him to go through his performance (part of which, as they probably knew, consisted in catching hold of Punch's nose) under impossible conditions? If so, it would be nothing more or

less than putting a complete gag on him, and he might as well retire from the business altogether. He felt strongly on the subject, for he spoke not only for himself, but on behalf of his artistic friends who performed at Music Halls and elsewhere, and who certainly could not be expected to climb up chairs, wear cocked hats, and jump through paper moons with their heads bandaged up in wire or leather in accordance with a degrading police regulation. (*Growls.*) All he could say was, that if Mr. MATTHEWS ignored their petition, he might as well consign them to the Lethal Chamber at once. But he trusted matters would not come to such a pass as that.

[*Loud barks of approval.*]

A Blind Man's Dog wanted to know how he was to get through his business, and be expected to collect pence holding a tin-pot in his mouth, if he had a muzzle on? The thing was preposterous.

A Scotch Terrier wished to ask the Chairman if it was true that a Member of Parliament had absolutely proposed the muzzling of cats.

[*Wagging of tails indicative of much merriment.*]

A Dachshund replied that he was glad to say it was. He said he was "glad to say" it was, because such a proposition amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole question. If these manifestly inferior domestic animals were to come in for the muzzle, they would be wanting to apply it next to the rats and mice. This made thoughtful people, who see they don't know where to stop its use, naturally ask what made them begin it. For his own part he had never come across anybody who had been bitten by a dog.

A Westmoreland Collie owned that, when he first came up to London he certainly did catch hold of a postman or two by the leg, but he added it was done out of pure fun, and that he hadn't a touch of rabies about him. He would propose that a deputation be appointed by the Meeting to wait on the HOME SECRETARY, and ask him, seeing that a hitch has occurred in carrying it into execution, to reconsider his order.

[*Barks of approval.*]

The Chairman then put the Motion to the Meeting, and it was carried unanimously, upon which, amidst a prolonged wagging of tails in manifestation of satisfaction, and general chorus of barking in approval, the proceedings came to an end.

PROTHALAMIUM.

COME, fragrant dawn and tender,

For the birds twitter low;

A wakening sunbeam send her,

Who forth in bridal splendour

At the high noon shall go.

The day-rim riseth slow,

The day when she shall render

Her life for weal and woe

Unto her lover's keeping;

Ah, dreamlessly she's sleeping,

While the birds twitter low.

The light comes stealing shyly

Through the dim house of rest;

An infant sunbeam slyly

Creeps smiling to her breast,

But, being blest too highly,

Dies in that dainty nest;

For mists with vapour pearly

Blindfold the prying throng,

And quell the joyous hurly

Of the birds' matin song,

Because the light is early

And the day is long.

Now shines the votive treasure

With silver-gleam and gold,

Whereby relations measure

The sympathetic pleasure

With which the friends behold

The hymeneal function,

From the lush jewel's unction

To the prim toast-rack cold—

The modest pepper-caster,

Or work of Modern Master

Unthought-for and unsold,

The statuette in plaster,

And album manifold.

Come, for the hour approaches,

And all await the bride.

Leaving their splendid coaches,

In silvery sheen, like roaches,

The bridesmaids, side by side,

Pace up the chancel wide,

Wearing their wedding brooches

Of pearls and rubins pied.

Like sunlight driving shadows

Along the April meadows,

Before them goes the bride.

Now clearly quire, ye singers,

A holy wedding psalm;

Grasp bell-ropes, lusty ringers,

Tight in the timeful palm;

Far let the music-singers

Float on a sea of balm.

And, while they rock the steeple,

Crowds of the smartest people

Flock to the bridal bower,

Where wedding-cake and ices,

And presents, and their prices,

Speed the conducive hour,

Till valedictory rice

Upon Love's pilgrims shower.

Good luck betide bridegroom and

bride

This rice and satin shoes' day;

Let them alone, they'll be "At

Home

On every second Tuesday."

"NOTHING IN IT."—When Lord RANDOLPH, in his capital speech last Friday, dramatically produced his purse, and told Mr. STOREY that he might as well say that that purse was his,—which would have been a "horrid wicked Storey,"—as claim the QUEEN's private property for the people, his Lordship was very careful to avoid any mention of the money in it. The pantomimic action was excellent, but, after all, was the argument an empty one?

COMPREHENSIVE.—"Church and State" in one person—"BISHOP KING."



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

Digby. "I HAD HOPED FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MASHAM!"
Rigby. "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"

FROM ST. PANCRAS TO PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—*Spithead, August, 1889.*

Interlocutors—Mr. PUNCH and the Shade of CHARLES DIBDIN.

Mr. Punch. Well, Mr. DIBDIN, and what do you think of yonder display?

Dibdin. Mr. Punch, I fancy I could sing it better than I can say it.

Mr. Punch. Doubtless; the Ocean Bard (as they called you) "who appreciated Melody as the soul of Music," would be more at home with song than with special reporting. But it is an impressive spectacle. And do you really think you could sing of our Iron Walls with as much gusto as you did of our Wooden ones?

Dibdin. Perhaps not.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale.

But there is little that is "sweet" about yon Titanic Tea-kettles. However, the underlying spirit is the thing, Mr. Punch, and if your Tars are still "hearts of oak," it little matters that your ships are no longer so.

Mr. Punch. Mr. DIBDIN, you had considerable share in shaping the character and traditions of the British Tar, and I fancy your influence still survives even in these days of turrets and torpedoes. Your "metrical attempts to portray the rough-hewn natural characters and stimulate the gallant exertions of a class to whom their country is so infinitely indebted"—

Dibdin. Ah, there is the touch of son THOMAS.

Mr. Punch. True. Those attempts were crowned with astonishing success. "Your songs were so many irresistible appeals to the heart—inspiring the most illiterate with brave and generous sentiments, and exciting to acts of loyalty, bravery, and patriotism, which (in the most arduous of her struggles) assisted to maintain the honour and glory of the British Empire." It is therefore, my CHARLES, that Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. SIMS REEVES in 1889, are in accord with the Duke of CLARENCE and JOHN PARRY in 1829, in glorifying him whose Scandinavian Memorial Cross now stands upon

his restored tomb in what was once "the burial-ground of St. James's, Camden Town," but is now a "new public recreation ground."

Dibdin. Well, it will please me better to be surrounded in my resting-place in St. Pancras by the joyous chatter of sporting youth than by the sombre silence of the graveyard.

Mr. Punch. Spoken like your hearty self, CHARLES! The restoration, if long-delayed, is not ill-timed. His Imperial Majesty of GERMANY, who has come over to see our Modern fleet might do worse than extend his visit to the Memorial of the most admirable singer of our ancient one.

Dibdin. Sir, your approval makes me proud, and the grateful recollection of my countrymen gladdens my heart.

Mr. Punch. We want your spirit back again to inspire genuine Sea-songs for the new generation of Jack Rattlins and Ben Backstays, whose business it is to steer by machinery and shoot by science.

Dibdin. But whose business it will be to fight—with arms and hearts in the old fashion, if ever it comes to the pinch. You can't mechanise manhood, Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch. True, CHARLES,—though, by Neptune, our neo-scientists seem to be having 'a hard try at it. But our neo-Nautical Songsters haven't the hang of it, as you and your sons had. They are too drawing-roomy, my DIBDIN. Their motto seems to be:—

You cannot go wrong
In a nautical song
If you sing yeo-ho, yeo-ho!

But their "Yeo-hos!" smack, not of the sea, but of Penny Readings and Twopenny "Royalties," of professional greed and of amateur concert. The best of the batch is not a patch upon "Poor Jack." Even our Nautical Dramas are no longer soundingly heroic, but smugly cynical. "Society" naturally relishes the smart satire of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, but there isn't much inspiration for seamen in *Ralph Rackstraw's* sardonic song, or *Sir Joseph Porter's* sub-acid patter. Compare—

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to finch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip,"



VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMA' VICTORIA. "NOW, WILLIE DEAR, YOU'VE PLENTY OF *SOLDIERS* AT HOME; LOOK AT THESE PRETTY *SHIPS*,—I'M SURE YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH *THEM*!"

with—

"His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!"

Most excellent fooling, to be sure, but—well, they say CERVANTES laughed Spain's chivalry away, and smart Society mockery may prove too clever by half if it help to de-Dibdinise—pardon the coinage!—the British Tar.

Dibdin. Does the British Tar read—or sing—it?

Mr. Punch. Well, no. I fancy he still pins his faith to "Tom Bowling" and "Lovely Polly." But he says, with your Brother TOM:—

"The evening watch, the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old CHARLEY's line.
'Saturday Night' may go to bed,
His sun is set no more to shine.
'Sweethearts and Wives' though we may sing,
And toast at sea the girls on shore;
Yet now 'tis quite another thing,
Since CHARLEY spins the yarn no more."

Dibdin. Ah! Brother TOM was partial. But I should like well enough to try my hand at hymning the Iron-clad and toasting the Modern Tar. The *Anson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Camperdown*, the *Rodney*,—there they be, familiar names, and suggestive of song, for all their stark and steely aspect. And I see you have an *Arethusa*, too, and a formidable-looking "cruiser" she looks, though perhaps hardly as "saucy" as "the frigate tight and brave" that SHIELD sang of. I wonder what Emperor WILLIAM, who has come to "visit Grand-mamma," thinks of Grandmamma's squadrons? Well, anyhow, it is a Big Show, and well worth seeing, even if one has to flit from St. Pancras to Portsmouth for the purpose. Here's a health to Admirals BAIRD, TRYON, and TRACEY, and success to their Autumn Manœuvres! Here's luck, too, to your steel-clad squadrons, and the Tars who tend them; may they find spirit and skill to face whatever foe, and a worthy Ocean Bard to hymn their valour and their victories!

Mr. Punch. Hear! hear! And don't be doubtful, my dear DIBDIN. If nobody else should turn up worthy of wearing your mantle, why, I'll don it myself!!!

"TWO PENCE COLOURED!"



"HA! HA! ONCE MORE THE RANGER IS FREE!"

[The Judges dismissed Mr. Simms' appeal for a *mandamus* to compel the Magistrate to issue a summons against H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.]

"MODUS OPERANDI."

THE last night of the Operatic Season. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS is to be congratulated. A big success throughout, including the visit in State of the SHAH and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. Memorable and brilliant evening.

The biggest successes have been *Roméo et Juliette* and *Die Meistersinger*, the latter having been better done here, so even the



End of Season. Triumphal March.

Wagnerites admit, than at Bayreuth. *Mefistofele* was grand, and the *ensemble* of sweet singers could not have been easily surpassed. It is difficult to beat (who would be so cruel?) ALBANI, ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, MELBA & Co., not forgetting the ever-as-useful-as-ornamental FRAU BAUERMEISTERSINGER?

And on the "spear side" who could be better than the two DE RESZKÉS, JEAN and EDOUARD? Band and conductors likewise excellent, and if the HALL, of Covent Garden, with a *Gardenia Gladstonia* in his button-hole, had only once the pleasure of welcoming the G. O. M. and offering him a cup of tea during an *entr'acte*, it is no fault of anyone's, but only the misfortune of the Great Golden

Weddingist, who could find but one opera-tune-ity of visiting the Opera House. But at all events he heard *Roméo et Juliette*, which was a rich and rare treat for anyone. We drink to our next merry May meeting! *Salve, Imperator Operaticus!*

THE ONLY ONE!

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following from the advertisements in *The Christian World*:—

CULTURED, earnest, godly Young Man desires a PASTORATE. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organiser. Tall, and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary £120.

Fancy! this prize to be obtained for only £120!! and the sum is his own valuation of himself! So that Modesty is to be added to his merits, which, of course, would be taken for granted by any one reading the above advertisement.

A SHOCKING BAD HAND.

Scribe (to Professor). Do you mean to say that you can infer a man's character from his handwriting? Well, then, what do you think of this? (*Hands him a specimen.*)

Professor. The writer is a man of some ability, but altogether destitute of moral sense. If not a downright villain, he must be a very unscrupulous fellow, and not to be trusted on any account whatever. I can read his character at a glance, though not his characters. Scribe. How so?

Prof. His writing is so illegible that I can't decipher it. A man who won't take the pains to write a legible hand must be so utterly regardless of the trouble he gives to everybody who has to make his scrawl out, is so viciously inconsiderate, that he wouldn't stick at committing any atrocity which it would cost him the slightest exertion to refrain from. I judge him to be a rogue, a swindler, and a thief—capable of anything but forgery. Whose is this disgraceful scribble?

Scribe. Well—a—to tell you the truth, in fact, it's mine!

LATEST BETTING ON THE ROYAL DOUBLE EVENT.—"What's the odds so long as they're happy?" FIVE to one.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 75.



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.

RIME ET RAISIN.

RESPECTED SIR,

"E. Y.," in last week's *World* republishes some verses, twenty years old,—fine Laureate vintage,—in which occurs a good rhyme to Pommery, that is if "flummery" be passable. "Flummery" rhymes to "Mummery"—the Mummeries might be the name of the vineyards of JULES MUMM—but does it to Pommery? As a composite rhyme I remember this couplet,—

If you wish to make little TOM merry,
Give him a genuine bottle of Pommery.

And the ugly English pronunciation of Latin being taken for granted, the motto for a moderate champagne-drinker might be—

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*"
Is the result of Pommery Gréno.

But there's no difficulty in Greno, only—

Of your drink if balked,
You may well complain O!
Pommery, if corked,
Goes against the Grain O!

No more at present. As *Hamlet* says, "The rest is silence," i.e., Mumm's the word.

Yours, PHIZZYOLOGIST.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SCIENTIFIC OPPORTUNITY.—A distinguished Cambridge Mathematician, who has been devoting the last fifteen years of his life to the construction of an ingenious calculating machine, and has had the misfortune to let it drop into his cistern with the result that it will no longer act properly, but only changes its numbers capriciously and at random when smartly kicked, will be glad to dispose of it forthwith, in exchange for a Japanese dressing-gown, set of custard glasses, cab horse, highly trained hyæna or second-hand telescope. Might with a little ingenuity be utilised as a garden roller, or serve as a target to be shot at for nuts at a fair. Filled with dynamite it would make a fairly effective infernal machine, and advanced politicians of South American Republics might communicate.



"PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE."

(Poor Pussy's Scratch is as bad as her Bite.)

THE RADICAL'S LAMENT.

(After, apologetically, Mrs. Barrett Browning.)

I.

WHAT is he doing, the Grand Old Man,
Down in the House by the River?
Leaving to LABBY to fight in the van;
Selling and snubbing his followers true,
And breaking the hearts of our Radical crew,
That votes with him by the River.

II.

He went and spoke, did the Grand Old Man,
Not in the House by the River;
Yet though his periods limpidly ran,
The Church in Wales he declined to slate;
An omission that loads with terrible weight
Our souls as we sit by the River.

III.

Then once again spoke the Grand Old Man,
This time from his place by the River;
And smote us all, as an orator can;
With hard bleak fact he exposed our fads;
There was hardly a kick left in some of us
Rads,
Though we *tried* to kick, by the River!

IV.

He cut him short, did the Grand Old Man,
Cut LABBY short by the River!
Sat on the pleas of that excellent man!
Stuck up gamely for Royal Grants! ["can'ts"
And swept our plausible "won'ts" and
Right into the slime of the River!

V.

"This is the way," laughed the Grand Old
Laughed as he rose by the River, [Man,

"The only way, since Rads began,
To show how naughty it is to rebel."
Then, in trumpet tones that the House knows
He spoke in power by the River. [well,

VI.

Bitter-sweet, O Grand Old Man,
Came those words by the River!
Blinding-sweet (for speak you *can*)!
The Rads on your left forgot to groan;
And the Tories revived, and we all must own
This "Grant" has you as its giver.

VII.

Yet half a Whig is the Grand Old Man,
To laugh as he sits by the River,
Placing Progress under a ban!
We desire to ask—though it gives us pain—
If our Leader never will vote again
As a Rad, *with* the Rads, by the River?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Trollope's Dilemma, the latest of Mr. ARROWSMITH'S Bristol Library Series, is anything rather than a shilling "shocker." The author, who describes himself as "*St. Aubyn*," seems to be a sentimental and gushing reproduction of *Verdant Green*. The "*Varsity*" (a name dear to "*Squills*") of Cambridge is sketched with a pen that smacks of Durham and St. Bees. The heroine of the story (a hysterical young person, who seems to set collegiate laws at defiance), after passing for her husband's sister until his death, ultimately marries a senior tutor. Altogether *Trollope's Dilemma* is not nearly so interesting as *Called Back*.

My faithful "Co." writes:—"I have read *That Other Woman*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), and am conscious of having absorbed a story in which there is either a husband too few, or a wife too many. How it comes about, I cannot quite explain; but all ends happily, and the twice-married husband is forgiven, both by his first wife and 'that other woman,' when he has got himself conveniently burnt to death in the last chapter. On the whole, although not exempt from some rather glaring improbabilities, *That Other Woman* is well worth reading."

W. S. LILLY is not to be reckoned among the non-working lilies, for he is always toiling in the field of literature. His latest book, *A Century of Revolution*, published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a thoroughly excellent piece of work, scholarly, philosophical, and unsparingly logical, while throughout there runs a vein of fine satire which renders its perusal easy and enjoyable to almost every class of reader. Only in one instance I beg to differ from the learned author, and that is in his wholesale denunciation of vivisection, though with his reprobation of M. PAUL BERT who seems to have been actuated by the evil spirit that inspired *Macbeth* to be "bloody-minded, bold, and resolute," most humane persons, be their nationality or creed what it may, will be inclined to agree. Just at this time, when France is celebrating the centenary of its Great Revolution,—for whose atrocities and of whose principles Mr. JOHN MORLEY is the English apologist and apostle,—Mr. LILLY'S book appears most appropriately, and I wish it a wide circulation.

THE ERUDITE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CAUTION TO SPORTINGLY-INCLINED PEOPLE WHO JUMP
FURZE-BUSHES ON COMMONS.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

An Illustrious Personage is introduced.

The Commissioner. Pleased to do anything I can for your Royal Highness, unless it refers to an appeal—that matter you must carry to the House of Lords before you come to me.

Illustrious Personage. Oh no, Sir! I am here purely as a Representative, and not in my personal capacity.

The C. Very well, I shall be glad to hear what you have to bring before me. What or whom do you represent?

I. P. I represent, Sir, the Royal United Service Institution.

The C. And, no doubt, you represent it very well. I have often heard Your Royal Highness called "The Soldier's Friend"—hem!—out of Wimbledon!

I. P. You are most kind. Well, Sir, the excellent association whose claims upon public attention I advocate was founded in 1831, under the name of "The Naval and Military Library and Museum."

The C. And subsequently has pursued a career of the greatest possible usefulness. Since 1860 (when the Institution was incorporated by Royal Charter, and assumed its present title), the application of science to the methods and appliances of warfare has resulted in changes so momentous and extensive that a mere enumeration of them would extend almost to the dimensions of an encyclopædia, and the very nature of these changes is such as to enforce the absolute necessity of studying warlike methods on a rational and scientific basis. To the encouragement of this process of study the Royal United Service Institution has contributed in no ordinary degree by its Library and by its Museum.

I. P. And, allow me—by the prizes it annually offers for essays on Naval and Military subjects.

The C. And, you would add, above all, by its invaluable lectures and discussions, full reports of which are published in its journal. Quite so. I see that Your Royal Highness and I have both read the excellent article in the *Times* newspaper, which appeared about a week ago. Well, Sir,—what next?

I. P. Well, Sir, I feel that that admirable article may be forgotten in the turmoil of politics—

The C. The "turmoil of politics" is good—distinctly good.

I. P. I thank you, Sir. In the turmoil of politics—unless the matter is brought prominently before the Public with your valuable assistance. You are aware I signed a memorial to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on behalf of the Council and Members of the Institution?

The C. I am; and, although I have not seen the document, can readily believe that it is written in language of extreme moderation.

I. P. You are right. You, no doubt, are aware that I have the greatest possible objection to expressions that might be considered by a Curate (much less by an Archbishop) of a too forcible character.

The C. Indeed I am, and it has ever been a marvel to me how your Royal Highness, on noticing a battalion "clubbed," or some other military mistake of equal gravity, could refrain from exclaiming, "Dear me!" or words to the same effect.

I. P. It is not my custom, Sir, to say all I think, when my thoughts are of a painful character! But let that pass. You are aware that the Royal United Service Institution enjoys an annual subvention of £600 from the War Office and Admiralty, and pays a ground-rent to the Government in respect of its *present* premises of £205 a year?

The C. I quite understand the stress you lay upon the word "*present*."

I. P. Yes, Sir, we have notice to quit, and this notice has been hanging over our heads for nearly twenty years. In 1872 Mr. LOWE stated that he would recommend the Government to grant assistance in placing the establishment on a permanent footing. In 1876 Mr. W. H. SMITH, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, declared "that the Government fully recognised the value of the Institution, and that, when the proper time arrived, its claims should be duly considered." In 1881 and 1884 the Institute received assurances from the Treasury that those claims should not be lost sight of.

The C. And nothing since has been done?

I. P. Nothing—save the Government have intimated their willingness to pay the ground-rent of any site (less £205) that may be selected, on condition that the Institute finds its own building. This would entail a cost of £30,000, an expense that our scanty funds would not allow us to incur.

The C. Well, your Royal Highness, what is the alternative proposal embodied (as I understand) in your memorial?

I. P. That, following the precedent established in the cases of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy, and many other bodies of a learned character, the Government should provide free accommodation for the Royal United Service Institution.

The C. Certainly, your Royal Highness, your proposal seems entirely reasonable, and it shall be no fault of mine if it is not accepted. Have you anything more to say, Sir?

I. P. Nothing—save to thank you on behalf of myself and the Empire for the great kindness and courtesy I have experienced at your hands during this most interesting interview.

[*The Illustrious Personage (having found his umbrella) then withdrew.*]

WONDERS OF THE CHAIR.

(*Picked up in the L.C.C.*)

WONDER if I shall get through this sitting without having my teeth set on edge by some Hon. Councillor's vulgarity?

Wonder whether the Battersea Patriot will be genial to me if I ask his advice upon a point of procedure?

Wonder if I disarmed discourtesy by dropping my title?

Wonder whether I shall have to sit still in silence while some of my colleagues make themselves and myself supremely ridiculous?

Wonder whether I shall get through the Agenda Paper without leaving an opening for the adverse criticism of the Press?

Wonder whether my English will be improved by listening to bad grammar and habituating my ear to the forced omission of the aspirate?

Wonder whether anyone will challenge my authority and laugh at the proceedings?

Wonder whether the Council will break off in time to allow me to dress for dinner?

Wonder, after all,—in spite of being called "Mister," and having extorted the respect of my colleagues,—whether the game is quite worth the candle?

"Two Sides to Every Question; or, Things ain't quite what they Simms."—New pamphlet, by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

V.

A CHAMBER causerie! Tresses trailing low,
 Cincture unloosened, and un-knotted bow!

"Our visible intrusion
 In such close sanctum," said my shadowy guide,
 "Might move the morgue of high patrician pride
 To fluttering confusion.

"Fear not! We shall not ruffle these fair doves.
 Their talk of *chiffons*, scandals, modish loves,
 Will scarce repay reporting.
 Observers, not ill-bred eaves-droppers, we.
 But saw you ever a much lover three?

She with the spaniel sporting
 "Is Lady BLANCHE, fiancée of an Earl.
 Cynical slang slipping through teeth of pearl
 With polished intonation
 Has quite a piquant charm. What brilliant 'chaff'!
 E'en *risqué* jests, borne on that limpid laugh,
 Disarm expostulation."

It rang the chamber through, that silvery peal.

No, from this nest its echoes may not steal
 On the world's ears unbidden:
 The outer world might else be over-wise.
 Caste has its esoteric mysteries
 In beauteous bosoms hidden.

Her talk's of Sport and Passion. Curious themes

To share the interests and divide the dreams
 Of girlhood's days of gladness.

"Girlhood," my guide remarked, with his slow smile,

"Is not Arcadian now or free from guile,—
 That's mere romantic madness.

"Here is no prim-lipped Eighteenth Century Miss,

No meek *Amelia* whose ideal bliss
 Is EVE's before the apple.

There's naught from ZOLA or from IBSEN down

To PORTLAND'S crack, or LANGTRY'S latest gown,

With which she will not grapple.

"Listen!" Their talk was sparkling, spiced
 with slang,

And ripples cold of cynic laughter rang,
 An inarticulate chorus

To the New Comedy of modish life.

The old *motifs*, Love, Leisure, Home and Wife,

No longer lure, they bore us,

Nous autres.—"Ah, the Earl! He's well enough,

Though my ideal is not the broad and bluff.

He'd make a splendid Minister
 Of Agriculture, NELL dear, would he not?

Were WILFRID now—yes, yes, I know the blot.

Great bore is a bar sinister!

"Your Detrimentials always are divine.
 His voice, NELL, somehow stirs the soul, like wine;

You—little—jealous noodle!

Well, take my 'tip,' dear, if I know wild WIL—

And, yes, I think I do—he'll never thrill
 To passion playing poodle.



"He dropped no end on 'Donovan.' Perverse!
 My stolid Earl, now, made a splendid purse
 On the same race. He's lucky,
 But oh! it makes me hate his big red head,
 And, were I free as you, I'd sooner wed
 Your Titan from Kentucky!"

Knowingness, hot unrest, and shallow scorn
 Of high ideals and the lowly born
 Make promising equipment
 For budding womanhood. The "Shyppe of Fools,"
 [Schools,
 Freight with products of some Social
 Would show a motley shipment.

Another chamber! Silent this and void
 Of loveliness and laughter. She ne'er toyed
 With Culture's pleasant vices,
 This hard-faced woman with the harpy look,
 Bending intent above—a betting-book,
 Dreaming of—odds and prices.

Delirious dreamings, such as ne'er were borne
 Through the old Gates of Ivory and Horn.

"The sphere of modern Vision
 Means mainly 'Speculation,'" quoth my guide,

"Its 'Golden Dreams' are guaranteed to hide
 All prospects more Elysian."

Her coarse be-ringed red hands a pencil grasp;
 Eyes keen and fierce as those of Egypt's asp
 Eagerly read and reckon.

Her fingers crook, her glances gleam and shift;
 From that absorbing page they scarce would
 Though Israfel should beckon. [lift

"A Lady Bookmaker," my guide explained;
 "Late fruit of competition unrestrained

Betwixt the warring sexes. [goal
 Surely, good friend, she looks toward that
 Concerning which his speculative soul
 The social quidnunc vexes.

"Sordid is she and subtle, coarse of speech,
 Braggart of mood. Has Manhood much to teach

Its swiftly rising rival? [fail,
 The gentler thing in Life's long war may
 But this she-creature hard, and rudely hale,
 May hope for long 'survival.'"

Hist! There's a stumbling foot upon the stair!

To that flushed face a look of pallid scare
 Comes, her full form seems shrunken.
 An angry oath! Wild eyes the doorway scan.—

Some privileges still are left to Man,—
 At least when Man hath drunken.
 (To be continued.)

A FALSE START.

(Song by a Secretary of State, some way after
 Roger's, in the "Anti-Jacobin.")

Mr. B-LF-R sings:—

WHEN now my own vague words I view,
 And see Gladstonians potting 'em,
 I wonder whether they'll be true,
 My clients, grateful for the U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Teaching advantages less few
 They want; I schemed allotting 'em;
 But, bless me! things look all askew,
 Along of this confounded U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Dissenters up in arms I view
 From Newcastle to Nottingham,
 E'en Churchmen hint it will not do,
 My unbaked notion of an U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

The Rads, of course, make wild halloo,
 Their guns, they're double-shotting 'em;
 And true-blue Tories look more blue,
 When called on to explain the U-
 -niversity, I'm plotting 'em.

The chances seem against it, too,
 Now carefully I'm totting 'em,
 And I must minimise—a few—
 My meaning as concerns that U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Pious opinions may be true,
 'Tis risky work out-trotting 'em;
 And even I may get my gru-
 -el, if I do not drop that U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY have told," sings the old song, "of the Monks of old" a considerable amount of falsehoods which have been accepted as facts until the appearance of F. GASQUET'S two volumes about HENRY THE EIGHTH and the dissolution of the Monasteries, which, we were brought up to believe, were already so dissolute as to render further dissolution superfluous. By the light of this work, carefully compiled from State Papers and indisputable documentary evidence, educators would do well to revise histories for the use of schools, and let the pupils know what a mild, merciful, generous, charitable, Christian King was the Eighth HENRY, and how candid, just, straightforward, forbearing, high-principled and unselfish were my Lord CROMWELL and his agents, who played "Old HARRY" with the "Monks of Old."

In connection with this subject see *Murray's Magazine* for this month, in which Archdeacon FARRAR, with more of his archness than usual, becomes the apologist of the new "Brotherhood of the Poor," with "vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience." And the Archdeacon thinks this isn't Monastic! Lord GRIMTHORPE would probably call them imitation Monks, and would recommend them, instead of going to a Monastery, to set up in a Monkey House. As to the costume, the Archdeacon doesn't say anything about this. The cowl will, of course, be worn. Why not adopt as the title of the New Order one already existing, and call them "Cowl-y" Brothers? Mrs. KENDAL is still giving her opinions. What is the value of her opinions? The answer is a sum in proportion. The Magazine costs a shilling, and as the part is to the whole, &c., &c. What a pity Mrs. KENDAL didn't advertise herself in America as "The Coming K——"! It sounds a trifle like The Comyns Carr, but this wouldn't have mattered—much.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

A SYMPOSIUM.

SIRS, let us sit in a ring, and praise ourselves,
Shut out the silence of a heedless age,
And, with the music of the mutual page,
Charm fortune and renown, reluctant elves.

Albeit our works adorn no alien shelves,
Such chill cannot repress the noble rage
That drives the poet from the public stage
To rare academies of tens and twelves.

I care not for your songs, nor ye for mine;
But honied patience stills the waiting pain,
Till each may tread the path the others trod.

When my turn comes, I will not stint one line;
Still will I read, though you have ears in vain,
To my high lullaby constrained to nod.

A RAIL AT A RAILWAY SYSTEM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I observe by your Correspondence from Aix-les-Bains that Sir MYLES FENTON, the able and enlightened Manager of the South-Eastern Railway, has been on a visit to French territory with the object of studying the management of French Railways, and learning what to avoid. I also see that there has recently been foregathered in the capital of France a Congress of Railway Magnates. What their particular business was is not clearly set forth. Incidentally they seem to have dined together a good deal, gone out on pic-nics, attended the Opera, observed the fountains playing at Fontainebleau, and requisitioned all the available hackney carriages, to the disturbance of the public peace. Herr von BLOWITZ, that great historiographer of our times, has related how one dinner which they sat down to could not have cost less than sixty francs a head, which, it seems, is all that need be said to describe a dinner. Being thus fortified in the inner man, and exhilarated in the spirit, I venture to suggest, for the experience and information of any still lingering in Paris, a short railway journey, which may be conveniently undertaken.

The line recommended is the *Ceinture* Railway, and the particular section, that which connects the Northern system of France with the Southern. For English travellers bound South, the *Ceinture* is not the least important link in the journey. The establishment of the line, a matter of recent accomplishment, was hailed with delight by old travellers. It promised something more than delivering wayworn passengers from the necessity of driving across Paris from the *Gare du Nord* to the *Gare de Lyons*. That involved, as a preliminary, the examination of baggage by the Custom-house officers at the station of arrival. With the new connecting railway the traveller might pass through Paris to his destination with his baggage intact. That was the design and intention. But the spirit which inspires railway management in France has brought this little line, girdling the centre of civilisation, into a condition of grotesque incapacity.

Take my lamentable case, Sir, coming and going. Arriving from London at the *Gare du Nord*, generous provision is made by the time-table for skirting Paris by the railway, dining at the *Gare de Lyons*, and leaving for the South at nine o'clock. You leave the Northern Station at 7.21, and arrive at the Southern at 8.17, allowing nearly three-quarters of an hour for dinner. The Circle Railway, after much puffing and groaning, delivered me at the *Gare de Lyons* with just ten minutes to spare before starting on the all-night journey southward. Impossible to get any dinner, only just time to change carriages. Returning, the Lyons mail was due shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived with commendable promptitude. The train for Calais left the *Gare du Nord* at 8.22. The interval was sufficient for an ordinary person to walk across Paris and catch his train. The Circle Railway brought us triumphantly in half an hour after the English train had started northward!

The system is so superbly stupid as to command admiration. No one seems to expect the train, and when it turns up at a station, or finds itself in some remote siding, it is treated with chilling indifference. One can always tell a comparatively new official by observing as we approach a slight raising of his eyebrows, his lips



L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

(A Question of the Day.)

Miss Tabitha. "I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH TO TAKE, MR. SADLER! THE WIRE NET-WORK IS SAFER, BUT THEN THE BROWN LEATHER WITH LITTLE BRASS KNOBS IS SO MUCH MORE BECOMING—AND, BY JUST SNIPPING IT AT THE END, YOU KNOW, YOU LEAVE ALL THE FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR SELF-DEFENCE!"

forming the exclamation, "Halloa! Here's the Circle Train. Who'd have thought it." Older members of the staff take no notice, and after helplessly moving backwards and forwards, aimlessly waiting outside stations whilst processions of other trains pass in, the Circle Train, linking the two railway systems on one of the world's highways, doddles into the *Gare de Lyons*, or the *Gare du Nord* as the case may be, inevitably too late for the trains with which it is in the time-table connected with abundant provision of overtime.

Whilst the Railway Congressmen are taking this journey between the two stations, they will have full opportunity of dwelling upon the whole system of railway management in France; surely the most designedly offensive in the world. The principal object of the directors, faithfully interpreted by their subordinates, is to make the passenger uncomfortable whilst squeezing the uttermost farthing out of him. He is packed eight in a carriage if he goes by the ordinary first-class, mulet in a monstrous sum if he travels by *coupé*, charged a fabulous fee for sleeping accommodation, and treated throughout with an if-you-don't-like-it-leave-it air that contrasts sadly with the civility of the British guard and the effusive readiness of the English railway porter. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are in the habit of occasionally filling up their leisure time by writing letters denouncing the management of English railways. For my part, I confess that one of the serenest moments of my life comes upon me when, having crossed the Channel after a severe course of Continental railways, I lean back in a carriage on the Chatham and Dover or the South-Eastern Line, and am swiftly and comfortably whirled to London.—Yours, Sir, with all respect,

Travellers' Club.

A RETURNED NATIVE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The French Exhibition closes some time in October. To all who cannot visit Paris, and to those who "have been there, but still can't go," Mr. Punch, knowing that they already possess the special edition of *Mr. Punch in Paris*, confidently recommends *The Paris Exposition*, published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO. No. 4, recently issued, is a first-rate specimen. Visitors will be in time for the Highland Games in Paris, where the kilted chiefs are going to stop a week and have their fling.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

To Bideford—Westward Ho!—Toying—Shakspeare's Summary.

Bideford.—Chiefly remarkable for its bearing a dirty, sloshy, river-side resemblance to Mayence, and for having a first-rate hotel, with a most interesting old oak-panelled dining-room in it, two hundred years old, with a curiously carved ceiling. There are also cells below with grated air-holes and heavy doors, in which were confined the Cavalier prisoners when the Roundheads had the upper-hand, but now used as cellars, in which not Cavaliers but Roundheads are stowed away in the shape of casks of wine. A quaint old Inn, with such modern Continental improvements as remind me, in a small way, of the Hôtel St. Antoine at Antwerp. In the old oak-panelled room, with the strangely-decorated ceiling, KINGSLEY wrote the greater part of his *Westward Ho!*—at least, so we are told. The information doesn't interest me personally, as I never could get through the greater part of *Westward Ho!* From Bideford we went on to Westward Ho! a short and rather pretty drive.

Westward Ho!—Here is a Kingsley inn, Kingsley tradesmen,—none of them apparently doing a big business,—a Kingsley village,



Westward Ho! Lively Scene.

as it were, in a very poor way, but with an idea about it of trying to live up to its reputation, and failing; a desolate-looking Kingsley College, without any Kingsley students, so we were informed; and, as part and parcel of the building, is a Kingsley College Chapel,—sounding so pleasantly like King's College Chapel, but very few collegians, if any, to attend its services. Then we arrive at a fine hotel in point of size, as dreary externally as a model lodging-house, but, internally, comfortably furnished, with the finest billiard-rooms you could wish to see. A stretch of low-lying flat coast, such as you would expect in Holland, or between Pegwell, Sandwich, and Deal, offers a splendid ground for the increasing number of golfers.

The houses about seem to have been planned by different architects, each one of whom tried to outdo the other in building something uglier and drearier than the last.

"Oho!" a fresh architect seems to have said to himself, as he viewed the most recent work of a rival, "he thought he could make a dull and dreary building, did he? Bah! I'll show 'em what dullness and dreariness mean;" and at once he set to work to do it, and succeeded.

Magni nominis umbra,—the shadow of the once great name of KINGSLEY has fallen on this place, and Westward Ho! is in the shade, and there it is likely to remain until the enterprising firm



Artist in Colour painting Skipping-rope Handles.

of ENERGY, CAPITAL AND TACT take the place in hand, and make it into a success. Messrs. MACMILLAN, with their new and cheap re-issue of CHARLES KINGSLEY's works, which, as I see, is having a big sale, have revived KINGSLEY's fame, but whether this will do anything for the place remains to be seen. Westward Ho? Westward Ho No! Let me go more Northwards to Barnstaple, where a large quantity of the furniture that reaches the London market is made, and where also there is a manufactory of toys,—an industry at once interesting and pathetic in its practice. Here is a civil, sharp boy,

hard at work making handles for skipping-ropes; here a bent old woman putting green paint on the upper part of fancy brushes; here an active, intelligent lad busily engaged in working a lathe which rapidly turns the skipping-rope handles round and round, whirring them against his paint-brush, from which they take the symmetrical lines of blue, yellow, and vermilion. Think of the boys working at them, and then of the hundreds of children playing with these skipping-rope handles in lanes, courts, alleys, parks, and where not!

There in the corner is a cheery Dickensian character, an old hand

at toys, a genuine *Caleb Plummer*—I hope there is no *Tackleton* about. He has been at this sort of work for forty years, having commenced at Tunbridge, and worked at the Tunbridge Ware until the Tunbridge Ware was nowhere, and then he migrated here. He will tell you that the English trade in toys is very limited, and that, with the exception of a few *spécialités* at Barnstaple, among which are Pope Joan boards, richly painted,—who nowadays plays Pope Joan?—and Aunt Sallies' heads for drawing-room practice, the toy-trade has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of the Germans.

We travel down to the end of the South-Western line as far as Torrington—a lovely run—then back to Bideford and Barnstaple, and then through scenery with which we are now growing more and more familiar, and about which, in spite of the proverbial consequence of familiarity, even COPLEY MARKHAM—who insists upon comparing everything with what he has seen abroad, to the disadvantage of what he is seeing in England—is already speaking in terms of respectful admiration. He is beginning to be impressed by the height of the rocks, by the colour, by the bold outlines, by the woods, the flowers, the hedges, the green fields of pasture, and the glorious sea. Once he admitted that "the sea is something you can't get in Switzerland."



Caleb Plummer the Second.

Miss BRONDESLEY says, "Of all the dreary-looking—well—but even that pebble reach you see at a distance only looks like a lot of periwinkles. Facing the Atlantic, it ought to be bracing, but give me Ilfracombe, the Torrs' Walks, the penn'orths of sunset, the ride in a donkey-chaise to Lee, a few people to speak to, and Lundy Island between me and America! that's good enough for this poor benighted creature," and off she goes in a convulsion of laughter at the idea of her ever being asked to live in such a place as Westward Ho! Our Own Mr. COOK says it has its advantages, but he does not specify them. Miss FRINTON, a young lady who makes a point of differing with everybody on any subject, raises her eyebrows with her usual air of surprise, and says, "I rather like it. I should enjoy living at Westward Ho!" And Our Own Mrs. COOK, whose one aim in life is to make everything pleasant, and to smooth over all differences of opinion, observes that she "wouldn't mind staying there a short time if she were compelled to do so, and that no doubt it would be an excellent place for children."

This last recommendation I notice is generally brought in as a saving clause, after a place has been pretty generally abused; just as when everyone has agreed that somebody or other is an unmitigated scoundrel, a charitable person deprecates so sweeping a condemnation by observing, "Well, I've heard that he has done some very kind actions; so he can't be entirely bad."

When SHAKSPEARE wrote the line—"Dreary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," he must have had Westward Ho! in his prophetic eye. But for the effervescent enthusiasm aroused by KINGSLEY, the place, as a quiet out-of-the-way go-as-you-please locality, might have done well enough in its season, and a trifle to spare, but *trop de zèle* has temporarily arrested its progress.

The Retort Courteous.

Addressed to exulting Gladstonians, jubilant at their finding themselves at Sleaford, "As in 1885."

MADE it hot for old CHAPLIN? If you want him to totter,—Well,—the next time, my good friends, you had best make it OTTER!

EXTRACT FROM THE BALCARRES' BIRTHDAY-BOOK (ETON EDITION).

"Is half-loading better than no breeding?"

"All play and no work, Is what Lower Boy wants to shirk."

At the "Sock" Shop.—Great distinction between an Eton Boy and an Eating Boy. But a Half-Eton Boy is a miserable creature.

APPROPRIATE SUBJECT.—In the October number of that artistically got-up Magazine, *The Woman's World*, edited by Mr. OSCAR WILDE, there is an article with the heading "Spoons." Out of four pictures of "Spoons" here given, three are single. In the fourth plate,—which is a large one, holding five spoons,—there are two pairs, and one odd spoon out. The history, so far, of "Spoons" is most interesting. What will be the next subject? Mashers?

THEATRICAL ETIQUETTE.—Would it be correct to address the Lessee of the Haymarket and his wife as "Yew Trees"?

FROM THE ADELPHI TO DRURY LANE.

It must be confessed that it is not surprising to find, in one of the principal scenes of Messrs. SIMMS and PETTIT'S "new" drama, the Swan of Avon turning his back upon the characters. Certainly the work of the stock playwrights of the Adelphi on this occasion is



A "Scene" in Leicester Square.

scarcely Shakspeare form. In fact *London Day by Day* (with a title evidently suggested by a standing column in a popular morning newspaper) reminds one more of the *Family Herald* than the Gentle Bard. Perhaps the piece is none the worse for that—at the Adelphi. The plot is simple enough. A gentleman called, amongst other names, *De Belleville*, imagines that he is the elder brother of the hero of the piece. But it is unnecessary to pursue this point further, as it leads to nothing. The hero of the piece gets into the hands of some unscrupulous money-lenders, and, with the assistance of the villain, backs an accommodation bill. But it is superfluous to further refer to *this* matter, as it leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 1 of the piece, wrongfully accused of a theft, as the holder of a ticket of leave, neglects to report herself to the police. But *this* too, is an affair of no great importance, which leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 2 of the piece lives in Leicester Square—apparently because she thinks she should, as she has married a Frenchman,—and, having abused her husband, gets murdered. But, as a matter of fact, the murder leads to nothing. Then we are introduced to some dear old Adelphi guests—quite the genuine articles—walking about together twos and twos, courteously explaining to one another the beauties



Good Old Adelphi Guests behave in the Good Old Fashion.

of the "furniture"—in a Bohemian Club, where the hero insults the villain, and the father of the hero (a General, in complete evening dress, save the gloves, which are of purple kid) calls the Villain a liar. But *this*, again, is merely a detail, and (as usual) leads to nothing. Then we are shown a scene depicting life in a police court (nothing in it), and the exterior of the Docks. In this last cheerful locality all the characters appear. They seem to be suffering from a weird mania, which takes the unusual shape of a wild desire to quit their native land as passengers on board the Bordeaux boat. Then the Villain is arrested, and the Hero and Heroine No. 1 plight their troths. Both events afford great satisfaction to the General in the purple gloves, who raises his imperial-hued hands to give a benediction. But the benediction leads to a very pleasant something indeed—the final fall

of the Curtain! Of the acting much may be said in praise—by those who are pleased with it. For instance, Mr. ALEXANDER will be considered excellent, no doubt, by those who are weary of the robust style of Mr. TERRISS, and prefer something more delicate. M. MARIUS is a most agreeable villain, and Miss MARY ROBE as a murdered woman renders valuable assistance to the management by not moving a muscle when the stage-carpenters carry her bodily off as a bit of scenery while changing an interior into an exterior in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. For the rest, it may be hinted that the false nose of Mr. L. RIGNOLD, as a Hebrew usurer, is not (as "W. A." would put it) "entirely convincing." Still with all its many merits—its clever characterisation, its sufficient illustration, its welcome "guests"—*London Day by Day*, is not quite the play to see *Night by Night* for many evenings without a certain sense of weariness.

That *The Royal Oak* at Drury Lane should have excellent scenery, capital *mise-en-scène*, and good acting, goes without saying, for is not DEURIOLANUS *imperator* at that admirable temple of the Drama? Since the first night the play has been cut to very great advantage, for it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Perhaps it may be a little above the heads of the Stalls as a historical drama; but if it is, as a natural consequence it should be quite to the taste of the Dress Circle, Upper Boxes, and Gallery. From a literary point of view, it is quite worthy of the National Theatre, and gives a very good notion of the condition of affairs in 1651. The great scene of the *Royal Oak* is a magnificent stage picture, and the excitement of the chase after CHARLES THE SECOND is effectively combined with what may be aptly termed the humours of a comic luncheon-party. The final *tableau* of *Tower Hill* is valuable as a lifelike representation of an execution in the seventeenth century. As the piece contains all the ingredients of a sensation drama of the better class, it will be a matter not only of surprise but disappointment if it does not keep its place in the bills until the time arrives for clearing the stage for the grand Christmas Pantomime.

"SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER!"

John Bull. Stay, Spirit of Light, the most scintillant star

In the glorious Star-spangled Banner—by far,
Stay, Spirit of Light, yet awhile, and convince
FERRANTI, and PENDER, and GORDON, and INCE,
And other, my own lesser lights, if you may,
That obscurantism—in Lighting—won't pay.

Edison. Nay, BULL, my well-meaning but blinkered old 'oss,
You must do that yourself, or put up with the loss.
I have dropped you some tips, you must just make the best of them;

Time—at your own plodding pace—must be test of them.
I've kindly admitted you still have some "go,"

But you haven't yet mastered the big Dynamo.

John Bull. No, that's what I fear; my own knowledge is scanty,
And I can't decide between you and FERRANTI;
But, if we are licked by Berlin, I must try
To stir up the slugs of the "London Supply."

Edison. Ah! do so, dear boy; you are slow to begin,
But when you have once made a start you may win—
Oh! that wink was quite friendly!—you ask Sir JOHN PENDER—
And I wouldn't tread upon corns that are tender.

The sprite Electricity's wide in its action,
Why shouldn't you use it for lifts and for traction?
Electrical Railroads—we've thousands of miles
In the States—you ignore, and a Yankee it riles
To travel half-choked in your "Underground" Tophet,
Which lasts in defiance of pleasure and profit.

Britons must have a love for discomfort and mull, for
They stick like grim death to dark, choke-damp and sulphur!

John Bull. Then stay, Spirit, stay, till my guides are enlightened!
Edison. Great Scott, what a prospect! I feel fairly frightened.

No, no, JOHN, I'm off. You are muddled, no doubt,
By Monopoly, Prejudice, all the old rout
Of obstructives that tangle your pathway like wires,
But putting your foot down is all it requires.

Au revoir! I can't stay any longer this bout,
I am off to invent something else; and no doubt
By the time I come back with a startler or two,
You'll have got London lighted. But, hurry up, do!
For I can't make a pause in the Progress I love
Till the big British Behemoth chooses to move.
Ta-ta! You can do fairly well, if you try.

For the present, you dear darned Old Country, good-bye!

"MINING ROYALTIES."—There's a Commission at work to look after these interests at home. Abroad the Ultra Reds constitute themselves into a Commission for Undermining Royalties.



'ARRY CAUGHT NAPPING AT LAST.

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION. OUR ARTIST MAKES A STUDY OF HIS HEAD FOR THE PROJECTED ILLUSTRATIONS TO GULLIVER AMONG THE HOUYHNHNMS, WITH (HAPPY THOUGHT!) THE "YAHOO" ALL DRAWN FROM NATURE.

"PAS DE QUATRE."

(As danced before the French E'lectorate by M. le Président Carnot, M. le Comte de Paris, Prince Jérôme Napoleon, and General Boulanger.)

Oh, what a mazy dance is ours around the electoral urns,
Every one of us fired with hope, all feet to the front in turns!
Oh, what a four-fold, eight-legged spin, a slack-limbed, nimble-toed prance!

Elastic as hickory.
Oh, Terpsichore!
Can't—we—dance?

See how we *pirouette*, our legs all different ways!
Who can follow our steps in the Cerito, merry-toe maze?
Altogether, yet all apart,
Each on his separate hook;
Splendid style, most superior art!
Wins all the world to look.

Oh, what a crazy dance is ours, beating the Can-can hollow!
Which of the legs belongs to whom 'tis terribly hard to follow.
Isle of Man penny not in it with us at circumvoluting spin!

Saltatorious!
Isn't it glorious?
Which—will—win?

MENDELSSOHN'S "Roamer" knew all steps from minuets down to reels,
But not even he had a chance with us at the game of toes and heels.
Even FRED VOKES, with his legs like spokes in the wheel of Ixion atwirl

Had no look-in with us.
Who could spin with us
Our—wild—whirl?

CARNOT capers in front—how long will he keep his place?—
Excellent *Fau'e-de-Mieux*—in the circumambulant race?

M. le Comte is pat and prompt,
Plon-Plon is spinning like steam,
And oh, le *Brav' Général*, spite of a limp,
He dances on in a dream.

Ah, what a *Pas de Quatre* is ours, a dizzy, delirious dance!
Which now, I wonder, will take the *pas* in the final judgment of France?

CARNOT looks confident—thinks he wins—but, seeing how much we [are mixed,
How long may chances last,
Ere our dear France's last
Choice—is—fixed?

"WE" AT SEA.

THE infusion of personalism in British Journalism, in a considerable measure the growth of pernicious influence burrowing in Northumberland Street, crops up in an unexpected quarter. The *Daily News* has a leading article giving a detailed and graphic account of how a yacht cleared the Skerries, and safely anchored in Pentland Firth. At the critical moment, "when we can hear the thunder of the surge, and the roar of the sea against Lother Reef," the following passage occurs:—

"The skipper crams his pipe into his pocket, and runs aft to take the helm. 'She can't do it; get the spinnaker off her, JOHN!' *We take in the broad and flapping sail as best we may.*"

Of course it is no secret that the Editor of the *Daily News*, a brother Journalist of whom we are all prond, received at the baptismal font the name of JOHN. That the skipper, having crammed his pipe in his pocket, should snap out the name, is reasonable enough. But that the incident should, in its colloquial form, be reported in the leading columns of a staid journal is, to say the least, unusual. Since, however, it has been done, we confess to a feeling of regret that the *Daily News* is not yet an illustrated paper. We should like to see a good sketch of J. R. R. adjusting his spectacles before tackling the spinnaker, and proceeding to wrestle with the broad and flapping sail, surrounded by an admiring circle, including "the heron and the curlew, the seals that bask upon the shore, and the cormorants that dive in mid-channel."

THE "HIGHER EDUCATION" IN MUSIC.—Hire your piano (three years' system), and then hire your music-master.



“PAS DE QUATRE.”

AS DANCED BY MM. LE PRESIDENT CARNOT, COMTE DE PARIS, PRINCE JÉRÔME NAPOLEON, AND LE BRAV' GÉNÉRAL.



THE NEW TYRANNY.

"OF COURSE YOU NEEDN'T WORK, FITZMILKSOPPE; BUT PLAY YOU MUST, AND SHALL!"

AN ETON LOAFER'S DIARY.

Friday, September 27.—Dear Mamma has just left me, but if I feel at all unhappy she has promised to take me away. The Governor's last words were, "I'm not going to have RICHARD'S time for reading and his own amusements usurped by athletic tyrants. Some of these hulking bullies will want to make him play Football. Football, forsooth! Look at me. If I had wasted my youth on any of these nonsensical games, I shouldn't be half the man I am." "Probably he wouldn't," said JACK, "for he scales near 20 stone as it is." My Cousin JACK, a new boy like me, is awfully keen to play Football. It's my private opinion that JACK's an ass.

Now I never cared for Football. So Mamma has got her Doctor to say I am not fit to play; and I'm not to get up at seven o'clock in the cold mornings for early school, but to keep in bed till the room gets properly warmed, and the maid brings my hot water; and I'm not to sit in a draughty pupil-room; and I'm not to do any fagging, because I might scald myself bringing up kettles, or catch a chill after toasting before a blazing fire. Besides, Mamma fears the big boys might be rough with me. So I ought to have a good time.

Saturday.—Was waked by noise of fellows running into school. Lay in bed for two hours. Very glad I hadn't to go out into the cold. Maid forgot my hot water; room didn't seem to get any warmer. Scalded myself making my own tea.

JACK said I was a fool to funk fagging: his fagmaster was a ripper, and had given him a cold grouse that he didn't want for breakfast.

After Twelve.—All the other Lower Boys went to pupil-room. Was just strolling out, when my Tutor nailed me; gave me a lot of *Sertum* to do in my own room.

After Four.—A Lower Boy Game. Told the Captain of the House I was forbidden to play. He only said, "Poor beggar; what on earth do you mean to do? Lively time you'll have of it." Having nothing better to do, went up to town to ROWLAND'S. Had three blackberry messes, scoloped prawns, ices, oyster patties, and meringues and cream. First good meal since I came to Eton. Better fun this than trotting about after a dirty ball.

Five o' Clock School.—Room very cold. Fools who had been playing, all said it was hot, and asked to have door open.

Sunday.—Very dull. Other fellows talk of nothing but "rouges" and "bullies." There seem to be a good many "bullies" here; some of them are said to be "loose bullies," and others are dangerous. JACK went for a

walk with two fellows from another House. He said they were pals of his whom he got to know from playing in the same game. Could hardly sleep last night; afraid I don't get enough to eat.

Monday.—No sleep. Laid in a stock of melons and tinned lobster to keep me going. Have no appetite for meals. Eton seems a very dull place. Nothing to do except sock. I suppose the Governor means me to read; but there aren't any books of the sort I like in our House Library, and it's too much trouble to go up town and buy novels.

Tuesday.—Nothing to do. Rather seedy. Tried some fresh sock-shops. JACK rather shy of me. Said he didn't like to be seen with a fellow who did nothing but sock; said he expected I would be called "Mamma's Crumb-pet," or "Muffins," if I became a permanent "loaf."

Wednesday.—Felt very bad. Asked Matron if I couldn't go home. Doctor came, and vowed I had over-eaten myself. What rot! Why, Mamma is always complaining of my poor appetite! He said I was as strong as a young horse, and only wanted early rising, regular meals, and lots of exercise. I call it a howling shame.

After Six.—My Tutor confiscated my melons and tinned lobster.

Thursday.—My Tutor has been influenced by the idiot of a Doctor. Sent for me, and said he wouldn't stand any more malingering (that was his brutal word). "You shall obey the same rules as other boys," he says, "for a week; and, if your health breaks down, you're not fit for school-life." Told him my constitution wouldn't stand Football; that I had dyspepsia and nervous headaches. "So have I," says my Tutor. "But I play Football."

Friday.—Compelled to go into early school; managed to eat some breakfast, first time for several days. Captain of the House made me his fag. Sent me to "Little BROWN'S" for kidneys, and gave me some. Said, if I wanted help with my "extra work" I might come to him. N.B.—Not such a brutal tyrant as I expected.

To-day a match between my Tutor's Lower Boys and another Tutor's. Ours being a small House, I was needed to make up the eleven; my fagmaster said, he would let me off fagging to-morrow if I played well. Is this a piece of the tyrant's treachery?

Didn't quite understand the rules, but kicked the ball against one of the opposite side, and it went over their line, and I tumbled on the top of it, and our fellows all shouted, "Well touched! that's a rouge." After that I played up like one o'clock; thought I should burst, but managed to save a goal. All my side swore I was a hero, and ought to try for my House-colours. Captain of our Lower Boys asked me to tea with him; sausages very good.

Went to pupil-room. My Tutor who had been watching in South Meadow, congratulated me before all his pupils on my brilliant play.

Drew pen-and-ink sketches of him—mild but magnificent, on desk under cover of dictionaries. Better fun this than grinding in my own room.

Saturday.—Slept like a top, and went into early school as fit as a prizefighter.

My Tutor asked if I wanted to go home. I said, "No, Sir. Eton's the jolliest place in the world." But I didn't think so when I was a "loaf."

A Nursery Rhyme for the Breakfast Table.

MAKE a loaf, bake a loaf, Baker's Man!

But, please, set about it on some cleaner plan,

Go home and wash, and keep your nights free,

And then what you bake will be relished by me!

Good old Mrs. R., was recommended by one of her nephews, who is on the Stock Exchange, to take a few shares in the Company formed for raising the Treasure Ship, but she said that she thought she should prefer a few in the "Bullion Fleet," which must necessarily have a better chance than only one Ship.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—See *Burns' Works Complete*. Docks Edition. Edited by H.E. Card. MAN-NING, the LORD MAYOR, and S. BUXTON, M.P.



SOLVENT!

Poulterer (to New Page from "The Hall," who had been sent for a Brace o' Birds).
"DO THEY WANT 'EM TRUSSED?"

Page. "TRUST!" (Indignantly.) "No! D'YE THINK WE CAN'T— HERE,
I'LL PAY FOR 'EM!" [Settles.]

A REAL "VEGETABLE" CONFERENCE.

[Mr. J. WRIGHT, at the "Vegetable Conference," read a paper on "The Food of Vegetables."]

Turnip. They tell us, at the Conference at Chiswick,
We Vegetables need both food and physic.

Potato. True; and the fact *my* mind, dear friend, much
eases—

I trust they'll try to doctor *my* diseases,
I'm such a dreadful invalid!

Turnip. Ah! chronic.

Potato. Now, my dear Turnip, do not be laconic.

I know I'm like my patron, PADDY, troublesome—

Turnip. Well, do not dwell on your complaints—it
doubles 'em!

Potato. Don't! I could cry my eyes out at your
chilliness.

Turnip. Now, don't get "waxy." Mealy-mouthed soft
silliness

Won't help you—or the Irishmen, you know.

You do not want more land—you want more hoe.

Potato. You BALFOUR of the beds, I *hoe* you one!

Turnip. Fancy a tuber stooping to a pun!

But Irishmen are good at *owing*. Paying

Is much less in their line.

Potato. What are you saying?

Well, Mr. WRIGHT assures us, I declare,

We Vegetables mostly live on air,

That ninety out of every hundred parts

Of that which lifts our heads and swells our hearts

Is "atmospheric food," which simply passes

Into our—stomachs say—from rain and gases.

Poor PAT might pay the Landlord every quarter,

If he, like us, could live on air and water.

Turnip. Oh, he lives on the "gas" of agitators,

Who of his soil are the worst cultivators.

BALFOUR'S "cold water" works some wondrous cures.

Potato. I prefer GLADSTONE'S nourishing manures.

Quick-acting nitrates, sulphates and ammoniates—

Turnip. Pooh! What PAT MURPHY longs for, MIKE

MOLONEY hates.

How can you feed—or physic—such a crop,

So changeful, so capricious?

Potato. Oh, do stop!

You cold and squashy creature, you're unable

To understand my vegetable fable.

Turnip. One thing I understand, 'tis that in general,

We feed on gas and matters moist and mineral,

So that it seems—'twill fog the new sectarians—

That Vegetables are not Vegetarians!

GAGGING THE DRAMATIST.

WITHOUT referring to the rights and wrongs of the Gilbert v. Boosey case, every Dramatist must sympathise with any popular dramatic author who wishes to prevent the performance of one of his pieces to which the actors have "left but the name" of the author as an attraction on the play-bill. There are some leading actors who will and can gag, and who are uncommonly happy in impromptus which subsequently become stereotyped as part and parcel of the piece.

What is rarely, if ever, justifiable, is the introduction of the slang of to-day in any piece (not being Extravaganza or Opéra bouffe) the action of which is cast in an earlier century.

Take, for example, GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*. The actress cast for Mrs. Hardcastle would be scarcely justified in introducing modern variations of this sort:—

ORIGINAL TEXT.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so; * * * * but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort.

IMPROMPTU GAG.

Hastings. Never up in Town! You astonish me. Why, from your style, I should say that you had passed all your life in Brompton Square or Bayswater.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! come now, you're chaffing! * * * * but who is up to any style that has never done the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, and a West-End Music-hall or two, and such places as are patronised by the Upper Ten.

In like fashion Dangle, in SHERIDAN'S *Critic*, where he is running over the headings of the day's news, might be disposed to modernise the items as follows,—the gag being given parallel with the original:—

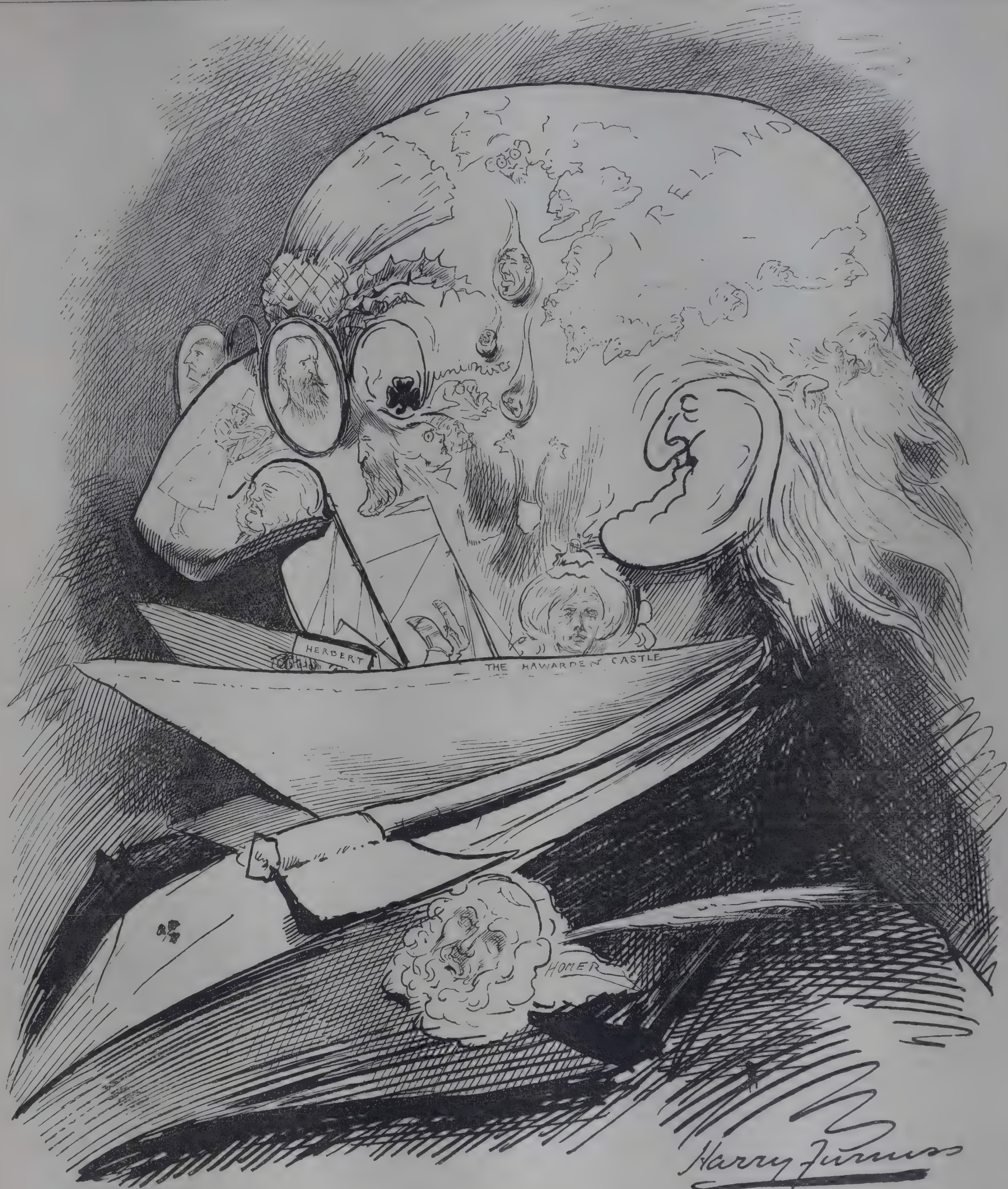
Dangle (reading). "Brutus to Lord North. Letter the Second. On the State of the Army—"
Psha! * * * "Genuine extract of a letter from St. Kitt's. Coxheath Intelligence. It is now asserted that Sir Charles Hardy—"

Dangle (reading). "Cassius to Chaplin. Third Letter on the new Board of Agriculture—"
Stuff! * * * "Doings on the Congo. Newmarket Intelligence. Compulsory Athletics at Public Schools. Old Etonian writes—"

Roderigo, in *Othello*, might add a little more "go" to the livelier passages of the part, by announcing his intention of giving Cassio "two lovely black eyes," and Hamlet could introduce, "When you come to think of it" into his metaphysical soliloquy, or allude to Ophelia as "one of the angelic choir."

Such gagging is enough to make "the Ghost walk" at other times besides Saturday's treasury. What are we to think of the shock administered to the feelings of the living dramatist who drops in, after his piece has been running a month or two, to find his finest pet passages either mutilated out of all recognition, or else, perhaps, cut out altogether, while roars of laughter are greeting some catch-word or interpolated bit of "business," for which he is not only not responsible, but shudders on hearing, regarding it as a positive literary blemish and excrescence on his work? Perhaps an author might get his protection and remedy in the play-bill, which could give his name as the original author of the drama in question, and announce that "the introduced gags this evening will be by Messrs. GUFFAW, SIDESPLITTER, WAGSTAFF, MUMMER, and MUGGER." There's something in this suggestion—"when you come to think of it."

ODD ASSOCIATION.—In Pall Mall, in front of a house not far from Cockspur Street, a board was up last week announcing the location of the Office of "The Lady Guides," and, immediately underneath it, was another board, with the simple words, "Giddy and Giddy." Coincidence!



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 1.

"Maria Wood," or Fire-wood?

COUNCILMAN! To Maria Wood
Fidelity thou sworest.
If thee the river doth not please,
Shouldst thou prefer the shady
trees
For rest? Shun good Maria Wood,
And go to Epping Forest!

Puzzle-Headed People Series. No. 1.

WHAT is this Grand Head made of?
Examine it well,
And soon you'll tell
What the Grand Head is made of.

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND.—The threatened
Bakers' Strike.

Friar Farrar's Chant.

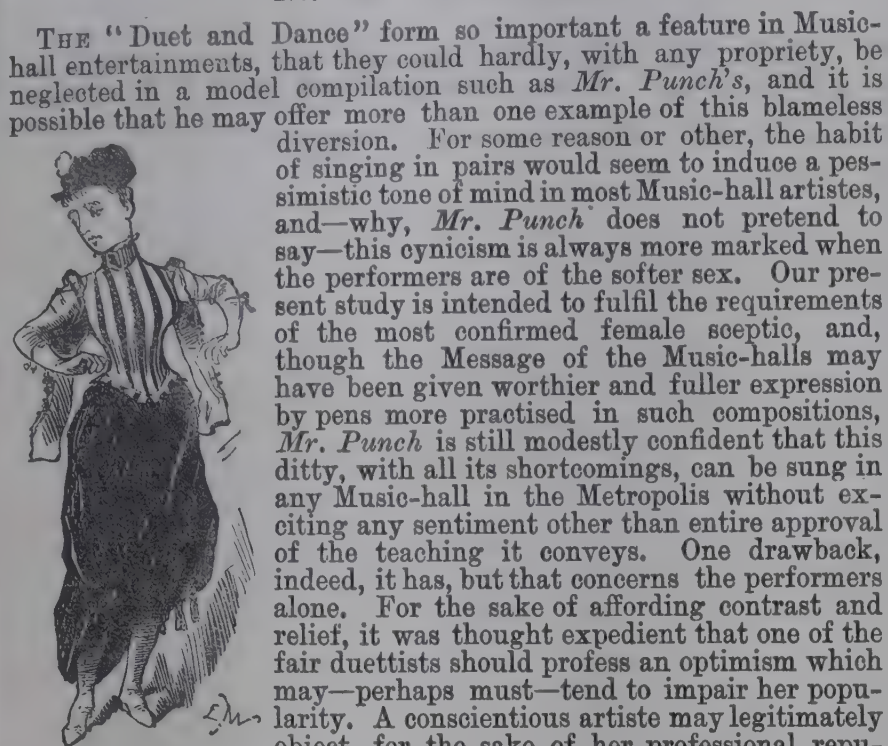
(To a well-known Refrain.)

Vow for a year, Vow for a day;
But alas for the Vow that vows alway.

DIVISION OF POLITICIANS. — Leaders of
Writers, and Writers of "Leaders."

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. IX.—THE DUETTISTS.



THE "Duet and Dance" form so important a feature in Music-hall entertainments, that they could hardly, with any propriety, be neglected in a model compilation such as *Mr. Punch's*, and it is possible that he may offer more than one example of this blameless diversion. For some reason or other, the habit of singing in pairs would seem to induce a pessimistic tone of mind in most Music-hall artistes, and—why, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to say—this cynicism is always more marked when the performers are of the softer sex. Our present study is intended to fulfil the requirements of the most confirmed female sceptic, and, though the Message of the Music-halls may have been given worthier and fuller expression by pens more practised in such compositions, *Mr. Punch* is still modestly confident that this ditty, with all its shortcomings, can be sung in any Music-hall in the Metropolis without exciting any sentiment other than entire approval of the teaching it conveys. One drawback, indeed, it has, but that concerns the performers alone. For the sake of affording contrast and relief, it was thought expedient that one of the fair duettists should profess an optimism which may—perhaps must—tend to impair her popularity. A conscientious artiste may legitimately object, for the sake of her professional reputation, to present herself in so humiliating a character as that of an *ingénue*, and a female "Juggins"; and it does seem as if the Cynical Sister must inevitably monopolise the sympathies of an enlightened audience. However, this difficulty is less formidable than it appears; it should be easy for the Unsophisticated Sister to convey a subtle suggestion here and there, possibly in the incidental dance between the verses, that she is not really inferior to her partner in smartness and knowledge of the world. But perhaps it would be the fairest arrangement if the Sisters could agree to alternate so ungrateful a rôle.

First Verse.

First Sister (placing three of the fingers of her left hand on her heart, and extending her right arm in timid appeal).
Dear Sister, of late I'm beginning to doubt
If the world is as black as they paint it.
It mayn't be as bad as some try to make out—

Second Sister (with an elaborate mock courtesy). That is a discovery!
Mayn't it?
First S. (abashed). I'm sure there are sev'ral who aren't a bad lot,
And some sort of principle seem to have got,
For they act on the square—

Second S. Don't you talk tommy-rot!
It's done for advertisement, ain't it?
Refrain.

Second S. Why, there's nobody at bottom any better than the rest!
First S. Are you sure of it?
Second S. I'm telling you, and I know,
The principle they act upon 's whatever pays 'em best,
And the only real religion now is—Rhino!

[The last word must be rendered with full metallic effect. A step-dance, expressive of conviction on one part and incipient wavering on the other, should be performed between the verses.]

Second Verse.

First S. (returning, shaken, to the charge). Some unmarried men
lead respectable lives.

Second S. (decisively). Well, I've never happened to meet them!

First S. There are husbands who're always polite to their wives.

Second S. Of course—if their better halves beat them!

First S. Some tradesmen have consciences, so I've heard said;

Their provisions are never adultera-tèd,

But they treat all their customers fairly instead.

Second S. 'Cause they don't find it answer to cheat them!

Refrain.

First S. {What?

Second S. {No,—They're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest.

Second S. I'm speaking from experience, and I know.

If you could put a window-pane in everybody's breast,

You'd see on all the hearts was written—"Rhino!"

Third Verse.

First S. There are girls you can't tempt with a title or gold.

Second S. There may be—but I've never seen one.

First S. Some much prefer love in a cottage, I'm told.

Second S. (putting her arms a-kimbo). If you swallow that, you're a green one!

They'll stick to their lover so long as he's cash,
When it's gone, they look out for a wealthier mash.
A girl on the gush talks unpractical trash—
When it comes to the point, she's a keen one!

Refrain.

First S. Then, are none of us at bottom any better than the rest?

Second S. (cheerfully). Not a bit; I am a girl myself, and I know.

First S. You surely wouldn't give your hand to someone you detest?

Second S. Why, rather—if he's rolling in the Rhino!

Fourth Verse.

First S. Philanthropists give up their lives to the poor.

Second S. It's chiefly with tracts they present them.

First S. Still, some self-denial I'm sure they endure?

Second S. It's their hobby, and seems to content them!

First S. But don't they go into those horrible slums?

Second S. Sometimes—with a flourish of trumpets and drums.

First S. I've heard they've collected magnificent sums.

Second S. And nobody knows how they've spent them!

Refrain.

Second S. Oh, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They are only bigger hypocrites, as I know;
They've famous opportunities for feathering their nest,
When so many fools are ready with the Rhino!

Fifth Verse.

First S. Our Statesmen are prompted by Duty alone.

Second S. (compassionately). Whoever's been gammoning you so?

First S. They wouldn't seek office for ends of their own?

Second S. What else would induce 'em to do so?

First S. But Time, Health, and Money they all sacrifice.

Second S. I'd do it myself at a quarter the price.

There's pickings for all, and they needn't ask twice,
For they're able to put on the screw so!

Refrain (together).

No, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They may kid to their constituents—but I know;
Whatever lofty sentiments their speeches may suggest,
They regulate their actions by the Rhino!

[Here the pair will perform a final step-dance, indicative of enlightened scepticism, and skip off in an effusion of sisterly sympathy, amidst enthusiastic applause.]

NEXT SESSION'S PROGRAMME.

THE business of next Session is already occupying the attention of eminent Statesmen. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits that it must be an Irish Session; Lord HARTINGTON stipulates that the Land Question shall be settled before Local Government is grappled with; Mr. BALFOUR promises a Catholic University Endowment Bill; and Mr. GLADSTONE says, "it is only a lightning conductor"—which we trust is Parliamentary language. This is all very well; but the arrangements fundamentally err in leaving Mr. JACOBY out. That great Parliamentary tactician has been attending a public meeting convened at Belper, to urge, in the interest of hand-framework knitters, that all hand-made stockings shall be marked to distinguish them from machine-made goods. Mr. JACOBY has pledged himself that this shall be done. The *Nottingham Guardian* supplies the following report of the Hon. Member's remarks:—

"He hoped it would not be a political question, and that they would be able to get some gentlemen who sat on the other side of the House to support them when the matter came before the House of Commons. However that might be, he had some little experience lately of whipping up Members of Parliament, and it was wonderful what a little experience did in those matters, how easy it was to get to know the innermost thoughts of men when they came to 'whip' them. He should feel it his privilege to use some of the experience he had gained as a whip when the question was before the House of Commons, in order not only to secure a good attendance in the House, but to put a sufficient amount of pressure on the Government."

Every schoolboy, as MACAULAY used to say, will bear testimony to the shrewdness of the remark as to the effect of whipping in drawing forth expression of the innermost thoughts of the person operated upon. The opening sentence appears to indicate an intention on Mr. JACOBY's part to forestal Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the establishment of a National Party. So that he fills his stocking, he evidently does not care from what part of the House he draws contributions. He gives fair notice to the Government that he intends to have his way in this matter. It is just as well that the notice is timely, so that the Cabinet, in arranging the business of the Session, may put, as it were, their best stocking-leg forward in the endeavour to meet his views. JACOBY's war-cry is: "*A bas everything except les bas!*"

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.



BATHING RECIPROCITIES.

THERE is a magnificent swimming-bath attached—I may say deeply, in some parts, at least, attached—to the hotel. But the Philosopher, the Poet, and myself, have never been able to make any use of it, because from ten to two it is given up to the ladies; and as from twelve to one—i.e., before luncheon—happens to be the only hour when a swim in a certain temperature is recommended us by the faculty, and the alternative of open-air sea-bathing involves so much discomfort, we have been reluctantly compelled to abandon all idea of testing the merits of the Ilfracombe Hotel Swimming Bath until such time as the present inconvenient rule is altered, or a separate bath built for the unfair sex who wish to have everything their own way. With only one swimming-bath, surely the ladies (bless 'em!) could be satisfied with three mornings a week, and give the gentlemen a chance, at all events, from mid-day till 1.30 on the other three, Sundays not being included.

The sea-shore bathing is pleasant enough for those who like *à fresco* entertainment; and it is as free-and-easy as at a French watering-place. It is true there is one place set apart for the Neptunes, and another for the Amphitrites. But these invidious distinctions are frequently set aside. One day I saw two soberly attired elderly ladies in the gentlemen's bathing-cove, seated reading, and occasionally looking up to see what the bathers were doing. I could not see what they were reading, but perhaps these two ladies were members of the Salvation Army, delivering sermons to the bathers. The only reason I had for thinking that they might possibly belong to the Salvation Army was, that they were seated on camp-stools. However, gentlemen stroll into the cove reserved for ladies, and so there can be no cause for complaint.

"We must visit Lynton," says Our Own Mr. COOK.

"Hear, hear!" interrupts HARRY SKRYMMAGER. "I recollect. I had to get up poetry for my exam. Beautiful description—

"On Lynton, when the sun was low"—

"Excuse me," says the Poet, "you mean Linden."

"Do I?" returns SKRYMMAGER, reflectively. "Well, perhaps I do. Awful jolly place, Miss NETLEY. Stunning good ferns there. Let's go."

There are plenty of four-horse coaches travelling between Ilfracombe and Lynton, and the horn is tooting all day. The chief coaches,—which I may term the Government Coaches,—supplied from Messrs. POOL and WOOD's stables, are called *The Defiance* and *The Dreadnought*. The Opposition is represented by SAM Somebody's Coach, and two "sharrybangs" named respectively *Tickler* and *Teazer*. Beautiful subject for a political picture. *The Defiance* driven by Lord SALISBURY, and *The Dreadnought* by the Right Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR, *Tickler* by Mr. TIM HEALY, and *Teazer* by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Every morning these coaches and the "sharrybangs" *Teazer* and *Tickler* keep the town alive with their coach-horns. The first Government coach for Lynton starts at 9.15, and commences proceedings by posing to have its likeness taken every morning regularly in front of the Clarence Hotel. Great rush, on these occasions, of every loungee to get himself into focus with *The Defiance*, and be taken, not by coach, but by photographer. All the outsiders are "in it," which sounds paradoxical, but so it is.

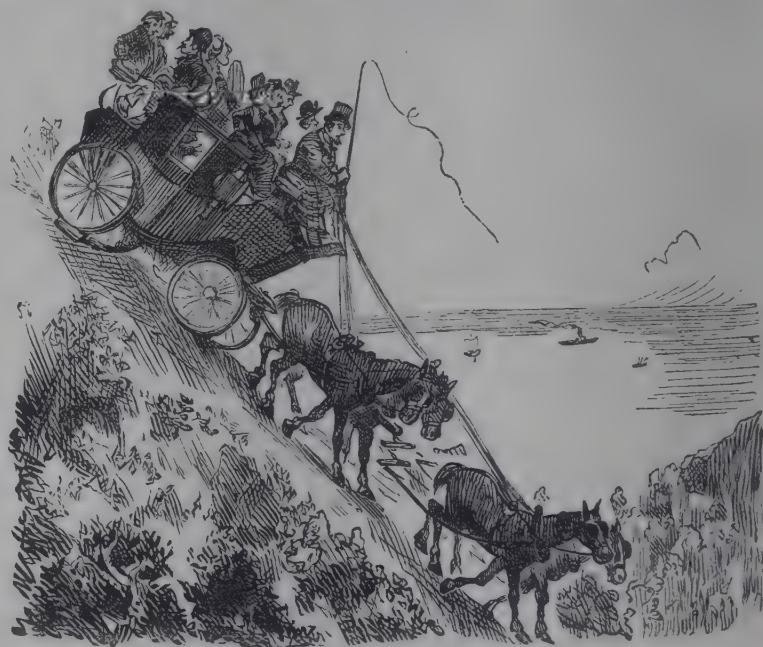
"Now, Gentlemen and Ladies!" says the coachman, in a white hat, which has had its pristine gloss taken off it by exposure to all sorts and conditions of weather, "Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, keep still, if you please!" And then everyone puts on his and her most festive appearance, all strike attitudes, and one or two, afraid of being lost in the crowd, stand up surreptitiously, and so exclude some shy and nervous passenger on the back seat. Everybody pretends utter indifference to the operation, both before and after; but for all that the gentlemen give a jaunty jerk to their hats, arrange their coat-collars and twist their moustaches, while the ladies lift

their veils and smirk, glancing slyly in the direction of the photographer, so as to catch his eye if possible, and secure his special if not exclusive attention.

Then *The Defiance* starts, and a lively drive we have to Lynton. The gentlemen are requested to walk up the worst hill, just out of Parracombe, which some do cheerfully and some grudgingly,

as not having paid to walk. All sit well back and gasp as they descend into Lynton.

We furtively glance at one another to see how each one of us likes going down this precipitous descent. Catching each other's eye, we smile,—forced smiles,—merely to encourage the performance. Miss BRONDESLEY laughs hysterically, stiffens herself as if to meet a shock, clutches her handkerchief, which she has rolled up into a small ball, with one hand, and grips the back rail with the other. Our Own Mrs. COOK smiles nervously. We try to distract each other's attention and our own from the present crisis by pretending to admire distant scenery; but the evident effort is a failure, especially when tried



Nothing when you're used to it.

on Our Own Mrs. COOK, to whom, as I keep one eye on the off-leader, I point out the distant prospect of hill and wood, and say, "Look! isn't that beautiful?" She replies, in a jerky tone—"Oh—yes—very pretty—beautiful!" and you don't get her to take her eyes off the horses, or her hands off the rail—she is prepared to jump off anywhere at the shortest notice—until we are safely ascending the next hill. Then we take a long breath, mutually congratulate one another, and look admiringly at the coachman, in whom we all have the most unbounded confidence.

Lynton is lovely. All I say now is, Go there and see. Capital luncheon, and reasonable prices, at the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

Advice gratis.—Take small traps, and drive by the lower road to Lynton, stopping for refreshment at the Hunter's Inn, and going down to Heddon's Mouth. Coach doesn't do this. And only a very first-rate experienced driver, as is the proprietor of *The Defiance*, for example, can safely conduct a "charrybang" along that rough road, a considerable part of which, like most of the Devonshire lanes, is length without breadth, and a tight fit for one.

"YOU ARE OLD FATHER WILLIAM."—A contributor to the *Figaro*, writing about M. COQUELIN's return to the Français, mentions that this clever comedian has got an adaptation, by M. PAUL DELAIR, of SHAKESPEARE'S *Taming of the Shrew*, called, *La Mégère Corrigée*. But the writer does not anticipate much success for the venture. "*Pas très communicative, en France, du moins*," he says, "*la gaieté du vieux WILLIAM*." Perhaps M. COQUELIN had better leave old WILLIAM's farcical comedy alone.



"GROUND GAME."

Wife. "AH, THEN YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, DEAR!"

Husband (prevaricating). "YE—YES, I BAGGED——"

Wife (sniffing). "AND HIGH TIME YOU DID! I SHOULD SAY BY THE—OH!—IT MUST BE COOKED TO-DAY!"

[It came out afterwards the Impostor had bagged it at the Poulterer's!]

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

VI.

"'ROOKERIES must be put down!'" So, ten years since,
All speakers, priest, philanthropist, or prince
Accorded in asserting. [mist
To-night look here! This scene of mirk and
Confronts the economic analyst.
Pray, is it not diverting?"

So my guide queried with a mirthless smile.
Darkness possessed the city mile on mile,
But here the night's thick shadows
Were dusk with horror and with foulness dank.
Strange that so nauseous a nook should rank
'Midst the world's Eldorados!

Here, in cold scorn of decency and health,
Proceeds that manufacturing of wealth
Which seems the Town's chief duty.
Mammon's alembic in this dreary den
Drains, like a succubus, the sap of men,
And woman's youth and beauty.

The steam that surges up like Tophet's breath
From this dim haunt of toil, and sin, and
Reeks with a foul infection. [death,
What if some moral search-light's sudden
glare

The loathly secrets of the slum laid bare
To Fashion's close inspection?

Here festering toil, there congregated crime,
In thick miasma, and 'midst sodden slime!
This rotting roof-tree covers

Two swiftly-stitching creatures, haggard,
pale; [and vale,
And they once wandered free through wold
Young, healthy, rustic lovers.

Drawn by the ever-widening whirlpool down
To the huge maddening Maelström called the
Town,

Behold them vainly swelling
That great competitive *Carmagnole*-dance,
More frenzied than the frantic whirl of France,
Whose music is death's knelling.

What Dance of Death, what Witches' Round,
indeed, [Greed?
More dread than that wild whirl of Need and
Madmen tarantula-bitten,
Dervishes frenzy-fired, less blindly spin
Than captives of that huge commercial gin,
By hope-light never litten.

"These hoped," my guide exclaimed, "for
some brief space, [grace.
Whilst he had manhood, and whilst she had
Thy rack, relentless Labour,
Soon slays down all the sweetnesses of Life.
How soon will they relinquish the fierce strife,
Like her, their hideous neighbour?"

"She laboured once, once loved. Strange
product, she,
Of *Laissez Faire* and the new Chivalry!"
Not toiling, nay nor spinning,
This other spectre of the Slum; she sits
With slattern garb and spirit-sodden wits.
That smile once sweet and winning?

The satyr grinning of a classic mask
Leers less revolting. Drudgery's grinding task,
Has this for one fair issue.
Labour unstarred by hope, unstarred by love,
Leads hither! Vain to weave the glittering
In poesy's golden tissue. [trope

The dignity of labour? Taking phrase,
To form a tag for song in simpler days
Of lyric exaltation.

But who is he who gathers dignity
From Labour, which involves man's misery,
And woman's degradation?

"Behold!" my guide exclaimed. I looked
and saw

A portly person with prognathous jaw,
And lips like purple lizards. [gold,
A thing that seemed to reek of greed and
With fat fast-clutching hands, and eyes as
As caste, or arctic blizzards. [cold

He lolled upon a velvet-cushioned couch,
His bulk agleam with glittering gem and ouch;
Watching his breast's upheaval,
For all his shape of man, and sheen of gold,
Methought that so the saurian might have
rolled

Swine-like in slime primæval.

"A Lord of Modern London!" laughed my
guide,

"A civic prince, a thing of pomp and pride,
A magnate of the City,
Possessed of power and popular repute;
A self-made hero, and a selfish brute
Barren of human pity.

"The Dagon-idol of a moneyed mob.
Life's secret, friend, is knowing how to rob.
A solemn unction hallows
Accepted styles, they're secret, and succeed,
Whereas unfashionable systems lead
To prison or the gallows."

I watched the creature nodding o'er his wine,
His solitude seemed filled with dreams divine.
See! they take shape before us.

Rank grovels, Beauty bows to such success.
Loud in his praise the platform and the
Chant an ecstatic chorus. [press

And there in the dream's background pallid,
dumb,

I see those huddled spectres of the slum,
Grim phantoms cold, intrusive.



"THE HIDDEN HAND."

He little heeds them; yet those dismal dens
Plump many a total his fat finger pens,
And *that* is not illusive.

Let them live on, so in the shade they work,
Sordidly sin, or wearily work,
Slaves, though no solid fetters
Shackle their limbs. What matters it how
sad

Those grovelling serfs, so that the brutes,
though bad,
Bring good unto their "betters?"

A human wolf, but one who need not scour
The snowy steppes, lean-flanked, long hour on
hour

In search of some stray quarry.
His food is folded safe in pen and sty,
Where she-things sin, and sweaters' victims
The spectacle is sorry! [die.

"Nay, friend; Necessity all Nature
rules,"
My guide replied. "Sentiment only pules
At Nature's law benignant.

The 'wise indifference of the wise' assume.
Fools only at the stern decrees of doom
Rail, fruitlessly indignant.

"How he, our full-fed wolf, would laugh,
elate,

At dreams of Law avowed lamb's-advocate!
Scarce in the form of fable

Would such a quaint conceit escape the scorn
Of that wide world of shearers and the shorn,
The shearers deem so stable!"

(To be continued.)

DEAD HEART ALIVE!

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Gardens somewhere in Paris, Old Mabilie, perhaps, about 1771. Very pretty and effective. Enter Wicked Abbé BANCROFT and Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary.

Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary. Are you a Monsignore?

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—no. (Considers again, with head on one side, like Barnaby Rudge's Raven.) Why do you ask?

Insignificant Arist. (feebly). Because you're dressed in purple. Never heard of any ecclesiastic wearing purple, 'cept Bishop, or Canon, or Monsignore.

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—you see—I—aw—am going to wear black in the next Act—aw. So this makes a change. And it's effective—eh? (Earnestly.) I hope it's correct?

Insignificant Arist. My dear fellow, as Wicked Abbé you're not expected to be correct.

Wicked Abbé B. (with short laugh). True. Aha! "What's the odds as long as you're Abbé?" (Remembers what they're there for.) But about the girl? (Insignificant Aristocrat appears interested. Abbé continues darkly.) You can possess her. Her lover LANDRY has called me "the Court Jackal." Stupid, but offensive. I shall at once get an order to "admit one" to the Chamber of Horrors in the Bastille. He'll be the "one." Aha! See? [They go up talking.]

Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING with Miss KATE PHILLIPS and merry members of the Democracy.

Miss Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR). They call you "the bear."

Good Old Arthur (grouching). Um! And What's PHILLIPS?

Miss Kate. Not me, ARTHUR. WATTS wrote the piece, years and years ago. It's been furbished up by another W. P. for this occasion, which it's WALTER POLLOCK. But "WATTS in a name?"

Enter Mr. HENRY IRVING as a merry, light-hearted, canary-coloured revolutionary Artist. All so glad to see him.

Good Old Arthur (grouching—"and in the lowest depths a deeper still"). Where's ELLEN TERRY?

Ellen (bounding on). Here! (Breathless.) Oh, I'm so pleased! (To Enthusiastic Audience.) I'm so pleased you're pleased. Oh, I'm so happy! O ROBERT! ROBERT, toi que j'aime! (Whispers playfully.) How nice it is to see the house so crammed full, and everyone so delighted to see you,—and me too!!

Robert Henry Irving Landry (merrily). Ay, isn't it? So cheery. [Toys with her, and kicks about in a generally dislocated style.]

Ellen (rapturously). Oh yes! You are so full of life and gaiety!

Lyceum Company (all frowning). Gaiety! Um!

Good Old Arthur (in his distant thunder bass). Where's the Lord Chamberlain?

Robert Henry Irving (in his sprightliest manner, waving his arms). Nar! Nar! Never mind the Chamberlain! He's an aristocrat. We can do without him. Come! a dance! a dance!

Ellen (beaming). Yes; let's dance! (Indignantly.) Just show that Mr. LESLIE how you can dance.

Teach him a lesson. [All dance.]

Feeble Aristocrat (watching). We're out of this. Wicked Abbé B. (assuming indifference, but scarcely able to refrain from joining in). Yes—aw—mistake not to have brought us in for this finish—and—let's—let's go and dance outside. (Aside.) Wish I was playing Hawtree in Caste at the Criterion.

[Exit with Feeble Aristocrat.] SCENE 2—Marguerite's Bed-chamber. Enter ELLEN MARG. DUVAL.

Ellen (at looking-glass). Oh, I am so pretty! I know I am. I said so when I played Marguerite, and I had much the same business—only better. Now, where are the diamonds from Faust? No—only a shawl. That's nice—oh, so nice! (Tries it on.) I should like to be a fine lady (cutseys), and have lots of money. (Skips.) What's this—Siebel's bouquet? Oh, no! It's from the Faust of this play! (Starts) and a note! Shall I read it? No—(reads it.) Oh, I was wrong to encourage the little man.

Enter Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary through window—Insignificant Arist. (trying to put his arms round her waist). You are mine!

Ellen (startled into telling the truth). Why, you poor weak-minded, feeble creature! What are you talking about? I've a mind to box your ears, and send you flying out of that window.



(Remembers herself.) Oh no, I don't mean that—I mean—if you're a gentleman—leave me—unhand me—unhand me!

Insignificant Arist. (remembering something out of old Melodrama). Nay—pretty one—

Enter ROBERT HENRY IRVING, also through window. Tableau.

Robert H. I. (finding letter). Wha-a-at!! You—he—

[Overcome with emotion.]

Ellen (distractedly). ROBERT—you don't suppose—

Robert H. I. (wildly). He's here—you're here—I'm here.

Wicked Abbé (entering in quite an original manner through the door, with Soldiers). No—you're not,—at least you won't be in two twos. Here's a warrant. Away with him! To the Bastille!

[ELLEN faints. Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary, unable to support her, lets her fall. She falls. End of Prologue.]

ACT I.—Eighteen years afterwards.—Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING and Miss KATE PHILLIPS, neither of them looking a day older, and merry Revolutionists. Good Old ARTHUR and talented assistants take the Bastille, then take something to drink, then they bring out helpless figure of ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY, and place him in a chair. Somebody begins filing off his chains.

Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR, with a cry of surprise). Ha! don't you recognise him?

Good Old Arthur (superciliously after taking a cursory glance at the weird figure). Yes—Rip Van Winkle.

Kate Phillips (annoyed with him). No—that was LESLIE. (ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY hears the name, pushes aside his tangled locks and begins to glare.) You know him now?

Good Old Arthur (examining him more closely, but not lifting his eyes beyond his beard). Yes—it's MUNDELLA, M.P.

Kate Phillips (getting wild with him). No! No!—Can't you see—You know him?

[ROBERT HENRY LANDRY, pushes back his hair—strokes his beard, half closes his eyes, giving himself a dreamy appearance.]

Mr. Arthur Stirling after taking the Bastille. Good Old Arthur (sure of it this time). Yes. It's Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Miss Kate (losing all patience). No, you—you stupid!—don't you remember the Prologue—

Good Old Arthur (a sudden light breaking in on him). Ah! it's—it's—(goes close to him, and examines him carefully)—it's HENRY IRVING, our Manager, as ROBERT LANDRY! [Is utterly staggered.]

All the Revolutionists (who, of course, are perfectly well acquainted with his name and story). ROBERT LANDRY!



Good Old Arthur (growling softly to him). You remember me?
Robert (after staring at him). No.
Good Old Arthur (a little hurt, remonstrates). Oh yes you do—you remember me—(aside to himself)—what a chance! to introduce song here—“You Remember Me!”—Wish I were Manager.



“A Ruined Abbé.”

In the next Act Robert says “his heart’s dead,” and proves it by evincing the strongest emotion on recognising Miss Ellen Marguerite, who has now become Marquise de St. Valery, having long since married the Insignificant Voluptuary, and become a widow with one son, a very nice-looking lad of seventeen, who makes his first appearance on the stage. The Wicked Abbé B., now dressed in black, makes love to the Marquise, and then tells her “Robert Landry is alive,” which he thinks she will be sorry to hear. And so she is. Then the Wicked Abbé and the Young Marquis are condemned to death, but Henry of the Dead Heart gives Wicked Abbé a chance of life, on condition of his fighting a duel with him, which has been skilfully arranged by Mr. WALTER POLLOCK. The Wicked Abbé, who comes on looking uncommonly like Triplet, and who has most likely seen a pantomime at Manager RICH’S theatre, tries to take a mean advantage of Henry, when the latter is off his guard, by thrusting at him with his sword, aiming at the same spot in his body as the Clown selects when he has the command of the hot poker and the Pantaloon has turned his back towards him. This attempt, however, is a miserable failure, and Henry of the Dead Heart kills Wicked Abbé Triplet, who gurgles out that he dies in possession of a secret, gasps in failing tones, “Long-live-the-King!” and, with a short sharp hiccough on a high treble note, expires.

Then, in the last Act, ELLEN and HENRY touch all hearts.

Ellen Marquise Marguerite (beseechingly to Dead-hearted HENRY). You’re wrong. My late husband, the Marky, was uncommonly fond of you. (With deep emotion.) He never spoke of you without tears in his eyes. (Dead-hearted HENRY begins to give way.) He only locked you up in the Bastille in fun (HENRY surprised), just for ten days, while he married me, and he wouldn’t have done that if the Wicked Abbé B. hadn’t come and told us you were dead. (HENRY smiles sweetly.) You see, it’s all a mistake, and (cajolingly) so easily explained.

Dead-hearted Henry (seeing it all in quite a new light). So it is. I’ve been incarcerated for eighteen years, but (with sweet unselfish abnegation) it’s of no consequence. I oughtn’t to be alive, that’s where the error is. So I won’t be any longer. My heart isn’t dead at all; it was only my liver that was a trifle torpid. But that’s all right now. You shall see your son. (To Good Old ARTHUR.) Does the gaoler know her son by sight?

Good Old Arthur (readily). No.

Dead-hearted Henry. And as I am the chief of the Republican Committee, of course no one knows me by sight. So I’ll take his place.

[Waves his hand cheerily to sly Marquise, and glides out sadly.]

Marquise Marguerite (embracing her Son). Here you are at last! Safe! Oh, what crammers I have told that ROBERT LANDRY, who believed everything I said, just as he did eighteen years ago.

Gaoler (without). Number thirty-two in the books!

Henry of the Torpid Liver (without). That’s me. I’m thirty-two, and a trifle more.

Marquise (recognising the tone). Dead Heart Alive! Why, it’s his voice! or some rude person imitating him again!

Henry of the T. L. (without). I am ready!

Marquise and her Son (Terryfied, the pair of them). Ready! for what?

Kind-hearted Henry (without). Ready! Aye, ready—for anything! Lead me to—the photographer’s, and I’ll have my head taken off by the pencil of some real good caricaturist. I don’t mind that!

[Scene opens, discovering Noble HENRY of the Dead Heart and Active Liver with the limelight full on him, standing before an easel. Delight of everybody. Loud applause. Enthusiasm. Curtain. More enthusiasm.]

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN BERLIN!

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum in the Office of the “Zumting Zeitung.” Staff of Paper discovered, trembling.

First Member of the Staff. Ah, it-is-too-altogether-awful to be borne any longer!

Second Ditto. That is so! Oh, unlucky day, when I was to a newspaper office introduced!

Flourish of trumpets, and roll of drums. Enter the Emperor-King Editor, brandishing a copy of the Journal.

Emperor-King-Editor (foaming at the mouth with anger). Near relatives of pigs! Friends and acquaintances of donkeys! How dare you admit an article saying that your Master ever listened to the Prince-Chancellor!

First and Second Members of the Staff (falling on their knees). Mercy, Sire, mercy!

E.-K.-G. (wildly). Never! Convey these scoundrels to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office. (First and Second Members of the Staff are heavily chained, gagged, and removed, protesting in dumb show). So far, so good! Whom have we here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain, ushering in Manager of the Composing Department.

M. of the C. D. (bowing profoundly). Sire, we are very short of copy.

E.-K.-E. (haughtily). What of that?

M. of the C. D. (deferentially, but firmly). Well, Sire, unless we have another column and a half, we cannot possibly go to press!

E.-K.-E. (much annoyed). Nonsense! Rubbish! Bosh!

M. of the C. D. (with some hesitation). Perhaps you Majesty would like to use an article standing in the overset, which would just make the proper quantity.

E.-K.-E. Why, certainly; but what is it called?

M. of the C. D. (soothingly). Well, Sire, the title is worse than the matter. Perhaps it might be altered.

E.-K.-E. (exploding). Slave! Hound! Knave! Out with it! What is it?

M. of the C. D. (trembling in every limb). It is called, Sire, “Royalty Yesterday and To-day; or, The Dead Lion versus the Live Donkey.”

E.-K.-E. (with terrible calmness). Shoot this man! (The M. of the C. D. is taken away protesting.) And now he’s gone, what shall I do? Column and a half of copy wanted! Why, I never wrote a dozen original lines in my life. (Suddenly, with joy.) Happy thought! We will fill up the paper with advertisements. Where is Herr von AUGENEHM?

An Aide-de-Camp (saluting). In prison, Sire, for failing to get a repeat for that business announcement about the insurance office.

E.-K.-E. Let him be brought before me!

[Herr von AUGENEHM, the great Publishing Contractor, is produced in the condition of Mr. HENRY IRVING in Act I. of the “Dead Heart.”]

Herr von Augenehm (with a deep sigh). Ah, the past is a blank to me! All gone, gone, gone!

E.-K.-E. Now, then, cease muttering!

Herr von A. (drearily). But I have lost everything! My mind is gone, my brain is numbed, my heart is—

E.-K.-E. (impatiently). Yes, we know—your heart is dead. But that’s not business. Have you enough advertisements to fill up the vacant space?

Herr von A. (wandering). Vacant space! What vacant space?

E.-K.-E. (violently). Why, he mocks me! Off with him to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office!

Aide-de-Camp. It is already occupied, Your Majesty, with the two gentlemen you sent there ten minutes ago.

E.-K.-E. Well, then, have a further dungeon dug under the one in use, and put this man into it! (Herr von A. utters a piercing shriek, and is removed in a fainting condition by Warders.) And now get the paper out with a blank for the leaders.

Aide-de-Camp. And if the Public won’t buy it? What shall we do then, Sire?

E.-K.-E. (with deadly determination). Why shoot them. (Relaxing his form.) But there, I have had enough of editing for to-day, and I am off to enjoy a little holiday! Put up the shutters when you have done your work. Ta-ta! See you again soon!

[Exit, jauntily, to review half a million of Troops. Curtain.]

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—Immense things are expected of Sir HENRY ISAACS. Of course, his Mayoralty will have to be judged by its fruits. Sir HENRY ISAACS is not a lineal descendant of Sir WALTER SCOTT’S “Isaacs of York,” who wasn’t ISAACS, but “ISAAC,”—though it is pretty certain that the Lord Mayor Elect bears a strong resemblance to the great Ivanose family.



THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS, AREN'T THEY, MARY?"

"YES, MISS! WE'RE SO DELIGHTED DOWN-STAIRS. WE'VE ALWAYS SAID AS WHAT THIS 'OUSE WANTED WAS A NICE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS!"

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!"

THE Heathen Chinees,
When he played with BILL NYE,
Played a hand which we see
'Twas scarce sapient to try;
But the game which those two appear
playing
Means mutual mischief—and why?

AH SIN was a cheat,
Little better was BILL;
But here where we meet
Wealth encountering Skill,
At a mad game of Beggar my Neighbour,
Which deems he may win? And which
will?

The smile of the one
Is not childlike and bland,
And there isn't much fun
In the player whose hand
Is dealt out in a fashion which shows that
This game he does not understand.

Labour flings down his card
With a force which shows spite;
Though his luck may seem hard,
It can hardly be right
To bring malice or sleight to a game
Which is not won by malice or sleight.

Sullen Capital, too,
Has a look in his eye
Which AH SIN might well view
In the orbs of BILL NYE,
When the Chinaman played that "right
bower,"
Which WILLIAM perceived with a sigh.

In Trade's fair and square game
They might both take a hand,
And with interests the same,
Did they but understand;
But this mad game of Beggar my Neighbour
Brings ruin to them—and their land.

Look at Capital's face!
There's a look *Punch* can't like.
Be it Jack against Ace,
Or Lock-Out against Strike,
There seems mutual hate in their actions;
'Tis too much like shark *versus* pike.

Capital—do not rage!
Labour—don't play the goose!
Give and take—work for wage.
If that rule you refuse,
You will find, when too late, you've been
playing
At a game where *both* of you must lose.

THE STRONG MAN LAST WEEK.—There are always sceptics who disbelieve in the story of SAMSON. They appeared in great force—apparently, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, in greater force than SAMSON himself,—at the Aquarium one night last week. The strong man was jeered at, and for a time SAMSON once again found himself among the Philistines and being made a sport of. With great forbearance he did not smite his enemies, and, evidently, did not "bring down the house."

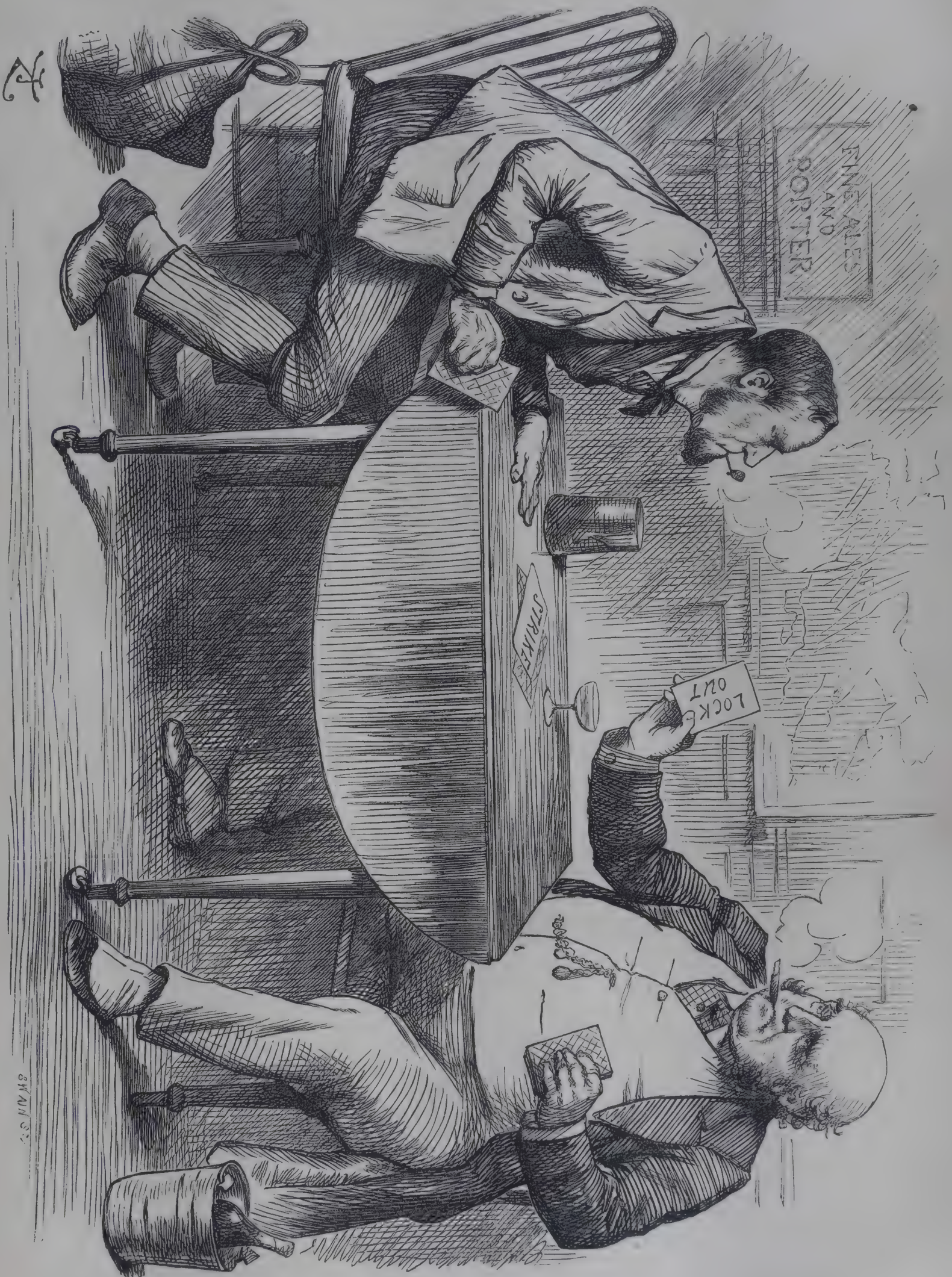
WHAT'S the difference between a friend's hand and a physician's draught?—The latter has to be well shaken before taken; the former is just *vice versa*.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT.

[Scrap from Waste-paper Basket, believed to have been recently in possession of a Hawarden Dustman, and blown by a side-wind to our Office.]

NICE place Paris. Nice people, too. They liked my speech in their own native tongue. Find I speak it just as fluently as Italian. Little tired of Italian: shall take up French a bit for practice. Must have object though, in order to give zest to study of language. *La République*,—c'est la paix! Quite so. Why shouldn't they have back Alsace-Lorraine? Might help 'em a bit with an article about the Triple Alliance. Should like to keep up my Italian contemporaneously with my French. Bring French and Italian studies together. Think I might upset that randan of Germany, Austria, Italy. *Italia la bella!* "Que diable va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?" Who shall have article when written? KNOWLES, of the so-called *Nineteenth Century*? HARRIS, of the *Fortnightly*? Under which flag? . . . ha!—flag! Bunting! *Vivent BUNTING and Contemporary!* And to think that this should be the result of my visit to the Parisian Exposition and the Tour Eiffel! One good "Tour" deserves another. *Mem.* Article will pay week's expenses in Paris. *Bien! très bien! Heureuse pensée en effet,—ou, en Eiffel.* Getting on with my French. *Je ferai plus pour la paix du monde que BISMARCK et son élève le jeune Empereur d'Allemagne.* Encore une heureuse pensée,—sign it with jocosé Greek name. HOMER Gracious!

ΔΑΡΕ.



“BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!”



THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "Um! You call PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

A FEAST OF REASON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE recently suffered a great disappointment, and, in my distress, I write to you. It has been the dearest wish of my heart, for many years, to meet the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, a gentleman, I have been given to understand, absolutely brimming over with information. That wish seemed on the point of realisation, when I received a letter from a friend, inviting me to meet the erudite gentleman at the festive board. I rushed to my desk, where I keep a number of lists of questions that I have prepared to suit any occasion on which (to quote the song) "I may meet him," and looked eagerly through them. I discarded "Queries for an Interview on the top of the Monument," "Ditto for ditto at Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle," "Ditto for ditto at a first night at the Lyceum," "Ditto for ditto in a Turkish Bath," in favour of "Ditto for ditto at a small convivial dinner-party."

Judge of my sorrow when the post brought me a second note from my friend, informing me that, as the best-informed man in the world (as I think I may safely call the Editor of *N. and Q.*) had a previous engagement, our own genial gathering, for the present, must be "off." I am terribly cast down, and, for the moment, all is gloomy about me. That you may judge of the amount of knowledge I proposed to add to my store, I subjoin a list of the questions to which I fondly hoped to obtain answers during the course of what would have been to me a delightful and intellectual meal.

1. Who invented soup; when and where? If the inventor was an Englishman, give his coat-of-arms and pedigree as recorded in the *Heralds' Visitations*.

2. In whose reign was birds'-nest soup introduced into China? What were the other principal events of this Monarch's tenure of Celestial Power?

3. Is it true that *potage à la jardinière* is a favourite dish of DON CARLOS? If it is not, what is the customary diet of the ex-Pretender to the Spanish throne?

4. How is cod-fish prepared in (1) Greenland, (2) Mexico, (3) Turkey in Europe, and some parts of (4) Herne Bay?

5. What are the chief reasons for supposing that *sauce à la Cardinal* was invented by MAZARIN and not RICHELIEU?

6. Were oyster-patties known to the Romans? What would be the chief ingredients of a luncheon-basket intended for discussion in the Second Century by a number of patricians at a classical pic-nic party? Would the slaves be allowed to partake of the good things;

and, if so, what would be their *pecuniam*, as defined by the laws of JUSTINIAN?

7. What is the origin of the term sweet-bread? Give six illustrations of a similar application of a compound word to describe an article of food.

8. What was the plot of the *Mask* that was being played at Whitehall, when the Merry Monarch knighted Sir Loin of Beef?

9. Trace the history of apple-tart from its invention, until the end of the reign of QUEEN ANNE.

10. What are the reasons *pro* and *con*. for believing or disbelieving that jelly in some shape or form was known to the South-Sea Islanders from the earliest times? Give in support of your contentions, quotations from the works of (1) Captain COOK, (2) Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and (3) VASCO DE GAMA, bearing upon this interesting subject.

11. What do you know about *Meringues à la crème*? Relate the anecdote that connects the name of MARIE ANTOINETTE with this delightful confection.

12. Give a short history of the Game Laws, emphasising the differences that exist between the statutes of (1) England, (2) France, and the (3) Colonies.

13. What were the principal dishes at the Coronation Banquet of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Which of them were entirely free from cheese?

I am still looking forward to meeting the Editor. Should you be so fortunate as to run across him before I do, may I beg of you (as a personal favour) to put the above questions to him, and when obtained send me his replies.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

A THIRSTER AFTER KNOWLEDGE DAY AND NIGHT.

Cur "Loafere" Vocatur?

Tommius Etonensis ad suum bonum amicum Punchium poeticam mittit Epistolam.

AUXILIUM mi *Punche* tuum da, candide judex!
Et ne crede precor quæ de me *Tempora* dicunt.
Non ludos cutto quia solus loafere volo;
Nec nolo parvus cum parvis kickere ballum,
Sed quod non liko est mixtum scrimige magno.
Meipsum, pedibus cum contentione solutis,
Pro ballo designatos recipere kickos!
Hoc *Punche* crede mihi est et fons et origo malorum!



MUCH TOO DIFFIDENT TO PLEASE!

Shy but well-meaning Youth (to Elderly Young Lady). "ER—WILL YOU—ER—GIVE ME A DANCE? I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO ASK YOU, BUT THERE'S NOBODY ELSE NOT DANCING!"

EXTRACT FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS COUNTY COUNCILMAN'S DIARY.

In the interests of the public, and as a County Councillor, determined to collect evidence about Music-Halls. Told wife so. She asked, "What is there objectionable in Music-Halls?" Couldn't exactly tell her. Replied, "Ventilation—they soon become too hot. All places of amusement ought to be under strict supervision." "In case of fire?" she asked. I replied, "Yes: that among other things." Wife wanted to know if there was good music at the Music-Halls. Told her that this was one object of my visiting them. Our Chairman, Lord ROSEBERY, very particular about the music being good. She observed, "that she could be of some use in this matter, on account of her musical education, and would like to accompany me." Awkward. Turn it off with jest. "Accompany me? What on? Piano?" Created diversion, and went out for the day. Determined not to return. Wired from City to say "County Council business. Lord ROSEBERY cannot get on without me." Always bring in ROSEBERY. Useful. Wife likes idea of my going about with Nobleman. Dined early with SMITHSON, and went to the Little Turk's Head Music-Hall.

8. P.M.—Rather hot. Sixpence entrance, shilling best seats, near the Chairman. Ordered drinks for two, and cigars. Heard the Sisters SQUEELAH in duet and duologue, "Where did you go last Sunday?" SMITHSON roared with laughter. Funny chorus. Everybody joined in, "Where did you go last Sunday? How did you feel on Monday?"

Forget the rest. Had to leave because we were going on elsewhere. SMITHSON sorry to go. As we got near the bar couldn't help remarking (for County Council purposes) some very nicely dressed young persons. SMITHSON whispered to me, "Superior people." Thought so, till they commenced singing choruses pointedly at us, and asking, "Where did you go last Sunday?" Made note for evidence. This must be put down. Must ask where the song is published.

9.30 P.M.—The Imperial Music-Hall. Brilliant. Crowded. Just in time to hear the great SMASH singing, "Click! Click! Click!" Very droll. Capital chorus. Soon learnt it. Made friends with Chairman. Ordered liquors and cigars. "Click! Click! Click! That's the very thing, Take care how you wind up your watch, Or you may break the spring!" Saw acrobats and ventriloquist. Some

of ventriloquist's dialogue with man up the chimney in questionable taste. Must make a note of this for C. C. purposes. Man up chimney ought to be put down.

10.15 P.M.—The Papillon. Driven here rapidly. Think Manager recognised me. Don't recognise him. SMITHSON getting stupid, laughs at everything, and joins in chorus at wrong times. SMITHSON nearly turned out. Noisy place this. Licence must be refused.

10.45 P.M.—Where are we? Have to shake SMITHSON out of cab. He wakes up, but nearly tumbles down. Says it's the heat. We enter the Merrypoltan Music-Hall. Boo'ful girl on pla'form singing. People in hall noisy and rude. Shall 'port circ'stance. Make note. Who's singing? "LITTLE LOTTIE." "What about?" SMITHSON asks. I repeat words of song: "The Canon and the Cockatoo." Very funny. "Polly, Polly, pretty Polly, cocky Cockatoo. Jolly, jolly, ain't it jolly—Here's a how dee do!" Great noise. I ask people to be quiet. Worse row. Lost sight of SMITHSON. See him in distance at bar. Difficulty in getting to him. Place horribly misconducted. What do they mean by shouting "Outside! Outside?" Is it a chorus? . . . I am outside. So's SMITHSON. Shall report this place. Civil policeman sees us into cab. Drop SMITHSON on the way—that is, I think I've dropped him, as he isn't in cab when I get home. Nearly one o'clock. Go up-stairs, quietly humming "Polly, Polly—Click, click, click—Where did you go last Sunday?" Voice from bedroom says, "I wish you wouldn't make that noise. It's disgraceful!" Perfectly 'gree. "Polly, Polly, click, click"—tune haunts me. Begin to explain through door that I've been visiting Music-Halls in the interests of the morality of London. Voice from pillow says, "Oh, a nice sort of moralist you are! No more of your Lord ROSEBERIES and County Councils here! You don't go out again without me!" Won't discuss subject now. Lights out . . .

Next Morning.—Headache. Quite agree with wife. Such places must be under strictest supervision. "You require strict supervision," she says. Get out on condition of coming home very early to take wife to theatre. Called on SMITHSON. He has left town. Shall never be able to visit Music-Halls again. Shall oppose all the licences for Music-Halls to-morrow. "Polly! Polly! Polly!" Can't get it out of my head.

FURS.

[A writer on fashion says that Autumn dresses are being prepared with borders of furs, chinchilla being much in request.]

FASHION bids you wear furs that will fill a
Fond heart with delight, for full soon
You'll be charming and *chic* in chinchilla,
And ravishing quite in racoon.
Silver fox may be praised, but leave ermine
For monarchs. Among all the rest,
I'm sure, dear, I cannot determine
The fur in which you'll look the best.

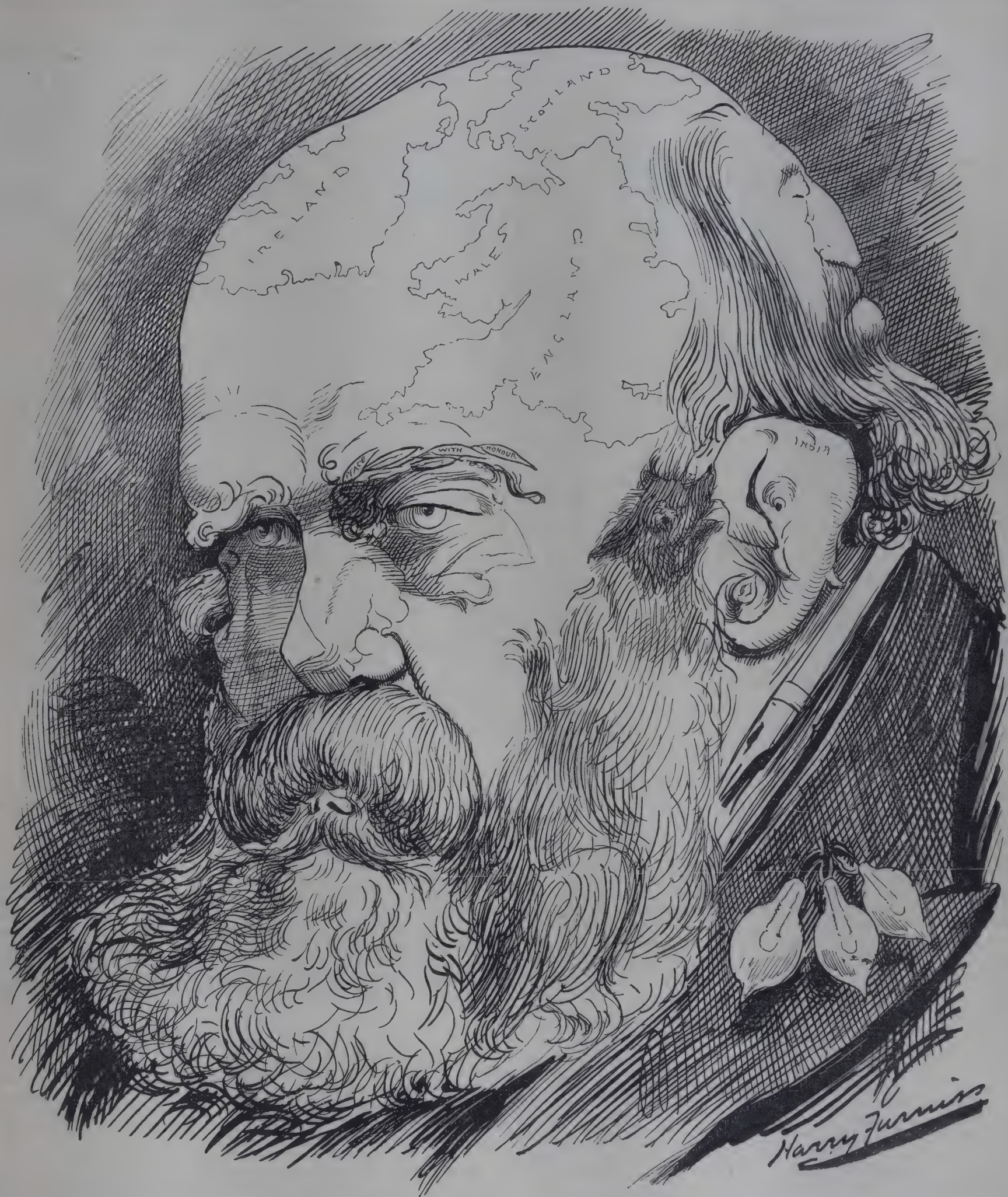
You have called your poor poet a dreamer;
In sooth, dear, he dreams but of thee,
And he vows you'll look simply "a screamer,"
When fur-clad, whatever it be.
While he swears that he gladly would peel skin,
Could his hide be made handsome by art;
But alas! he must yield to the seal-skin,
That can count all the beats of your heart.

FROM OUR COURT NEWSMAN.

ONE of the funniest things on the Stage at the present moment is the frock-coat worn by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH (with Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in it) as *Juffin, Aunt Jack's Country Solicitor*. As for the piece, already noticed by one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, its first two Acts are ingeniously constructed, and very amusing, but the last is too outrageously farcical,—Author and Actors both to blame,—though, for all that, Mrs. Wood, the Inimitable, ought to sing two verses of the comic song, and the comic song ought to have been one written specially for her, and not an ordinary Music-hall ditty, sung by kind permission of Mr. JAMES FAWN. Glad to see that Miss FLORENCE WOOD, the Inimitable's daughter, is playing very nicely in the piece. She is a bright and lively young lady,—quite a Flo' of good spirits. ARTHUR CECIL's head is a master-piece of the making-up art; it quite makes up for anything that is deficient in the part

CONTEMPORANEOUS.

"Oυτιδανός." All papers quote it;
State "'ow 'tis" written, but not "'oo 'tis" wrote it.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 2.

A DEFINITION.

WHAT is Parliament? A place men may admire, respect, or hate,
Where the Electorate's elect orate to the Electorate.

DR. FARRAR'S "BROTHERHOOD."—"Monastic dress isn't much good in the winter," observed Canon WAGSTAFFE to the Arch-deacon of WESTMINSTER. Dr. FARRAR requested to be informed

why this was so. "Because," returned the lively Canon, "a monk always feels thoroughly 'cowl'd.'" The Canon exploded, and went off.

FOREWARNED.—A piece entitled *Mahomet* is announced as in rehearsal, with MOUNET-SULLY in the principal part. When produced, M. MOUNET-SULLY and the Manager will have to scrutinise most narrowly the nightly returns, as it is so easy to be deceived by the appearance of a false profit.

IMPERIAL MEASURES.

VERY pretty Ballet at the Empire, showing the gathering of the Representatives of all Nations at the Paris Exhibition. JOHN BULL and Uncle SAM are on most friendly terms, which is quite pleasant



Tripping an Imperial Measure.

to see, while a party of Scotch youths dance a reel to a tune which is not at all Scotch, but reelly Monsieur HERVÉ'S. The Irish jig is welcomed heartily; but of all the dances, a Lancashire Lad and Lass, who execute a Lancashire clog-dance, gain the success of the entertainment.

Mlle. DE SORTIS—who is among the dancers of all sortis and sizes—is always a fascinating danseuse, but has not much to do; and when all's danced and done, I hold to it that the clog-dance

above-mentioned is the feature of this show, as no doubt it would be in real life, if this youthful couple from Lancashire began dancing it in the grounds of the Exposition. Wouldn't the *sergents de ville* be down on them at once, very naturally concluding that this was only an English adaptation of the forbidden *Cancon*? You can get a first-rate evening's entertainment at the Empire. The Hanlon Voltas, or Hang-on Vaulters, are *de première force*. The GRIFFITHS BROTHERS are still the "safe" men as an attraction, with their wonderful performing donkey, who does everything but speak, and he's not such an ass as to do that. The star of the Empire is in the ascendant.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. X.—DISINTERESTED PASSION.

WHEN a Music-hall Singer does not treat of the tender passion in a rakish and knowing spirit, he is apt to exhibit an unworldliness truly ideal in its noble indifference to all social distinctions. So amiable a tendency deserves encouragement, and Mr. Punch has much pleasure in offering the following little idyl to the notice of any Mammoth Comique who may happen to be in a sentimental mood. It is supposed to be sung by a scion of the nobility, and the *artiste* will accordingly present himself in a brown "billy-cock" hat, a long grey frock-coat, fawn-coloured trousers, white "spats," and primrose, or green, gloves—the recognised attire of a Music-hall aristocrat. A powerful,—though not necessarily tuneful,—voice is desirable for the adequate rendering of this ditty; any words it is inconvenient to sing, can always be spoken.

First Verse.

When first I met my MARY ANN, she stood behind a barrow—
A bower of enchantment spread with many a dainty snack!
And, as I gazed, I felt my heart transfixed with Cupid's arrow,
For she opened all her oysters with so fairylike a knack.

Refrain (throaty, but tender)

She's only a little Plebeian!

And I'm a Patrician swell!

But she's as sweet as Aurora, and how I adore her,
No eloquence ever can tell!

Only a fried-fish vend-ar!

Selling her saucers of whilks,

[Almost defiant stress on the word "whilks."

But, for me, she's as slend-ar—far more true and tend-ar,
Than if she wore satins and silks!

[The grammar of the last two lines is shaky, but the Lion-Comique must try to put up with that, and, after all, does sincere emotion ever stop to think about grammar? If it does, Music-hall audiences don't—which is the main point.

Second Verse.

I longed before her little feet to grovel in the gutter:
I vowed, unless I won her as a wife, 'twould drive me mad!
Until at last a shy consent I coaxed her lips to utter,
For she dallied with her Anglo-Dutch, and whispered, "Speak to Dad!"

Refrain—For she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Third Verse.

I called upon her sire, and found him lowly born, but brawny,
A noble type, when sober, of the British Artisan;
I grasped his honest hand, and didn't mind its being horny:
"Behold!" I cried, "a suitor for your daughter, MARY ANN!"
Refrain—Though she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Fourth Verse.

"You ask me, Guv'nor, to resign," said he, "my only treasure,
And so a toff her fickle heart away from me has won!"
He turned to mask his manly woe behind a pewter measure—
Then, breathing blessings through the beer, he said: "All right,
my son!" Refrain—If she's only a little Plebeian,
And you're a Patrician swell"—&c.

Fifth Verse.

(The Author flatters himself that, in quiet sentiment and homely pathos, he has seldom done anything finer than the two succeeding stanzas.)

Next I sought my noble father in his old ancestral castle,
And at his gouty foot my love's fond offering I laid—
A simple gift of shellfish, in a neat brown-paper parcel!
"Ah, Sir!" I cried, "if you could know, you'd love my little
maid!" Refrain—True, she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Sixth Verse.

Beneath his shaggy eyebrows soon I saw a tear-drop twinkle;
That artless present overcame his stubborn Norman pride!
And when I made him taste a whilk, and try a periwinkle,
His last objections vanished—so she's soon to be my bride!
Refrain—Ah! she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Seventh Verse.

Now Heraldry's a science that I haven't studied much in,
But I mean to ask the College—if it's not against their rules—
That three periwinkles proper may be quartered on our 'scutcheon,
With a whilk regardant, rampant, on an oyster-knife, all gules!
Refrain—As she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

This little ditty, which has the true, unmistakable ring about it, and will, Mr. Punch believes, touch the hearts of any Music-hall audience, is entirely at the service of any talented *artiste* who will undertake to fit it with an appropriate melody, and sing it in a spirit of becoming seriousness.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT so grand a work as *Marzio's Crucifix* is Mr. MARION CRAUFORD'S *Sant' Ilario*, but a powerful Novel, for all that. His Roman life is real life, and the glimpse he gives us of Cardinal ANTONELLI, lightly sketched in with a masterly hand, is appetising. For a finished picture of this remarkable statesman, I must refer to *Roman Candles*, written by, as I think, WILKIE COLLINS'S brother—a charming book, first published about a quarter of a century ago. As *Sant' Ilario* is a continuation of *Saracinesca*, so the Author, who has left the future of his two lovers wrapped in uncertainty, probably intends undoing the wrapper, and letting them out to have another run. Certainly,



A Paper-Cutter.

any one will ask at the end of the story, "What will he do with them?" and we "wish there was more of it," to create which effect on the mind of the reader may be the perfection of the art of letter-writing according to Mr. Samuel Weller; but, whether it is equally so of novel-writing, is another matter.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

LORD SALISBURY missed an opportunity of doing a graceful act in connection with the settlement of the Great London Strike. If he had offered Cardinal MANNING a Privy Councillorship, he would have done well. It is to be hoped that further mistakes will not be made by offering the LORD MAYOR a Knighthood. It should be a Baronetcy or nothing. That is the usual mark of Royal recognition of success in the City chair. No year of recent times has been better than Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD'S. His royal entertainment of the SHAH was in the ordinary course of things; but he struck new ground in the establishment of the Volunteer Equipment Fund, and did the State signal service in bringing the Strike to a happy end. That was a striking conclusion to a splendid year, and we trust we shall soon be in a position to hail Sir Torpedo WHITEHEAD amongst our B. B. K.'s.

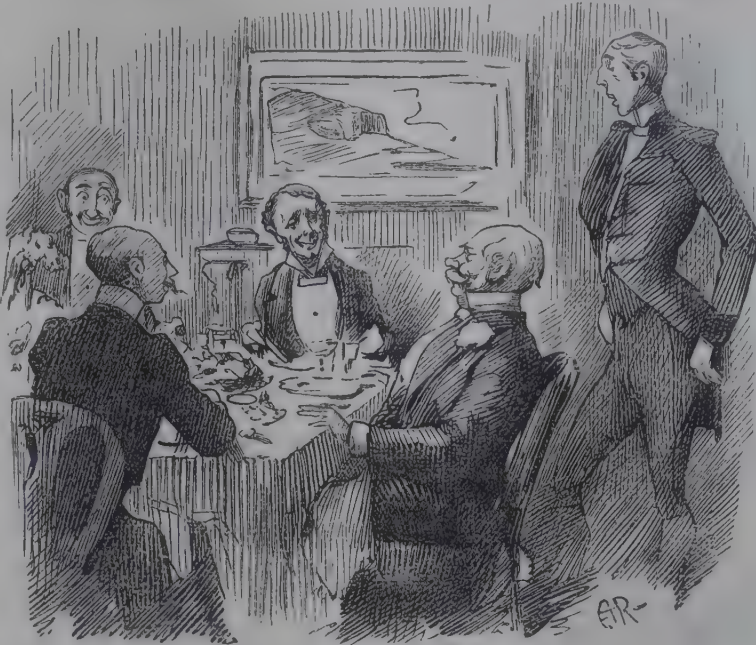
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UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

VII.

"TRIMALCHIO has his antitypes to-day,"
 Smiled my companion. "Modern orgies pay,
 Although Petronian pictures Of vulgar wealth and gloating *gourmandise*
 Might rouse the puling hedonists they please
 To self-condemning strictures.



"DIVES at dinner with his chosen guests
 Behold!" A long array of low-cut vests
 And shirt-fronts snowy-shining
 I saw disposed about a festal board.
 A marvellous sight is man, or lout or lord,
 When dedicate to dining.

Eyes eager, fingers fleet, and pendulous lips!
 Phœbus when feeding suffered some eclipse
 Of dignity and beauty
 E'en at Olympian banquet. But to eat
 In company is, with the world's *élite*,
 A sacred social duty.

These are fulfilling it with zealous zest:
 Each straitened soul beneath each spacious vest
 Is solemnly concentrated
 Upon the *plat* before him, or the glass
 From which his gloating gaze should scarcely pass,
 Though Egypt's omen entered.

What skeleton can haunt this gorgeous feast?
 Wealth of the West and glitter of the East
 Most sumptuously are mingled.
 And he who heads the board? Society's ear
 At tales of daring fraud and furtive fear
 Now and again hath tingled.

His tale, at least as yet, is unrevealed,
 Behind that smooth and smiling mask concealed.

His pliant jackal yonder,
 He of the wandering eyes and visage pale,
 Could, and perchance may yet, unfold a tale
 Petronian art might ponder.

What know, or guessing, care his gathered guests?

He is "good form" by all the modish tests,
 At least to chat or wine with.

A man with millions must be *very* bad,
 Who is not, though a charlatan or cad,
 Quite good enough to dine with.

No, his guests know him not, their Sphinxian host.

Not many of his confidence may boast.

If all the world could see us
 At Wealth's *symposia*, as in a glass,
 'Twould fit with themes for a new *Golden Ass*
 A modern Apuleius.

"London's young LUCIUS," sneered the Shade, "will meet

A scrutinising glance in every street.
 He needs no transformation
 Into the obvious Ass to point his tale,
 Which, told, might turn e'en polished prurience pale,
 And stagger stark sensation.

"TRIMALCHIO knows his guests. The smooth young Lord
 Who loves the wines and "weeds" he can't afford;
 The doctor subtle, sinister,

But softly smiling, whom no man may plumb,

The potent critic, here discreetly dumb,
 The cold, astute ex-Minister;

"All have their places—and their prices—here, [drear,

With the mixed mob of mashers, stiff and Till wine, wit, song well chosen
 Awake the slumbering animal within,
 Then comes the cynic laugh, the satyr grin
 To lips no longer frozen.

"The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon With whom one dines." When all the guests are gone,
 Our host and his sleek henchman
 Hold curious discourse, which, heard, might throw
 Much modern light upon the pregnant *mot*
 Of the ironic Frenchman.

"Say, shall we listen? How these *vauriens* scorn

The venal talent and the greed well-born
 They fawned upon so lately!
 How mock the tastes Boëtian, prurient, dense,
 They pander to at such superb expense,
 And smile on so sedately!"

I hear, and hearing sicken. This, said I,
 Is modern modish hospitality

Glittering parade *plus* gulling,
 Half ostentation, subtle scheming half.
 How the coarse *cultus* of the Golden Calf
 Man's finer sense is dulling!

Warmer the welcome of the Syrian tent
 Than that on which this *parvenu* has spent
 His calculated dollars.

The host who o'er his guests' dull greed can gloat,
 Is but an Atreus in claw-hammer coat,
 And the last thing in collars.

"Those guests," the Shadow answered, "did you hear
 Their chat as they disperse, you'd deem, I Than their Amphitryon meaner.
 They mock the *nouveau riche*, his talk, his taste,
 All but his Cook; exult that 'swagger' waste
 Must leave his coffers leaner.

"Lord LIMPET, puffing at that last cigar,
 Whispers to NEWCOME of the 'Nenuphar'
 Some toothsome private scandals
 Anent 'our modern Midas.' JENKINS jeers
 About the fitness of those 'fair large ears'
 A stage-Titania handles."

And languid LUCIUS, in the latest cut
 Of coat and collar? "Nay, our ears may shut

To his sardonic chatter.
 Our Golden Ass—we call him Gilded Youth—
 Is ass all over, and his bray in sooth
 Is no important matter."

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR the first time, in one of the volumes of Messrs. MACMILLAN's excellent re-issue, I have just read CHARLES KINGSLEY's *Plays and Puritans*. It was not by this Essay that KINGSLEY made his reputation as a writer. In it there is nothing fascinating in the style, and not much that any unprejudiced person—which KINGSLEY decidedly was not—with more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, would consider as trustworthy. Then follows his *Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh*, sketched with the pen of a rough-and-ready writer strong in graphic power. The volume concludes with an Essay on FROUDE. This perhaps KINGSLEY would not have written nowadays, in the face of recently discovered state-papers and authentic manuscripts which throw quite a new light on history that we have hitherto accepted as Gospel truth. KINGSLEY found that in this outspoken, manly, muscular-Christian style, lay his popularity, and, when it did not come naturally to him, he had to affect it, and the affectation is transparent and wearisome.

What on earth has happened to Mr. F. C. PHILIPS, the author of *As in a Looking-Glass*, that he should give us such an utterly weak, spun-out, stupid bit of a story as *Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship*? The *Dean and His Daughter* was second to, but a long way after, *As in a Looking-Glass*; and as for the others, *Little Mrs. Murray* was weak, and *Lucy Smith* weaker, and now *Mr. Ainslie's Courtship* is the weakest of all. The story could have been well and dramatically told in twenty pages of a magazine, but he spins two volumes. It is a thorough skipper's novel; and any novel-reader with an hour to spare, and absolutely nothing to do,—I won't say nothing better,—can skip through it very nearly as quickly as I tell the story, which briefly is this. *Mr. Ainslie* is accepted by *Miss Keane*; he loses his sight; *Miss Keane* throws him over, and marries *Lord Helsham*; *Mr. Ainslie* commits suicide. Then, in the last two pages, we ascertain that *Lord and Lady Helsham's* marriage is an unhappy one; that she goes back to her father; and that my Lord takes a "Mlle. STEPHANIE, of the Eden Theatre," out for a drive. *Voilà tout!* Has the hand of F. C. PHILIPS lost its cunning?

Capital number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for October. JAMES PAYN's *Commentaries* on the characters and incidents of his own Novel, *The Burnt Million*, very amusing; *Mostly Fools*, light and interesting; and *The Hundred Gates* is conceived and written in the true vein of humorous satire.

Most interesting and amusing are Mr. GEORGE AITKEN's two volumes about *Richard Steele*—the DICK STEELE, the scholar, the toying trooper for whom, among the wits and humorists of the past, THACKERAY entertained so strong an affection. The interesting illustrations are reproduced from photographs. They ought to have been STEELE engravings. "Dear PRUE," he writes to his wife, "I have been a little intemperate, and discomposed with it; but I will be very Sober for the future, especially for the sake of the most amiable and most deserving Woman who has made Me Her Happy Slave and Obedient Husband." DICK STEELE's life is summed up in this. BARON DE B.-W.

TRANSVAAL TRANSFORMATION: OR. THE COLONIAL CINDERELLA.



"There are not wanting those who prognosticate a future for Johannesburg which is positively blinding in its brilliancy. They promise a million inhabitants in five years, an output of gold which shall gild the whole world, a commercial importance threatening the established trade-centres of the old world, and a political and social position second to no city in Africa, North or South."—*Daily News on the Gold discovery in the Transvaal.*

CINDERELLA sings:—

O HILLS, O valley! I rise, I rally. A radiant squadron of golden birds
Of aureate feather all flock together in vision
bright, which my soul engirds.
I who was down now wear a gown of lustre
not to be limned in words.

SWINBURNE sweet poet, you did not know it,
when singing lately in words of flame
Of South Coast splendour in tropes so tender,
or else I'm sure you'd have changed the
name

Of your poem new, and have told—'tis true!
—South Afric's title to flaming fame.

O goodness gracious! is it veracious, this tale
of Ophir the New that's told?

At Treasure Island I now may smile, and
say STEVENSON'S fancy was brave and
bold.

But at this minute he is not in it with Trans-
vaal Truth and my Tale of Gold.

My Golden Treasure I'll delve at leisure, but
for the moment I'm mad with joy;

I'm all a-flutter, I scarce can utter the
thoughts that fill me. My gold-decoy
Will draw all mortals to my new portals, I'll
witch the rich, and the poor employ.

O RIDER HAGGARD, your wit was laggard;
yea, even yours, I am sore afraid:
Your great romances may fill man's fancies,
but I am as real as Truth, or Trade,
And I you'll see am dark Afric's She, the
real, "She who must be obeyed!"

Miss Kilmansegg with her Golden Leg, was
a poor attraction compared with Me.

My Fairy Godmother is Gold! No other
will mortal look at when her they
see.

I'm CINDERELLA, but not prunella, or vair,
or glass shall my slippers be.



"SERMONS IN STONES."

Tourist (of an inquiring and antiquarian turn). "NOW I SUPPOSE, FARMER, THAT LARGE CAIRN OF STONES HAS SOME HISTORY?"

Highland Farmer. "OOH, AYE, THAT BUIG O' STANES HAS A GRAN' HISTORY WHATEVER!"

Tourist (eagerly). "INDEED! I SHOULD LIKE TO—WHAT IS THE LEGEND—?"

Farmer. "JUST A GRAN' HISTORY!" (*Solemnly.*) "IT TOOK A' MA CAIRTS FULL AND HORSES SAX MONTHS TO GATHER THEM AFF THE LAND AND PIT THEM THER-R-RE!!"

"Dem Golden Slippers" will draw all trippers;
look at them shining upon my feet
In aureate glory! My wondrous story will
fly the world round than light more fleet,
And very shortly, all brave and courtly,
princes galore at my throne will meet.

My sisters jealous will puff like bellows their
swarthy cheeks at my golden luck.

"All things that glitter not gold?" They're
bitter because a gold-field they have not
struck.

Ho! sound the tabor! Flock hither, Labour!
Fairy Godmother, you are a duck!

[*Left pirouetting.*]

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—So great has been the
success of Dr. MACKENZIE'S "*Pibroch*,"
written for SENOR SARASATE, that for next year
the same composer has been commissioned to
write an Oratorio for the Bagpipes only. The
news has already got wind. Miss MAGGIE
MACINTYRE has also been Macintirely suc-
cessful at Leeds. Scots wha hae! Hurrah
for the "Two Macs!"

"TRUTH WILL OUT."—So Lord Mayor
WHITEHEAD commenced life as a bagman!
All honour to him. We never suspected it.
Curious that his brethren of the road, who
recently presented him with a testimonial,
should have waited till the close of his
Mayoralty to let the cat out of the bag.

SUGGESTION FOR THE D. T.—Another ob-
jectionable use of Tobacco:—"Chew quoque."

FORTHCOMING NOVELTY.

WE understand that arrangements are
already made for the serious Opera by Messrs.
SULBERT and GILLIVAN. The title of the
piece has not as yet been settled. It is not
improbable that it may be called *The Prince
of Padua*; or, *The Sexton and the Suicide*;
but at the last moment, or any other moment,
for the matter of that, this may be changed.

The story is briefly as follows:—The young
Prince of Padua, a youth of scholarly tastes
and melancholy temperament, is much
grieved and distressed by the hasty marriage
of his mother, a widow, with the brother of
her late husband, who had met his death
under exceptionally suspicious circumstances.
The one brother was, in point of fact, poisoned
by the other, for the very purpose of suc-
ceeding to his throne and wife. The murder
is revealed to the Prince, his son, by a Scotch
relation, gifted with second sight. He imme-
diately determines to revenge his father's
death, and in order to accomplish this end
with more certainty and safety to himself, he
feigns idiocy. Among other ingenious de-
vices for bringing home the crime to the
guilty person, he hits upon the following
plan. The murder having been committed
by means of a well-known anæsthetic, ad-
ministered aurally during an after-dinner
nap, the Prince takes advantage of an evening
party at the Palace to get up a charade
—the word chosen being thus divided—*Clo'-
Reform*. The climax of the scene, when the
convicted assassin, suddenly guessing the

charade, shrieks out, "*Chloroform!*" and then
goes into hysterics, is one of the most highly-
wrought situations in the piece. We need
hardly remark on the splendid opportunity for
a grand *finale* which the situation affords.

At a later stage of the drama, the Prince,
who has been sent abroad on diplomatic busi-
ness by his step-father, returns unexpectedly,
only to find that the lovely *Lady Dulcinea*,
to whom he had been betrothed, has com-
mitted suicide by drowning. At this point
the Village Sexton first appears. This part
was originally intended for Mr. GEORGE GROS-
SMITH. His humorous business (with a song),
while engaged in digging a grave for the
departed lady, would have afforded this
eminent comedian a magnificent opportunity
for the display of his peculiar talent.

The precise incidents which bring about
the *dénouement* have not finally been de-
termined on, but it is understood that they
will include the death of almost all the
leading characters in the drama. The opera
is in rehearsal. GILLIVAN has already com-
posed the first four bars of the opening song,
which we have been permitted to hear, and,
without betraying a confidence, we may
just whisper to the music-loving public that
the new work will probably be the popular
composer's *chef d'œuvre*. The objection
raised by one timid friend of the Management
that portions of the plot too nearly resemble
the incidents of a Shakspearian Play, has
very properly been dismissed as frivolous,
and the greatest success is anticipated for
the forthcoming novelty.



THE LATEST STRIKE.

FOR JUST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ROMP BETWEEN BATH AND BEDTIME.

HOW WE STRUCK AT OUR SCHOOL.

(By a Boy Burns.)

Monday.—Great indignation meeting in the Jimnasium. Harrangd the chaps on the iniquitous sistim of Impots, and the tirror of Iregular Virbs. All the fellows inthusiastic—except that young sneak FOOTLER. Organising unanimously resolved on. DOBBS wanting to know *how* you organised. Told him not to bother *me*, but *do* it. Must be firm with chaps like DOBBS.

Tuesday.—Matturing plans. Our numbers rappidly incresing. Swore in two dayborders, in the box-room, over crossed pocket-knives and a scull tobacco-poutch one of the fellows had. Drew up Ultimatom with POTT Major. Our Demands are: (1) No corpral punishment, except on the hand. (There isn't any at our School, but MORTERBORD might take it into his head to do it at any time, so we put it in.)



"Maxima debetur pueris."

That was all the grevanses we could remember, but we reserved power to add to the number, if nesesity.

Wednesday.—Read Ultimatom to the chaps. All thought it cappatal, except old DUMPS, who said "we should never get it." Told him he was a funk. One of the dayborders brought us a flag he had painted on glased calaco, with the motto, "Death to Tirants! No Parsing!" A half holiday, so we could plot without atracting atention.

Thursday.—Posted inflammatry proklamation on blackbord where old MORTERBORD could see it. Thought we heard him coming, and tore it down. Felt we were not ripe yet for open Revilution. At evening prep. GASSITER Minor—like the young snipe he is!—called for "Three Cheers for Libaty!" and got kept in

by GIGLAMPS. How long will such outridges go on? Discontent general. Settled in the dormitries to go out after breakfast to-morrow.

Friday.—We have done it, all except a few blacklegs, like FOOTLER. Told off party to watch FOOTLER, and picket him—not too hard, unless he is obstinit. Marched in percesshun, with baners, round the town. Much simpaty from the plice and populus. Mass meeting outside tuckshop. Saw a fellow taking down all I said in a book, and thought he ment sneaking, but he was only reporting it for a London newspaper, which I don't so much mind. Slept pretty much where we could. One of the dayborders asked me home with him, and I was made pretty comfortable. His peple very respectful to me. Told them that I would sooner die than give in now!

Saturday.—More marching round. Some of the cads in the town asked to join us, and we let them, as they are too big to fight. Told them how we were made to do parsing and iregular virbs, and they were *most indigent*. Go round to other schools, to pursuade the fellows to come out. I believe they would have, too, if they hadn't seen the cads. Tell a chap they call "BLACK JOE" that we'd rather he and his friends didn't come round with us. He says they're going to see us through with it. Told him if I let them stay, I should expect strict dissipline. I hate the grin some cads have. Back to MORTERBORD's to bring out all the black-legs; deminstration in front of school-gates. Think MORTERBORD might come out and meet me, as man to man, in a parley—I hung out a white flag! Believe he's skulking in the schoolroom. Our skirmishers have siezed FOOTLER as a hostidge. Tell BLACK JOE that, if anyone is to kick FOOTLER, I prefer to do it myself. He says he'll kick *me* if he has any of my jaw. If only he was a size smaller! FOOTLER is blubbing—says he believes both his shins are broken. These cads do hack hard. . . . This is too bad! BLACK JOE, and a fellow he calls "LARRIKIN BILL," and some more, are shying stones at the windows! This will probaly delay a pieceable settlement with old MORTERBORD. BLACK JOE says "we haven't half pluck, and he and his mates will break into the school for us, and give the head-master a rare doing." Can't help seeing this *must* aliunate poppular sympathy with our cause. And Mother MORTERBORD and the kids too! I tell them we mean to strike like gentlemen, not cads, and we set our faces against violence. They only say "they'll smash our faces in if we don't take care," and go on shying. All the windows are smashed now—no more pocket-money for us this half! Hold a Council of War with the other fellows. We all agree that this sort of thing must be stopped. Ask BLACK JOE and his mates, quietly, how much they'll take to go away. They have taken all our watches, and knives, and pencil-cases, and every bit of money we had, and then gone off grumbling! Draw lots who shall go in and tell old MORTERBORD we are willing to listen to any propositions he may have to make. Glad old TWITTERS drew it, and not me!

Saturday Night.—Strike over. Agreed to refer justice of our demands to Committee of Arbatration, composed of fellows' parents. The ringleaders to submit to corporal punishment—not on the hand, which shows how corect my fourbodings were. All quiet now—except TWITTERS, who is snivelling. MORTERBORD took him first, certinly, but I don't believe he got it any hotter than me, and I didn't snivel—much. All the chaps in a bait with me—say I let them in for this! Ungrateful sneaks! Catch me sticking up for them another time, that's all!

PROPHECY AND PROFIT.—Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH seems to have cut the Savelay and gone in for a musical entertainment round the country, which is most successful, as long ago we predicted it would be. No one heard us predict it, but we did. The entertainment must be an inexpensive, jog-trot, quiet kind of travelling-circus affair; a one-horse show, with a little "G. G." in it. When "Gee-Gee" makes "a pony" a night as his profit in the country, let him remember our prophet in London.

"*THE Day will Come*" is Miss BRADDON's new novel. From what we hear, its second title should be, *The Book will Go*. Our "Baron DE BOOK-WORMS" must see to this.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"—MADDISON MORTON's at the Haymarket. Matinée to-day.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

THE best way of seeing the country, if you've anything like good weather, is to hire a sturdy Devonshire-trained horse, quite safe, and—as sound as you can get him. With a waterproof strapped on to the saddle, you can defy the elements to a certain extent,—though



Anne Trudger.

Hints for Visitors.—You can't do better than expend one penny in *Twiss's Pocket Guide*, in which the fares of hack conveyances of all sorts are given, the distances to all the principal places, and the excellent bye-laws regulating the conduct of the fly-men, who, if you're not prepared for them with a thorough knowledge of this handy volume, will impose upon the stranger's ignorance to any extent, and with a profession of the most engaging civility.

Miss BRONDESLEY is in raptures about her particular old donkey-woman, ANNE TRUDGER. Miss BRONDESLEY, after the first few days of walking and climbing, subsided into one of those bath-chairs drawn by a donkey and guided by ANNE TRUDGER. Seated in this, she makes triumphal progresses everywhere, laughing, nodding, waving the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and accompanied by a troupe of merry little COOKIES, generally enlivening the walk with snatches of melody which they have picked up from the Mysterious Minstrels, or from the black man in the Punch-and-Judy Show, and frequently by Our Own Mrs. Cook herself, in another similar chariot, with the smallest COOKY, sitting jubilantly astride the donkey as postilion, and at first making his mother very anxious for his safety, until she is convinced of his ability to hold on by the donkey's collar.

"I eat very little here," observes Miss BRONDESLEY, confidentially, to ANNE TRUDGER. "I think I want more exercise."

"Lor bless you, Miss, you don't want no more exercise than you takes with me," says ANNE TRUDGER, treating the case from not an entirely disinterested point of view.

"But I don't go climbing and walking, and all that sort of thing, you know," says Miss BRONDESLEY, playfully laughing.

"And you don't want to do it," replies ANNE TRUDGER, who has all the instincts of a courtier, if ever woman had.

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "but I am not growing any thinner from eating so little."

"Ay coorse not, Miss," argues ANNE TRUDGER. Then she adds, decisively, "It's the air that's a nourishing of you. That's what it is," she repeats, as if confirming this opinion beyond all chance of dispute; "it's the air that's a nourishing of you."

Many of the donkey-chair proprietors, who are generally the drivers, reside in their neat cottages with considerable amount of garden, about a mile out of the town, at a place called Hele, at the foot of Hillsborough, or Hele's-borough. Though these donkey-chair people are a well-to-do and respectable class, you will generally find them "down at Hele."



People "down at Hele."

MRS. R's. METEOROLOGY.—She is sadly afraid that very much mischief has lately been done by the equally-noxious gales.

THE DUTCH DOCTOR.

[An ingenious Dutchman has invented an Automatic Doctor, which, after putting a penny into slots labelled with the names of various organs, supplies the public with appropriate medicines.]

Put a penny in the slot, and, no matter what you've got,
Be it measles, gout, or jaundice, here are pretty little pills;
Here's the Automatic Doctor, of cheap drugs a skilled concoctor,
And he'll cure you for that trifle of all human aches and ills.

Is it liver, there's the place; just a penny cures your case;
For no sooner has it entered than medicaments come out.
You can get a pill or potion, plaster, ointment, draught or lotion;
For the doctor, says the Dutchman, knows right well what he's about.

If you feel your nerve is gone, here's a tincture gives you tone.
All the apertures are labelled after organs we possess;
'Tis a beautiful idea, you can find a panacea
For all ailments for a penny, when a little knob you press.

You need call no doctor in for your heart, or spleen, or skin;
Here are economic portions of all medicines for the sick:
You can shirk a consultation, which oft causes perturbation;
Just decide what organ's ailing—the machine can do the trick.

If you cannot sleep at night, here's a draught will put you right,
You can cope with indigestion at this little copper fee;
If you're "chippy" in the morning, after rules of diet scorning,
You can purchase for a penny what will rival "S. and B."

But be sure to bear in mind what's the matter, or you'll find
That you're treating the wrong organ, and that's not precisely fun;
While your *Punch* will bet a tanner that you'll have to go to JENNER
To repair the playful mischief the automaton has done.

ECCENTRIC ART REVIVAL.

THE humorous monastic "carvers and sculptors" in Mediæval times used to amuse themselves and their brethren by "making faces," in the wood and stone of our ancient churches and cathedrals. Whether nowadays this mediæval example should be followed, and its scope developed so as to admit of general application, is a question which Mr. HANLEY, the sculptor of "the Corbel caricatures at Chester Cathedral," recently mentioned in the *Times*, seems to have settled in the affirmative. Mr. HANLEY has represented Mr. GLADSTONE, armed with a long crowbar, trying to upset the Church, which Lord BEACONSFIELD, that guileless child of Israel, is endeavouring to prop up.

Of course, were there any chance of such representations becoming objects of an idolatrous worship to Primrose-Leaguers, faculties would at once be applied for, in order to have these comic images defaced or removed. But as this is not likely, where is the line to be drawn? May we look forward to a comic Liberal Cathedral, in which the sculptured heads will be all caricatures of Tory opponents, beginning with Lord SALISBURY, who would make an excellent corbel, as would also the HOME SECRETARY, ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. We fancy the Tory Cathedral would have the best of it, their sculptor having such heads to deal with as those of Messrs. BIGGAR, LABOUCHERE, BRADLAUGH, three beautiful subjects, not to mention the G. O. M. himself, G. O. M. Junior M.P. for Leeds, JOHN MORLEY in a cap of liberty, and last but not least, Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. The heads of Liberal Unionists could be executed by sculptors of both parties, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with his eyeglass would be invaluable on many a corbel. In a Church and Stage Cathedral, we should expect to find among several very comic corbel faces, specially those of Rev. STUART HEADLAM and Mr. EDWARD TERRY spouting at the Church Congress, where, both as Vestryman, Churchwarden and actor, he seems, being on his trial, to have acquitted himself uncommonly well.

AN EXCEPTION.—Although, from time to time complaints of immorality and indecency have been urged against the Stage and Music-Halls, who has ever heard one word against a Circus Entertainment? Isn't this form of amusement the very one to which children in the holidays are most attracted? They go there for pure amusement. Adapting Ducrow's celebrated speech, purists might recommend everyone to "cut the Music-Halls, and come to the 'osses."

NEW Spelling of Name of well-known Common Councillor much interested in Sewerage and in Music-hall morality:—The MUCK DOUGALL.



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Mr. Plumpington. "A—YES! I WENT TO NUREMBERG ON BUSINESS, YOU KNOW, AND LEFT MY WIFE IN LONDON! I THOUGHT THE JOURNEY MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR HER!"

Tommy. "AH, I SEE. 'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET—THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME!'"

ORPHEUS LULLS CERBERUS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"Cerberus barked a little, and stirred himself; but, when I quickly struck my lyre, he was at once charmed to silence by the melody."—LUCIAN'S *Menippus*.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog bark."

Well, that depends, my truly British BYRON. The triple-headed one is yelping. Hark!

That will not suit the Man of Blood and Iron.

To keep a watch-dog, and to bark oneself, Is looked upon as quite the height of folly;

Perhaps—in that queer kingdom of the At present watched by my sagacious SOLLY.

But here—well, Cerberus serves us best when napping—

I cannot have too much promiscuous yapping.

Good dog, and useful!—under due control.

An obvious "leader," or obtrusive muzzle Would hardly do. No, I must seek my goal

By other paths that duller wits might puzzle. [here;

MONRO's frank mandate would not suit us To nab this dog would beat the average

"Bobby;"

But I'll make shift to catch him—by the ear;

Lyre-thrumming, à la Orpheus, is my

He and Apollo at the art might whip us, But—I'm as good a mimic as Menippus.

My own Eurydice,—I call her Pax,—

I must secure, and mean to, at all hazards.

To soothe the triple heads my powers will tax;

I'd like to smite the monster "o'er the mazzards,"

As SHAKESPEARE says, but that will hardly do; They might resent it, and begin to wrangle.

No. I will try the charm of tootle-too, Likewise the subtle spell of twingle-

twangle. [Orpheus, And when I've patly played my part as

Cerberus will soon be in the arms of Morpheus.

Two heads of him at least; as for the third, With that I have a private understanding.

That "OUTIDANOS," (he is most absurd), Fancies his skill at Cerberus-commanding;

Thinks he's a better Orpheus, far, than I; He may be—upon trees and (British) cattle;

But I should like to see the sophist try To soothe this creature; there would be a

battle! He'd soon be in the state—oh, *absit omen!*—

Of him who angered those wild Thracian women.

He subtle and sagacious "OUTIS"? Nay, He's much more like a purblind Poly-

phemus, Flinging big rocks about in his wild way.

He may out-chatter, but he can't out-scheme us.

Yes, I must keep my own dear Cerberus calm. My policy's not mad, but metamorphic.

Tum-tum! That falls upon his ears like balm. *Twang-twang!* I think that strain is truly

Orphic. He thinks I'm really Orpheus and no stranger, And whilst he's in a drowse, there's little

danger. [Left twangling.

A LATE LOVE-SONG.

FOR me alone!

I know not why it should be so,
She loves me—will not let me go;
Yet I am—I will own it—slow,
And round the waist inclined to grow.
Yet glances she will at me throw,
Which make my heart with rapture glow,
And this is too absurd you know.
The great world passing to and fro
Was fain to leave her on the shelf.
Whatso? She keeps her sacred self

For me alone!

For me alone!

She is not fair to outward view;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until the girls were getting few
Who took my vows *au sérieux*.
And, fancy to affection true,
Proceeded lavish to endue
With every grace the pallid shrew,
Who, like Diana, will pursue
The heart, though not without an "E."
And fixes her affections free

On me alone!

For me alone! She will not brook
Trim parlour-maid or comely cook;
She shepherds me with shortest crook,
And sees in my austerest look
Things that one reads in yellow-book.
I should not mourn if she forsook
This strain'd fidelity, and took
Herself awhile to other scenes;
Though well—though very well—she means,
She grapples me with steely hook;
Ah! would she leave our ingle-nook
To me alone!



ORPHEUS-BISMARCK LULLS CERBERUS TO SLEEP.



"BROTHERHOOD" PROSPECTS.

The Rev. Quiverful (watching his Daughters at play). "BY THE WAY, MARIA, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUNG BROTHER ANSELMUS TO THE HOUSE SOMETIMES? HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN!"

Mrs. Q. "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF CELIBACY!"

The Rev. Q. "ONLY FOR A YEAR, MY LOVE,—OF WHICH SIX MONTHS HAVE ALREADY EXPIRED!"

THE LIBERTIES OF LICENCE.

THE Committee of the London County Council again met at the Surrey Sessions House, Newington Causeway, yesterday, to hear applications for licences from the proprietors of out-door shows and street amusements; and the proceedings, owing to the persistent opposition of one or two members of the Committee, were of the usual lively character, and excited a considerable amount of local interest. The first case taken was that of Mr. MUGGINS, the proprietor of an itinerant Punch-and-Judy Show.

MR. NOLAND, in explanation, said that his client, the applicant, had, since he last came before the Committee, provided, as directed, fresh exit from his show in case of fire, and trusted that his licence would be renewed.

MR. McMUCHADOO rose and said, apart from all considerations of public safety, he strongly objected to the character of the exhibition altogether, as highly improper, degrading to public morality, and subversive of all regard and respect for law and order in the popular mind of the audiences who assembled to witness it. What was Punch? He was represented as a ferocious and bloodthirsty, gin-voiced villain, armed with a huge rolling-pin, with which he murdered, in turns, his wife, his friends, and the merest casual acquaintances who dropped in to see him.

A Butcher Boy, who said he frequently attended the performances, here observed that he thought it "a jolly good lark"—a remark which elicited a burst of prolonged cheering from the public in the Sessions House.

The Chairman (excitedly). If there is any further grossly indecent manifestation of this description, I'll have the Court cleared, and the entire audience thrown bodily out of window at once.

The Proprietor urged that Punch only knocked people about in a jovial, good-natured sort of way. Of course his ideas and those of the Committee might differ as to the meaning of jovial and good-natured. (*Laughter.*)

MR. McMUCHADOO said that was evident. He objected strongly, too, to the Beadle, as the representative of Authority, being knocked on the head together with the common crowd. It seemed to him that in this there was a covert attack on the County Council itself. But his complaints did not end here. On several

occasions on which he, in the discharge of his duty, had listened to the entertainment, he had noticed a song of a highly improper and suggestive character put into the mouth of a clown. What had the proprietor to say in defence of that song?

The Proprietor said he saw nothing in the song whatever. It was only one verse taken from an old nigger song book.

Mr. McMuchadoo (to the Proprietor). I happen to have taken it down, and I ask you whether the following words are fit to be uttered before a mixed audience of both sexes in the public thoroughfares (*reading*):—

"Lubly ROSA, SAMBO come,
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum.
Someone in de copper wid Jo!"

The Proprietor. Well, I don't see what you've got to object to in that.

Mr. McMuchadoo. "Got to object to?" Why, the whole thing is most suggestive. Who is in the copper with Jo? It is open to anyone to infer that it may be the ROSA already mentioned, and that I consider a highly improper inference.

The Proprietor said the word should be altered to "no-one" in the copper with Jo. It would serve his purpose equally well, if it would suit the views of the Committee.

MR. McMUCHADOO said he thought the change smacked of subterfuge, but that the Committee would take it into consideration when discussing the matter presently. But he had still grave objections to make. It was bad enough to lower the general moral standard by the introduction of such features into an entertainment. What had he to say to bringing the Devil on the scene? Was not that a distinct attempt to tamper with public faith, as well as public morals?

The Proprietor said he certainly did not see it in that light. The Devil was only introduced as a sort of comic Bogey, as an appropriate finish to the whole affair. To take it in a serious light was, indeed, stretching a point. Why, to show the jocular vein in which the whole entertainment was conceived, Punch brought down the Curtain, so to speak, by twirling the Devil about on the top of his stick.

Mr. McMuchadoo. Yes, and I consider such a termination eminently horrible and theologically shocking.

The Committee then retired to consider their decision. In less than three minutes they returned, when the Chairman announced that they had decided on recommending the Council not to renew the licence. The Proprietor's application was, therefore, refused. The announcement was received with signs of consternation by an angry and threatening crowd, who, however, on receiving an assurance that there would be an appeal on the matter coming up for consideration before the whole Council, with "MR. ROSEBERY" in the chair, when it was expected that the narrow and bigoted action hitherto followed by this Committee in this and other cases would be signally reversed, quietly separated, and the proceedings terminated.

QUITE PLAYFUL.—"A SUFFERER" writes,—“Sir, I have a riddle to ask you. At Toole's Theatre a piece was produced on Monday last which taxed my patience to the utmost. It was adapted from the French. No doubt in the original it was full of *risqué* situations, and certainly, even after submission to the Licensor, it was still far from lacking suggestiveness. Well, it was very long, and very dull, and not too well played. And yet, under the title of *The Bungalow*, it was acted, and is still being acted (so far as I know), at Toole's Theatre. Now for the riddle that has been puzzling me ever since I saw the piece. Given the theatre and the play, why was the one used for the other? Do you give it up? So do I!—unless the joke was in the title—*The Bungle O!*”

VERY SMART AND UP TO DATE.—We see advertised a new work by HAWLEY SMART, entitled, *Without Love or Licence*. Probably *à propos* of the Music-hall County Council question. If so, it should be announced as by MUSIC-HAWLEY SMART.

MR. SHARPER always dealt himself a good hand of trumps. Subsequently suspicions were aroused as to his not playing fairly. "Ah," observed a considerable loser at cards, "that accounts for a good deal."



DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

Portrait of Music-hall Proprietor (any time during the year except September, listening to Lionne Comique Songstress).

"SHE'LL DO! RATHER SPICY! SONG AND DANCE! HA! HA! BY JOVE! THAT'LL FETCH 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING A LICENCE IF YOU DON'T TAKE A LITTLE NOW AND THEN!"

Portrait of the Same on Licensing Day, before the Licensing Committee of the County Council.

Counsel (for the Licence). "MY CLIENT AGREES THAT THE SONG AND DANCE WAS OF A MOST OBJECTIONABLE CHARACTER, AND THAT IMMEDIATELY HE HEARD IT HE FORBADE THE LIONNE COMIQUE SONGSTRESS EVER TO SING IT AGAIN, ON PAIN OF DISMISSAL." [*Licence renewed.*]

FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

(Comparison of Theatricals, with a Suggestion for "The Middleman.")

THERE yet may be some things "which are managed better in France;" but certainly theatres are not of the number. Except the Grand Opéra, there is not a comfortable theatre in Paris,—not even the Français; and, as to scenic effect, go where you will, it would be difficult to find the *spectacle* of Drury Lane, the Lyceum and the Adelphi equalled, still less excelled. Again, the way in which a comedy is placed on the stage of the Gymnase would not be tolerated at any one of our Comedy theatres.

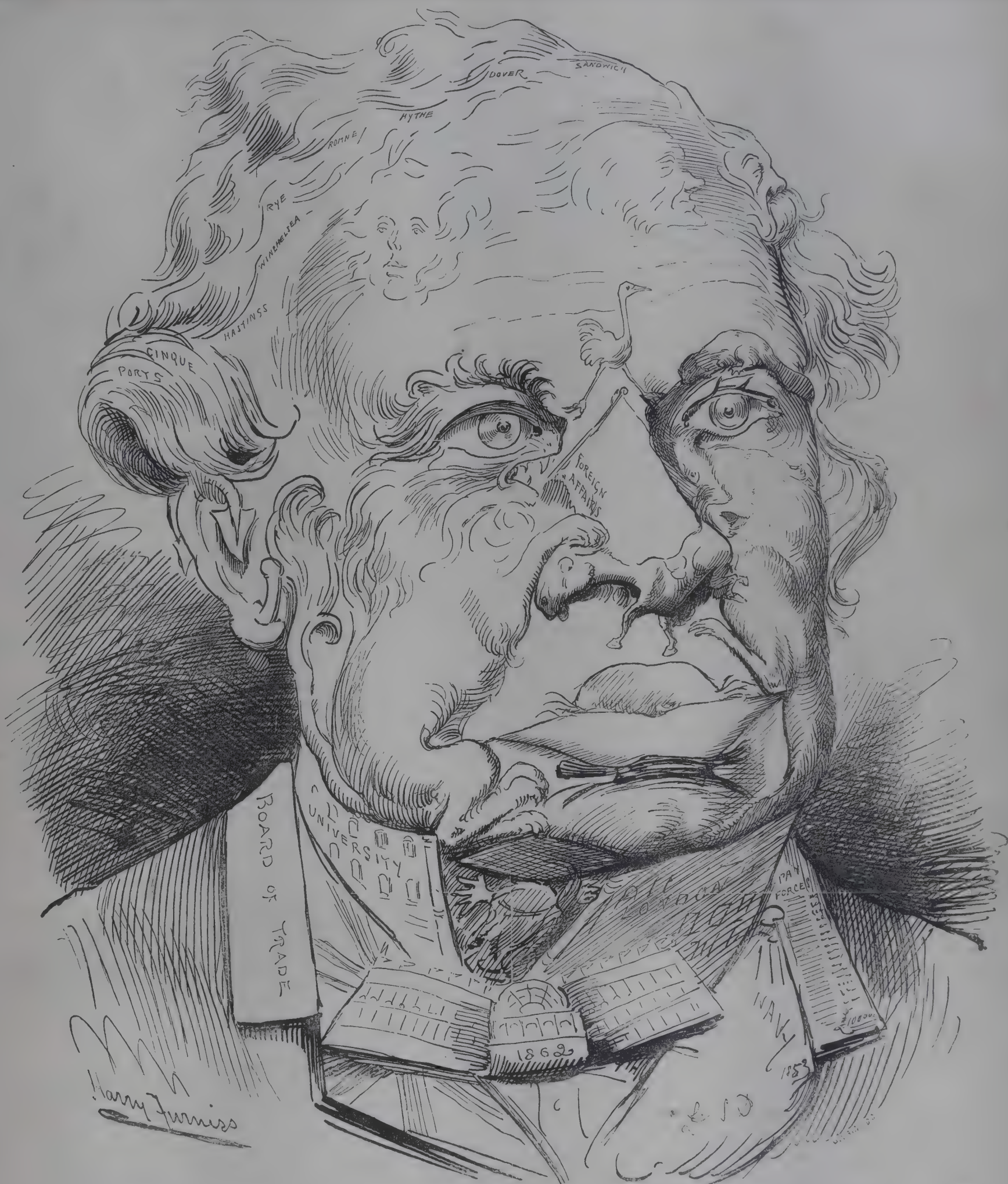
And then the French *ingénues*! Take the best representative of the type, whom, as the Standard-bearer in the song says of "the Lady of his love"—"I will not name," and what a mass of affectation she is,—how coarsely painted, how artificial! As an example of what they cannot do better in Paris, I would instance the two young girls in *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. For simplicity of "make-up," for gentle pathos and sprightly humour, commend me to Miss MAUD MILLETT for the first two, and to Miss ANNIE HUGHES for all three combined. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seems to have been unconsciously thinking of *Esther* and *Polly Eccles*,—though I doubt if he had a *Caste* in his mind's eye, while scheming out this really well-conceived and admirably-written drama,—when he designed these characters, and assigned to one of them the officer lover, and to the other the common artisan. But, be that as it may, here are two *ingénues*, two young middle-class girls, possessing some educational and social advantages, perfectly played by two young actresses without the over-Indian-ink'd, belladonna'd "lovely black eyes," without such adventitious aids to beauty as pink ears, coloured eyelids, powdered faces, pearl-whitened arms and hands, and rose-pinked nails, without which French actresses of no matter what age, young or old, ingenuous or crafty, never seem to consider themselves "fit to be seen" on the stage,—or, perhaps, off it.

As to the play itself, which Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES tells me

was directly inspired by Mr. Punch's picture and poem about the Middleman,—this too is among the things that couldn't have been written better in France. Mr. MACKINTOSH is the Middleman he represents, who stands between the inventor and the public; *Batty Todd*, excellently played by Mr. CANE, battens on the Middleman. *Batty* (O Shades of Astley's Amphitheatre!) rides the Middleman.

Could the representative of *Cyrus Blenkarn* be improved upon in Paris anywhere? No. Mr. WILLARD's is a powerful performance; never exaggerated, never obtrusive, and only once theatrical, and that, I should say, is probably the fault of author and actor. I allude to the last situation:—A letter arrives, the contents of which the audience may subsequently guess from the events, but do not know at the time, and never do really know, as only Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN (excellent!) are in the secret; then *Captain Julian*, who has now married *Blenkarn's* daughter, whom he had previously betrayed, comes in alone, for the evident theatrical reason of affording Mr. WILLARD a chance to give *Julian* a violent shaking, as if about to take his life; then a second chance of showing how he can suffer from a sudden revulsion of feeling (perfectly unintelligible on any but theatrical grounds), when he commands the Captain to produce his wife, of whose identity with his daughter he is unaware; and a third chance, of course, when his daughter *Mary*, whom he believes dead, and who is now *Mrs. Captain Chandler* (of the first Night Lights), enters, when there is nothing left for Mr. WILLARD except to go off his head (which wouldn't do), or to be killed by the sudden shock, which of course would be too tragical an ending, or to go through a whole cycle of emotions in half a minute, and fall speechless on his daughter's neck. It is the last alternative which the actor selects, and does it admirably, and, on this touching situation, reached by a conventional theatrical process, the Curtain descends.

Success condones this employment of theatrical artifice, which is the only blot on the piece; that is, as it seems to me. Here is the remedy. Why shouldn't that first-rate old scoundrel, Mr. MIDDLE-



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 3. L-RD GR-NV-LLE.

MAN MACKINTOSH, have cleared his son's character, and confessed to his having destroyed the letter in which his son offered marriage? When *Chandler* the Bankrupt wants to ingratiate himself with *Blenkarn* the Capitalist, isn't this exactly what he would have done, so as to wipe off the heaviest item in the score that *Blenkarn* has against him? Then when that secret information is received by Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN, couldn't AUTHOR JONES have contrived some situation analogous to the one in *Caste*, where the lively sister gradually prepares the sad widow for the re-appearance of her

husband? Imagine a similar scene, played by Miss HUGHES, Mr. GARDEN, and Mr. WILLARD, leading up to the entrance of the daughter, followed by her husband, both of whom have already arrived, have been seen by the audience, and kept in the background until the psychological moment. I have no hesitation in saying that this would have been a grand scene and a strong situation worth a dozen such stereotyped theatrical makeshifts as is the one which now brings down the Curtain. But I don't suppose that HENRY AUTHOR will alter this at the suggestion of THE MEDDLE-MAN.



SUPEREROGATION. (A Recent Sketch in Holborn.)

POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(Supplied by our Prophetic Reporter for 1895.)

YESTERDAY, the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK, the Earl of AQUARIUM, Lords BELGRAVIA, TYBURNIA, and BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA, with some thirty other Noblemen and Gentlemen, were charged before the presiding Magistrate with being proprietors of a gambling Club known as "Black's," and taking part in certain games of chance called whist, *écarté*, and billiards.

The Inspector-General of Police (instructed by the London County Council) prosecuted, and the Defendants were represented by Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Bart., M.P.

The Inspector-General of Police stated that, from information received from the Inquisitor-in-Chief of the London County Council, he had caused "Black's" to be watched night and day for the last two months.

Sir George Lewis. What has the London County Council to do with a prosecution of this character? Surely their jurisdiction only extends to Music-Halls?

The Magistrate. I will make a note of your objection, Sir GEORGE. The Inspector-General explained, that he believed that Music-Halls had ceased to exist for some time, owing to the action of the Council, and that several of the larger establishments had been purchased by the same body and converted into workhouses.

Sir George Lewis. And I suppose the workhouses are now filled with the employes of the Music-Halls?

The Inspector-General. I believe so.

The Prosecutor then described how the raid upon the Club was conducted. It appears that, at half-past eleven, after the theatres were over, half-a-dozen police-constables made a rush for the hall-porter, whom they succeeded in gagging with "the latest intelligence," which had just arrived on a slip from the House of Commons. Having overcome this obstacle (who made a desperate resistance), thirty more constables were introduced, and a vigorous search was made for the page-boys, who, it was believed, would give an alarm, and thus frustrate the intention of the Authorities.

SIR GEORGE asked if the Inspector-General had any warrant authorising him to arrest the page-boys.

The Inspector-General replied that he had not—but this point was immaterial, as the page-boys were out on strike, the Committee having declined to allow them to wear tail-coats instead of buttons. (Laughter.) He continued: The coffee-room was then searched, and the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, and the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK were immediately arrested.

Sir George. Were not His Grace and the noble Earl only partaking of grilled bones, and a pint of light champagne?

The Inspector-General (who promised to produce the supper-bill) said this might be the case, but His Grace was heard to offer to challenge the noble Lord to "match him" who should settle with the head waiter.

Sir George. Surely "Matching" is not a game of chance?

The Magistrate. I have been looking through the Act of HENRY THE EIGHTH, upon which these proceedings seem to be founded, and I fancy that "Matching" would come within the meaning of the statute. I am not sure, but I fancy that Cardinal WOLSEY used to indulge in some such game at Hampton Court; but I will consult the Authorities at the British Museum.

Sir George. And these Noblemen and Gentlemen are to be put to

the inconvenience of appearing before your Worship because some statute was passed three or four hundred years ago with the evident intention of causing annoyance to Cardinal WOLSEY!

The Magistrate. Well, you know, Sir GEORGE, we do not make the laws. We have only to see that they are not infringed.

The Inspector-General (continued). The Police, after leaving the supper-room, then entered an apartment where a game of Pyramids was progressing.

Sir George. Is it suggested that the Police actually saw the billiard-balls on the table?

The Inspector-General replied that it was not, but on searching the pockets of one of the Defendants (Lord BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA), no less than five red balls were found in his Lordship's coat-pockets, and the Marker, on the entrance of the constables, was seen to swallow the remainder. Twelve of the Defendants were taken in the billiard-room, but several other Members (not at present in custody) escaped through the window. One person, well known to the Police as a prize-fighter, of the name of "JIM the Infant Slogger," made so determined a resistance that he made good his escape.

Sir George. Is it suggested that "JIM the Infant Slogger" is a member of "Black's"?

The Prosecutor said that he had been given to understand that the gentleman in question was an Hon. Member under a rule of the Club which permitted the Committee to elect to Hon. Membership persons distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art.

Sir George (after consultation with his Clients). I find [that the gentleman is an Hon. Member.

The Magistrate. I am not surprised to hear it. As a pupil of "JIM the Infant Slogger," I can myself testify to his claims to Science.

[Cheers, which were with difficulty suppressed by the Usher.

The Inspector-General (continued). After leaving the billiard-tables, the Police visited the card-room, where they found a number of the Defendants busily engaged in playing whist. There was no attempt to conceal the cards up their sleeves.

Sir George (indignantly). I should think not! My clients are not card-sharpers!

The Inspector-General said, that *écarté* was also being played in the card-room, and there was one old gentleman fast asleep over a cribbage-board.

Sir George. I think you were present at this point. Why were not the Members arrested at once? I am instructed that there was some delay.

Inspector-General. Well, I am an old whist-player myself, and I did not like to interrupt the game until the conclusion of the rubber.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS then addressed the Bench, contending, that the case had not been made out. Pyramids and Whist were not games of chance, and as for "Matching," with the assistance of a lucky halfpenny, that also might be removed from the same category. No doubt his Worship would remember that a kindred amusement known as "Pitch-and-toss" had been decided not to be a game of chance.

The Presiding Magistrate. Can you give me the case you are quoting?

Sir George. Certainly. You will find it in Q.B.D., page 11,897. It is the case of *Cox versus Box*, *Bouncer* interpleading. However, if your Worship decides to send the matter for trial, I, on behalf of my clients, will reserve the Defence.

The Magistrate said he had given this case very careful consideration, and had come to the conclusion that he had no option, but must send the Defendants to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. He did not wish to increase the pain that an appearance before him under such humiliating circumstances must cause to so many men of light and leading, but it was his duty to point out to them that there was no excuse for their conduct. If they wanted to gamble, why did they not go to the Stock Exchange, or Tattersall's, where they might indulge their taste to the utmost without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Defendants were then admitted to bail in £20,000 each, with one surety for the same amount. Sir GEORGE LEWIS having tendered himself as security for all his clients, the proceedings terminated.

A NEW "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT."—Last week's *Saturday Review* has an article entitled "Music hath Charms," describing a system of education "apparently of American devising," that shows how easily boys may be taught by the teacher singing the instruction, and his pupils joining in chorus. Among the examples given is the following, where the teacher sings, recitatively:—

"Black and wintry is the sky,"

and then the boys are to sing it all together. There is nothing novel in this. In *Betsy* the tutor adopts this plan for teaching dynamics and mechanics, and selects the air of "*Said Aaron to Moses*," his pupils answering their instructor with "Right you are, says MOSES," which would be very appropriate, by the way, if the tutor were demonstrating the agreement of scientific geological theories with the Biblical cosmogony.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

VIII.

DULNESS, unmitigated dulness,
 reigns [Wearied brains,
 In this grey southern suburb.
 Dead hearts, and pallid faces,
 Seem native to this worse than
 desert waste
 Of stony streets untouched by
 human taste,
 Untoned by Nature's graces.

Even decay and desolation lone
 Some semblance of the pictu-
 resque put on;

But these rectangular ranges
 Of close-packed dwellings never
 seem to know

Dawn's radiance gay, the even-
 ing's golden glow,
 The seasons' kindly changes.

Unroof these sordid sheds spread
 on the sight [mirk of night,
 In miles monotonous through the
 And what will greet our vision?

Close toil, keen pain, coarse mirth, and vulgar
 vice,

All that might move sleek Culture's soul of
 ice

To cynical derision.

Beneath yon glimmering garret's sloping
 slates,

What sordid scene our searching eye awaits?

"See!" sighed the Shadow. Slowly
 Through the thick gloom a tragic *tableau*
 shaped.

Not with fine trappings of the stage are
 draped

The dramas of the lowly.

"The secrets of the strong," remarked my
 guide,

"Like basking sharks, lie hid beneath the
 tide

That ripples calm above them.

This is the day of 'Booms,' of those 'Big
 Things'

The leader-writer, our true Laureate, sings.
 How lesser things must love them!

"The little things of life await the doom
 Of yeomen and the dodo. Where is room
 In the great huckster hustle
 For petty independence? Though it strive
 How can it hope to conquer and survive
 'Midst Trade's belligerent bustle?"

"The world adopts the great Darwinian test;
 The fittest are the strongest, not the best.
 What use to war with Nature?

The Town is strewn with scattered wrecks of
 those

Who strove to hold their own with giant foes,
 Though dwarfs in strength and stature.

"See one of them, in this dismantled room,
 His grey head bowed in dull despairing gloom
 Upon the scant-spread table!

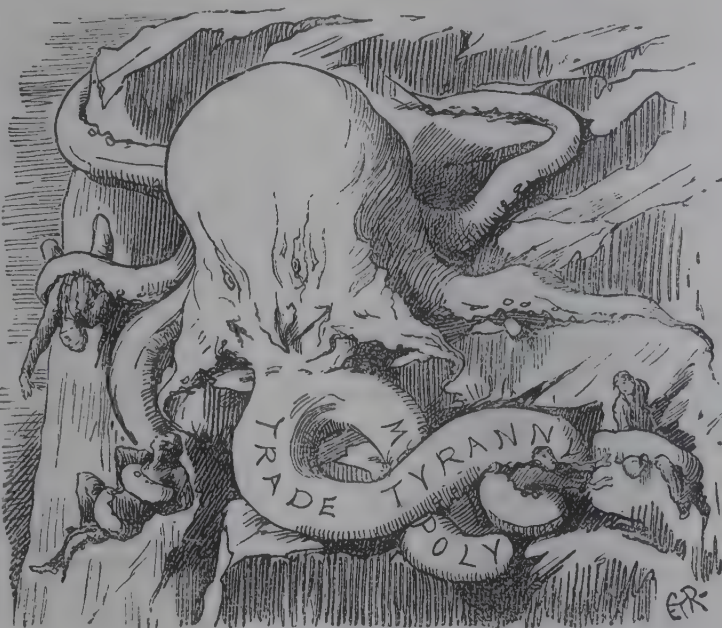
No, friend, the Tragedy of Trade to-day
 Has not the dignity of classic play,
 The grace of epic fable.

He was a prosperous petty tradesman once,
 And held his head up—poor deluded dunce!—
 With quite amusing vanity.

'Tis low enough at present, is it not?
 How should the earthen brave the brazen pot?
 The effort shows insanity.

"He serves a Big Store bully humbly now,
 A gorgeous creature whose Olympian brow
 Scowls, and he shrinks and shivers.
 The bully sold him down and bought him
 up."— [sup,

"Strange," muttered I, "how souls on sorrow
 Whilst there are ropes and rivers!"



"Friend," said the Shadow, "yonder black
 Thames stream

Holds more crushed pride than pride un-
 crushed may dream;

But this poor broken 'duffer'
 Possessed a conscience and six children; ties
 Which nerve e'en his unheroic energies
 To live,—which means to suffer.

"'Duffer' his rich supplanter calls his tool.
 Knaveish success dubs honest failure fool,
 A charge the world endorses."—

"Is it," I asked, "Leviathan's fault, or fate's?
 Tends not our world to huge compacted states
 And concentrated forces?"—

The Shadow smiled. "'Tis scarcely strange
 to find

BISMARCKS and Big Store bullies of a mind.

Yet Behemoth may bellow,
 Loudly and long about the glorious goal
 Of the Absorbing Arts ere he'll console
 Their prey—like this poor fellow.

"Could you have seen him, pompously polite,
 Behind his counter trim with apron white,
 Sealing out lard or gammon,
 Watching him now you'd question the great
 gain

Of sweeping him, sad slave, in the huge train
 Of all-absorbing Mammon.

"Him, and so many like him. Yonder dines
 Mammon himself. Fair women, dainty wines
 Adorn his glittering table.

How bright eyes gleam upon the lord of gain!
 So some would smile upon full-coffered Cain
 Fresh from the grave of Abel.

A huge Trade-Octopus he knows the arts
 Which make such monsters masters of our
 marts.

Mere huckstering will not fatten
 The creatures fast enough; they must pull
 down

In herds the peddling toilers of the Town,
 And on them gorge and batten.

"So swell huge fortunes; by such spider-craft
 Wealth plumps on wreckage, and no tainted
 waft

From the trade shambles reaches
 Society's dainty nose. There Croesus sits,
 Admired by women and amused by wits,
 Amidst his pines and peaches.

"And one poor broken tool, whom but to-day
 He flung with words of callous scorn away,
 Bows there, in hopeless ruin.

Redress? Resistance? He as well might hope
 To strive with Croesus, as a child to cope
 With the brute-clutch of Bruin.

"His daughter—she was once a trim
 coquette,

Is now a haggard slattern, comely yet,
 But chill from long despairing—
 Out of her cheerlessness essays to cheer
 Greed's victim, but his eyes are dim, his ear
 Is dull, well-nigh past caring."

"Father!"—I hear her voice—"Take
 heart, look up!
 You'll need your strength to-morrow; rouse
 and sup.

See, father, I've forgotten
 Our tyrant's words of insult. Years ago
 He flattered me on my good looks, you
 know."

"Base brute, and misbegotten!"

(So the poor father, stung at last, outflames?)
 "Flattery from him is worse than scorn; it
 shames

Me—you—but to remember
 The glosing words which schemed your ruin.
 Yes!

Now you've no witchery,—in that draggled
 dress—

To fan dead passion's ember.

"Shrink not, girl! What have you and
 I to do

With sensibilities? Put on the screw,
 Rich brute, turn hard, turn often!
 What matter though our hearts, our lives it
 crush? [blush

Your heart nor man's appeal nor woman's
 Hath any strength to soften."

"Let us be gone!" I cried. "I little care
 To play eavesdropper upon mad despair,
 Or spy on passion's anguish."

"So be it!" sighed the Shade. "He thrives,
 yon knave,

Whilst his poor victim to a pauper's grave
 Must lingeringly languish!

"Said I not that the secrets of the strong
 Were sinister? The ceaseless tale of wrong
 Hums through this opulent City

In scarce-heard undertones. The countless
 slain [plain,

Cumbering the clods of Mammon's battle-
 Few mark, and fewer pity."

(To be continued.)

A "UNIVERSAL" AND A "PARTICULAR."—
 HARRY QUILTER of the ever Red-y *Universal*
Review has attacked MERRY ANDREW LANG,
 under the impression that he had been pre-
 viously attacked by the latter in an article on
 WILKIE COLLINS in the *Saturday Review*.
 The *Saturday* replies denying that MERRY
 ANDREW wrote, or knew anything about the
 article in question. Instead of being neat of
 fence, and pinking the Red 'Un with a rapier,
 as we should have expected of the *Saturday's*
 Editor, he goes in for quilting QUILTER. The
 quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, till
 next month, when we shall see if it's a case
 of "Q. in the corner" or not. Logically, the
 "particular" upsets the "Universal."

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—Those benighted
 Londoners who only connect the name of
 "Mansfield" with a memorable occupation
 of the Lyceum, ask if the two leading pro-
 fessors in this Educational establishment will
 be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, both taken by
 one person to save a salary? We beg to inform
 these ignorant individuals that Mansfield
 College is not theatrical but Nonconformist,
 and the artful Dissenters are congratulating
 themselves on having been able to "take a
 site" at the Old University.

MEM. FOR THE DIRECTORS.—The Aquarium
 ought certainly not to be a place for "loose
 fish."

THE THREE JUDGES.

A SONG OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. AIR—"The Three Ravens."



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THERE were three Judges sat on a Bench,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
And from their task they all did blench,
With a down.
And one of them said to the others,
"Oh, here's a bore, my learned Brothers;
With a down derry, derry, derry down
down.

Behold! alas, at yonder table,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
Gather the counsel sage and able.
With a down!
They rouse us from Vacation sleep,
Us many a day they yet may keep;
With a down derry, derry, derry down
down.

The faithful public hither hie,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;

To hear Sir HENRY by-and-by,
With a down.
And see there comes G-RGE L-W-S! Oh!
DAY, SMITH, this is an fearful go!
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down.

DAY lifted up his drowsy head,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
He sighed, "I would I were in bed,
On the down."

SMITH said, "It takes an awful time
To search the source of Irish crime;"
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down.

Grave HANNEN yawned, and said, "I wis"—
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
"Cute RUSSELL is well out of this;"
With a down.

"Heaven send we soon may close the Court,
And give our minds to our Report!"
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down.

INTERESTED SUPPORTERS.—The Chaplain, the Recorder, and the Mace-bearer, are most anxious that Sir HENRY ISAACS should stick to his principles, and walk the whole way along the line of procession. Individually, each of these distinguished personages thinks that the other two ought to accompany the LORD MAYOR, so that the remaining one of the City trio would have the State Coach *all to himself!*

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.—Is it quite a toss-up? As the French say, "*PEEL ou face?*"

"THE MAN WHO SAID HE WAS SALA."

"CHARGE OF IMPERSONATION.—At Worcester Quarter Sessions yesterday a man named STEVENSON was sentenced to three months' hard labour for having obtained board and lodging by false pretences. In June last he went to several hotels in Worcester and Malvern, representing himself to be Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. He said he was a very comical fellow, and would give the hotel-keepers good notices in a book he was writing. His luggage consisted of a dog-whip, a time-table, a cucumber in brown paper, and a hamper of vegetables. He said he had a grand house in London, and had dined with DICKENS and THACKERAY. He denied any intention to defraud, and said he had been driven to it by drink and domestic trouble."
—*Times*, October 17.

O HAVE you heard the news of late?

If not, I'll post you up to date,

And tell you of the wretched fate

Of the Man who said he was SALA!

He went about with lots of chaff,

He said he wrote for the *Telegraph*,

And that he'd give you a hearty laugh

If you stood him a pint of half-and-half,

He went about to every town

With luggage packed in paper brown;

But he claimed to himself world-wide renown,

Did the Man who said he was SALA!

He boarded and lodged at Worcester, whence

To Malvern he went, at great expense

He lived, without paying, which showed the sense

Of the Man who said he was SALA!

They took him in at the best hotels,

They thought he was the biggest of swells,

Then he took *them* in, so history tells,

Which was but fair in the way of "sells,"

His luggage,—a time-table, whip with lash,

A cucumber, hamper of green-stuff, trash,

But not so green as those who lent cash

To the Man who said he was SALA!

He'd stories of DICKENS and THACKERAY too,

And all the distinguished men he knew

Were boon companions, good and true,

Of the Man who said he was SALA!

He promised that he, in return for each gift,

Would write 'em a puff which would give them a lift,

But some one, suspecting the lute had a rift,

Prosaic, determined the matter to sift,

Alas! how impersonation may fail!

The Magistrates, after they'd heard the whole tale,

Decided on sending for *three months* to gaol

The Man who said he was SALA!



"WELL OUT OF IT."

Uncle. "AND YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, ETHEL?"

Ethel (promptly). "YETH, UNCLE."

Uncle. "AND WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES, DEAR?"

Ethel (in an awful whisper). "THE DEV—"

[The Old Gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.]

COURT SHIFTS.

From a Very Well-informed Correspondent.

IT is reported that the CZAR has just written a private letter to the EMPEROR WILLIAM cordially thanking him for the precautions he took to protect his person during his two days' recent visit to Berlin. It is not, however, generally known that the Russian Police Authorities more than met the EMPEROR half-way, by having no less than three doubles of their August Master ready for any emergency. It was owing to the fact that, through some blunder, one of these who had been substituted for the real CZAR could not be changed again in time, and so was borne on by the official programme, and had to take his place at the Imperial Luncheon-table, that the untoward incident over the reply to the EMPEROR's speech arose. What the confused substitute really said was not in French, but in broad Russian. The words, too, of which he made use were not as reported:—"I reciprocate the sentiments of my beloved brother and ally, and empty my glass to the glorious traditions of the two armies. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" But, "Goodness gracious! I don't know what to say. It's too bad of them to have let me in for this!" This he mumbled out in a low voice, much at first to the surprise of his host, who, however, on getting a wink from BISMARCK, soon discovered what had happened, and only took care the incident should not leak out, by himself revising and correcting the proof-sheets of the Court Circular for the official journal. Again, later in the evening, a similar hitch occurred, another of the doubles having, by some mismanagement, been taken, instead of the CZAR himself, to the Gala Performance at the Theatre.

The newspaper reports of the evening's proceedings had noted the fact that there seemed a decided coldness of manner in the conduct of the EMPEROR to the CZAR. This, of course, was accounted for by the circumstance that the EMPEROR discovered he had been again told off to entertain a dummy. Later in the evening, the sham CZAR was smuggled out, and the real one took his place; and it was laughing

over this incident that gave the character of "jovial intercourse" to the conversation between the two potentates on which the papers next morning indulged in such favourable comments.

The departure of the CZAR from Berlin was conducted with more than usual precaution. Three sham Imperial trains, with a dummy CZAR ostentatiously displayed at the windows of an Imperial saloon carriage in each, having been started simultaneously respectively from three stations in different directions, while His Majesty, disguised as a common droschky-driver, really departed half-an-hour later in a horse-box attached to an ordinary third-class mail.

But the precautionary measures did not end here. On his arrival at Neufahrwasser, the CZAR instantly made for the beach, and passing the night in a bathing-machine, hung about on the look-out for the arrival of the *Derjava*, which was bringing the CZARINA and his children to meet him. Here, again, he had recourse to his doubles; and, leaving one to represent him in the bathing-machine, and another lunching in his own saloon carriage, drove through the back streets of the town in a common cab, catching the third-class train for Königsberg, at which place, disguised as a commercial traveller, he arrived at twenty minutes after six.

Still preserving his *incognito*, at one time appearing in a long white beard and spectacles, and at another donning a red wig and bagpipes, personating a travelling Scotchman, His Majesty at length touched the Russian frontier. Here, having assured himself that Mounted Cossacks, three yards apart, guarded the whole line on both sides all the way to St. Petersburg, and, having dispatched the three dummy Emperors in three sham Imperial trains in front of him, he donned his own proper dress, and following them in a luggage van, drawn by a pilot-engine, somewhat fatigued by the changes of his continued "variety entertainment," reached his home once again in safety.

ANOTHER TITLE TO DISTINCTION.—*The Birds of Mr. Marks, R.A.*, or, *The Birds of Aristophanes, R.A.*

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

"Is this the hend?"—Miss Squeers.

Of the local Guide-books *Twiss's*, which I have already mentioned, is by far the best, but the ordinary



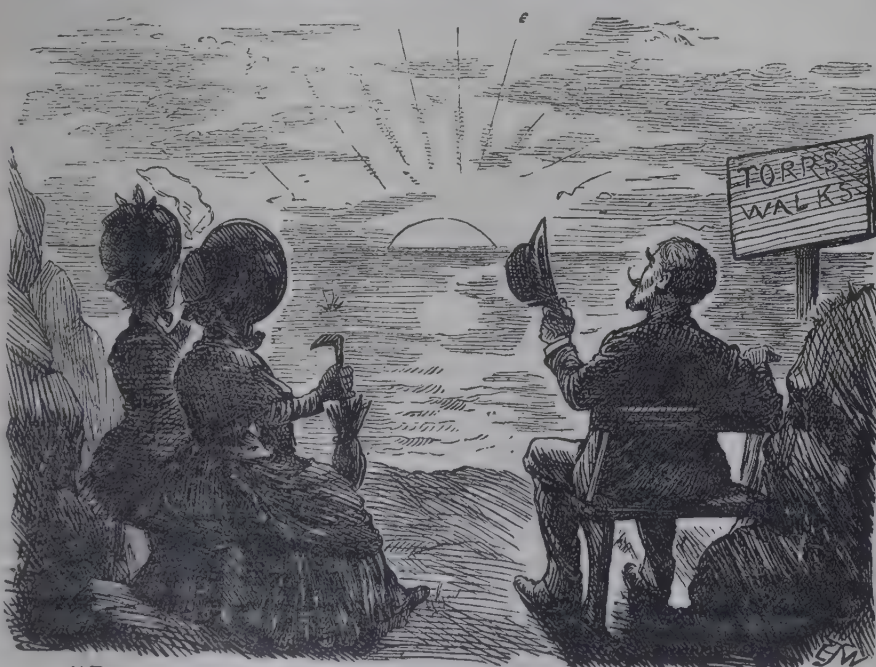
Down to Lynmouth.

—and I cannot find it in its pages,—is certainly incomplete."

The guide-books give the distances accurately, but rarely do they give you more than one route to any place, and still more rarely do they inform you of public foot-paths across fields. MURRAY's young men should be sent out again, some on bicycles, and some walking, and some riding, and let the result be a good, clear, well-defined map of North Devon, with short cuts distinctly marked, and let the instructions tell us whether a town or village is supposed to be at the end, in the middle or at the beginning of its name on the map, as an eighth of an inch on the map makes about four miles difference on the road.

Essential for North Devon.—A good waterproof. Not one of your showy, flimsy, so-convenient, roll-up-to-nothing-and-weightless-than-that, which will tear and split like rotten rag, and costs from three to five guineas, but an ample, long, stout waterproof, made to brave the Scotch mists that have gone astray in North Devon, the torrents, the showers, the after-dripping from the trees, and that won't tear on its catching in any obstacle when mounting a coach or embarking in a boat.

Time's up! Our Own Mr. and Mrs. COOK and all the little COOKIES must depart for town. COPLEY MARKHAM has left us for Paris. Young SKRYMMAGER is climbing the Welsh Mountains. The Poet has gone to stay with his publisher. Miss BRONDESLEY has been sent for, and she parts from ANNE TRUDGER with "cheers, tears, and laughter." One more breaking-up. Sad thing, all breaking-up gradually. The Ilfracombe holiday is at an end.



"Down Again!" The Last Ha'porth of Sunset. Grand Finale.

SHALL WILKIE COLLINS HAVE A MEMORIAL?—Certainly: otherwise he may be forgotten, as he left *No Name* worth mentioning.

A GRIEVANCE AT THE GROSVENOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SHOULD like to know what the world is coming to. The Art-world is undoubtedly tottering to its fall, and *will shortly cease to exist*. You have doubtless heard of the *disastrous catastrophe* that took place last week, which came upon us like a thunder-clap, and which has undoubtedly sealed the fate of the Grosvenor Gallery, and has removed for ever Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY from the exalted pedestal on which *We had placed him*. At the very last moment I was informed that there would be no *Private View at the Grosvenor Gallery!* It is too bad! This is the reward for years of faithfulness. I who—by reason of my extraordinary costumes, by my weird expression, by my high voice, and by my striking attitudes—along with my band of devoted disciples—who have been the making of Sir COUTTS—to find that we were disestablished at one rough blow, and to hear that we could come in with the *Common Shilling Public*. That, my dear Sir, is what I absolutely refuse to do! What do I care for Pastels? What do I care for Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, or GAINSBOROUGH, or Sir JOHN MILLAIS, or VANDYKE, or Old Masters, or Young Masters, or Middle-aged Masters? What does anybody care for them? The object of the Grosvenor Gallery, Sir, is *Art*. And the real meaning of Art is a crowded Private View, in a hot room, and the feeling that you are a celebrity! Oh, the glow of glory that comes over me when I hear people audibly whisper, "*There goes Mrs. SHAD-THAMES!*" Oh, the delight, when one knows that the name of Mrs. SHAD-

THAMES will be chronicled amid the host of distinguished people who were "*observed*." Oh, the rapture when one feels a *dozen Lady-journalists* are minutely taking down every detail of one's costume! Again, I ask, is the Profession of Private-Viewer—a profession, which, by the way, requires neither taste, beauty nor intellect, but something beyond all; a *Private-Viewer*, like a poet, is *born not made*—to be ruthlessly crushed by some silly fad of the Head of the Grosvenor? If Sir COUTTS thinks he can compensate Society for his unceremonious treatment of Us, by inviting a few of his private friends to take tea in the Gallery on Sunday—all I can say, is, Sir COUTTS is *most egregiously mistaken*. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, when he sits alone in his Gallery while the public no longer pay their shillings, and he will have the satisfaction of enjoying the *very privatest of Private Views*, I trust his conscience will smite him for his scandalous treatment of *We, who, have made him!* When I look at my terra-cotta gown, my slashed canary sack, my artistically bulged fluffy hat, especially prepared for last week, when I think I shall no longer be chronicled as a celebrity three or four times a year, and that my occupation is gone for ever, I declare I could cry with vexation! Believe me, to be,

Yours wrathfully,

SOPHONISBA SHAD-THAMES.

FOR LODER OR PEEL ("WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR") ON FRIDAY NEXT:—

"And all his prospects Brightening to the last."

Quoted from "*Resignation*."

GREAT BARGAIN.—SECOND-HAND GOLD STICK TO BE DISPOSED OF.—Owing to recent changes at Court involving the suppression of the functionary who has hitherto made use of the above-named useful and ornamental article, he is now willing to part with it at a merely nominal value. It would cut up into a couple of elegant walking-sticks or umbrella handles, or, subdivided into three, would furnish a handsome and showy set of presentation cricket stumps. Would also chop up into an effective set of drawing-room ninepins. Might still be used with effect at a cannibal court ceremony, and if any enterprising Missionary wished to purchase it with a view to utilising it in this fashion, the Advertiser, who is a thorough Master in the Art of carrying it with becoming effect, will be happy for the purchase money, to throw in as well, a few lessons in "*Official Deportment!*"



QUITE THE STILTON!

Suggestion for the Lord Mayor Elect should the Ninth of November be a particularly dirty day.

HOW DOES HE LIKE THIS?

Dedicated to the Rev. Hee-Haweis, who thinks dogs ought to be used for draught purposes, "because they like it."

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

MR. H. S. MARKS, R.A., on the subject of birds is bound to be interesting. Says the great Bird-painter:—

"I always say that people like birds for three reasons:—To shoot—To eat—To wear."

Quite so. Mr. MARKS doubtless thinks, and Mr. Punch agrees with him, that birds were not intended only to be shot, eaten, or even worn. Indeed, the latter custom rouses Mr. MARKS' indignation, as it often has Mr. Punch's. Says the former:—

"There is nothing makes me so furious as this miserable fashion of birds in bonnets."

Hear! Hear! But Mr. MARKS adds:—

"Next to a Woman, a Bird is the loveliest thing in creation."

Humph! Perhaps lovely Woman might ingenuously retort, that that is just the reason why she likes to wear them *next to her*! A woman, who is capable of "killing birds to enhance her beauty," is quite capable of turning Mr. MARKS' words against him. But the outspoken R.A. is right. Birds in bonnets (like dirt), are just "matter in the wrong place." Perhaps, if people knew more about birds, as much as Mr. MARKS does, for instance, they would not be so eager to decorate themselves *à la* Chocktaw, with their stolen plumes and wantonly slain bodies. Mr. Punch is quite ready to join the good painter in a crusade against the beautiful (but barbarous) bird-slaughterers:—

Hang me, Ladies fair, if tell I can
Why you'd slay the blameless pelican,
Or—to utilise slang lingo—
"Spifflicate" the poor flamingo,
Give the "adjutant" his gruel,
And, with faces blandly cruel,
Cause the stork, the crane, the gannet,
To skedaddle from our planet,
Like the dodo, prematurely,
Just to deck your bonnets! Surely
In pursuit of Fashion-culture
To kill out the useful vulture,

Or exterminate the eagle
Bird (excuse the rhyme) so regal
Rob, as it is feared your manner is,
Of its snowy plumes our swanneries;
Needlessly "wipe out" macaws,
And, without sufficient cause,
Lessen, as by annual inches,
Our supplies of tits and finches.
Surely all this ruthless slaughter
Means disgrace to each EVE's daughter;
All these birds are found you know
In friend MARKS' great "Bird Show."
These and more in great variety
See at the Fine Art Society,
One, four, eight, New Bond Street, W.
Ladies, Mr. Punch will trouble you
To attend this fine display,
Which you'll owe to MARKS, R.A.
Oddities in Ornithology
There you'll see. Then make apology
To your Mentor, Mr. P.,
And all join the S. P. B.!

The S. P. B., or Society for the Protection of Birds, Mr. Punch may inform repentant bird-slaughterers, was formed at the beginning of the present year to "discourage the enormous sacrifice of bird-life at present exacted by the milliners," and, of course, acquiesced in by the matrons and maidens the milliners cater for. "The sole obligation of members is that they shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird that is not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." Not a *very* severe self-denying ordinance that, Ladies? "It is hoped" (says the Hon. Sec.), "that many women will feel induced to join the Society (to which there is no subscription), and so make a protest against the present wholesale destruction of wild and singing birds."

Mr. Punch heartily echoes this wish. So, he is sure, does Mr. MARKS. The Hon. Sec. says she shall be happy to receive the names of intending members; and she signs herself, EMILY WILLIAMSON, The Croft, Didsbury, near Manchester. *Verb. sat*, Ladies!

TO A FAIR NICOTIAN.

(WITH A WHIFF OF LORD TENNYSON.)

DEAR Lady CLARA, let me, pray,
Remonstrate. It's beyond a joke,
When your flirtations, so you say,
Begin, as oft they end, in smoke.
You're beautiful, but fairer far
You'd be, if only you would let—
Your male friends smoke that big cigar,
And yield them too that cigarette.

You smoke because you think it's fast.
How sad the day when you began
To bridge the difference—so vast—
Between a woman and a man.

The heroine of idle tales,
Of scorn, of slander, and dispraise;
Your womanhood is lost 'mid veils
Of smoke, your foolish lips upraise.

And, Lady CLARA, though mayhap
These words may never reach your ear;
Young LAURENCE was a decent chap,
And his old mother held him dear.
Why did you teach the hapless boy
To smoke?—'twas quite against his will;
Tobacco, you so much enjoy,
Made him, we know, extremely ill.

Oh, trust me, CLARA, though I like,
Myself, my yard-long Brosely clay,
Your lovers all will go on strike,
If you smoke in this awful way.
Howe'er it be, it seems, my girl,
Your ladyship too oft forgets
A maiden's lips were meant to curl
And kiss, and not smoke cigarettes.

Dear Lady CLARA, as I've said,
If time be heavy, work and play;
Try going earlier to bed,
With some lawn-tennis every day.
Don't give the orphan boy bird's-eye,
The orphan boy a pipe. You know
How ill they made you first. Good-bye!
Remember ALFRED told you so.

RE-ENGAGEMENT REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY BY A NOBLE EARL who has had, through no fault of his own, but owing to the desire of his late employers to cut down excessive expenditure, to resign his situation as Master of Buckhounds. The Advertiser would be willing to take any place involving the discharge of similar duties. Can furnish excellent references testifying to his fitness for the post. Would not object to the charge of a pack of Beagles. Salary in last place £1500, but might take less. Thoroughly understands "whipping in," and all the subordinate business of the profession. Would be glad to hear from *Dogs' Home*.

AN EX-ASSISTANT MARSHAL OF THE CEREMONIES, who can bring an excellent character from his last place, which he has, however, been compelled to leave, owing to his services having been dispensed with in conformity with certain new regulations of retrenchment, is anxious to meet with some kindred occupation in which the special acquirements with which his calling have rendered him familiar could be usefully and adequately called into requisition. Thinks he could undertake a provincial stage management, or arrange an effective parade of "Salvationists." Would also undertake to organise striking processions of Ritualistic Clergy. Foresters' Clubs might communicate.

AN ASSISTANT FIRST GENTLEMAN PORTER, suddenly thrown out of employment at Buckingham Palace, is anxious to hear of any light job-work by the day or hour. Would be glad of any opening. No objection to a little cab running.



FILIAL PIETY.

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

The Bishop's Daughter. "THANKS—NO! I NEVER DANCE ROUND DANCES IN MY FATHER'S DIOCESE!"

"COOPED UP!"

Grecian Game-cock loquitur:—

OH, Cockadoodledo! Could I only get at you,
You big and brutal Turkish Bubblyjock,
I would make your feathers fly! But they will not let me try,
And these bars my eager efforts foil and mock.
Those old buffers at Berlin cooped me up to keep me in,
For they knew my spurs were fretting for the fray.
Now, like STERNE's immortal Starling, though that Cretan chick's
"I can't get out" to help it any way. [my darling,

It is really quite too bad. That confounded feathered cad
Of a Turkey is the barnyard's scourge and pest.
Surely every other bird should boycott him. It's absurd!
He only feeds and feathers his own nest.
He is not a mite of good, not as ornament or food,
And he's always getting someone in a row.
He's the tyrant of small coops, but to bigger birds he stoops,
With a meanness which is horrid anyhow.

Though I'm but a small game-cock, yet I come of fighting stock,
And I'd lick that Bubblyjock into fits.
The big bully I don't fear, yet behold me cooped up here,
Whilst he's picking that poor chicken there to bits!
A callow chick from Crete he can buffet, bang, and beat.
He will pull the little creature limb from limb.
You tyrant, let him be! Come and have a turn at Me!
Only wish that I could have a turn at him!

Oh, I feel so cock-a-whoop. But for this confounded coop,
"Grecian game-cock to the rescue!" it should be.
My opinion is emphatic: a small rooster, if he's Attic,
Is a match for such a lumbering brute as he.
He is killing him! Oh dear! Will no one interfere?
What a callous lot of cowards they all are!
If this coop I can upset, I'll get at the bully yet,
Then, by Jove, you Barnyard shirkers, there'll be war!!!

THE NEWEST THING IN CYCLES.

SIR,—Every schoolboy knows what great events from little causes spring; how Dr. WATTS discovered his hymns while listening to the singing of the tea-kettle; and how little ROWLAND HILL, while watching the cook ornamenting a pie-crust, hit on the idea of the perforated postage-stamp, which has generated the Christmas-card and touting circular nuisance, and ruined the art of polite letter-writing. I was coming in weary yesterday from a long tricycle ride over heavy roads, and was revolving schemes for an automatic cycle, when my attention was caught by the sound of rapidly galloping hoofs, and the excited cries of an enthusiastic driver. Coming towards me at a surprising pace, I beheld a trim and vigorous donkey, attached to a light cart, on which were perched two genial-looking persons of the costermonger class. They were not beating their willing little steed. Far from it. They were exciting his emulation by moral suasion—a bunch of carrots on the end of a pole was held in front of his nose, and the intelligent creature was making every effort to secure the dainty but delusive bait. Then in one flash my great invention came to me.

A powerful magnet on the end of a pole in front of the tricycle, and a light steel bar fixed to the machine, so as to come within the sphere of the magnet's greatest influence! You mount your tricycle, whip off the neutralising cover of the magnet, and off you go. The bar, of course, is drawn to the magnet, and the tricycle is fixed to the bar. The magnet being also fixed, the more the bar tries to reach it the faster the tricycle goes. To stop, you have only to turn the magnet by a simple lever arrangement alongside the saddle, and the red end is presented to the bar. Every observer of the habits of toy-ducks and fishes in a basin will see at once what will happen. The speed will immediately be checked, and if the opposing force be kept at work long enough, a retrograde motion will be established. With a little practice, however, the cap will be clapped on at the right instant, and the machine will be at rest. This seems to me not only an invaluable invention for the wheelman, but also to come very near solving the problem of perpetual motion. MANGNALL BREWER.

P.S.—I hope to form a company forthwith. My son PONSONBY declares that a man will be necessary to run in front with the magnet. This is ridiculous. No one ran in front of the donkey with the carrots.



“COOPED UP!”



"MY HORSE HE LIKE NOT YOUR WALL OF STONE—I GO TO MAKE IT MORE LOW!"

"HÉ! LA BAS!!"

WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT.

(Modern Hypnotic Thaumaturgist's Version, as sung by the Rev. A. Tooth.)

[The Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH has introduced a form of neo-hypnotic treatment for dipsomaniacs and others, which he calls "Cure by Suggestion."]

I'm a nineteenth century thaumaturge, with "will-force," and a lot

When I come to think of it, [of it,

There *might* be happiness in life, though little man's yet got of it,

When I come to think of it.

They talk to me of Science,—humph! I do not think a deal of it;

Tooth-ache (no pun!) is a great scourge; I do not like the feel of it.

I have a sort of fancy, now, that I could make a heal of it,

When I come to think of it.

Mesmeric force, hypnotic power?—men do not like the names of them,

When they come to think of it.

Reminds them of 'cute charlatans, and all the little games of them,

When they come to think of it.

But mental power o'er matter?—there can surely be no harm in it,

Give it a nice new name, and none will find cause for alarm in it.

"Cure by Suggestion!" That's the very thing, there's quite a charm

When you come to think of it. [in it,

If TOMMY's got the toothache life is troublesome and slow to him,

When he comes to think of it;

He needs the dentist's services but does not like to go to him,

When he comes to think of it.

But what if I "suggest" to Tom when forceps get a bite of it,

That molar or incisor, he will howl—with the *delight* of it?

TOMMY of course, at once will feel that I am in the right of it,

When he comes to think of it.

The dipsomaniac again!—he likes rum as a beverage,

When he comes to think of it;

But by this same "Suggestion" on his will I get a leverage,

When I come to think of it.

I hint to him that Zoedone much nicer than "Pine-apple" is

(Suggestion the best manner with his morbid taste to grapple is)

He'll own that Zoedone *the* thing to titillate his thrapple is,

When he comes to think of it.

Repressive laws are hateful to JOHN BULL, he loathes the style of them,

When he comes to think of it;

He has a fad for freemen, and he thinks he has an Isle of them,

When he comes to think of it.

But surely mere "Suggestion" freedom cannot bind, or shackle it.

No, "Local Option" sounds not sweet though Temperance men be—

Sir WILFRID *must* prefer my way, if he will fairly tackle it, [cackle it,

When he comes to think of it.

HAMPERING HYMEN.

[A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament next Session—so it is said—to stop improvident marriages by forbidding anybody below twenty-five years' old to contract a matrimonial alliance.]

Monday.—After a sleepless night, summoned up enough courage to declare myself (sounds rather as if I was accused of carrying contraband goods), to the object of my affections, Miss CLEMENTINA TALLBOYS. Had rather a bad five minutes—of vacillation on CLEMENTINA's part—but at last was accepted. Rapture! Presented her with the brass coal-scuttle (which I had left out in the hall, and should have taken away with me had I been rejected), as an engagement gift. CLEMENTINA looked as if she might have preferred jewellery. However, the coal-scuttle will be useful when we begin housekeeping.

Tuesday.—Curious! CLEMENTINA anxious to have my exact age. Tell her, twenty-seven and nine months. She seems doubtful. Can she distrust me? She explains that, by the new law, I should be sent to prison for any time not exceeding five years (gracious!) if I married before the age of twenty-five. CLEMENTINA actually sheds tears as she mentions it. I tell her how glad I am to find that she cares for me enough to weep at thought of my imprisonment. She replies—"Oh, it's not that so much, but anybody aiding and abetting would also be punished; and so I might have to go to prison too!" I suggest that "love would make even a gaol pleasant." She answers (coldly I think) that "she would prefer to spend her honeymoon somewhere else."

Wednesday.—CLEMENTINA's father has written to ask for my Baptismal Certificate! *Query*—insulting? He tries to explain his request by saying, "it would be so awkward if you had made a mistake about your age. You have a young look (rather flattering, that), and CLEMENTINA naturally wishes to avoid committing a misdemeanor."

Thursday.—CLEMENTINA trying to pump me about money-matters. I should not have thought it of her! Says, blushing, "her Papa would be glad to see me about settlements." But I haven't anything to settle!

Friday.—No letter to-day from either CLEMENTINA or her father! Have they discovered a flaw in the Baptismal Certificate? Call, and am told "the whole family's not at home." *Query*—a whopper?

Saturday.—Frigid note from CLEMENTINA herself, saying "she has just happened to remember that, though I am twenty-five, she is only twenty-two, and therefore, by the new law, she cannot marry for three years. She begs accordingly to break off our engagement, and returns the coal-scuttle." Believe, myself, she's thirty, if she's a day. This excuse of age is a subterfuge. I am rejected for lack of money—settled by settlements! If Parliament had not passed that idiotic law, I should take immediate action—a Breach of Promise one—against CLEMENTINA's perfidy.

by an extension of the Act to plant a tree? The principle of Every Man his own Tree-planter once firmly established, London would blossom as a garden."

Standing on the steps of No. 69, regarding the still treeless waste, you notice an inscription on the door-plate, whose polished surface would certainly shine in the sun if there happened to be one. Bending forward you read the legend, "Knock and Ring." You feel at once how strikingly characteristic this is of the eminent statesman whom you presently find seated on the sofa, the saddle-back sacking whereof tones gently from deepest blue to liveliest red. For some people it would be sufficient to knock at a door through which they desired admission. Others, differently constituted, would ring. The Right Honourable GEORGE JOACHIM GÖSCHEN, now Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer in the Ministry of Lord SALISBURY, as he at one time was in the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE, leaves nothing to chance. "Knock and Ring" is his motto.

You do so accordingly, and are promptly admitted within the hall, where Jokim, a half-bred retriever, salutes you with transports of affection. You observe that he is not muzzled, and you cannot help permitting your mind to trifle with the inquiry, Has the Dog-tax been duly paid? Your meditations are, however, broken in upon by the appearance of your host, clad in a long dressing-gown of purple silk, turned up at the sleeves with azure velvet, and picked out at the collar with tasty splashes of red. Your host wears a smoking-cap, thickly tasseled with gold lace, and in his mouth, cleverly held between his teeth, is a short clay pipe. Busy as he is, occupied with the affairs of an Empire compared with which that of ancient Rome was nought, your host can still spare a few moments to warmly welcome you. There is no misunderstanding the cheery twinkle in the orb half obscured by the eyeglass.

"Very glad to meet you here, dear TOBY," he says, gracefully removing the short clay from between his shining rows of teeth. "Haven't seen you since the House adjourned. Hope you've had a good time. But what's this you're up to now, going about interviewing your friends at home? Is this what's called the New Journalism? As far as I have looked into the matter, it seems to me that New Journalism is simply Old Americanism."

You take the seat which your host warmly proffers you, and look round the room, somewhat surprised to find a poker and tongs lying within the well-cut fender, that incloses a hearth in which, in spite of October chills, a coal fire brightly burns. Your host, walking up and down the cosy room, and seizing the opportunity of dusting the chairs with the skirt of his dressing-gown, tells you the history of his life from the day he retired from the firm of FRÜHLING AND GÖSCHEN, of Austin Friars, E.C., through his experiences at the Poor Law Board, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and in various other more or less lucrative offices.

"I have," says your host, as he gently but firmly knocks out the ashes from his pipe on the mirrored surface of the oak sideboard that stands under the line engraving of MILLAIS' portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, "no sympathy with men who decline to serve their country only in certain circumstances. Some people, because they came to the front under GLADSTONE, would decline to take office with Lord SALISBURY. I am not one of those, TOBY, dear boy. All I ask for is opportunity of doing good; and, whether with SALISBURY as chief, or GLADSTONE, that is an accidental circumstance having no particular bearing on the case."

As there is no mention of luncheon, or even inquiry as to your disposition towards sherry and bitters, you lightly turn the conversation in the direction of the bye-elections. Your host (if, in the painful circumstances alluded to, you may still call him so) energetically flicks a fly off a costly blue china vase, that stands beneath a well executed portrait of the Marquis of SALISBURY as CINCINNATUS.

"Bye-elections," he said, "vary with circumstances. If we win it is irrefragable proof that the adversary is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, and that the country as a whole is with us. If we lose, bye-elections are a delusion and a snare having absolutely no value as a test of current public feeling. As to the series that have recently taken place and led to such indecent exultation among the Gladstonians, it is true that they have resulted in the transfer of two seats counting four on a division. But that is a mere incident. If you take the figures as a whole you will see that we have had one of the greatest triumphs in recent political warfare. In 1885, there polled in the three Constituencies of Peterborough, Sleaford and North Bucks, 77,000 voters. Well, divide that by four, add ten per cent. for out-voters, take off 750, say, for electors who have for various causes been removed from the Register, add one per cent. for spoiled votes, and you will see at a glance that the preponderance of the Unionists is so great as to make the return of Lord SALISBURY after a General Election an absolute certainty. Mr. GLADSTONE isn't in it. You will see that, if you work out my calculation."

You promise to do so, and as at this juncture the white-haired butler enters and announces the arrival of Lord SALISBURY on urgent business, you take your leave of your host, noticing as you pass out the admirable contrast of the purple silk dressing-gown, with the



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHY, MY BOY, YOU'VE SPELT WINDOW WITHOUT AN N! DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WINDOW AND A WIDOW?"

"YES, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ONE—AND—AND—YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE OTHER, SIR!"

rich grass-green hue of the curtains that heavily drape the oriel windows. As you slowly walk down-stairs, ready to return if what you think is an obvious idea should occur to your host (it being just half-past one o'clock) it strikes you as strange that Lord SALISBURY, who is understood to be at Hatfield, should have called at this precise moment. But you decline to entertain the suspicion that the hidden meaning of the butler's message is, that luncheon was served, and that your host selfishly desired to be alone.

POETIC LICENCES.

A FORECAST.

SCENE—A Committee-room of the L. C. C. Sub-Committee of Censors, (appointed, under new regulations, to report on all songs intended to be sung on the Music-hall Stage,) discovered in session.

Mr. Wheedler (retained for the Ballad-writers). The next licence I have to apply for is for—well, (with some hesitation)—a composition which certainly borders on the—er—amorous—but I think, Sir, you will allow that it is treated in a purely pastoral and Arcadian spirit.

The Chairman (gravely). There are arcades, Mr. WHEEDLER, I may remind you, which are by no means pastoral. I cannot too often repeat that we are here to fulfil the mission entrusted to us by the Democracy, which will no longer tolerate in its entertainments anything that is either vulgar, silly, or offensive in the slightest degree. [Applause.]

Mr. Wheedler. Quite so. With your permission, Sir, I will read you the Ballad. [Reads.]

"MOLLY AND I.

"Oh! the day shall be marked in red letter—"

The Chairman. One moment, Mr. WHEEDLER, (conferring with his colleagues). "Marked with red letter"—isn't that a little—eh? liable to— You don't think they'll have read the book? Very well, then. Go on, Mr. WHEEDLER, please.

Mr. W. "Twas warm, with a heaven so blue."

First Censor. Can't pass those two epithets—you must tone them down, Mr. WHEEDLER—*much* too suggestive!

Mr. W. That shall be done.

The Chairman. And it ought to be "sky."

Mr. W. "When amid the lush meadows I met her,
My MOLLY, so modest and true!"

Second Censor. I object to the word "lush"—a direct incitement to intemperance!

Mr. W. I'll strike it out. (*Reads.*)

"Around us the little kids rollicked,
Lighthearted were all the young lambs——"

Second Censor. Surely "kids" is rather a vulgar expression, Mr. WHEEDLER? Make it "children," and I've no objection.

Mr. W. I have made it so. (*Reads.*)

"They kicked up their legs as they frolicked——"

Third Censor. If that is intended to be done on the stage, I protest most strongly—a highly indecorous exhibition!

[*Murmurs of approval.*]

Mr. W. But they're only lambs!

Third Censor. Lambs, indeed! We are determined to put down all kicking in Music-hall songs, no matter *who* does it! Strike that line out.

Mr. W. (*reading*). "And frisked by the side of their dams."

First Censor (severely). No profanity, Mr. WHEEDLER, if you please!

Mr. W. Er—I'll read you the Refrain. (*Reads, limply.*)

"MOLLY and I. With nobody nigh.

Hearts all a-throb with a rapturous bliss,

MOLLY was shy. And (at first) so was I—

Till I summoned up courage to ask for a kiss!"

The Chairman. "Nobody nigh," Mr. WHEEDLER? I don't quite like that. The Music-Hall ought to set a good example to young persons. "MOLLY and I—with her chaperon by," is better.

Second Censor. And that last line—"asking for a kiss"—does the song state that they were formally engaged, Mr. WHEEDLER?

Mr. W. I—I believe it omits to mention the fact. But (*ingeniously*) it does not appear that the request was complied with.

Second Censor. No matter—it should never have been made. Have the goodness to alter that into—well, something of this kind. "And I always addressed her politely as 'Miss,'—Then we may pass it.

Mr. W. (*reading the next verse*).

"She wore but a simple sun-bonnet."

First Censor (shocked). Now really, Mr. WHEEDLER, really, Sir!

Mr. W. "For MOLLY goes plainly attired."

First Censor (indignantly). I should think so—*Scandalous!*

Mr. W. "Malediction I muttered upon it,

One glimpse of her face I desired."

The Chairman. I think my colleague's exception is perhaps just a little far-fetched. At all events, if we substitute for the last couplet,— "Her dress is sufficient—though on it

She only spends what is strictly required."

Eh, Mr. WHEEDLER? Then we work in a moral as well, you see, and avoid malediction, which can only mean bad language.

Mr. W. (*doubtfully*). With all respect, I submit that it doesn't scan quite so well——

The Chairman (sharply). I venture to think scansion may be sacrificed to propriety, occasionally, Mr. WHEEDLER—but pray go on.

Mr. W. (*continuing*). "To a streamlet we rambled together.

I carried her tenderly o'er.

In my arms—she's as light as a feather—

That sweetest of burdens I bore!"

First Censor. I really must protest. No properly conducted young woman would ever have permitted such a thing. You must alter that, Mr. WHEEDLER!

Second C. And I don't know—but I rather fancy there's a "double-intender" in that word "light"—(*to colleague*)—it strikes me—eh?—what do you think?—

The Chairman (in a conciliatory manner). I am inclined to agree to some extent—not that I consider the words particularly objectionable in themselves, but we are men of the world, Mr. WHEEDLER, and as such we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a Music-hall audience is only too apt to find significance in many apparently innocent expressions and phrases.

Mr. W. But, Sir, I understood from your remarks recently that the Democracy were strongly opposed to anything in the nature of suggestiveness!

The Ch. Exactly so; and therefore we cannot allow their susceptibilities to be shocked. (*With a severe jocosity.*) MOLLY and you, Mr. WHEEDLER, must either ford the stream like ordinary persons, or stay where you are.

Mr. W. (*depressed*). I may as well read the last verse, I suppose:—

"Then under the flickering willow

I lay by the rivulet's brink,

With her lap for a sumptuous pillow——"

First Censor. We can't have that. It is really not respectable.

The Ch. (pleasantly). Can't we alter it slightly? "I'd brought a small portable pillow." No objection to *that*!

[*The other Censors express dissent in undertones.*]

Mr. W. "Till I owned that I longed for a drink."

Third C. No, no! "A drink"! We all know what *that* means—alcoholic stimulant of some kind. At all events *that's* how the audience are certain to take it.

Mr. W. (*feebly*). "So MOLLY her pretty hands hollowed

Into curves like an exquisite cup,

And draughts so delicious I swallowed,

That rivulet nearly dried up!"

Third C. Well, Mr. WHEEDLER, you're not going to defend *that*, I hope?

Mr. W. I'm not prepared to deny that it is silly—very silly—but hardly—er—vulgar, I should have thought?

Third C. That is a question of taste, which we won't dispute. I call it *distinctly* vulgar. Why can't he drink out of his *own* hands?

The Ch. (blandly). Allow me. How would *this* do for the second line? "She had a collapsible cup." A good many people *do* carry them. I have one myself. Is that all of your Ballad, Mr. WHEEDLER?

Mr. W. (*with great relief*). That is all, Sir.

[*Censors withdraw, to consider the question.*]

The Ch. (after consultation with Colleagues). We have carefully considered this song, and we are all reluctantly of opinion that we cannot, consistently with our duty, recommend the Council to license it—even with the alterations my colleagues and myself have gone somewhat out of our way to suggest. The whole subject is too dangerous for a hall in which young persons of both sexes are likely to be found assembled; and the absence of any distinct assertion that the young couple—MOLLY and—ah—the gentleman who narrates the experience—are betrothed, or that their attachment is, in any way, sanctioned by their parents or guardians, is quite fatal. If we have another Ballad of a similar character from the same quarter, Mr. WHEEDLER, I feel bound to warn you that we may possibly consider it necessary to advise that the poet's licence should be cancelled altogether.

Mr. W. I will take care to mention it to my client, Sir. I understand it is his intention to confine himself to writing Gaiety burlesques in future.

The Ch. A very laudable resolution! I hope he will keep it.

[*Scene closes in.*]



"CULTURE IN OLE VIRGINNY."

Probable result of importing Millet's "Angélus" into the United States.

EX ANTHOLOGIA.—Excerpts from Mr. GRAHAM R. TOMSON'S edition of *Translations from the Greek Anthology* will be known in future as "Ex Antho-(roll)-logia." One epigram of XYLOKYLINDROS of Sidon has escaped the Editor. It runs as follows:—

Though till now unfamed in story,
Modern tho' thy method be,

Alma, spread thy verses freely
Through the Greek Anthology.

HORSEMANSHIP AND CHAIRMANSHIP.—Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates "Mr. ROSEBERY" on his recovery, and on his pluck in taking the Chair at the London County Council, and sticking to the business in such a thorough manner as he did last Friday. The MUCK DOUGALL and Charitable CHARRINGTON must feel that "approbation from 'Mr. ROSEBERY' is praise indeed!" As an equestrian, may he never experience a tumble, and, as Chairman of the L. C. C., may he long be able to keep his seat.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



QUANTUM SUFF.

Brown (just returned from a trial ride on his new Mare). "TAKE THE BRUTE AWAY! TAKE HER TO THE STATION! PUT HER ON THE FIRST TRAIN. DON'T ASK WHERE IT'S GOING TO. NEVER LET ME SEE HER AGAIN!"

LARGE FORTUNES FOR EVERYBODY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—You have on several occasions allowed me to ventilate the domestic or financial difficulties by which I have occasionally found myself surrounded; so I again venture to ask you to permit me, for the sake of all impecunious gentlemen, to state my present difficulty, which I think I may fairly designate "*Un embarras des richesses*," not exactly in possession, but most certainly in prospect. I have already stated that, thanks to the discriminating liberality of a distant relation, I am the happy possessor of a sum of £20,000, invested in Her Majesty's Consols. Until the great financial authority, Mr. JOKEM GOSCHEN, so unexpectedly deprived me of one-twelfth of the income I derived from my little fortune, I was well able to accomplish what so many find the very difficult task of making both ends meet. The many blessings that must be quarterly showered upon that great Financier's head by the many thousands of people who share my disgust at his proceedings, and which I am informed by my Stockbroker ROBINSON is to be repeated in a few years' time, I do not envy him. But to proceed.

Finding it most desirable to increase my income, I have applied to ROBINSON, who is, I believe, what is called an Outsider, and who, I am happy to say, informs me that it is the easiest and simplest thing in the world. I am at once to sell out my old-fashioned and shrinking Consols, and to invest the proceeds under his directions. He brought me about a dozen Prospectuses of new Companies, the most modest of which promises a dividend of at least 10 per cent., and some as much as 30! One of them, I see, has purchased something like half a million acres of land, all surrounded, with gold mines, in such well-known places as Poteshofabroom, Shoutstanburger, and Pinaforenstine; another, so far as I can understand the Prospectus, has purchased a mine in the Planet Uranus, whence any quantity of the metal called Uranium can be obtained, and sold for £3,000 per ton; but, from what I have since learned, I think I must have made some mistake as to the locality, as it is now stated to be in Cornwall, which is of course very much nearer. This is to pay 30 per cent.! Then I have another fortune offered to me in the shape of a Company for purchasing any number of Coffee Shops and Eating Houses; but this only offers 25 per cent., so Uranus "takes the cake," as ROBINSON says. Then there is a Company for buying

up dozens of American Warehouses, which appear to have been used for the purpose of elevating the price of corn; thence called Elevators; and the shareholders in this little affair, with its quarter of a million of capital, are expected to be satisfied with a poor 15 per cent.

I had been spending many weary hours over these several glowing offers, and had arrived at the conclusion that by selling out my Consols and distributing the proceeds fairly among these four Companies I should at once raise my income from a paltry 2½ per cent. on my £20,000 to something like 22½ per cent., an increase of nearly tenfold its present amount!

Full of this grand idea I had commenced filling up my various applications when ROBINSON looked in. He was unfortunately in a great hurry, as it was, he said, Account Day, whatever that may mean, but his advice to me was couched in some such mysterious language as this:—

"Distribute your capital over a larger number of Companies. Buy nothing. Apply for shares and then sell them at a large profit for the account." (He forgot to say whose account.) "Then take the Contango or the Backwardation, whichever it may be, and apply to the Bank of England to carry them forward to the next account at Bank Rate. Then repeat the operation as before, and, as the account is fortnightly, you will possibly double your capital in twelve months. Continue this splendid game until you are quite satisfied—and then stop for ever!"

The amount of time I have devoted to endeavouring in vain to comprehend these puzzling phrases none will ever know. I search in vain in *Johnson*, and *Nuttall*, and *Chambers*, for the meaning of a Contango. I bore my friends for an answer to my repeated question, "What is a Backwardation?" One frivolous fellow boldly asserted that Backwardation was the thief of time, and recommended me to collar him! And when I seriously asked a rather solemn friend of mine what was the Bank Rate at which they would carry my shares to wherever they were destined to go, he replied Five, which, presuming he meant five miles an hour, I take the liberty of doubting, not thinking it could be done at the pace in that busy neighbourhood. If any specially clever fellow among your tens of thousands of readers can kindly assist me with a solution of my conundrums, I should feel deeply obliged to him—the more so as ROBINSON has left rather hurriedly for Paris.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A BIG BATTLE PICTURE!

Sketch of a Grand National Historical Painting, by Sir W. Historicus Artcourt, R.A.



EXTRACT FROM DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

We have it upon a great authority that "It is the habit of Englishmen, when they are satisfied with themselves and with the rest of mankind, to dine." It is the nature of that great and magisterial, if rather *flamboyant* English artist, Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A., when he is "satisfied with himself"—which is often—to paint a big picture, in very unctuous oils, and generally *couleur-de-rose*.

The latest large picture of this Master, presented by him to the National Liberal Club, but exhibited *urbi et orbi* in the present Exhibition, is entitled, "*The Battle of Westminister! Critical Moment!*"

It is decidedly "*un œuvre de longue haleine*," painted on a large

canvas with a full brush, and in the flowing, florid style so characteristic of the artist.

It represents that scene in the great battle referred to when F.M. Commander-in-Chief GLADSTONE, the "Great Leader" of the Liberal Army, is awaiting the psychologic moment for giving the decisive signal, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Reinforcements, including welcome recruits from such patriotic places as Dundee, Elgin and Nairn, Peterborough, and North Bucks, have come in sight, to the great encouragement of the Liberal Chief, and the equally great disappointment of the leaders of the rival hosts. "Coming," says the Historian of the Epoch, "at the close of a long and hard-fought field, they arrived at a critical moment of this great action, and justified the leader of the Liberal Army in ordering a general advance of his host, and in giving the word, 'Up, Guards,

and at 'em!' The graphic style of the great Historian here quoted from is singularly akin to that—in another medium—of the illustrious HISTORICUS, R.A., as displayed in this imposing picture.

Sir HISTORICUS has seized, for the purposes of his *chef d'œuvre* of historical art, upon the exact moment when the Commander-in-Chief, having murmured to himself, "Night, or LABOUCHERE!" and shut up his umbrella—we mean telescope (mixed historic reminiscences connected with an incident in the career of another great Commander-in-Chief have here a little muddled our critical mind)—having, we say, just shut up his telescope, has reopened that glass in order to take a final survey of the field. He sees the enemy under the leadership of F.M. Lord SALISBURY, and Generals ARTHUR BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and SMITH, making a gallant but final stand against his own forces. The flower of his troops, the pick of his guards, are lying down behind him, hidden by slightly rising ground, in which somewhat uneasy position they have for some time been awaiting with cramped limbs, but eager hearts, indomitable patience, and invincible resolution, the expected word of command, which welcome signal, the Commander-in-Chief, motioning them with his left hand to keep still, and, in the words of BRER RABBIT, "lay low" yet a little longer, has not yet given, but appears upon the point of uttering.

This Grand Historical Picture will doubtless be the cynosure of all eyes during the Season, and will increase the already high reputation, as a painter of what may perhaps be called "Sensational Historic Scenes," of Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A.

LYCEUM PIT.

(To the Crowded-out, and those waiting for their Turn for Admission.)

SCENE FROM NEW PIECE, "VICTORIAN!"
AT THE LYCEUM.



Mr. Henry Irving as Robert Mangle.

Expiring Pittite. "Crushed! but unconquered!"

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Manager of the Lyceum Theatre, whose fatherly attitude in relation to the patrons of the Artistic Establishment over which he presides is well known, and who, from beyond the footlights, is ever stretching out loving arms to greet, rather as very dear



"DECEIVERS EVER."

Goldsmith. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANY NAME OR MOTTO ENGRAVED ON IT, SIR?"
Customer (who had chosen an Engagement Ring). "YE—YES—UM—'AUGUSTUS TO IRENE.'
AND—AH—LOO' HERE—DON'T—AH—CUT 'IRENE' VERY DEEP!"

brothers, than as the casual acquaintances of a mere passing evening's entertainment, the audiences who nightly throng his Auditorium, having heard with a chagrin that has moved him profoundly, that that portion of them who visit the Pit experience much difficulty in gaining admission, and have to wait, he has been informed, when not robust, and of sufficient stamina to endure the prolonged struggle, sometimes days before they are able to secure a place, wishes it to be known that, to provide for their necessities, he has secured several houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatre, which he is having with all possible speed thrown into one large and Commodious Establishment, which he hopes, in a few days, to open for their use, as a "Non-Bookers' Family Hotel and Boarding-house." Every modern contrivance and convenience, including billiard-tables, a swimming-bath, a resident dentist, and all other recognised Club comforts, that cannot fail to render it attractive to his patrons, who are waiting their turn for admission to the Pit, have been lavishly provided regardless of cost. Arrangements will be made with families; and, to meet the case of parents bringing their children, an educational prospectus is being prepared, for further particulars concerning which application may be made to the Secretary. A small nominal fee will be charged for stamps and boot-cleaning.

UNTILED: OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

IX.

"ARE all scenes sombre in this Titan town?"

I asked, as noiselessly we flitted down,

My heart oppressed with pity.

"Nay," smiled my guide. "There is, indeed, no dearth Of garish glitter and metallic mirth In the night-curtained city."

"You mock," I murmured. "'Tis your *métier*. I, For all these scenes of sordid misery And hollow, heartless glitter, Have no sardonic smiles, no cynic quips

Such as so lightly leave your shadowy lips,

O Spirit keen and bitter!"

"Nay," said the Shade, "I seek but truth—like you;

And if, perchance, I hold a *passee-partout* To human hearts and cupboard,

I scoff not at their hidden skeletons, And some I know—a few—of spectral bones As bare as—Mother Hubbard's."

It was a wet and murky winter night, Yet through the fog and rain we held our Unwearied and unwetted. [flight,

"This style of travelling," I said, "is strange,

Though pleasant. For such privilege to range, To what am I indebted?"

"How do you manage it? Can it be true That you're a Brother—a Mahatma?"

"Pooh!"

Cried he, "don't be a noddy.

You have been reading Esoteric rot?"

Well, be assured, good friend, that I do not Possess an Astral Body.

"'Tis my one secret; pray why should you seek

To fathom it? That intellect is weak

Which dares not face some mystery.

With mystery the universe is rife,

It forms the major part of human life, Fills more than half of history."

His crackling mirth appeared infectious. "Lo!"

I laughed, "the faces lit with lambent glow Gathered round yonder table.

It looks like some strange incantation scene, Some vision of weird gloom and spectral sheen

From the wild world of fable."

Grave faces, full of wide-mouthed wonder, eyes

Dilated in hysteric ecstasies,

White fingers, slender, tremulous;

Rapt souls in curious raiment, spirits dense,

Enamoured of the charms of the Intense,

Of Mystic Muddle emulous.

And two keen vulpine visages, elate

With power, the strange symposium dominate.

"Is it," I cried, "infernal,

Or merely foolish, all this mummary mad,

Its Mumbo Jumbo that fat fox-faced cad,

Wrought amidst shades nocturnal?"

"What is't they do? A deed without a name?"

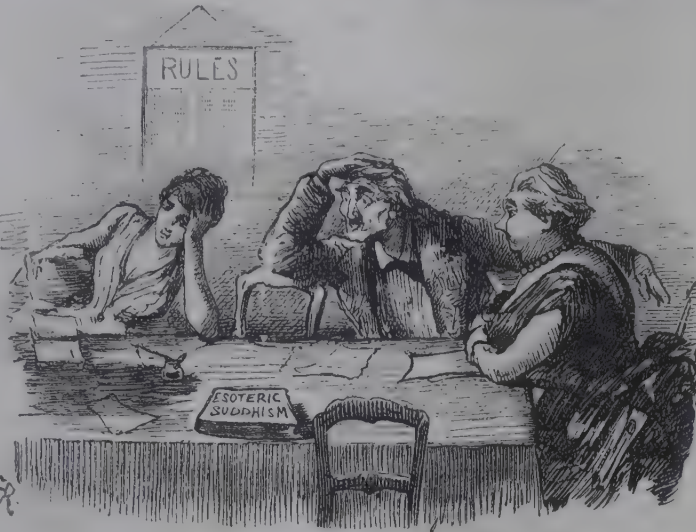
"Nay," scoffed the Shade, "you misdirect your blame.

Default of terminology

Is not the modern necromancer's lack;

In jargon modish Magic, White or Black,

Beats orthodox theology.



"What do they, this wolf-shepherded tame flock

Of Panurge sheep? Well nothing much to shock

The conscience of Society.

They add, these callow prophets oiled and curled,

To the uncounted Credos of the world

One other new variety.

"A sceptic age must multiply its creeds;

'Tis therefore Neo-Nonsense so succeeds!

A Paradox? Precisely!

In paradox the boudoir Pyrrho finds

The piquant pabulum of muddled minds.

It flavours fog so nicely!

"These quidnuncs, under guidance of a quack

Founding a new religion? Earth harks back,

In spite of civilisation,

To the brute epoch of the Medicine Man.

Was any cant-scared squaw more credulous than

That girl of birth, wealth, station?"

"Mark her tranced awe, as the soft-glosing knave,

With gleaming eye, and accents blandly grave,

Mouths out his mystic platitudes.

Observe the quaint-robed, fashionable dames Hanging upon his maze of nebulous names,

In half erotic attitudes!

"Effluxion—esoteric—ministrant,—

Absorption—*Ego*,—all the mystic cant,

And all the misty cackle,

With which the spiritual Seingalts strive

Their dupes' credulity to keep alive,

Their common-sense to shackle.

"That girl has eyes in which there lurks the gleam

Of soul-delirium; her hysteric dream

May know a woeful waking.

A sort of pious orgie surfeits now

Her spirit, in a semi-sensuous slough

Its morbid thirst she's slaking.

"And what of that blind ecstasy's sure goal?

Heart-soilure, an asylum! She hath soul.

As for the modish midgets,

The fashionable fribbles,—they at best

Aim to give social boredom some new zest.

Frenzy allays the fidgets.

"This, friend, is Culture's piety. Now look!"

—I saw a face above a well-thumbed book

In solemn rapture bending;

A radiant face that scarce the head-gear quaint

Could spoil; 'twas half coquette, and half seemed saint,

There's charm in that strange blending.

A charm equivocal, obscure. "It won The interest of suburban shopdom's son

In a so subtle manner

That he, the Cockney masher, blatant, vain,

Enrolled himself in the enthusiast train

That bore the flaming banner."

So said the Shadow. "Could you plumb her thought,

With what wild blend of passions were it fraught?

Her life was grey, flat, dreary,

Till the wild ecstacy of faith inspired

An eager heart, of sluggish pulses tired,

Of wan monotony weary.

"And now? One hand her sect's wild hymnal clasps,

The other holds his portrait. *Ennui* gasps

For keen excitement ever,

Whether the thrall of empty boredom be

Garbed in the low-born zealot's livery,

Or quaintly clad, and clever.

"The end of the queer cant that Caste enjoys?

Of the coarse orgies of blind zeal and noise

That move the mob so madly?

Not so dissimilar, good friend, perchance;

The Agapemone and the Bacchic Dance

Both finished rather badly.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FIVE Months' Fine Weather (SAMPSON Low) suggests a brewery to the mind familiar with Johnsonese. It promises in the climatic department "potential riches beyond the dreams of avarice." Of course it was not in England that Mrs. E. H. CARBUTT found this treasure. She crossed the Atlantic, dashed through Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Western States to Mexico, and home by New Orleans and New York. A capitally devised trip, the every-day incidents of which are told in this charmingly got-up volume in a style that makes the journey almost as interesting to the reader as it was to the *voyageurs*. With such opportunities of seeing interesting places in fine weather, we regret to observe that contentment was not universal with the little party. On page 31 it is written of an hotel in Chicago: "The only place where drink is sold is the bar of the hotel. On the whole, EDWARD was rather disappointed." Now why should EDWARD, on making this discovery, have been plunged in melancholy? There are obvious objections to having drink sold all over a well-ordered hotel. EDWARD might, we presume, have had a cocktail specially conveyed to his room. If not, he should have manfully borne up against the trial. The true secret of successful travelling is to make the best of everything, as Mrs. CARBUTT does, with the added gift that she can pleasantly chat about its episodes.

Mr. FARJEON's shillingsworth, *The Blood-White Rose*, can be strongly recommended for the hour before dressing-time for dinner. Ingenious story; quite one of the Skipper Series; you can hop on from point to point deeply interested until you come to the finish. It is dedicated to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, which is quite appropriate, seeing that the story is of a most sensational and melodramatic character. Mr. FARJEON would probably dedicate a light, airy, humorous work to Mr. HENRY IRVING.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER, in *Buttons* (F. V. WHITE & Co.)—(sounds as if he were a page-boy, doesn't it? Doubtless he is a boy of a good many pages)—is by no means "the Winter of our discontent." On the contrary, though the plot is simple, the story is charmingly told. While many of

the characters are but sketches, they are touched with a light hand, and are fresh and lifelike. The whole story is bright, breezy, and healthy. If short, it is undoubtedly sweet, and the best his (or, rather, "her") pen has given us since *Boote's Baby*.

In a well-arranged volume, entitled *How Men Propose* (T. FISHER UNWIN), Miss AGNES STEVENS gives us a collection of various ways of popping the question, according to different authors from DICKENS and THACKERAY downwards. She has not, it appears, consulted any of the poets on the subject. Possibly she holds that when the proposal has been made, and the suitor accepted or rejected, as the case may be, there is but little poetry remaining. This volume cannot fail to be popular, and the compiler, having given us question-popping according to the highest literary authorities, should publish another book detailing the forms of proposal according to actual fact. This would be vastly entertaining! "How Men Really Propose" would be a superb subject for the next autumnal "boom" in the *Daily Telegraph*. Besides it has been whispered—though of course Mr. Punch would be the very last person to believe it—that proposal is not always confined to the sterner sex!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

"There's Ruy for you."—*Ophelia on the Gaiety Entertainment.*

THE Gaiety Variety Show, entitled *Ruy Blas* or *The Blasé Roué*, is everything, in the singing and dancing line, by turns,—in this respect resembling a Music-hall show, where all have their "turns,"



"Storey's Gait."

—and nothing long; not too long, that is, including the skirts. Miss ELLEN FARREN and Mr. LESLIE enter, and you ascertain from the bill that one appears as *Ruy Blas*, and that the other is impersonating *Don Caesar*; while Mr. DANBY, strongly reminding me of Mr. DALLAS, is supposed to be a burlesque *Don Sallust*. The last-mentioned is a toper, and all his allusions are to drinking more than is good for him; but he has not a monopoly of this humorous jest, as a considerable portion of the entire dialogue seems to be on the subject of liquor. Then Mr. LESLIE observes, that if he takes much more he will be all "razzle-dazzle," or "words to that effect," as *Serjeant Busfuz* observed, in the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial. Whereupon "razzle-dazzle" apparently suggesting a musical idea,

the three sing a few verses about "razzle-dazzle;" and then execute a dance of inebriates, which, as far as Mr. LESLIE is concerned, is dramatically clever. After this, Miss MARION HOOD, of the merry green-wood, sole descendant of ROBIN and MARIAN, comes on as a fair-haired, highly-coloured Queen, and sings,—not so freshly as she used some few years ago; but nothing of any importance occurs until the reappearance of Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, and these two, dressed as girls,—in which costume Miss ELLEN FARREN really seems as much at home as if she had worn petticoats all her stage-life,—do another ingenious dance on their slates. If wanting in plot, the entertainment possesses, at all events, a first-rate STOREY, whose eccentric antics with his legs are marvellous. Everything is encored, more or less. In the Second Act Mr. LESLIE exclaims, "Pshaw!" which immediately reminds him of *La Belle Siffleuse*, Mrs. SHAW, and he then whistles an air, accompanied by the orchestra, nearly as perfectly as Mrs. SHAW could do it herself.

All Herr MEYER LUTZ's music is as pretty and appropriate as usual. He is a past master in the art, and no one can touch him in this particular line. The scenery is excellent, and the *mise-en-scène* effective.

After a pretty Ballet of children, Mr. LESLIE, in answer to the applause, enters from the prompt-side dressed as Madame KATTI LANNER, and accompanied by some audacious person who dares to impersonate AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. This is very droll, though I trembled lest DRURIOLANUS should march down on us with his legions, and his "Company Limited," to take summary vengeance. I have forgotten to mention the Salvationist dance by Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, which goes immensely, and is encored at least twice. I should like General BOOTH to see this, as I question whether the

absurd caricature of the tricks and manners of his followers has any basis in fact. The humour, I suppose, as usual, lies in the incongruity of the association, as was the case years ago with the Dancing Quakers at the Music-Halls.

Perhaps, when Mr. LESLIE comes out of the Gaiety Nursery, and



A sort of "Booth" Performance.

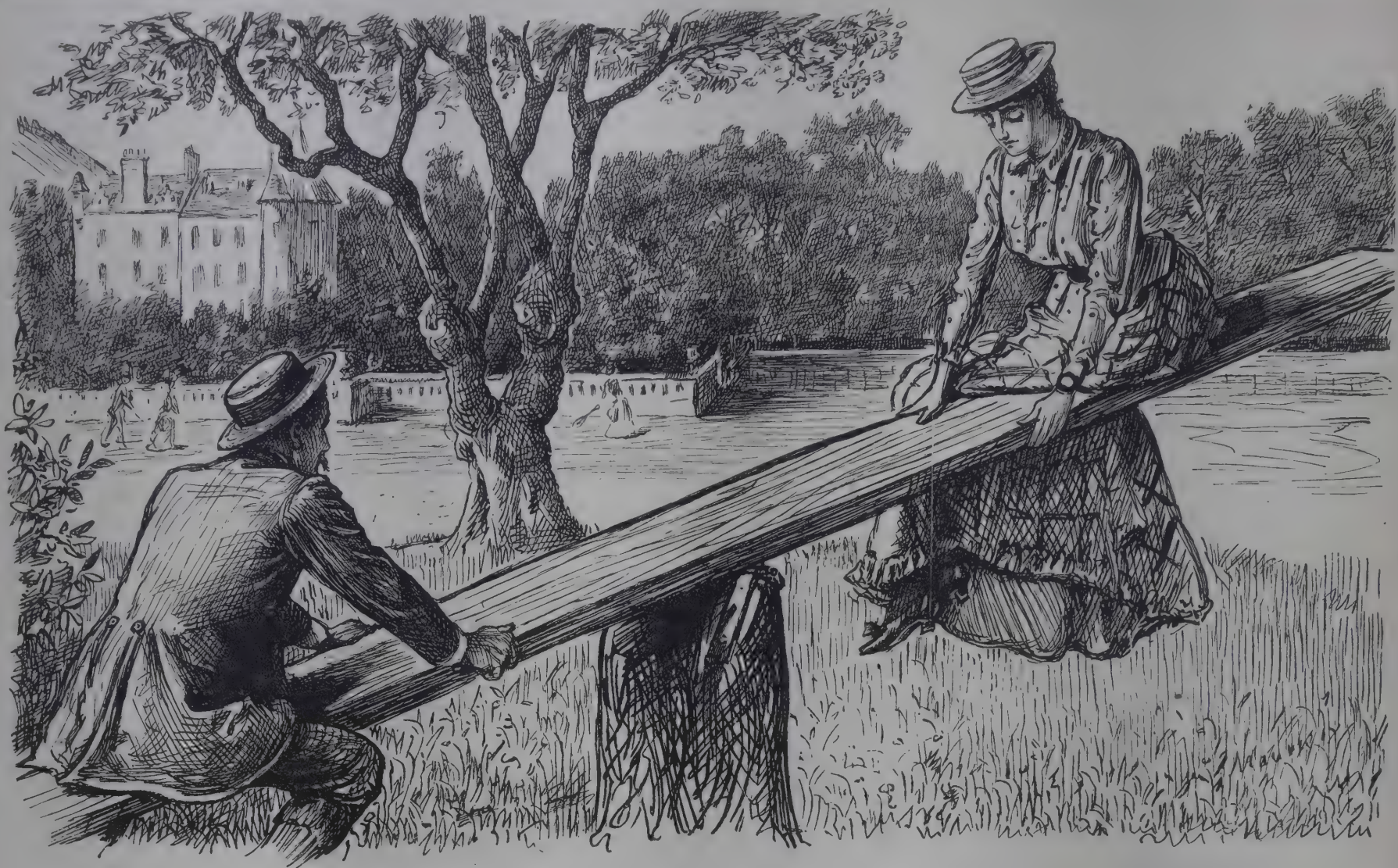
has grown out of "dressing up" and playing at acting, we may yet see him in some such artistic impersonation as was that of *Rip Van Winkle*, played, as one must suppose, by quite another Mr. LESLIE some years ago. Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN "draw," but the piece drags.

At the Avenue, *La Prima Donna* is not the work that will make Signor TITO MATTEI's reputation as a composer of light opera. The light opera is heavy. If it were not for Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER as the Manager of a travelling troupe, there would not be a spark of fun in the piece. He sings a song which is encored five times, and he gives a fresh verse for each encore. There is a trifle too much of his repetition as to his being "Such a wonderful Stage Manager," but this isn't the actor's fault. It is true that when a man prides himself on being first-rate at something or other, his conversation is inclined to become monotonous, and perhaps in no instance more so than in that of a professional or amateur actor who believes in himself as a "really marvellous stage manager." I remember the story in *Blackwood* as "The Duke's Dilemma," and I fancy it has already been dramatised. Be this as it may, the materials for a really good Comic Opera, which might have been made as telling as *La Grande Duchesse*, have been entirely thrown away, Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and all the excellent opportunities—or as H. J. BYRON used to say, the "Opera-tune-it-is," have been utterly lost. Except in a burlesque piece,—and this Opera ought not to be so considered,—what possible humour is there in making characters dressed in mediæval costume speak the slang of the nineteenth century, all the allusions in the dialogue being up to the present date? Mr. ALEC MARSH and Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY sing what is set down for them well, but they cannot help exhibiting the effects of depression. Miss ALICE LETHBRIDGE looks like KATH VAUGHAN and dances most gracefully. Scenery good: costumes not so good. Better luck to Titotum in his next spin.



"NUTS FOR THEM."—A Grand Hotel Official informed the *Pall Mall* interviewer, last Saturday, that the Royal Guests were put "in what we call the Walnut Rooms." What is the speciality of Walnut Rooms? Must the guests eat only walnuts and walnut pickles? Do the attendants let off crackers in their honour? Perhaps the Walnut-Room official expressed himself hazel-y.

MAKING HISTORY.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, as we may gather from his recent speeches, is engaged in writing a new History of Ireland and the Colonies. It will probably appear under the *nom-de-plume* of "JOSEPHUS HERODOTUS," and will be quite remarkable for its accuracy.



POPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER GUS HAD TO SAY TO LUCY, HE HAD TO SAY IT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES DEPICTED ABOVE.

[They were both much moved.]

A STRANGE PAIR OF PETS;

Or, Fondling and Feeding.

"By the simplicity of Venus' doves,"
This is indeed a spectacle of the oddest!
Ours is a day of strange-assorted loves,
But that poor dove so soft, and mild, and
modest,
Paired off as pet with yon fierce bird of prey,
Is quite the strangest portent of the day.

The proud Imperial Fosco pouts his lips,
And to his peaceful petling chirps and
chirrup;

He, the stark paladin, with belted hips,
Steel brand at side, and feet fresh from
the stirrups,
Armed Mars, petting the bird of Pax—and
Venus!

'Tis strange as Psyche flirting with Silenus.

The twittering Teuton Titan loves the bird—
He says so, and his preference to question,
Watching his attitude, would seem absurd.

And yet it seems a sinister suggestion
That thus so near the war-fowl Fate should
find him, [him.
Fondling the dove—but with one hand behind

What does he with that hand? Ah! what
but cram [fodder!

The ravenous creature's crawl with carrion
That act at least's no sentimental sham;
It makes the spectacle a trifle odder.
Himself with the sweet cushat he'd ingratiate,
Yet feeds the eagle's appetite insatiate.

That bird athwart the European skies
Has long time spread his wings in threaten-
ing shadow;

Flies as he feeds, still feeding as he flies.

To gorge him might o'ertax an Eldorado.
Still proffering food! And is there more to
follow,

O Teuton Chief, for that prodigious swallow?

Protector of the Dove? A pleasant plea!

The bird of Jove protect the bird of Venus?
Much as the wolf might a protector be
Of lambs and creatures of such gentle
genus.

If, free to strike, that eagle soared above
The cushat's nest, what chance for the poor
dove?

The snowy-pinioned bird, you say's secure.

For,—you but vaguely indicate how long.
Yes, whilst you pet the flutterer timid, pure,
And stand beside it twittering, yet strong.
But which, young Kaiser, has your love
indeed,

The pet you fondle, or the pet you feed?

THE COMING NINTH. — Why does Sir
HENRY ISAACS walk instead of ride in the
Show of November 9th? Because he con-
scientiously follows in the footsteps of his
ancestors. "Pickwick and Principle!" But
why not "go the whole"—beg pardon!—why
not walk the entire way? If it is against the
Sabbatical rule to take a horse out on that day,
why give the Mayor so much exercise? We've
often heard of "the Jewish Dispensation," but
it appears that there is no such thing, and
Sir HENRY can't be "dispensed" from the
obligation of the Sabbath. That being so,
foot it with the best of them Sir HENRY.
Lead them a pretty dance, and trust entirely
to "Shanks's Mare."

NORTHERLY.

On the 7th of November the Jubilee Din-
ner of the General Theatrical Fund will take
place with—who do we see is to be in the
Chair? IRVING? Oh, no. TOOLE? WIL-
LARD? Oh, no. BEERBOHM TREE? HENRY
NEVILLE? O dear no. SHERIDAN KNOWLES
was the first Chairman of the Committee of
the R. G. T. F., but he was actor as well as
author, and we fancy that Dramatic Authors,
and some noble Un-dramatic Authors not un-
known to art and literature, have been in the
Chair before now. So, who takes it this time?
Mr. GLADSTONE? Lord SALISBURY? Mr.
CHAMBERLAIN, who presided at the Kendal
Dinner? No—no—no. You'll never guess.
It is Colonel NORTH. What has he written?
Cheques to any amount. Good; and his
wealth, we trust, will benefit this and many
other charitable institutions. But why in the
Chair? Why not simply in a chair at the
Dinner? What next will he be offered? The
Presidency of the Royal Academy? The Arch-
bishopric of Canterbury, or of York as the
Northern Province? By the way, of what Regi-
ment is he Colonel? If not a Colonel of "Ours,"
he is certainly a Commander of "Mines." Still,
why has he been asked to take the Chair at the
Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner? Will
the title of the Association be altered, out of
compliment to the gallant Millionaire, and be
known henceforth as the "Royal 'Colonel'
Theatrical Fund?"

NEW "BLUE BOOK."—*The Blue Fairy
Book*, by MERRY ANDREW LANG. N.B.—The
most scrupulous London County Councillors
may read it aloud in their domestic circles.



THE RIVAL PETS; OR, FONDLING AND FEEDING.

IN MEMORIAM.

Percival Leigh.

BORN, NOVEMBER 3, 1813. DIED, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

LAST link with a dead past, the earlier day
Of LEMON, JERROLD, LEECH and THACKERAY,
Now sundered suddenly!
With what a shock it comes of yearning pain,
The thought that we that presence ne'er again
At the old board may see!

The pen of *Pips's Diary* now is still,
The thoughtful face, the heart of warm goodwill,
Pass, with thy passing bell,
From thy old haunt of friendship lit by fame,
Leaving a memory fair, an honoured name:
PERCIVAL LEIGH, farewell!

COMFORT IN A STORM.

MIGHTY pleasant are the minor Galleries this gruesome weather. Truly delightful is it to run into any of these snug, comfortable little havens, and forget for awhile the muddy streets, the pouring rain, and the dismal atmosphere. Pay a visit to McLEAN'S, and see Sir JOHN MILLAIS' delightful little damsels at their *Five o'clock Tea*; enjoy a fresh breeze under the guidance of Mr. J. C. HOOK beside his *Sea-Pools, Arran*; have a good laugh over M. V. CHEVILLIARD'S *Critical Moment*; study Mr. EDWIN LONG'S *Choosing a Deity*; and do not omit to congratulate Mr. MARCUS STONE on his *Return*. He is the unproverbial STONE that has always kept rolling, and yet must have gathered a lot of moss. You will find plenty to amuse you if you go to Venice in company with Signor STEFANO NUOVO, and inspect his *Naughty Boy*, and you will thoroughly relish the breeziness of *A Fresh Morning off the Isle of Wight* with Mr. HENRY MOORE. After this wandering you will welcome a touching poem, a symphony in a minor key, M. C. DELORT gives you in *The Return of the Exile*; and there are plenty of other clever painters who will cause you to forget for awhile our dismal climate.



FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LET ME PUT HIS MUZZLE ON FOR YOU, AUNT TABITHA."
"HUSH, DARLING! WE NEVER USE THAT WORD HERE—IT HURTS HIS FEELINGS. WE CALL IT HIS RESPIRATOR!"



"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

NO MORE SAFES.

[An Insurance Company has been started for securing compensation to the victims of burglarious enterprise.]

YES, that curious grating sound just outside the drawing-room window does, as you say, certainly seem as if somebody were trying to break in.

No, I do not intend to adopt your further suggestion that I should take the kitchen-poker and go round the premises with a lantern.

The burglars, who have succeeded in effecting an entrance with conspicuous ease through my patent roller steel shutters, appear to

be a merry crew. I can distinctly hear them cracking jokes and opening champagne bottles in the butler's pantry, preparatory to beginning their real work among the spoons and forks.

I should rather like to join the burglars' little "At Home" in my drawing-room, only in that case the Insurance Company would probably say I was in collusion with the housebreakers, and refuse to pay me my money.

What a pleasure it is to know that there are four dogs in the house—a dog to every burglar, probably! They have not, as yet, uttered a sound of protest.

Perhaps a long course of muzzling has taken away their spirits.

Anyhow, the simplest and wisest course for me to adopt is to lock my bed-room door and go off to sleep again.

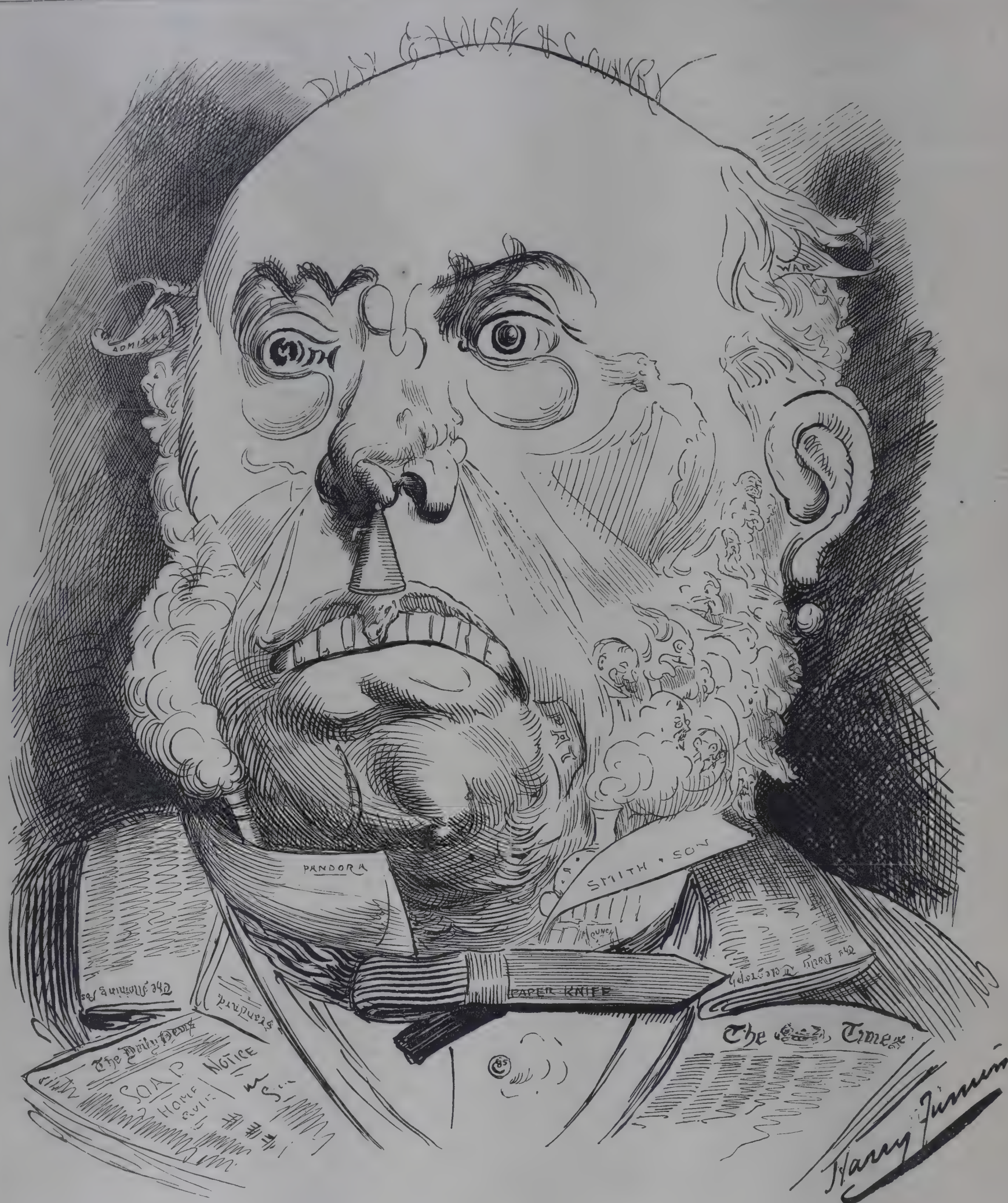
You may call me a coward, my dear, and ask me "how I can bear to let a thief carry off the silver salver which was a wedding present from dear Mamma?"—but as I am insured for £2,000 in the new "Anti-Burglar Assurance Association," I do not feel in the least degree disposed to enter into a personal encounter with a band of healthy (and probably armed) felons.

Am rather surprised, when I call on the Association to tell them of the loss of all my plate, to be informed that "The Company of course expects the assured to do something to repel a burglar." I ask, if they expected me to run the risk of being shot? Agent replies, "Oh, yes, certainly." This is something like assurance!

It also looks bad for the Agent to come back to the house with me (as he does) and hunt all about the place, apparently with the object of discovering if I have hidden the stolen things anywhere, and am merely inventing the burglar story in order to get the compensation.

It looks still worse (for me) when the Agent really finds all the plate buried in a hole in the back garden! I remark that the burglars must have intended to return for it. Agent winks, and says something about its looking "precious fishy." Am really sorry the burglars have made such fools of themselves, and also of me. Never liked the pattern of that salver, and should have quite enjoyed getting heavy compensation out of the Company.

ASTROLOGY.—MR. TAY PAY O'CONNOR says he has the firmest faith in his "lucky Star."



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 5.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXII. MR. W. H. SMITH AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

As you walk along the gravel-path, under the immemorial elms, towards the baronial residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, you have time to reflect that it is no new thing for Henley to be on

Thames. It has been there from time immemorial, certainly from the days when the Sieur DE SMEETH, founder of the branch of the well-known family of which your host is now the head, received a neighbouring manor from the mailed hand of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. As you stand in the latticed porch, buried in a picturesque tangle of creepers, gazing upon the projecting gables, you still find trace in the leaded casement of the old Norman-French motto of the

early SMEETHS—"Excusez mon gant." Amongst the rare documents your host presently shows you is a faded copy of the local newspaper giving an account of the attempt made by the Sieur to cross the Thames in a coracle. It is the same Thames still, and Henley is on it. But many other things are changed, including the proprietor of Greenlands.

You are examining the umbrellas in the hat-stand of carved oak, and the engravings of knights in armour in the staircase beyond, when a pleasant voice salutes you.

"Good morning," it says; "have you used—I mean, it is very good of you to come out so far. Any news in Town? Any more bye-elections? You know what the MARKISS says on the subject? 'Mr. SMITH,' says he (always calls me 'Mr.') 'if there are any more of these moral victories for Unionism, there will be only one bye left for us, and that will be good-bye.' Ha! ha! MARKISS has a certain mordant humour which endears him to his friends."

You look up in the direction of the voice, and find your host beaming upon you from the mullioned staircase. You note that his dress is a happy mixture of the modern country gentleman and the Georgian Era; a frock-coat of bright blue, on which brass buttons boldly flash; whilst a flamboyant waistcoat is superarched over a pair of kerseymere trousers tied at the knee with black bows. Steel buckles glint on black shoes; a pair of ruffles lie at the wrists like wreaths of snow; whilst a pin, curiously fashioned, showing CHARLES THE FIRST with his head under his arm, fastens at the throat a lightly-tied kerchief. This pin, which has been in the family many years, has attached to it a curious history, which your host relates, as he sits by the open window at his desk, looking down on a grass-plot some eighty feet square, with a tiny greenhouse in one corner, and a still tinier grotto in the other, whilst far in the rear flows the lordly Thames.

"I have always liked a Grotto," your host says, as he turns over a new leaf in one of the numerous copy-books that fill an entire side of the rosewood and marqueterie book-case that rises from the floor to within an inch or so of the corniced ceiling. "POPE had a Grotto you know, and LABBY lives in it, which, BALFOUR says, accounts for the coolness of his impudence. But BALFOUR is always making remarks tinged with acerbity. For myself, I never forget how in earlier days I used to write out the observation, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

You follow the direction of your host's eyes which, lightly passing over the Flemish buffets tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, alight on a picture hung over a bronze bust of Lord BEACONSFIELD. It presents to view a little boy seated at a school desk. You notice that his head is turned on one side as if he had a crick in the neck; the tip of his tongue protrudes from the side of his mouth; his elbow has an agonised turn; the expression of the young face is one of anxious application. Underneath you find, written in flowing hand, "Master W. H. SMITH, *etat*. six. His first copy-book."

Your host sighs as he turns away from this picture, with all its tender recollections of a troubled past. It draws him into a reminiscent mood, and, as you take your seat on the Louis-Quatorze sofa, with its blue edging and imperial gold, and its tassels redolent of the Heptarchy, your host tells you the story of his life, which appears to have been a series of gentle surprises.

"Sometimes, my dear TOBY," your host says, "when I find myself sitting on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, Leader of the Great Conservative Party, I pinch myself to ascertain if I am really in a state of wakefulness, or whether I am in a condition of somnolency. Once, by the way, I remember, in a fit of absence of mind, I pinched GOSCHEN's leg by mistake, which led to a slight misunderstanding."

You take the opportunity to inquire whether there is any truth in the current rumour that the House of Commons is about to lose the companionship of your host, the House of Lords being the gainer by the transition. Your host gazes reflectively at the book-case within easy reach of his chair, where *Sandford and Merton* lie *à dos à dos* with *Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science*, and *Mangnall's Questions* turns an interrogative countenance upon *Little Henry and his Bearer*.

"My only desire in life," says your host, toying with



THE REAL ROUGE-DRAGON; OR, "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

the paper-knife, which bears the title of a well-known firm, "is to do my duty—my duty to the QUEEN, and, I may add, to the country. Whether that duty is performed in one chamber or in another, is a matter of perfect indifference to a mind thus isolated in its ambition. I endeavour to do my duty in all circumstances, and when my task is accomplished, I hope to be able to say with TALLEYRAND—or was it LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH?—'*Le déluge, c'est moi!*'"

Your host has risen as these words of burning eloquence, capped by the apt quotation, fell from his lips. He paces with leonine stride across the room, his foot falling noiselessly in the three-piled Persian carpet, which you observe does not entirely cover the floor, leaving a border of bare wood, the painful polish of which makes rather abrupt transition. You feel you are not much wiser as to your host's intentions, and would return to the subject, but just then your host's Secretary enters with an armful of letters, and as your host does not resume his seat, you think perhaps you'd better go. Walking to the railway station you call in at a confectioner's, and as you munch the bountiful bun and sip the succulent milk, you brood over man's inhospitality to man, and wonder what they are going to have for luncheon at Greenlands.

THE *Memoirs of Edward Askew Sothorn* are just out. "ASKEW" seems indeed a happy description of Lord Dundreary's very eccentric ways.

"WITH EMILE AUGIER," observed the *Observer*, last Sunday, "who died at Croissy only forty-eight hours ago, the greatest living Dramatist of France has passed away." Does Mистер O'TRAILL edit it now? Anyhow, 'tis good Irish style, and more power to his elbow!

GRANDOLPH'S REPLY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

AIR—"In Cellar Deep."

YEETOTAL
BROTHERHOOD

GR-

Grandolph refuses to become a Teetotaler.

MOST APPROPRIATE.—It is announced that the Christmas Course of Lectures at the London Institution is intended for juveniles, and will be given by C. V. BOYS. If very little chaps are taken there, in front of him he'll See Vee Boys. (Oh! Oh! Police!)

NATURAL REFLECTION.

"I find that figures annoy our opponents so much—"
Sir W. V. Harcourt, at the Nat. Lib. Club.



Sir W. V. H. "What can they see to object to in this figure?"

BURST!

Fragment from a Coming War Romance.

"The delay in completing the armaments of those of our battle-ships intended to carry 111-ton, and 57-ton guns, scandalous and inexcusable as it is, is a mere fleabite compared with the grave doubts that have, from recent experience, been forced upon us, whether the guns, when we get them, will be worth the having."

"If such a number of guns have collapsed after a few rounds, what may we expect with rapid and continued firing in action? He would be a bold man who would guarantee that half our existing guns would escape self-destruction in such a case."

"The ordinary British tax-payer * * * little knows how much occasion he has for anxiety in this one matter of guns. He would be most profoundly anxious if the real facts were disclosed."—*Times*, Oct. 25.

HER Majesty's good ship *Dunderhead*, with her armament of two 111-ton guns, had figured long on paper as one of the most formidable ships produced by the Department of Naval Construction, and in Annual Reviews and occasional manoeuvres had been proudly pointed to as typical of that British supremacy at sea that official optimism maintained was in no danger of being questioned as long as the defence of the national flag was entrusted to such triumphs of dock-yard skill and scientific ordnance construction as was made manifest in her and her sister vessels. So at least ran the story some six years since; but on this, the first day of April, 1895, it had, somehow, a different sound. The country was involved in a great naval war, and Her Majesty's ship *Dunderhead* had had her work cut out for her, attached to the Channel Squadron, from which, however, on the afternoon of this first day of April, 1895, she had managed, owing to some misunderstanding, to stray away.

But on board the *Dunderhead* a curious scene was being enacted. It was known to everyone on the ship, from the look-out-man on the top-royal to the powder-monkey in the hold, that the craft of the enemy were gradually closing round her, advancing slowly but stealthily from every point of the compass, and that her capture, unless she broke through them, or made a good fight of it at close quarters, was an inevitable necessity, yet the Rear-Admiral who had command of her appeared totally unconscious of the critical nature of the situation. At least so judged his superior officers, for as first one and then another rushed in turns pale and trembling into his cabin to announce to him the appearance of some fresh ship of the enemy threatening on the horizon, he only met them with a little imbecile grin and familiar nod, saying, "That's all right," and then, thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, and stretching himself back upon his cabin sofa, he relapsed again into the vacant stare through the opposite porthole, from which their entrance had momentarily disturbed him.

The truth is he had just looked into his sealed orders, and they

were not encouraging. They merely contained these words, "You had better not fire your guns!"

"The same old game!" he had remarked to himself, in acid meditation. And he had fallen again into his reverie.

"We must stir him," said a scared First-Lieutenant, in a feeble, whining voice, addressing the trembling crew of superior officers 'as they gathered instinctively outside his cabin-door. "But how?"

The question was soon answered.

"Two fresh cruisers bearing down on the larboard tack," shouted a voice from the deck above, down the cabin-stairs.

A visible tremor ran through the little palpitating crowd.

"We'll tell him that," they all shouted with one voice; and with one accord they thrust open the door and burst wildly into the cabin.

"Well, what is it now?" asked the Rear-Admiral, once more pausing in his reverie.

"Two fresh cruisers coming down to larboard," was the eager but hysterical reply.

"Then make for starboard," answered the Rear-Admiral.

"The enemy already close that," quavered the First-Lieutenant.

The Rear-Admiral made an impatient gesture.

"Then go ahead," he said.

"Useless," was the reply; "they lie across our bows."

"Then turn astern, or anywhere you like," continued their superior.

"Sir, there is no turning anywhere," they responded, with a low wail; "we are surrounded, and must fight for it."

There was a deadly pause.

"By that you mean fire the guns?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, fire the guns, that's our game. Three cheers for the old *Dunderhead*!" and they gave a miserable, quavering hurrah.

The Rear-Admiral surveyed them sadly for a moment. "Very well, Gentlemen," he said, "as you wish; but remember, if anything happens, it was you who were for having recourse to the guns, not I. And now, Boatswain, please man me the dingy!"

Twenty minutes later the Rear-Admiral, unnoticed in the little dingy, had escaped beyond the outer line of the advancing enemy, and was surveying the scene through a powerful binocular. The hostile fleet had advanced slowly, and at length surrounded the *Dunderhead*, but, terror-struck at its colossal strength, and formidable armament, had not, as yet, had courage to fire a shot. Presently there was a terrific explosion. The *Dunderhead* was seen to be blown bodily out of the water, and then, with a gigantic splash, to disappear beneath the Channel waves.

"Dear me!" said the Rear-Admiral, shifting his binocular with much interest, "those orders were correct, after all! It seems to be a case of BURST!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

X.

"EASTWARD!" the Shadow murmured. "Not the East

Whose every aspect is an optic feast

Of rich and radiant colour.
The orient rather of dim light and dun,
Of shadowed lives and a smoke-hidden sun,
Of poverty and dolour."

'Twas not the reek of the flower-spangled swamp,
This thick miasma, deadly chill and damp,
That rose as down we flitted
O'er dull, rain-sodden roofs and chimneys black,
Wastes where the stretch of poverty's soul-rack
Is never intermitted.

No gleam, no gladness, save the garish glare
Of taverns, whence shrill laughter smote the air,

Mirthless, half maniac laughter.
The huddled houses ranged in dismal rows,
Seeming the sordid homes of wasting woes
From cellarage to rafter.

"Yon southern suburb," said my shadowy guide,

"Held remnants sparse of squalid human pride

And piteous human passion;
Here all seems subter-human. Yet the slum
Holds hearts and heroes, though in rhetoric dumb,
In raiment out of fashion.

"Look down!" I looked, and in an attic lone,

With blank foul floor, and hearth of bare cold stone,

A grey-faced woman, grizzled
By years and sorrows, sat and shrank, in vain,

From the damp walls whence oozed the ruthless rain

That through the dark night drizzled.

The rifted roof leaked misty moisture down
On her grey locks; her frayed and scanty gown

To her shrunk bosom huddled,
Stilled not the shiverings of her ill-fed frame,

Chilled by the rusty grate devoid of flame,
The rotting floor rain-puddled.

Yet worked she on. Ah yes, she worked,
worked, worked;

The one dead burden that may not be shirked,
Whilst lingers life's last ember,

Is drudgery. That still weights her morn
and noon,

Through the rare gleams of London's leaden June,

The fogs of drear December.

Alone, age-stricken, grey and silent, she
Stitches on there. A mug of cold pale tea,

A slice of bread, sole diet
Of the poor struggling solitary, stand

Hard by her; so, with work and food at hand,

She plods on, pale yet quiet.

This is her world; from year to year she sits,
Heedless of Babylon's wealth as of its wits,

Its pleasures, panics, prophets;
All pass her by, she never sees the sun

Shine on a field; her home is this damp, dun,
Most desolate of Tophets.



Ten years of this grim life of want and toil
Have left her premature and hopeless spoil
Of age and grinding labour.

Her needle and her garret she leaves not,
Save for "the Shop." Mute drudgery is her lot

And venal vice her neighbour.

"What is her work?" I cried, "if that be work

Which is a worse task-master than the Turk?"

"Look closer," said the Shadow,
"Oh, shrink not! Wise Economists will say

Her fingers must wax thin, 'tis the sole way
To stock Trade's Eldorado.

"'Shirt-finishing,' good friend, at three poor pence

The dozen garments; and, with toil intense,
Unceasing, superhuman,

She may earn some three shillings in the week.
Hideous? Nay, eager hundreds vainly seek

The 'luck' of this lone woman!

"Hard-by are harsher scenes, sick husbands prone,

Dead children coffinless. She is alone
This slave, and so half happy. [box,

And now look yonder!"]—In his snug stage-
With sheeny front, trim shoes and flaming

socks,
Lounged what slang dubs a "Chappie."

That means a callow, callous cad, a thing
All dandy insolence and diamond ring,

And cynic cockney "patter."

"There," said the Shadow, "sits the ghoul
who thrives

Upon the labour of such lingering lives.
Could he look rosier, fatter?

"He owns the rookery whence, by roguish sleight,

From bodily ill and spiritual blight
Greed sucks a rich subsistence.

Ten thousand needles flash, with brush and paste [to waste

A myriad match-slaves drudge dull years
To yield such brutes existence.

"Ill-paid they are, half famishing may be,
Bare are their lives of comfort as of glee;

But one thing they must offer
To the new Moloch. Yes, the Rent! the Rent!

Must come, the maw of Mammon to content,
And cram his gaping coffer.

"No, eighteen-pence a week may not seem much

To yield to the edacious monster's clutch;
But for this hideous hovel

To halve, not tithe, yon broken woman's wage,

Proves that the master deity of the age
In greed's worst slough can grovel.

"Yet she complains not, but—is't not absurd?"

Laments the losing of the poor starved bird
Dead in the cage hung yonder.

How foolish are the poor! What shred of sense

In moaning o'er the loss of an expense?
A question this to ponder!"

(To be continued.)

A LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCE.

The Charnelhouse,

MR. PUNCH, SIR, Kensington Gore.

I WRITE to protest, in the strongest possible manner, against a gross breach of faith on the part of the Management of one of our most fashionable, popular, and select

places of entertainment. They are exhibiting Cannibals, Sir,

genuine Cannibals, from Tierra del Fuego. So far, I have no complaint to make. Nothing

can be more improving to a cultivated mind than the contemplation of genuine Cannibals. But the

Management advertise as follows:—"The Cannibals will be fed at 2.30, six, and ten o'clock."

I went there, Sir; I took my wife, my wife's mother (who is now on a visit to us), and a young family,

of ages varying from eleven to three-and-a-half. I reached the hall some time before 2.30, and engaged front seats, being

naturally anxious not to miss so rare and interesting a spectacle. Conceive my feelings,

imagine the keen disappointment of my wife and children, the indignation of my mother-in-law, when we found that we had been

made the victims of what I must really take the liberty to characterise as a most unprincipled deception! The Cannibals were fed,

Sir, and I fully admit that their manners at table were as uncivilised and repulsive as

could be possibly desired—but of what did their repast consist? I do not hesitate to say

—and I challenge the Proprietors to contradict my statement—that those Cannibals were

not supplied with their natural sustenance. To avoid all possibility of mistake, we spent

the entire day there, revisiting the entertainment at six and at ten, and occupying places

from which an uninterrupted view of the performance could be obtained. Sir, there

was not so much as one solitary baby provided for those anthropophagists! Need I say that

we came away disgusted by the imposition that had been practised upon us, and determined to expose it forthwith in your hospitable columns. My youngest daughter, aged

six, positively shed tears at finding the reality so far from her anticipations; and I believe

I am correct in stating that the majority of the audience fully shared our emotions.

The Public must not be trifled with in this manner. Let the London County Council

see to it, and insist that those who cater for popular amusement should faithfully perform

their side of the contract, or take the natural consequences!

I am, Sir, yours, indignantly,

GLOATINGTON GOOLE

(Fellow of the Royal Vegetarian Society).

P.S.—They would not even return the money at the doors!





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

"LABBY IN OUR ABBEY."

(By a Westminster Chorister, to the Air of
"Sally in our Alley.")

I.

Of all the Rads that are so smart
There's none like crafty LABBY,
He learns the secrets of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey;
There is no lawyer in the land
That's half as sharp as LABBY,
He is a demon in the art,
And guileless as a babby!

II.

For "Bomba BALFOUR" in the week
There seems to be no worse day,
Than is the one that comes between
A Tuesday and a Thursday.
For then we read each foul misdeed
"Unmanly, mean and shabby,"
Exposed to view in type so true
By penetrating LABBY.

III.

LORD SALISBURY and the Tories, all
Flout, gibe, and jeer at LABBY,
Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
A sleepy set and flabby;
And ere their seven long years are out,
Could they be rid of LABBY,
"Snug lying" they might find for him;
But not in our Abbey!

RESEARCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

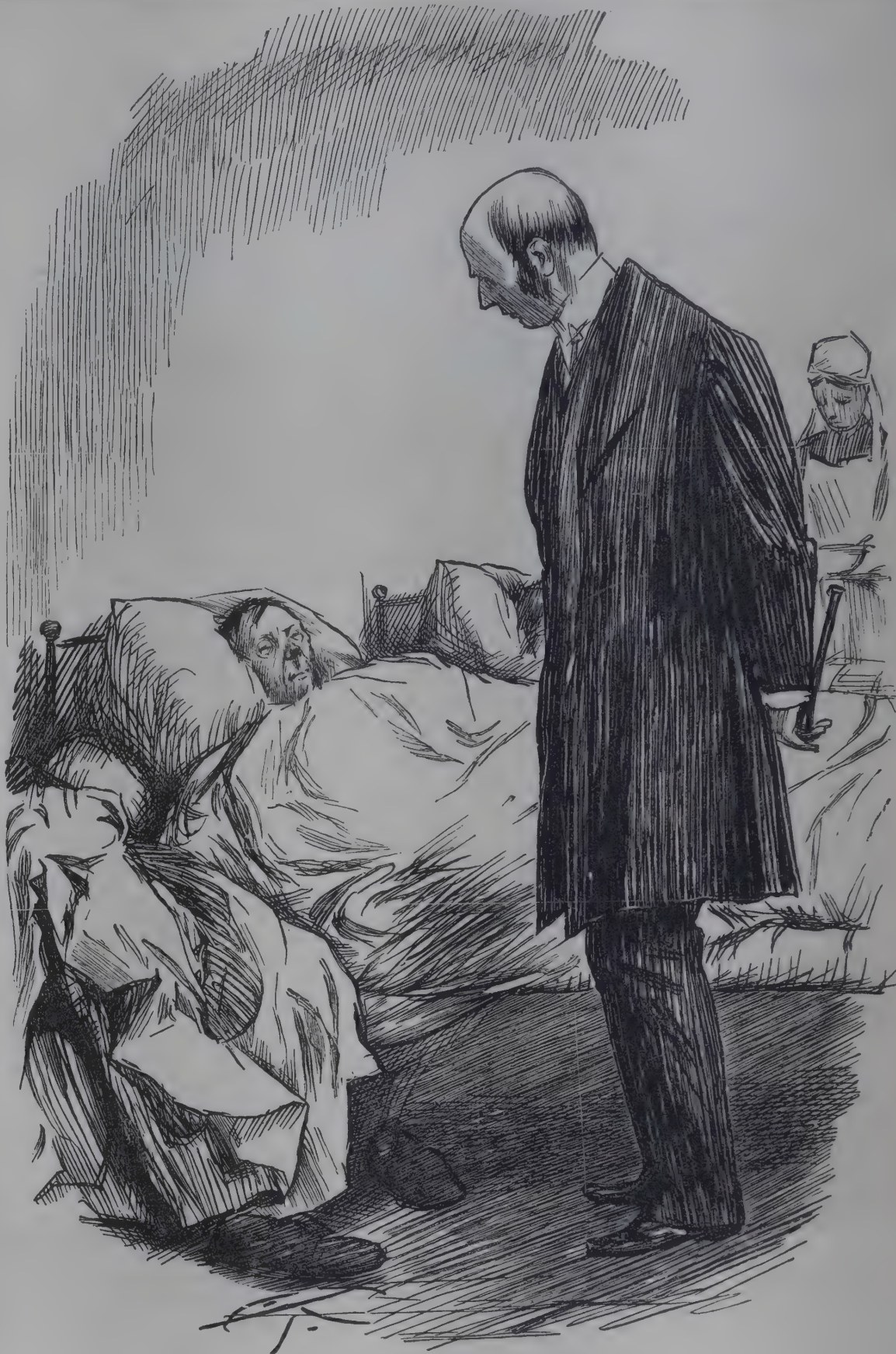
I do not remember ever having read a copy of your paper, but I have been told that it is chiefly devoted to Psychical Research; so you will probably be glad to receive an account of an experiment which I made the other day. Although I am only reading for the Pass Degree, I am a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and I have devoted a great part of my time to the study of Hypnotism, and Transcendental Medicine.

Now, on the evening of Monday, October 21, I happened to pick up a Number of a Cambridge Periodical, *The Granta*, in which the Editor offered a money prize for the best definition of—(1) a Dean; (2) a Tutor; (3) a Father; (4) a Senior Wrangler; (5) a Freshman; (6) a Bedmaker. The only definitions I had ever read were in a little book bearing the fanciful title of *Euclid*, and written by a Mr. TODHUNTER; and although the work is generally considered sound as far as it goes, I found that there was absolutely no mention in it of Deans, or Bedmakers, or anything of the sort. Feeling sure that the omission was purely accidental, I determined to discover what Mr. TODHUNTER would have written if he had thought of it.

I therefore took a *Euclid* paper, and, with the assistance of a sporting friend, selected the hardest rider in it. I obtained from a good mathematician, a strong solution of this rider, which I injected into my left arm. I then hypnotised myself by attending a meeting of our College Essay Society, having previously taken the precaution of placing a pencil and paper in my hand. My friend BINDLES had hardly commenced his duties as Chairman, before I fell into a trance. Upon recovering, I found the following on the paper before me, in my own handwriting:—

(1) A Dean is the Deometer of a college parallelogram. (Hence the Porter's formula, "The Dean's compliments, Sir, and would you kindly be more regular, &c.")

(2) A Tutor is the mean between the lowest common Undergraduate and the Master of the College. (Acknowledgments to a recent Master of Trinity.)



HOSPITAL-ITY.

Hospital Physician (with a view to diagnosis). "WHAT DO YOU DRINK?"
New Patient (cheering up at the proposal). "OH, SIR!—THANK YOU, SIR—WHATEVER YOU
—I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, SIR!"

(3) A Father is a plain figure called the Boss, and is such that, when properly squared, cheques will be drawn by him up to a certain point. (Show that the father's banking account varies inversely as the altitude of the son.)

(4) A Senior Wrangler is the projection of Mr. WEBB upon a gifted Johnian.

(5) A Freshman is one off whom, if any two points be taken, the appreciation of those points lies wholly with the man who took them. (6) A Bed-maker lies evenly upon any point.

I hardly think it necessary to call your attention, Sir, to the remarkable nature of this experiment. Personally, I attribute it to my peculiarly sensitive temperament. My friend BINDLES thinks it is the college beer, which has not been quite up to the mark lately. But BINDLES knows nothing of Psychology.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

MARIADA LILLAM.

"STORIES BY BRET HARTE."—Every reciter, amateur and professional, will do well to master them, as he is expected to know "stories by heart."



METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ADVANTAGE MIGHT BE TAKEN OF THE MOUNTAINOUS CONDITION OF ANY PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE, WHEN "UP," TO RUN A SWITCHBACK RAILWAY FROM, SAY, CHARING CROSS TO THE BANK.

"GIBBING."

It is said that the Bishop of GIBALTAR,—whose see *in partibus* includes the Mediterranean Sea and "all round and about that quarter," so that St. Peter's is a kind of parish church in his Lordship's diocese, and the POPE an aggrieved parishioner,—is about to fulminate once more, or ere this has already fulminated, against the iniquities of Monte Carlo, where it is not improbable a few members of Archdeacon FARRAR's new Anglican Monastic Brotherhood Co. Limited, will take up their residence in order to convert the gambling lambkins and black sheep from the error of their way. The last time we were at that horridly delightful, infernally paradisiacal, but certainly not pharisaical place, we saw eminent English statesmen, all sorts and conditions of men, ladies with their winning ways, musical, literary and artistic celebrities, planking down their money on the red and black, the numbers and the *zéro*, thus amusing themselves by doing with their own just exactly what they have a right to do. Hadn't the Bishop of GIBALTAR better take a leaf out of his Brother of Peterborough's betting-book? Dr. MAGEE doesn't see what material difference there is between betting on a horse, or on a colour, or speculating on a Stock Exchange chance. Why should that be vicious at Monte Carlo which is honest and fair in Capel Court?

The pharisaism of the Bishop of GIB is resented as an insult by the native Monte-Carlits, who, under their legitimate Bishop of MONACO, have their own chapels and churches, and plenty of hospitals and charitable institutions, founded and endowed by Mlle. ROULETTE and Messrs. ROUGE ET NOIR & CIE., represented, in effect, by the BLANC family, whose name should suggest to the Bishop of GIB that Monte-Carlits are not so black as his Lordship would like to paint them, and no less is the Bishop's action resented by the English at Monte Carlo, who feel inclined to ask the Bishop why he doesn't attempt the evangelisation of TATTERSALL'S, Doncaster, Newmarket, Ascot, and other head-quarters of horse-racing and betting? and why he does not go out and preach to the Bears and the Bulls of Capel Court? Of course there's evil there as everywhere, and, of course, all need conversion, even the Three Per Cents., so Mr. GOSCHEN thought; but the poor players of Monte Carlo are not worse than their fellows in and about the great English centres of commerce.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

FIRM as a rock, of moderate height and girth,
Posed SAMSON as "the strongest man on earth."
A modest challenge. *Solvitur ambulando*—
The rock was staggered by a little Sand oh!

SAMSON among the Philistines caused mirth,
Proving he's not "the strongest man on earth;"
Or if he be, then he, who gained the prize,
SANDOW, must have descended from the skies.

It would reduce the strongest men to shadows to lose a hundred pounds every night. In Tom-and-Jerry days, when a man got worsted, the slang was "There he goes with his eye out!" SAMSON should change names with CYCLOPS, and retain the latter as "his only pupil."

CAVE CANEM!

OH, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER,
You're a tremendous barker!
And if your bite
Is equal quite,
You must have teeth like Carker.
Your skill at advertising,
And all the world advising,
BARNUM can't flog.
If not a dog,
You're good at dog-matising!
No doubt your stentor yap'll
Fill—if not space—your chapel.
You're always game
To shout—like Fame—
And with all foes to grapple.
Were ever you a puppy?
Great gun, with bore quite Kruppy,
Your roar's high art—
Then you're as smart
As the young man named Guppy.
There's nothing in creation
Escapes your observation.
They ought to take
You straight, and make
You watch-dog of the Nation!
Then how you'd bark! Sense urges
Us to the step. It verges
On madness not
To make a lot
Of such a Boanerges!
No muzzle then, no fetter
On sermon, speech, or letter!
(*Mem.*: One thing "log"
"Brag's a good dog,
But Holdfast is a better!")

GUIDING STARS.

PEOPLE who think there are no guides but Murray, Bradshaw, and Baedeker should at once pay a visit to the new home of the Lady Guide Association in Cockspur Street. If they will have ten minutes' chat with the Acting Manageress, Miss EDITH DAVIS—a *rara Davis in terris*—she will tell them all about the object and scope of the Institution, and will show them how useful these Lady Guides are, and how necessary they will be to Country Cousins and others who do not know their way about, but want to see as much as they can in a very little while. The only danger to the susceptible male tourist is from the glances of the Shooting Stars. The number of Lady Guiding Stars, who, however brilliant they may be, must wander occasionally, may be reduced by their becoming Fixed Stars. Mr. Punch raises his strongest glass to these Stars, and wishes them success.

THE KAISER AT ATHENS.

"Ancient, beautiful Athens."—*The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.*

ANCIENT Athens, beside you
Berlin seems extremely new;
Beauteous Athens, on the Spree
There's no city like to thee.
Hear me swear before I go,
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!

Prince VON BISMARCK, if you please,
This, the town of PERICLES,
Quite excites your Kaiser on
Pillars of the Parthenon:
Fairer sight I do not know,
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!

"Ισοτέπavos," men say,
You were dubbed in olden lay;
City of the Violet Crown,
Now you gain a new renown,
Since a Kaiser's blessings flow,
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

"If health and spirits you'd recruit, Just look in for an hour at the Institute!" Why, cert'nly! Don't see why I shouldn't sing in a Picture Gallery if I please. Severe critic wags the head at me. I look at him through my hand as if he were a picture. He scowls and leaves gallery. More room for me. What a lot of pictures! "Six hundred pictures I compute, Are hung upon the walls of the Institute!" "Self-sown Firs," by FRANK WALTON. Good! Might go firser and fare worse. Sort of picture I pine for. "The Swinge of Alderney." A swingeing good sea-scape, by HARRY HINE. "A Royal Palace," a delightful study of Hampton Court, by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, and I'm full o' love for the picture. "Under the Silver Moon"—real moonlight, not theatrical effect, by E. F. BREWTHALL. "Twilight," by A. HARRISON, also good and true. "Babes in the Wood." Poor dears—no fine deer—by S. E. WALLER. "Our Ducks"—not in frocks, but in feathers, and capitally rendered, by TOM LLOYD. "Evening." Delightful bit of Thames, by C. J. LEWIS. "O long may LEWIS con-tribute, Such pictures to be hung at the Institute!" "Rook and Pigeon"—full of force and character. A capital study of "milletary men." Ha! ha! Tells its own story well with the aid of its painter—F. D. MILLET. "Intruders." Two little girls on the sea-shore, apparently looking for their clothes, which probably the intruders have stolen. Figures deftly limned—that is to say, limbs well drawn—by W. H. BARTLETT. "Each child should have a bathing suit! For they'll find it somewhat chilly at the Institute!" "The Lull before the Storm," by W. L. WYLLIE. "O WYLLIE, we've not missed you!" Glad we haven't, or we should have missed one of the best pictures in the show. "From Shiplake Hill," by ALFRED PARSONS. Bright, breezy, delightful, and just like the place. "The Evening Mist," by S. J. SOLOMON. Why mist? The meaning is somewhat misty, unless it means that the young lady has missed all her clothing. "Would quite strike Mr. HORSLEY mute! If he saw this merry maiden at the Institute!" "An Improvisatore," by J. W. NICOL. Despite the name of the artist, it is sterling metal and no nickel about it. Looks like our old friend who used to sing at race-courses. "Penarth, from Cardiff," by E. HAYES. A bit of real fresh sparkling sea. Almost makes you onaisy to look at. Very clear, though undoubtedly hayesy. How's that, Umpire? "A Summer Day," by KEELEY HALSWELLE. Capital! All's well when he wields the brush. "Oh, weel may the KEEL"—paint! Qu'est-ce KEELEY, ah! But no matter! "Jeanie," by Miss C. E. PLIMPTON, a delightful little maiden, charmingly painted! "I'd like that damsel to salute!—But it wouldn't be quite proper at the Institute!" "Passing Clouds," by ERNEST PARTON, an earnest study from Nature, delightfully rendered. "Henry Russell at 77," by WALTER GOODMAN—two good men together. Why, bless me! I recollect HENRY RUSSELL singing "The Ship on Fire" at the very first public entertainment I ever was at. "I'd like to hear him execute,—Another of his songs at the Institute!" "Flowers of the Field," by J. CLAYTON ADAMS—bright and fresh. "The Proposal," by HAYNES WILLIAMS—another rendering of *How the Men Propose*.

And there is plenty more to look at. "Venice," by OSCAR WILSON; "Haycocks," by EDGAR ELLIS; "Bookbinders' Work-room," by HERMAN G. HERKOMER; "Half Afraid," by F. MORGAN; "Sunset—Low Tide," by A. HELCKE; "A Corner of the Studio," by LEONARD WYBURD; "An October Storm," by T. H. MCLACHLAN. I haven't seen half the pictures as yet. "Oh, had I only brought my lute—I would sing all the glories of the Institute!" Secretary says I mustn't sing. Here's SIR JAMES LINTON—he objects to my singing—I object to his not exhibiting a picture. We come to words, and from words we come to a Policeman. Sir JAMES pretends he doesn't know me. Secretary looks other way. Policeman says, "Now then!"—"The Peeler he looks resolute,—So I gracefully retire from the Institute!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.

"TIS GOOD TO BE MURRAY AND WISE."

THE most interesting article in *Murray's Magazine* for this month is Mr. JOHN MURRAY's brief and well-written account of "The Origin and History" of his own celebrated *Handbooks for Travellers*. He justly complains of Herr BAEDEKER and all his works. He would not have been angry with Messrs. BAEDEKER had they only contrived to infringe the laws of copyright, and so brought themselves within reach of the law. But they have cleverly avoided this, while availing themselves of the information which MURRAY had collected; and they added insult to injury by sending out BAEDEKER bound "in the same Red Cover."

No matter, Mr. JOHN MURRAY, evil doings never prosper, and, after all, your work is known all over the world as "The Travelling Englishman's Bible," without which no tourist's luggage is complete. So henceforth be our touring metto, "A bas BAEDEKER, and St. George for Murray England!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Mr. J. L. STEVENSON told me that after a course of *John Inglesant*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Esmond*, the idea had occurred to him of writing *The Master of Ballantine* I should not be in the least surprised,

for the story has thepedantry without the charm of *Esmond*, the gloom without the wit of *Barry Lyndon*, and some of the picturesqueness and all the tediousness, but very little of the fascination of *John Inglesant*. How it has come to be praised so highly as I am informed it has been I am unable to understand, thereby, of course, admitting an intellectual defect in the presence of very superior persons.

The Pariah, by Mr. F. ANSTEY, is one of the cleverest books that has appeared for many years. As ZOLA extracted a drama out of *Le Bonheur des Dames*, so has the author of *Vice Versâ* produced a tragedy from scenes in the life of a shop-boy. Anyone who can read unmoved the trials of *Allan*, the poor persecuted hero, must have a heart of stone. Of humble birth and cruelly neglected education, he sacrifices his life for the sake of the woman he adores with all the chivalry of a Bayard. And the wretched selfishness of the girl for whom the sacrifice is made renders the act of devotion the more touching. The story is full of interest, and has been built up with infinite care. The sketches of character are admirable. Volumes One and Two are more interesting than Volume Three, because in the latter *Margot*—the hateful, contemptible heroine of the book—is more *en évidence* than her heroic step-brother. Mr. ANSTEY very skilfully attempts to tone down the repulsiveness of *Margot's* character by suggesting that she is not quite so bad as she seems, and marrying her to a gentleman with an appointment in Japan. As *Margot* is morally responsible for her step-brother's death, and, strictly speaking, deserves hanging, there are few who will not stealthily hope that her husband, when he gets her back to Japan, will lose his temper, and give her a thorough good shaking. Poetic justice demands that she should have such a fate. *The Pariah* is a decided advance upon *The Giant's Robe*, and marks a turning-point in its author's life. Henceforward, Mr. ANSTEY will take his place as a novelist of the first rank.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

LONDON COUNCIL COMMITTEES.

(Suggestions for appropriate Chairmen.)

COMMITTEES.	CHAIRMEN.
Fire Brigade Committee	Mr. BURNS.
Parks and Open Spaces Committee	Mr. BRANCH.
Contagious Diseases (Animals) Committee	Mr. HOGG.
Housing of Working-classes Committee	Mr. HOLMES.
Finance Committee	Mr. MARKS.
Bridges Committee	Mr. FORD.
Highways Committee	Mr. RHODES.
Taxation of Land Committee	Mr. RENTOUL.
Parliamentary Committee	Mr. LAWSON.
Sanitary Committee	Mr. STRONG.
Valuation of Land Committee	Mr. COSTELLO.
Main Drainage Committee	Mr. MYER.

New Nursery Rhyme:

(For the Bakers on Strike.)

Co-OPERATE, overworked Baker's man!
Make it ten hours a day if you can.
"Not to-day, Baker!" the Sweaters agree:
But "Death in the Oven" disgusts Mr. P.

CURIOUS ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—On the day that the report of the settlement of the *Miss Phyllis Broughton v. Lord Dangan Breach* of Promise case for £2,500 appeared in the papers, the advertised programme of the Covent Garden Concerts contained this item of attraction: "Mr. JOHN VOYSEY will sing this evening, 'Phyllis is My Only Joy!' and 'Good-bye, Sweetheart' (HATTON)." Certainly—a good finish; hat on, and walk off.



A SOFT ANSWER.

"JANE, I SAW THAT POLICEMAN SPEAK TO YOU. THAT'S THE THIRD POLICEMAN I'VE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU THIS MORNING. I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!"

"NO, MA'AM. BUT THE POLICEMEN ALWAYS DO ADMIRE BABY SO—THEY CAN'T 'ELP STOPPIN' AND ASKIN' ABOUT 'IM. THEY ALL SAY AS THEY NEVER SEE SUCH A FINE CHILD!"

"ADIEU!!!"

La République loquitur :—

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow,"
Yet must we part, I fear.
How dull will be the morrow
With *you* no longer here!
I really am half frightened,
The sun scarce seems to shine—
Without you. You have brightened
Our Great Year, Eighty-Nine;
The year of Celebration
Of—well of certain things,
To which not every nation
The warmest welcome brings.
In fact, dear, Revolution,
When it is tinged with Red,
(Though but in retribution)
Fills timid souls with dread;
And it was rather risky
Your fortunes to combine
With forces fierce and frisky
That ruled in Seventy-Nine.
But you, as the fair sequel
Has very plainly shown,
Were to the occasion equal,
My beautiful, my own!
Yes, *you* conciliated
My disingenuous foes,
I saw them, who so hated,
Half friendly ere your close.
Your wondrous fascination
Was all too much for them;
For English affectation,
And eke for German phlegm.
Italians, jealous, cranky,
Grew courteous, for your sake;

As for the swarming Yankee,
He fairly "took the cake."
You softened the stiff Spanish,
And warmed the stolid Dutch,
And now, my dear, you vanish!
It is indeed too much!
Pardon this deliquescence!
You never made me weep,
Until I felt your presence,
I could no longer keep.
You filled the Beauteous City
With nearly half the earth.
The world should be more witty,
More capable of mirth,
For these mad months of revel
In the great Champ de Mars.
It may not reach *my* level,
It may not "shock the stars;"
But sure your crowded acres,
Your dances, and your drinks,
Might stir the dullest Quakers
To wit, and warmth, and winks.
The "*Orient*," in your pictures,
Was *piquant*, *chic*, and *pschutt*!
And as for prudish strictures
On them we may be mute.
You sent us up like rockets,
Nous autres. The Great City
Filled all its streets—and pockets.
'Tis past, dear,—oh! the pity!

And one thing more I owe you.
Hardly till you depart
I really, fully know you,
O mistress of my heart!
That ancient Bastille business
Might have set fools agog,

Now charmed—by you—to dizziness,
Contentedly they jog;
And then, dear, the Elections!
The chances of the Urns
Roused me to strange reflections,
Hopeful and sad by turns.
Thanks to you, *pas de danger*!
Reaction you disarmed;
You bottled up BOULANGER,
And the Red Spectre charmed.
Despite all cynic snarling,
'Twas you and your great Tower,
"Saved the Republic," darling!
I owe you peace and power;
Safety—*pro tem*.—from faction,
From zealots coarse and crude,
Mad Reds and crass Reaction.
Accept my gratitude!
And so, adieu! It must be!
The hour is struck! I fear!
In whom shall now my trust be?
What bodes the coming year?
Hushed is the brilliant Babel,
Though you have left its Tower.
As popular and stable
Be *La République's* power!
No fault of yours, at any rate,
Should History say, "She fell
Enfeebled foul, degenerate."
Farewell, *ma chère*, farewell!!!

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."—Now
that the annual Licensing Day is past, and
the Music-hall Inspection is of no present value,
what a dull time the MUCK DOUGALL must be
having! He will have to take up the drains
again. Yes, to be sewer.



“ADIEU!!!”

MADAME LA FRANCE. “GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR! DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU! DON'T KNOW *WHAT*
I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!!”

A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

(Disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Songbird Slayers.)

"Blackbirds are a very popular decoration just now. They are placed singly on the bonnets and collectively on the hats, being in some instances poised as if for immediate fly, and in others, perched in all manner of attitudes. No other bird is as well liked as the blackbird, for none can give the same air of smartness to a hat or bonnet."—*Fashion Review*.

AIR—"A Song of Sixpence."

SING a song of slaughter

Worthy a wild cat!
Four - and - twenty
blackbirds
Perched on a hat!

When the Summer
opened

Blackbirds began to
sing,

But by gentlewoman's
wish

They were shot a-wing.



The Milliner in her
counting-house
Counting out her
money!

The swell dame in her
drawing-room,
Looking sweet as
honey!

Punch walked in his
garden, [close.

At the Autumn's
In sick despair that

women fair

Should be the birds' worst foes!

CONCERNING, MORE OR LESS, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

(An Extract from a City Catechism.)

Question. Can you tell me anything about the Lord Mayor's Show this year?

Answer. Not much, save that the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS are both to have something to do with it.

Q. But, will not that fact argue that the costumes will be correct, and the *mise-en-scène* perfect?

A. Certainly. Mr. WINGFIELD will never cease to be remembered as the designer of the dresses worn in the *Maske of Flowers*, at Gray's Inn, and the stage-management of AUGUSTUS DRURIO-LANUS is not to be equalled, much less surpassed.

Q. Will there be any particular novelty in this year's Show?

A. Certainly. Major BURNABY will no longer appear in a magnificent uniform on a charger, as the City Marshal, but will join the crowd in the Lord Mayor's coach, wearing a barrister's gown and wig?

Q. Dear me! Why this change?

A. The gallant Major has retired from the military duties of the City to become the Common Crier.

Q. Is it not true that the LORD MAYOR Elect wished to walk in the procession, instead of using the State Coach?

A. Yes, when Mace and Sword would both have had a bad time of it, especially if it had rained!

Q. How could the LORD MAYOR Elect have avoided riding in a carriage on the Sabbath, without causing comment or commotion?

A. By allowing someone else to have been Chief Magistrate this time, and waiting his turn until a year arrived when the Ninth of November did *not* fall on a Saturday.

Q. What startling piece of information has the incident revealed?

A. That, in spite of his name and general appearance, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS is a member of the Hebrew persuasion!

Q. Did not the LORD CHANCELLOR refer to this fact in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his existence in the Nineteenth Century instead of the Twelfth?

A. Yes, for seven hundred years ago the LORD MAYOR, had he been a Jew, would have been treated to a stake instead of a turtle!

Q. I believe that Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD celebrated the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty by giving a ball at the Mansion House last week?

A. He did; but, somehow or another, it fell rather flat.

Q. Is not the Lord Mayor's Show to include FITZALWYNE in the character of the First Mayor of London?

A. So it is said, a fact which argues that GILBERT BEKET, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Portreve of London, and a member of the community which subsequently became known as the Mercers' Company, can be little known east of the Griffin.

Q. Is historical accuracy absolutely necessary in the Lord Mayor's Show?

A. Certainly not, so long as the *oi πολλοί* have something strange to see, they will be satisfied.

Q. What great historical character could have been appropriately introduced into this year's Procession?

A. Mr. P. T. BARNUM, who would have found himself quite at home amongst such surroundings.

Q. And now one more question. The LORD MAYOR of London appears in two aspects. In the first he is worthily the Chief Magistrate of the greatest City in the World, a person of infinite importance. In the second, he is merely an uncouth gormandiser of turtle. Which is the correct view?

A. Both! It depends upon the holder of the office to falsify either!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XI.—THE PANEGYRIC PATTERN.

THIS ditty is designed to give some expression to the passionate enthusiasm for Nature which is occasionally observable in the Music-hall songstress. The young lady who sings these verses will of course appear in appropriate costume; viz., a large white hat and feathers, a crimson sunshade, a pink frock, high-heeled sand-shoes, and a liberal extent of black silk stockings. A phonetic spelling has been adopted where necessary to bring out the rhyme, for the convenience of the reader only, as the Singer will instinctively give the vowel-sounds the pronunciation intended by the author.

First Verse.

Oh, I love to sit a-gyzing on the boundless blue horizing,
When the scorching sun is blyzing down on sands, and ships, and sea!

And to watch the busy figgers of the happy little diggers,
Or to listen to the niggers, when they choose to come to me!

Chorus (to which the Singer should sway in waltz-time.)

For I'm offully fond of the Sea-side!

If I'd only my w'y I would de-side

To dwell evermore,

By the murmuring shore,

With the billows a-blustering be-side!

Second Verse.

Then how pleasant of a morning, to be up before the dorning,
And to sally forth a-prorning—e'en if nothing back you bring!

Some young men who like fatigue 'll go and try to pot a sea-gull,
What's the odds if it's illegal, or the bird they only wing?

Chorus—For it's one of the sports of the Sea-side! &c.

Third Verse.

Then what j'y to go a bything—though you'll swim, if you're a sly thing,

Like a mermaid nimbly writhing, with a foot upon the sand!
When you're tired of old Poseidon, there's the pier to promenide on,
STRAUSS, and SULLIVAN, and HAYDN form the programme of the band.

Chorus—For there's always a band at the Sea-side! &c.

Fourth Verse.

And, with boatmen so beguiling, sev'ral parties go out siling,
Sitting all together smiling, handing sandwiches about,
To the sound of concertiner,—till they're gradually greener,
And they wish the ham was leaner, as they sip their bottled stout.

Chorus—And they cry, "Put us back on the Sea-side!" &c.

Fifth Verse.

There is pleasure unalloyed in hiring hacks and going roiding,
(If you stick on tight, avoiding any cropper or mishap.)

Or about the rocks you ramble; over boulders slip and scramble;
Or sit down and do a gamble, playing "Loo" or "Penny Nap."

Chorus—"Penny Nap" is the gyime for the Sea-side! &c.

Sixth Verse.

Then it's lovely to be spewning, all the glamour of the mewn in,
With your love his banjo tewning, ere flirtation can begin!
As along the sands you're strowling, till the hour of ten is towling,

And your Ma, severely scowling, asks "Wherever you have bin!"
Chorus—Then you answer "I've been by the Sea-side!" &c.

Seventh Verse.

Should the sky be dark and frowning, and the restless winds be mowning,

With the breakers' thunder drowning all the laughter and the glee;

And the day should prove a drencher, out of doors you will not ventcher,

But you'll read the volumes lent yer by the Local Librarree!
Chorus—For there's sure to be one at the Sea-side! &c.

Eighth Verse.

If the weather gets no calmer, you can patronise the dramer,

Where the leading lady charmer is a chit of forty-four;
And a duty none would shirk is to attend the strolling circus, [dror!

For they'd all be in the workhouse, should their antics cease to
Chorus—And they're part of the joys of the Sea-side! &c.

Encore Verse (to be used only in case of emergency).

Well, I reelly must be gowing—I've just time to make my bow in—
But I thank you for allowing me to patter on so long.

And if, like me, you're pining for the breezes there's some brine in,
Why, I'll trouble you to jine in with the chorus to my song!

Chorus (all together)—Oh, we're offully fond of the Sea-side! &c.



CHILL OCTOBER.

Fair Lady. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS YOU'VE GOT, SIR GORGIUS!"
Sir Gorgius (who is no Botanist). "A—YES. I FLATTER MYSELF THEY'RE NOT BAD—CONSIDERING THE TIME OF YEAR!"

RACING THE "RECORD."

(Suggestion for a brief Mid-Atlantic Cantata.)

"Tearing a-head with the green sea sweeping the decks from end to end, never slacking speed in the face of the heaviest weather, regardless alike of the risk of crashing into some coming vessel and of the chance of splitting in half on some suddenly appearing ice-berg, as of the dense fog which conceals both; with fires blazing and stokers fainting over the stress of work that is wrung out of them—the passage is made, from start to finish, at high-pressure pace. What is gained is a few hours' triumph in time over the performance of some rival Company, and the cost, if the practice be not speedily checked, will, sooner or later, most assuredly be the loss in Mid-Atlantic of a whole shipload of loudly-protesting but as yet helpless and totally unheeded passengers."—Notes of some recent Atlantic Passages taken at random from the Daily Papers.

The Scene is supposed to represent the quarter-deck of the Blue and White-Spangled Ball Company's celebrated liner, "Spasmodic," making her way at full speed across the Atlantic in the face of an opposing hurricane. Most of those on board have been driven to their berths by the terrible weather, but a small and desperate remnant, who have noticed that though a blinding snow-storm has just set in and lent additional danger and horror to the situation, the Captain instead of slackening speed has only shouted down the pipe to the Engine-room, "to pile on the coal, open all the draughts, and get if possible another couple of knots an hour out of her," summoning all their remaining energies, and maddened with terror and physical discomfort, pursue him to the bridge, where, surrounding him as well as they can by clinging to the bulwarks, they denounce him in the following chorus:—

CHORUS OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

HEAVENS! we are wild with witless wonder!
 Dazed with terror! sicken'd with the Dragging-over, through, but mostly under
 Volumes of this cursed Atlantic
 We care not to go a little faster,
 At the cost of danger or disaster—
 Yet, like slaves, bound to a despot
 We've no appeal.

On through fog and snow-storm madly dashing,
 And 'mid broken ice-drifts wildly Boilers hissing, and with furnace flashing,
 Your way you feel!
 A precious way!—which we, alas! must For we are bound to follow in your wake!
 Now, if to argue you would dare

[A tremendous sea breaks over the deck, and flooding everything, sweeps half the Chorus away.]

Excuse us,—but there's some one overboard—
 A boat, a line,—a life-buoy you'd best drop.

THE CAPTAIN. (looking gloomily at the sea and then consulting his watch.)

Perhaps! (hesitating). But no! I haven't time to stop!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (struggling to get together, and though dripping and disheartened, assuming, as well as they can, a threatening attitude.)

Inhuman! Monstrous!

CAPTAIN (reflectively).!

P'raps you may be right.

(Still turning it over.)

And yet, perhaps,—on second thoughts,—not quite!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (with much interest).

"On second thoughts!" Those mystic words make clear.

CAPTAIN (with alacrity).

With pleasure! if you'll kindly lend your ear.

In matters personal I needs must dip

To show you how I have to "boss" this ship.

But as your language has been somewhat strong,—
 I think I'll sing to you the "Captain's song."

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

Arranging themselves in attitudes of profound attention.

You cannot well make right come out of wrong,
 But, never mind! we'll hear the Captain's song."

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

When I was a sailor lad, don't you know,
 I thought it all right to act on the square!
 But that was a precious long time ago,
 And life seemed then quite another affair!
 For to bring home your cargo safe and sound
 Was the game we played, acting fair all round;
 But in those days no foe had you to meet,
 Nor hour to save, nor Record to beat!
 And just to give all sound seamanship the slip,
 Was never the way to become *Boss of your Ship!*

But now that I've grown older, don't you know,
 I'm bound just to see which way the wind sets.
 Well,—it's dead against the passage that's slow,
 Which judgment falls in with the hints one gets.

"Pile on the coal, and never mind the bill!"
 "Burst on through fog, mate, you won't have a spill,"

"And if another craft you chance to meet,—
 Cut it down,—but the *Record* you must beat!"
 "Let the six days prove a downright racing trip;
 See to this,—and you shall be *Boss of your Ship!*"

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

We with the Captain have no wish to quarrel,
 Though we must own we find his song immoral.

CAPTAIN (with melancholy resignation).

Ah! you behold in me the child of chances,
 The victim of untoward circumstances.

(He issues further orders through the pipe communicating with the Engine-room.)

Orders must be obeyed! (A tremendous crash heard.)

Dear me! This clatter?

[The vessel dashes on to an Ice-berg and sinks. The Captain and Frantic Passengers escape from the waves and climb up its sides.]

CAPTAIN (calmly surveying the scene).

Ah, well! Apparently this ends the matter!

FINALE OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.]

Awful! Still, what we expected,
 And the Company detected,

Now shall pay for all its crimes.

For our wrongs communicating,

We our case soon will be stating,—

In a Letter to the *Times!*

[The Frantic Passengers are about to advance on the now defenceless Captain, when the Scene opens at the back and discloses the Diseased Demon of Unwholesome Competition, who, smiling blandly on the struggling Survivors, stretches out a protecting hand over him as Curtain falls.]



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 6. "ALL HARCOURTS."

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIII. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT MALWOOD, LYNTHURST.

As you journey down by the London and South-Western Railway, which has brought Salisbury well within two hours of Waterloo, and leaves Hampton Court sometimes an hour and a half behind, you have time to reflect upon the oddity of the appellation of the district whither you are, more or less, hurrying. The natural disposition, in reflecting upon the New Forest, is to imagine a recent plantation, where the young twigs wrestle with each other for space and breadth. But, as you presently discover, the New Forest is really old. It certainly existed in the time of WILLIAM RUFUS (so called on account of the

colour of his hair), who was shot within a few paces of the place where the Squire of Malwood, with finger and thumb gently caressing his generous chin, meditates on the art of governing men. It is, indeed, time that facts were boldly confronted, and, what has for centuries been known as the New Forest, should now be frankly recognised as the Old.

You are thinking of these things as you cross the dewlapped lawn, that spreads itself like a great green apron before the stately towers of Malwood. To the meditative mind, such as that possessed by your host, this is, perchance, the choicest season of the year at which to dwell in the glades of the New Forest. The hand of Autumn has daintily touched the leaves on the immemorial trees, and, behold!



HUNTING HINTS.

PUT ON PLENTY OF PACE WHEN RIDING AT WATER—AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET OVER—SOMEHOW.

they glow with colour which it would be difficult to match at LIBERTY'S, in Regent Street. The recent high winds have dealt hardly with the giants of the wood, robbing them of the cherished companionship of the leaves, which now lie strewn in glade and roadway, covering the earth with what, in the distance, looks like a faded Turkey carpet.

Through a long corridor, adorned with heads of deer bought of JAMBACH, and the colossal antlers of the New Forest stag which WILLIAM RUFUS was stalking when he met with the accident above alluded to, your host leads the way to his study. As his tall figure lithely moves over the harsh kamptulicon with a brisk footfall that scorns eighteen stone and sixty-two years, you cannot help being attracted by the picturesqueness of his attire. It consists, to the outward view, of a single garment, once white, which envelops the stately figure from shoulder to heel. About the massive chest the garment is cunningly gathered in pleats, and boldly stitched.

"Ah, TOBY! old friend," says the Squire of Malwood. "I see you are admiring my dress. You recognise the good old English smock-frock? I always wear it down in the country. It combines ease with elegance, and I am told it washes well, though, as yet, I have not put it to the test."

Before the deeply-mullioned window [in the study where the Squire of Malwood sits and broods over impromptus that shall scintillate through the House of Commons, there is opened a broad glade of spruce firs, laurels and a row of radiant rhododendra. In the intervals of his interesting political career the Squire of Malwood has found time to carry out a notable idea. Hemmed in by the so-called New Forest he could, as he pleasantly puts it, hardly see the wood for the trees. He has, accordingly, cut out glades in front of the principal windows, and you are glancing down one facing the study, when your host, suddenly dropping into a high-backed arm-chair once the property of the father of ALFRED The Great, tells you the story of his life. Incidentally, and by way of illustrating successive episodes, your host reaches forth his hand, and takes from the serried ranks of books which fill the beetling recesses of the bearded bog-oak book-case a volume of *Hansard*. You notice that there is a remarkable similarity in the contents of the book-case. They are, as you presently learn, all volumes of *Hansard*, or scrap-books stoutly bound filled with newspaper extracts. You observe, that in each volume of *Hansard* pages are here and there turned down, in each case, oddly enough, at a speech delivered by your host, whilst the scrap-books are full of the stored wisdom he has generously distributed in various parts of the country. Your host proposes, if you have nothing else to do, that you should spend the afternoon there, looking through the series of speeches over which the lambent light of wit flashes. But you remember you have an engagement in town, and must think of going.

"But you haven't lunched," says your genial host, his handsome face aglow with the beams of hospitality, too rarely seen in your recent wandering. You admit that you have not yet lunched, but observe (jocosely), that the day is young. Your genial host explains that he always lunches at twelve o'clock, and heartily invites you to follow him. He leads the way, not into the dining-room as you

expect, but out under the antlers of the New Forest stag, through the ancient porch of Malwood, under the brick gables of the old mansion.

"Wait there a moment," he says, and trips off, holding the smock-frock skittishly by the skirt, disclosing a pair of costly carpet slippers guiltless of heel.

Whilst you are musing in pleased anticipation of the coming symposium, regarding it as a favourable opportunity of learning more of the history of the remarkable man who is your host, the Squire of Malwood comes back, carrying a parcel wrapped up in a red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. He leads the way by the belt of spruce-firs and laurels, crossing and re-crossing the limpid waters of the willow-fringed brook, till you reach a field of magnificent mangel-wurzels, which stretches in illimitable length, till it threatens to impinge on the distant Wiltshire Downs. You begin to think that the question of lunch has escaped your genial host, but are promptly undeceived. The Squire of Malwood scrambles on to a low wall skirting the broad pasture-land, and untying the red and blue cotton handkerchief discloses its contents—a thick chop of bacon, half a loaf, and a crust of Dutch cheese.

"I always lunch here," he says, as you gaze in some embarrassment on the prospect. "Quite the thing in the country, you know. Get up on the wall, and fall to. Got a pocket-knife? No? Always carry a pocket-knife with you. I'll lend you mine in a moment;" and your host produces from a recess in the skirt of the smock-frock a buck-handled steel implement, which he opens, and proceeds to slice the slab of bacon, falling-to at his meal with alarming gusto.

On the whole, you decide that it is rather early for luncheon, and your host, still seated on the wall, and working lustily with the buck-handled implement, continues the story of his life, which, somehow, seems to have lost in interest, and you are not sorry when, the crust and cheese having followed the bacon and the bread, your host descends from the wall, and, still gaily chatting, walks with you through the quiet Autumn fields towards the bustling railway station.

AN HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER, who, though provided with a shilling handbook on "the management of the hawk," hoods, claw-bells, and other requisite paraphernalia of his calling, has had, in consequence of the operation of domestic and economic reforms, to relinquish his situation, together with its emoluments, would be glad to hear of some other post, hereditary or otherwise, where he would be expected to discharge duties of a similar light and fanciful character at an equally adequate and satisfactory rate of remuneration. As, though nominally a "Falconer," owing to the fact that in his last place, in consequence of the entire absence of any birds, his acquaintance with the management of the falcon might be regarded as theoretical rather than practical, he is not particular, in seeking another situation, to devote himself to the charge of this particular kind of feathered creature, but would willingly undertake the care of canaries, a few parrots, or even, under certain conditions, a dozen or two of the common domestic fowl. Indeed, for a suitable stipend, which the Advertiser chiefly requires, he would not object to devote his attention to the charge of a collection of white mice, rabbits or guinea-pigs.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XI.

"MAD mirth, and sullen misery!
 These divide
 The empire of the night, O shadowy Guide,
 In this colossal city!"
 So I, as on we sped. "Scarce
 know I which,
 Dulness or wild delirium, poor or
 rich,
 Most earnestly to pity."

"Earnestness always either fogs
 or bores,"
 Chuckled my *cicerone*. "Fashion's doors
 Open to every comer,
 Save *that*. You see 'tis not 'amusing.' No!
 'Twould lend an extra chill to
 Winter's snow,
 And dull the sheen of Summer."

"Not to amuse oneself! That crowning
 curse
 Means excommunication. Power of Purse,
 Brain, Beauty, all are Vanity,
 If they bring not what the world calls 'good
 fun;' [run,
 With that bad form or vulgar farce will
 Though void of taste or sanity."

"These throngs at least amuse themselves!"
 I saw
 A scene to fill a flunkey's soul with awe—
 Gay garments, glittering jewels;
 The raven gloss of swell-cut broadcloth close
 With whirling clouds of satin milk-and-
 rose,
 Rare laces, radiant "crewels."

The walls were wide, the still electric
 sheen, [scene.
 Lay like rose-softened sunshine o'er the
 Bass murmur, treble twitter,
 Mounted in mingled cadences from lips
 Lingering o'er mirthful *mots* and amorous
 quips,
 Amidst the glow and glitter.

"These bacchanals," said my Guide, "are
 truly 'tiled,' [smiled
 "Save to ourselves. The Mænads might have
 Upon such secret orgies;
 Scenes of such varied and voluptuous ease
 Wealth's deft, audacious caterers planned to
 please
 The Cæsars and the Georges."

"There stands the clever caterer of to-day!
 Silenus might have squeezed his winy spray
 On his Bardolphian features.
 Trim-shaven, smartly clad, with a still smile,
 And a subdued half swagger, in the style
 Of Mammon's chosen creatures."

"He schemes, he manages, he understands,
 But lolls with smile-wreathed lips and white
 fat hands
 Against the curtained portal;
 Mercury, Bacchus, Ganymede in one,
 But to these strange Olympians better fun
 Than any old Immortal."

"Purveyor he of fashionable mirth,
 A genial mask; though earthy of the earth.
 You see the clever schemer
 Of tedium-proof amusement serves his kind
 More than dull praters of the March of Mind,
 Or philanthropic dreamers."

"At least they think so, these 'smart' men,
 light maids,
 And frisky matrons. Mirth has many grades;
 That girl there glittering, hectic,



Laughs with hysteria's high and crackling
 laugh,

Whilst he, her partner, at the *risqué* chaff
 Shakes, well-nigh apoplectic.

"Wine mounts, wit flows, such wit as wine
 evokes

In souls to which the lightest social yokes
 Are burdens to be lifted.

Laughter with loosened zone is chartered here.
 Different from yon dark slum, whose shadows
 With rare gas-jets are rifted?" [drear

Different, indeed! I heard the shrill of song
 Crude-burthened raising echoes loud and long
 Of mellow maiden-merriment.

How curious the response when stealthy skill
 In coarseness on the polished world's good-
 Makes cynical experiment! [will

The fire of passion and the feverish fret
 Of speculation rage. *Bon-mot* and bet,
 Wager and amorous whisper,

Alternate sound on our ubiquitous ear.
 Regard that girl. When saw you eyes more
 Lips redder, curl-crop crisper? [clear,

She, one would say, should still be cloistered up
 At home with poetry and her pet pug-pup,
 Her music and her novels.

Yet here she smiles where stage-stars strut
 and flaunt.

What does young Innocence in a gilded haunt,
 Where Caste in coarseness grovels?

"Caste? Innocence? We must not look too
 close. [rose,"

Some here, scarce roses, have lived near the
 My guide responded drily.

"The 'aleatic tendency,' you know,
 As ROBERT LOUIS calls it, must have flow
 Or openly or silyly.

"Sense-stir, and Speculation, and the taste
 For the adventurous, move the most chaste,
 And tickle the most prudent.

In 'proper' breasts oft lurks a craving hot
 For the equivocal—even when *not*
 Immaculately pudent.

"A curiosity about the ways
 Of the *Déclassées*, in our period, plays
 Its part in 'good' society.

'Tis so 'amusing,' this half-world, so rife
 With 'incidents' that lend to *ton's* dull life
 Some touch of *chic* variety.

"The gambling-hell and the lupanar? No!
 But ZOLA adds a zest, high play a glow
 To moral *tedium vite*.

Think you yon caterer, aiming to Amuse,
 Of scurril Momus does not gauge the use
 And venal Aphrodite?"

"TWAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY,"—AND
ADVERTISEMENT!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read with the greatest interest a letter to your contemporaries from Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in which that accomplished and patriotic gentleman suggests, that there should be a grand collection of relics in honour of the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, which is due next year.

As the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre invited co-operation from everybody, I immediately set to work to pick up mementoes of the glorious victory with—as you will see—some success. It is my desire that the exhibition should be as complete as possible, and if any feeble efforts of mine can contribute to that end, I shall be more than repaid for any trouble I may take in the matter. Subjoined is my first list of exhibits.

Portrait of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, published some years ago at the selling price of a penny plain, and twopence coloured.

Bronze coin, bearing the head of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. It is a strange fact that this valuable piece has been refused by two omnibus conductors, showing that latent animosity still exists between the English and the French.

Broom carried for many years by the junior crossing-sweeper of Waterloo Place.

Cards used for playing Napoleon. *À propos* of this game, the expression "going nap" no doubt referred to the deposed Emperor's departure for St. Helena.

Set of wheels from a broken-up Waterloo omnibus.

Draft application to the Council of the Royal United Service Institution asking for the loan of the skull of SHAW the Life Guardsman, which has somehow or another found its way into the Museum of that valuable organisation.

Gate of the North Toll-house on old Waterloo Bridge.

Napoleon's Dream Book, a cheap and interesting treatise upon Fate, said to have been used by the greatest General of his age before all his victories, proving that his success might have been attributable to the power of witchcraft. Sold even to this day at a penny a copy.

Acting edition of the *Battle of Waterloo*, drama played at Astley's.

Pair of quaint old Wellington boots—an heir-loom.

Card of admission to the "Extra Rooms" at Madame Tussaud's, where "Napoleonic relics" are always on view.

There, Sir; I do not think this bad for a beginning. But why not have other celebrations?

Next year the 824th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings will be due, when there might be a grand exhibition of boarding-house furniture, in honour of the victory having been gained at a now favourite watering-place. Then we might have the anniversaries of other things—the invention of the umbrella, the discovery of sugar, the first mixing of lobster-salad, and so forth.

Of course the difficulty would be to find a site for the holding of exhibitions appropriate to the celebration of these interesting events.

In the case of the Battle of Waterloo, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS had a new panorama ready to hand. For all that, I cannot imagine how he came to think of such a clever thing!

Yours truly,

SIMON SIMPLE SIMPLE-SIMON,
Crackup Court, near Puffborough.



UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch (to Mrs. London County Council). "CONGRATULATE YOU, MA'AM, ON RETAINING SUCH A CAPITAL CHAIRMAN. HE'LL GET YOU ALONG, IF ANYONE CAN!"

AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

It is an open secret that, should the Austrian idea of putting the Civil Service of the Crown in uniform be adopted in this country, the following dress-regulations will be enforced in the Government offices hereunto referred :—

ADMIRALTY. First-grade Officials.—Cocked hats, blue spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper, with inch bullion border and gold-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—A. B. seaman's costume, with chevrons, ink-bottle, and lanyard. Steel pen.

AUDIT OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cocked hats, green spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper with half-inch bullion border, and silver-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—Costume of Audit Ale-brewers' draymen. Steel pens.

LUNACY COMMISSION. Commissioners.—Burlesque cocked hats, and heavily bullioned strait-waistcoats. **Secretary.**—Robes of a Barrister-at-Law, with the wig decorated with bits of straw.

POST OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cocked hats, decorated with Christmas cards, and sample coats, of various patterns. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Postman's uniform of the period, augmented.

TREASURY. First-grade Officials.—Cocked hats, cloth-of-gold coats, with guinea-buttons. Waistcoats of various colours, fresh from the Mint die. Pens gold.

All other Grades.—Evening dress of the theatrical treasurers, with orders for the Pit and Upper Boxes. Pens steel.

WAR OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cocked hats, armour from the Tower, condemned maps of the Intelligence Department converted into tail-coats. Blotting-paper, with regulation 3-inch bullion border. Red tape. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Cast-off uniforms of Royal Engineers engaged upon purely civilian work, and therefore not required for service in the Army.



"A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

The Magistrate. "OH!—YOU ADMIT MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY THEN?"
Prisoner (airily). "WELL, THE FACT IS, YOUR WASHUP, THE SUPPLY O' THE GENUINE ARTICLE IS SO EXTREMELY LIMITED, AND THINGS GENERALLY ARE SO VERY TIGHT COMMERCIAL, THAT A POOR FELLOW MUST DO SOMETHING THESE TIMES TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch loquitur :—

UP-HILL work? To be sure. And, my very dear Madam,

Up-hill's always stiffish whatever the road,
 Whether gravel provincial or London Macadam;

But much, very much, to your "Chairman" is owed,
 For choosing straight courses and obstacles clearing,

And pulling and hauling with hearty good will.
 I congratulate you on the prospect most cheering,

At least for a time, of retaining him still.
 If anyone *can* pull you straight he will do it.

You'll freely admit you're a pretty good weight;
 And were you to lose him just now you might rue it,

That's hardly a thing that admits of debate.
 And you, Mister ROSEBERY, *Punch* is delighted

To know you'll remain for a time at your post.
 By pitchforks and pelting you'll not be affrighted;

'Tis true English fashion our rulers to roast;
 And when a new broom is found making a splutter,

And not so much clearing as raising a dust,
 "Olympian" critics, and others, will utter

Some quips which appear, and perhaps *are*, unjust.
 Some L. C. C. doings have roused cynic merriment,

But Councils, like Rome, are not built in a day;
Mr. Punch wishes well to the mighty experiment,

And he will take care it is given fair play.
 Meanwhile, Ma'am, if you will but just "cut the cackle,"

Some rushers restrain, and some chatters burke,
 Your excellent Chairman his task then may tackle

With every prospect of less "Up-hill Work!"

THE NINTH.

THE Lord Mayor's Show, arranged by Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, was a great success, and *Mr. Punch* presents BARNUM Junior with the freedom of Fleet Street. The biggest crowd assembled to witness it that has been seen for some years. LEWIS Le Grand himself sat in a carriage with three City magnates, and tried to look as if he had got there by accident, and his friends were merely "giving him a lift." In the evening the scene in the Guildhall was brilliant. Mr. STANHOPE spoke boldly about national defences when he looked round and saw General ATLAS in a brand new uniform, with a sword by his side, "ready, aye, ready," and Colonel BRIEFLESS, ablaze in scarlet, looking like a County Court Martial, burning to draw pleadings, defend the innocent, or charge a prisoner at the bar. Lord SALISBURY was heavy. He had nothing to say, and said something less than that, as he omitted to propose the Lord MAYOR's health, and had to be stirred up again, when he rose in his place and gave the toast as a sort of after-thought. Sir HENRY ISAACS spoke well, clearly, to the point, and, above all, briefly. ARTHUR BALFOUR received a big ovation, and assumed an air of quiet surprise, as if uncertain whether the applause might not have been intended for some one else. Altogether a Notable Ninth.

Nothing Like Lather.

THE Scentenary of PEARS' Soap was celebrated with a banquet given to Mr. BARRATT, Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, Bart., M.P., being in the chair. Needless to say that there was a plentiful exhibition of soap on the occasion. The chief feature of the menu was of course the cakes of soap. Sir ALGERNON made, as he always does, an excellent speech, and, as if he were at a double wedding, drank the health of "The happy PEARS."



ANOTHER METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

PATENT NETTING FOR "TAKING MALES ON BOARD" WHEN AT FULL SPEED. A SAVING OF TIME AND HORSES.

A REAL "GRAIN ELEVATOR."

It is the truth, the reality of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's sketches that renders them so popular. He never attempts to improve our minds; he tells us what we all knew before, but he puts everything in such a comic light, that he sends us away laughing at our misfortunes and making fun of our miseries. If we were in doleful dumps we would go to Mr. CORNEY GRAIN to raise our spirits. The most recent addition to the Corneycopia is no exception to the rule, and the miseries of moving, the troubles of housekeeping, the irritative quality of relations—and one's relations are perhaps one of the greatest troubles of life—are celebrated in song, sketch, and story, in most diverting fashion. The latest social satire by the popular entertainer is called, *I've taken a House*. It will be certainly found this novelty has "taken the house" at St. George's Hall, and will probably fill it for many nights to come.

L. C. C. PROSPECTS.—When Lord ROSEBURY retires from the Chairmanship of the L. C. C., it is generally feared that they'll make a nice hash of it. It is now certain that if not a hash, there'll be a considerable taste of HAGGIS about whatever they do.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

(From Our Own Thoroughly Reliable Correspondent at Constantinople.)

"I am told that it is the SULTAN's chief care to give the EMPEROR no opportunity of entering into political conversation with him, and consequently everything is done to keep his German Majesty as much pre-occupied as possible. What would he like to do or see, and what presents would he be pleased to accept from the PADISHAH? As for the EMPEROR, he has already accepted four magnificent Arab or other steeds of snow-white colour, while a variegated pile of precious stuffs has been given to the EMPRESS."

THE result of my inquiries as to the reliability of the above paragraph, taken from the telegraphic communication of the representative of the *Times*, that appeared in the pages of that journal on Tuesday last, which you have sent to me with a request that I would either verify or contradict it, I herewith subjoin. Fortunately notes I had already made for my own use came opportunely to my aid, and enabled me fully to endorse and confirm the view of the situation as here suggested by the leading journal.

I had heard from an influential and well-informed diplomatist that the SULTAN's apprehensions were well founded, and that the young German EMPEROR's sole object in paying his visit was literally to "pump" his host upon the several Eastern questions now looming on the political horizon, and that, determined to make himself understood, he had got up a whole string of questions with a Turkish OLLENDORFF that he meant to fall back upon as a last resource, if the SULTAN pleaded, as he was informed it was his intention of doing, his ignorance of French, German, English, Italian, or of any European tongue whatever, so as to avoid the chances of being drawn into a private conversation.

But to resume. Perhaps there is no better method of furnishing you with a precise account of what actually took place on the day of meeting, for instance, than placing before you a page of the SULTAN's scribbling diary, to which, owing to the politeness of an amiable backstairs Palace Official, I have been fortunate enough to obtain access. Here it is *verbatim* :—

"6 A.M.—Am told by my Master of Court Ceremonies that I ought to meet this German Christian Dog, arrayed, if possible, in some one of the military dresses assumed by his own countrymen. Allah is great! but this is a bore. However, I resign myself to the hands of my wardrobe-keeper. I appear, therefore, in a white nightgown, worn under a cuirass, with a dragoon's helmet, surmounted by a bedroom candle extinguisher, and in a pair of Jack-boots—(Allah is great! But, oh! these boots are tight!),—that reach up to my hips. Perhaps this disguise may save me five minutes of his conversation. Allah be praised! It has. He has embraced in turn RAHAT PASHA, LAKOUM BEY, and KOUMIS EFFENDI, taking each of them in mistake for me. At length, however, we are introduced. The Christian Dog seems struck with my appearance, as I limp to

the carriage (Oh! Allah! these boots!); but no sooner are we seated than he immediately begins the conversation, as I knew he would, with 'Well, worthy and well-beloved Second Cousin twice removed, what about Bulgaria?' My only answer is to smile, and shake my head, to indicate I do not understand. He puts the same question in several different languages, but I merely repeat my smile, and continue to shake my head. He then begins his Turkish, and it is time to stop him, so I call an interpreter, and explain that I wish to make him a present. There are two tramway omnibuses passing, and I, on the spot, present him with these,—drivers, horses, passengers and all. I indicate that they shall be sent round to him at the Yildiz Kiosk. The Christian Dog seems pleased, but again begins about Bulgaria. I again smile, but cut the conversation short by saying I must show him my soldiers. He takes to this, and is apparently absorbed in their manoeuvres for several hours. Allah be praised for this! I can evidently keep him quiet with soldiers. But, going home, he begins again about Bulgaria. I again smile, and shake my head, and present him with another tramway omnibus. As I fancy he is going again to begin about Bulgaria, I add that I should like to present the EMPRESS with some trifling memento, and we stop then and there at a haberdasher's establishment, and I order several bales of chintz, curtain fringe, and glazed calico to be sent in to her 'Imperial Majesty' at once, and entered to the 'National account.' Fearing that he is again about to begin about Bulgaria, I tell him it strikes me he has not yet tasted our celebrated 'Ra-hat-la-koum.' He shakes his head. I at once order three tons to be sent round to the Yildiz Kiosk, and also entered to the 'National account.' After warding off Bulgaria by presenting him in turns with a shower-bath, a complete set of bed-room furniture, a handful of unset jewels, a brass band, an iron-clad, and several more tramway omnibuses, all entered to the 'National account,' I at length got rid of the Christian Dog till dinner-time by dropping him at the Bureau of the Minister of War.

"10.30 P.M.—Allah be praised! The Banquet is over, and I have as yet managed to steer clear of politics with the little Christian Dog. He made one attempt, after drinking some of his sour wine from the Rhine with which I had provided him, but I again smiled, and shook my head and said, 'No, no; dinner and politics not good together. Afterwards with the coffee.' But when the time for the coffee came, I hurried him off to see the illuminations. Those were an afterthought. I wondered how I should get rid of him. 'Why not illuminate the Bosphorus?' suggested RIAZ PASHA. A good idea. I gave the order at seven. By ten the whole city was a blaze of lanterns from the woods to the water's edge. Allah be praised! I have just seen the Christian Dog off in a *caïque*. I can now retire to rest in peace. But there is still to-morrow to face. Well, I must give him some more tramway horses; show him some more soldiers. Let him have the run of the barracks. Then he has got to look at the Black Sea. Perhaps, too, he might be induced to run over to Asia

to try for some tiger-shooting. Who knows? However, Allah be praised! one day at least is done. Two more, though, to be got through before he goes! If I can only keep the Christian Dog employed. Well, Allah is great! I must manage it somehow!"

How the SULTAN did manage it is now notorious, for it is well known that the youthful KAISER, whatever else he brought away with him from Constantinople, did not contrive to leave it with a new Treaty in his pocket. The *Times* Correspondent, lolling backwards gloriously *en prince* in his *caïque* "at the seaward gate of Dolma Bagtché," describes, in glowing and enthusiastic words, the memorable parting, which appears to have been of a cordial and almost touching character. He represents the young EMPEROR as still evidently up to the last trying to get in, through an interpreter, a word about Bulgaria, but being evidently foiled by the impenetrable *bonhomie* of his still smiling host, of whom he eventually took leave, "bowing," as the *Times* Correspondent informs its readers, "with much *empressement*, and giving the military salute." So the visit ended, and, spite his apprehensions, ABDUL HAMID kept clear of the much-dreaded political question. The above brief extract from his diary makes it pretty plain *how he managed it*.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

"I COME from a Watering Place," said the Moon. "It is not at all a fashionable one, though I believe it is considered healthy for young families. In the Summer, when the visitors come with their children, it is cheerful enough, but just now it certainly has a melancholy appearance.



All the larger bathing-machines were penned up together in a yard a long way from the sea, looking strangely monstrous and out of place. There were a few little cabins still standing on the beach, but the canvas which had covered them was stripped off, leaving only the bare and skeleton-like frames. On the green in front of the sea, two or three donkeys with linen-covered side-

saddles, were huddled together, hanging down their heads dejectedly, and wondering what had become of all the children. No one seemed to be staying at the grand new hotel, where I could see the German waiter busily employed in killing the last bluebottle in the coffee-room window. The waiter, it is true, looked cheerful,—but then he was leaving for London next day.

"All at once I heard a drum being beaten, and, looking down into one of the side streets leading from the Green, I saw the drummer, who was dressed in a long, shabby brown overcoat, reaching to his heels. The people hurried to their doors, for at this season of the year even a drum is an event. Presently the man put down the drum and slipped off his coat, revealing himself in a tight-fitting garment of faded red and black, sewn with tarnished spangles. Next, with great ceremony, he spread a strip of very ragged carpet on the road, and announced that he was 'about to illustrate the extraordinary contortions of which the human body was capable.' He seemed afraid that his entertainment would have no chance there, unless he could impart an improving tone to it. The shapes into which he proceeded to twist himself were really curious. He began by holding his hand high above his head, and kicking the palm with his foot; then he folded himself up into a sort of pin-cushion, and after that he bent backward, until he clasped his ankles, and gazed up at me with a pensive, sombre expression, through his legs. The children, on their way home from school, stopped to look at him, a little timidly, on the side-walk; the tradesmen stood at their shop-doors; the babies stared, though in the wrong direction, from their perambulators; genteel old maids peered furtively over their window-blinds; a railway omnibus passed, and the driver glanced down at the contortionist for an instant, and then instantly turned his head, as if he felt that he would compromise his dignity by betraying any interest. Nobody smiled or applauded, or did more than edge a little nearer, and examine the boneless man suspiciously, evidently thinking that there must be some trickery in his performance.

"The acrobat had an assistant—a nice-looking slenderly made boy, with a kind of sullen patience in his sturdy blue-eyed face; he was not so smartly dressed as his master, for he wore only a red flannel shirt and common corduroy trousers. While the man was preparing for the second part of his entertainment, the boy turned somersaults in a matter-of-fact manner, and nobody took the least notice of him. The second part was intended to show how objects could be maintained in equilibrium under the most difficult circumstances, and this the performer did by balancing on his head a pile of tumblers filled with a very dirty yellow liquid, as he lay on his back and wriggled himself painfully through hoops. During this performance

the boy went round with the hat, and I amused myself," said the Moon, "in noticing the treatment he received. The children, of course, gave nothing—children always are on the free list on these occasions—but they pointed out where a halfpenny that the boy had overlooked was lying, which was the next thing to giving it themselves. The old maids hid themselves in the curtains and did not come out again until he had passed, the greengrocer, who had been looking on the whole time, told the boy that he deserved to be locked up, but the butcher, after teasing him for some little time, at last produced a penny from under his apron.

"The collection was soon made, and the acrobat got up without spilling a drop from the tumblers, though still amidst the most perfect silence. (If you notice, the people who look on at such performances, however much they are delighted, never do betray their pleasure by any demonstration more enthusiastic than a faint grin," remarked the Moon, parenthetically, "perhaps they have a feeling that if they applaud, they ought, logically, to pay.) So the man took down his pile of tumblers, decanted the dirty liquid into a tin can as carefully as if it were some precious elixir, packed glasses, can, and all neatly in a basket, rolled up the carpet, put on the shabby overcoat again, and, shouldering the drum, walked off with a lithe swinging step which had something swaggering and defiant about it, the boy following at a short distance, as submissively incurious as a dog. When the man turned the corner, I noticed that all the briskness went out of his step, and presently both master and boy passed into the shadow and I saw them no more."

STANZAS FOR SARDOU.

(By a Farce-Writer.)

[A hundred Parisian mothers-in-law have written to M. SARDOU, thanking him for having rehabilitated the much-abused Mother-in-law.]

MONSIEUR SARDOU, they say that your latest new play
Gives a Mother-in-law her due fame;

With your pen you efface all the shame and disgrace
That has hitherto clung to her name.

You have shown she can be very nice, as we see,
And from Paris some Mothers-in-law

A letter indite to express their delight,
That you've not touched them up on the raw.

But, *cher* SARDOU, my friend, how is all this to end?
This strange glorification can't last;

We cannot, it's clear, write a farce over here,
With a nice "*Belle Maman*" in the cast.

Take the "dotty" Old Man, the *Soubrette*—MARY-ANN,
Or the Guardian given to jaw;

Take the *Ingénue* arch, or the Aunty—all starch,
But leave us bad Mothers-in-law!

A NEW ACT WANTED.

FOR that admirable playwright, Mr. PINERO, appearing in the chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, talking nonsense, and uncommonly dull nonsense, too, a parallel may be found in the description of GOLDSMITH:—

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Why he should have gone out of his way to attack the Music-Halls is a puzzle to anyone at all interested in the matter. Had it been Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who has recently suffered under a genuine grievance, temporary bitterness against the Music-hall entertainers and entertainments would have been very natural, but what have Music-Halls done to Mr. PINERO? Of course, if a Dramatic Act, better in its way than any of Mr. PINERO's, be passed, and Music-Halls be wisely permitted to play one-act Vaudevilles, and even to go so far as to perform GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S *Trial by Jury* with full chorus, *Cox and Box*, and a few other musical trifles, perhaps Mr. PINERO might condescend to tell the story of *Sweet Lavender* in one Act to music—it would make a very pretty Vaudeville—or, to give us some light little sketch, say *Lords and Commons* compressed, or a rural piece, a tooral-rural piece, as Mr. PINERO would of course style it, which should bring the "scent of the hay across the footlights."

Let the principle of Free Trade be applied, by all means, to the business of the Music-Halls, the limitation being to Vaudevilles.

We should be sorry to see a persecution of the Music-hall people during the reign of PI-NERO. The other NERO was a bit of a musician, and fiddled while Rome was burning. Does PI-NERO, who would look uncommonly well in classic costume, wish to play first fiddle in similar circumstances?

STARTLING APPARITION.—"Reappearance of Professor PEPPER at the Polytechnic!" He vanished fully ten years ago. Is it really our old entertaining friend, Professor PEPPER, or is it PEPPER's Ghost? On the latter supposition, we may inquire if the Polytechnic has a spirit licence?



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. DE VERE TOMLINSON AT HOME. PUZZLES. SMALL AND EARLY.

THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

It is an Age of Puzzles, and one meets
The Sphinx—a penny one—about our
streets,
Roving in maddening manner;
Whilst at our shops she offers you a lot
Of mystery and muddlement for what
The Docker calls a “tanner.”

Peripatetic Sphinx! Quite a new notion,
But one which seems to stimulate devotion
In every puzzle-lover.
This *ŒDIPUS* a job has found, however,
Which well might foil the champions; keen
and clever,
Who “do” the “Pigs in Clover.”

The Pigs in Clover? Pooh! A docile lot
Compared with these. Marbles to coax, or
shot,
Into the pen together,
Takes time and patience. But *these* devious
dodgers
Within *that* centre to make common lodgers
Strains wit beyond its tether.

Circumgyrating in that Cretan maze,
They wander in a manner that would craze
The skilfullest old Collie;
Whilst to unite them in that Shamrock
centre!—

The task, old *ŒDIPUS*, is a tormentor;
The effort seems sheer folly.

But *ŒDIPUS*, though aged, is astute,
And chances with old *COCKER* can compute.
“Give it up”’s not his motto.
Once he’s committed to a certain game,
Bézique or *Solitaire*, ’tis all the same;
Legitimate Whist, or—Lotto!

He’ll whirl, he’ll twirl, he’ll twiddle, and
he’ll tip, [slip—
This way and that the stubborn spheres may
They stray, collide, and scatter.
He mutters, “Patience! I shall get them in
In time, and if at last the game I win,
Delay is a small matter!”

STILL BARNUMMING!

BARNUM—bar none, is the greatest Show-
man of this or any other age, including all the
heroes whom *GEORGE AUGUSTUS PLUTARCH*
SALA brought together in his effective speech
last Friday. To what a Barnumic oration the
old Showman himself treated us! He has
travelled all over the world, but he never
wandered further afield, or in more pleasant
paths, than when he mounted his hobby and
took us over so much of his old ground.

Forty-five years ago *ALBERT SMITH*
wrote in *Bentley’s Miscellany* a paper en-
titled, “A Go-a-head Day with BARNUM.”
The article wound up by saying:—“As we
expressed our fatigue at supper, BARNUM
said, ‘Well, I don’t know what you call work
in England; but if you don’t make thirty
hours out of the twenty-four in Merekey, I
don’t know where you’d be at the year’s end.
If a man can’t beat himself in running, he’ll
never go a-head; and if he don’t go a-head,
he’s done.’” The Great BARNUM is appar-
ently as active in 1889 as he was in 1844.
He is as enthusiastic on the wrong side of
eighty as he was on the right side of forty.
If he has not beaten himself in running, he
has allowed no one to beat him. He has caught
most people, but the old bird himself has never
yet been caught. If you look in just now
at Olympia, you will find him up to time and
smiling, and going a-head more than ever.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

“Its Japanese name signifies ‘the Queen of
Flowers,’ and ‘O-KIKU-SAN’ (*Chrysanthemum*) is
a designation common enough for a Japanese girl.”

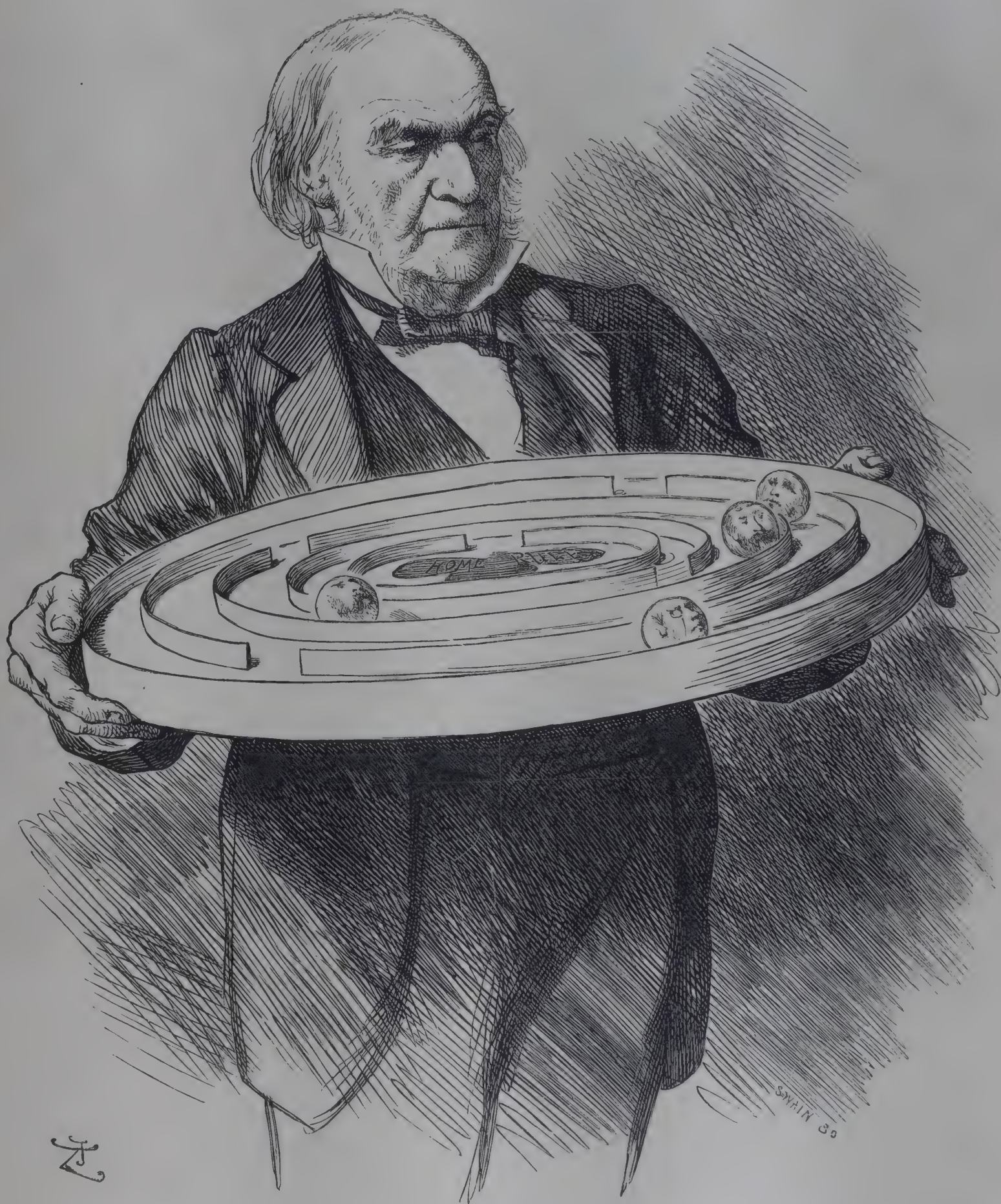
SHE’D ebon hair and almond eyes,
She looked at me in mild surprise;
The “foreign devil” then had come.
I sighed—it was in far Japan—
And murmured, “Sweet O-KIKU-SAN,
Be mine, my own *Chrysanthemum*!”

She smiled, and though of course she heard,
She only understood one word,
And so the smiling lips were dumb;
She knew I called her “Queen of Flowers;”
I gazed each day for several hours
Upon my quaint *Chrysanthemum*.

I set myself to try to please
This fascinating Japanese;
I even played the native drum.
She laughed, and clapped her tiny hands;
At last, I thought, she understands
My ardent love—*Chrysanthemum*.

But ah! they married her. A swell
Of noble birth bore off my belle,
And I was left exceeding glum;
And still a melancholy man,
In memory of O-KIKU-SAN,
I wear the gold *Chrysanthemum*!

SOFT ROZE AND TOAST.—Our toast is “MARIE
ROZE—her health!” We are very glad to
hear that Madame MARIE ROZE has entirely
recovered from the effects of her fall. The in-
cident may be summarised thus,—for there
must always be something of the summary
about a Roze,—“MARIE ROZE; MARIE fell;
MARIE ROZE up again, and her foothold on the
ladder of public favour is firmer than ever.”



THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

"I THINK I SHALL GET 'EM ALL IN,—IN TIME!"



HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plots of some of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Plays, collected in a volume called *Fogerty's Fairy and other Tales*, told as stories necessarily lose much in the narrative form, except in the case of *Fogerty's Fairy*, which gains by the process. One of the shorter sketches, called *Little Mim*, is, as Mr. Sam Weller said of Mr. John Smaulker's conversation, "Werry pretty," but the gem of humour in the book is a short passage in *Maxwell and I*, descriptive of the performance of a couple of Acrobats in a

Music-hall show. This is immensely funny. In his satirical paper on *Authors, Actors and Audiences*, the Author makes some good common-sense observations on the distinction between the work requisite for even the very best adaptations and for the production of a genuinely original play. On a cognate subject, *Our Dramatists*, in *The Fortnightly*, I agree with a great deal that Mr. GEORGE MOORE writes. From a literary point of view, the article is unworthy of Mr. GEORGE MOORE, while as to acquaintance with the subject, if he knows any more than he has here written, he has not given us the result of his knowledge. Perhaps he is reserving his force. He justly praises *The Middleman*, but has not put his critical finger on its weak point, which was spotted in *Mr. Punch's* columns.

I see it stated a publisher has in hand some work of the late Miss AMY LEVY the authoress of *Reuben Sachs*, a book of undoubted cleverness, and as remarkable, in its way, as was *As in a Looking-Glass*. Yet, as in *A Babe in Bohemia* and *Dr. Phillips*, only the seamy side of Jewish life is represented, but of its nobility of mind, its fidelity, its unsectarian, and truly catholic charity, of which we have daily proof, we read absolutely nothing. As a rule of romance, given a Jew or a Jesuit, and the author is bound to make him more or less of a villain. There is a tide in novel-writing, and perhaps we are on the turn when the original idea will occur to some one to give us a Jew whose conduct puts Christians to shame, and a Jesuit who, like the man in the song, "Cannot tell a lie if he were to try."

There should be a new Court appointment made immediately—

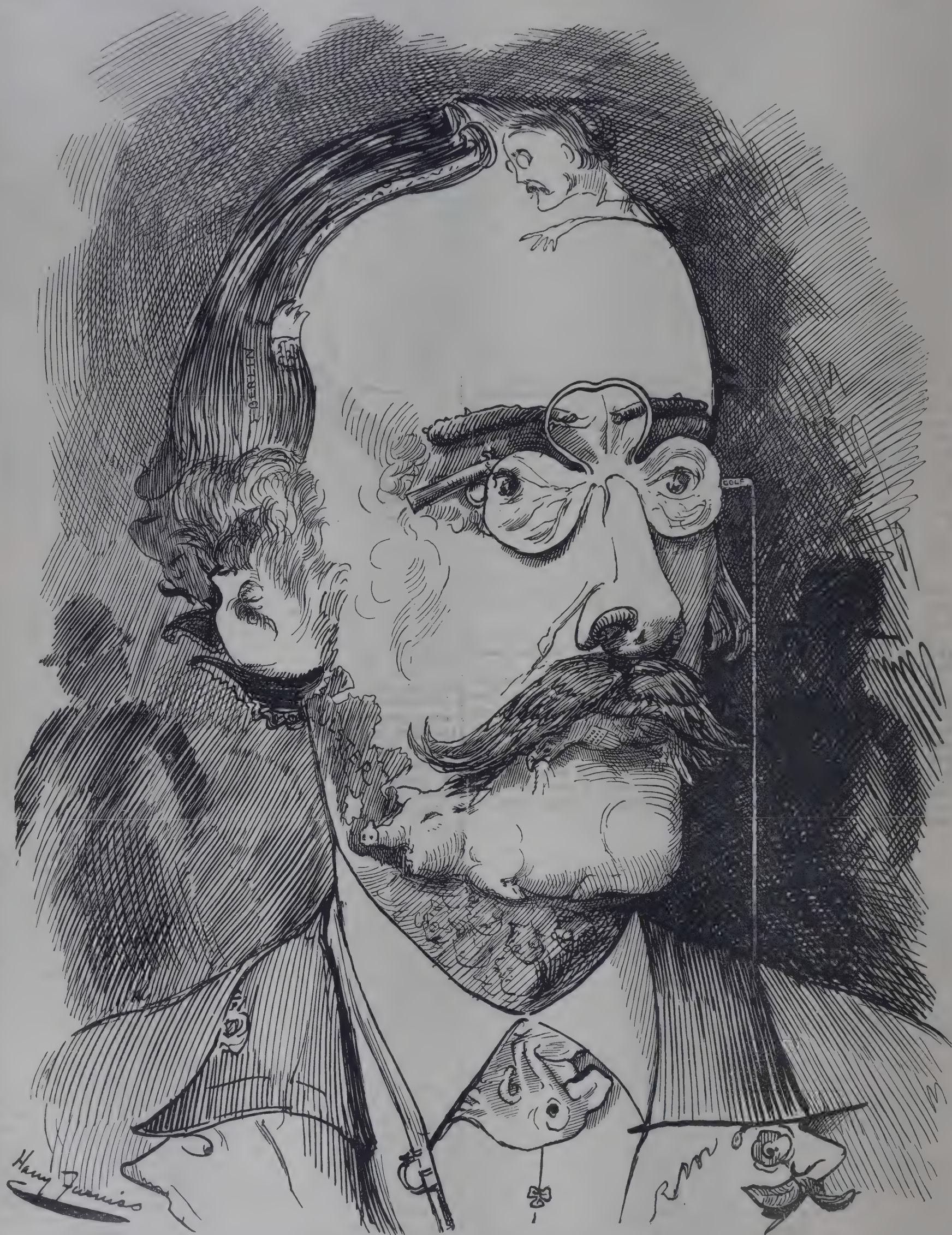
"Mistress of the Robins," and Lady LINDSAY should be invited to fill it. Stern Naturalists have said rude and unkind things about our picturesque red-waiscoated friend, but Lady LINDSAY glorifies him to his heart's content. She tells us what the poets have sung about him, she shows how he has entwined himself in our nursery lore, she paints his portrait in delightful pictures, and she sings graceful songs in his praise. All these good things are to be found in a charming volume called, *About Robins*. (ROUTLEDGE.) It might as well have been called, *All About Robins*—because the talented authoress has left nothing for anyone else to say on the subject. The book is excellently got up—if on a shelf, everyone will wish to get it down—and "robinism" pleasantly pervades it. The blithe little birds flourish on the cover, chirp on the frontispiece, and flutter throughout the pages generally. A dainty volume, which everyone will like for a Christmas present if he can get it.

My faithful Co. writes:—"I have recently been revelling in research. That benefactor of the human race, Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER, has added another magnificent volume to his already considerable reference library, in the shape of the *Gray's Inn Register*, which gives from the earliest date the admissions to the Hon. Society up to 1889. Besides this mass of valuable information, the entries in the Marriage Register of Gray's Inn Chapel are also furnished. The index to the names of the students is simply admirable—as clear as crystal, and as easily understood as A B C. Mr. JOHN FOSTER deserves well not only of his county but his country. His *Men at the Bar* is also first-rate. In this last work, it is scarcely necessary to add, he leaves Folk Lore to describe law folk.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

GREAT ART STREET.

BOND STREET should change its name to the above at once. Mr. Punch says so, and the L. C. C. should see that the excellent notion is at once carried out. A capital little Show has been opened at the Fine Art Society of Studies for Pictures. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Professor LEGROS, Messrs. STACEY MARKS, G. D. LESLIE, ALMA TADEMA, Professor RUSKIN, E. J. POYNTER, and C. C. SETON are among the most notable contributors thereto. A charming collection of pictures of the modern Dutch and French Schools is now on view at Messrs. DOWDESWELLS, and an interesting Exhibition is that of the American and Colonial pictures in the Burlington Gallery. There never was such a street for pictures as Bond Street. By all means let it be christened Pictorial Place—or, better still, Great Art Street, for at all the Galleries they give you an 'arty welcome!



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 7.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIV. MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AT 4, CARLTON GARDENS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, wending his way across the Horse Guards Parade from a late sitting of the House of Commons, can never reach his home without having his mind attuned to lofty thoughts. Behind he has left a tumultuous assembly, where vulgar hate finds voice in rasping words. TIM HEALY may have been flinging hard sayings at him, or JOSEPH GILLIS may have bent upon him that look of benignant contempt which is harder to bear than spoken words. But as, with long, swinging strides, your host crosses the gritty roadway in the rear of the Horse Guards, and hears behind the silent footfall of the two plain-clothes denizens of Scotland Yard, he always feels the soothing influence of the Duke of York's Column. There, planted advantageously on the crest of a noble flight of steps, uncarpeted, and even unswept, there rises, sheer and round, the lofty column. On it stands, in solemn loneliness, the figure of the Great Duke, staring out straight before him, as if watching the retreating figures of his famed ten thousand men. As your host lightly skips up the steps, taking them two at a time as if they were Amendments moved by an Irish Member, a strange calm settles over his erewhile fluttered soul. There, under the flaming gaslight of the House of Commons, is hurry-scurry, turmoil, and tribulation. Here is long rest after labour, majestic peace, which may, some day, be his.

You also take the Duke of York's Steps on your way to No. 4, Carlton Gardens, but these sentiments are not appropriate to your case. You think, rather, that the stairway is a little steep, the Steps a trifle frequent, the Monument something of a monstrosity. Arrived at No 4, you are warmly welcomed by one, whose expressive dark eyes, olive complexion, and finely cut features afford abundant evidence of his ancestry. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, though a Cabinet Minister and in control of one of the most troublesome Departments of the State, is still a young man. He looks more like a troubadour than an Irish Secretary, an illusion fostered by the dress in which he receives you. A robe of rich violet velvet is girdled at the slim waist by a rope of silk, wrought in dead gold colour. As he leans with negligent grace, one arm resting on the molten marble mantelpiece, he toys with his left hand with a lyre that reposes on a cabinet filled with the rarest specimens of Majolica and Sèvres.

"Not that I play you know," your host says; "but ORPHEUS usually carried a lyre with him. A flute one would suppose would have been more portable. But it was a lyre, and so I keep one handy."

As your host drops the thick fringe of his eye-lids over his expressive eyes, a sad, pained expression comes over his face, as if he were thinking of the lost Romans.

It is from a silver box used by the first Marquis of SALISBURY during a visit to Carlton Gardens many years ago, that the Chief Secretary to the LORD LIEUTENANT extracts a cigarette, which you smoke while he tells you something of a career that has led, step by step, to the highest honour which, in present circumstances, it is possible for an uncle to bestow upon a nephew. You think that whilst he was extracting something he might as well have made it a cigar. But the more varied your experience in life, the more extended your peregrinations, the less sanguine are your hopes, the poorer your expectations.

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon jour!"

your host hums, gently touching the lyre. You say, "Certainly," though you wish that this tendency to drop into German may be restrained. You find, for yourself, that one language is quite enough to express your full desires, and indeed that the facilities it affords for asking for things considerably outnumbers the opportunities for securing them.

You begin to feel that if your host is going to sit and strum the lyre, trolling forth what may be German drinking-songs, it will become exceedingly difficult to fill up the allotted space in the forthcoming number.

"How do you get on with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL?" you ask by way of changing the subject.

"GRANDOLPH," says your host, with a sharp touch on what you believe to be the bass notes of the lyre, "is a very interesting person, though not quite so attractive as he used to be. I remember him very well in the House of Commons in 1880. Indeed, I had some thought at the time of joining his Party. I might have done so, but for an unfortunate habit he had contracted when delivering a speech of audibly interpolating a request that one would go and fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water. GORST did not mind, and WOLFFY, with his spectacles and his diplomatic look, was able to invest the mission with an air of respectability. But I didn't care for it; and so we broke off our relations."

From this point your host, still vexatiously toying with the lyre, proceeds with the story of his life. He went into business very



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"WHAT, GUS! LEAVING THE OFFICE ALREADY? WHY, IT'S HARDLY FOUR!"

"WELL, GOVERNOR, A FELLOW MUST GET WESTWARD IN TIME TO DO THE ARCADE, YOU KNOW."

early, being appointed President of the Local Government Board on the first opportunity his uncle, the MARKISS, had of distributing offices. Previously he had dabbled in Literature, and his *brochure* on *Philosophic Doubt* received the signal honour of being ordered to be read in all the Churches. In 1887, on the resignation of Sir M. H. BEACH, he was appointed CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND. "And now," he says, "as LEONIDAS of Tarentum hath it—

"On the shining point of PALLAS' spear
I perch, a warlike grasshopper."

As he moves across the thick pile of Turkey carpet, with here and there a rug of rich colour toning it up, you cannot help thinking, as you look at his lithe figure, that the simile is quite apt. Oddly enough, his long strides take him clear out of the room, and, after waiting awhile, and there being no sign of his return, you pick your way out past the tangle of nasturtiums, geraniums, marigolds, and fuchsias, which half hides a large window on a level with the ivy-clad portico, and so gain the street. The window is partly open, and, as you pause, you hear the jingle of the lyre, and a familiar voice, that sings,—

"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'espoir,

Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bon soir!"

HARDING'S ANNUALS.

WHAT are "hardy annuals?" Chrysanthemums? Don't know! Don't care! At any rate when chrysanthemums blow HARDING'S Annuals show. This year there is a braver exhibition than usual at 45, Piccadilly. The Temple Show is all very well, but HARDING'S beats it in colour and variety. All kinds of novelties in the way of Christmas Cards may here be seen—all produced by British artists and British workmen. Fishing, yachting, coaching—in fact no cardinal point of sport is omitted—graceful, pretty, sentimental—especially appealing to the cardiac region—grateful, comforting, exhilarating—as essence of cardamoms should be. Go and look at 'em now we have shown you the way, and doubtless you'll very much enjoy this refecton of "cards and way." Ha! ha!!

THE MOAN OF THE STATION-MASTER.

SPECIAL Instructions! Yes! oh yes! *They* come in a ceaseless stream; They haunt my nights like the floods and frights that filled poor *Clarence's* dream.



Special! There's something sardonic now in the very sound of the word.

I'm sore and sick. That accursed "click" seems the only sound I've heard

Since—when? Since I heard it last in my sleep, if you call a nightmare sleep

From dawn till dawn, and from night to night the hours fly fast, or creep, But it's all one round, and the fretful sound of the needle seems to mark The pulse unseen of that dull machine, my life, through day and dark.

Special Instructions, another batch! And my walls scarce hold the space For another "Note." How the papers float sometimes in this dingy place Before my eyes in the lamp's dull glow, when the winter nights are drear, And the rattle of rails, and the drag of wires are the only sounds I hear Above the wail of the restless wind—like me, it knows not rest, That wandering sorrow, that vagrant voice of a thing with toil oppress. It is only a dingy shanty this, with its poster-patched drab walls, A sordid stage for the tragedy of one of Toil's tired thralls. Tragedy? That's an imposing word, a touch too high; and yet, Is death by dagger a loftier thing than death from fever and fret? 'Tis more "dramatic," I grant you that; but the harpies of classic Fate Could hardly harry a man much worse than the thought of a train too late, Or a way-bill wrong, or a signal missed, or a grievance or complaint Not duly noted, although they'd tax the soul of a patient saint, These petty grumbles, and trivial taunts, and muddled moans all round. No wearier pest than the fussy fool who grumbles without good ground!

Long hours; indeed, it would puzzle me much to say when my work is done. (No doubt the Directors would tell you a different story—but that's their fun!) But all day long, and every day, I must bear the worry and weight Of responsibility undefined, and duties 'tis hard to state. Only if anything *should* go wrong, from a train to an old maid's cat, Or a lamp let out, or a ticket lost, I am certain to hear of *that*. Yes, Railwaydom is a wondrous thing! Does the Public know or care, What lies behind the blessing and boon of comfort and cheap fare, O'er which they cackle complacently? Has it any feeling or thought For my long, long day in this dreary den, tired limbs, and brain o'erwrought? The "System" stands with its myriad hands, like old Briareus, and serves The general need, and the huge routine from its course so seldom swerves Good folk forget that those countless "hands" hold lever, light, and pen, Are the hands, indeed, of no giant machine, but of living suffering Men! So the work is hard, and the pay is small, and each unit fills his place On Engine, or Station, or Signal Box; who troubles to scan his face For the lines of care and worry and wear that my wife can see in mine, A Station-Master for twenty years on the Hurry-and-Harry-'em Line? Time-Tables, Way-Bills, Special Notices,—those are the things I read, Not the sort of Railway Literature you recognise, indeed, Fair lady there with the languid air, and the last Sensation Novel. No time for HAGGARD or BESANT, Ma'am, in this poster-cumbered hovel! Flurry and worry, fever and fret, long labour, petty strife, 'Tis these, Ma'am, that make up—and mar—a Station-Master's Life!

A WEAK POINT.—SIR,—I am not a Theologian, but if I am, without knowing it, I'm as good as any other Theologian. Protestants always triumphantly attack the POPE's Infallibility. Everyone knows what a bull is. It's a blunder, a mistake. Now, Sir, I'm going to bring forward one argument which will destroy once and for ever the whole doctrine of the POPE's Infallibility. If their Holinesses are infallible, they can't make blunders, can they now? "Certainly not," says Father TOM. "Well, your Rivirence," says I, "consult your history. Haven't the Popes all along made any amount of 'bulls'?" And with that I turned on my heel, whistling, "*Boyne Water*," and left His Rivirence bothered entirely.

NE PLUS ULSTER.

ROBERT ON EPPING FOREST.

AFTER a rayther long xperience, I shoold say if there ever was a hard-working set of Gennelmen as dewoted theirselves to the performance of their werry harduous dooties for the good of the Public with an amount of henergy and detummination never hexelled, it must be the Epping Forest Committee of the Grand Old Copperashun of the Citty of London.

Take, for hinstance, their larst xpedition there. What did they care about the Fore-Cast in the Morning Papers—which is amost as offen rite as it is rong—a saying as it was a going for to rain, why nothink, so off they set by the 10 o'Clock train, quite hurley in the morning, as fur as Lowton, and then jumping merrily into the carridges a waiting for 'em off they drove to all the warious pints of the butiful Forest where deppytations of the Local Swells was a waiting for 'em, to surgest warious himprovements as wood make it, if possibel, ewen more butifuller than it was afore.

With their jolly thick boots, and their ekally jolly thick Gaiters, and their grey friz Coats, and their little round Ats, and their jolly thick sticks, they looked more like a Band of Robbing Hood's Men than Forest Werderers—witch I bleeves means sumthink green, tho that was about the larst culler as anyboddy as knowed 'em wood apply to sitch a jovial set. And tho the Sun favoured them with just a gleam or 2 to welcome 'em at starting, it soon came on to rain Cats and Dogs. What did they care about the rain who had their work to do, and hunder the watchful eyes of their fust-class Chairman, and their fust-class Souperintender; so they worked away, as only Lundoners can work, till "the Sun set, and hup rose the yellow Moon," as the Pote sez, and then, as they coodn't see their ands afore 'em, much less behind 'em, they went away to their warious homes rejoicing over a hard day's work thorowly well done.

And now cums the staggerer for the Copperashun libellers. "How offen," asks these snearing ninnys, "did they stop for refreshment? Probably at ewery place where improvements was wanted, and at werry great xpanse." Ah, that's all as they knows about it. For it did so appen, as I herd one on 'em say yesterday, that all they had to support 'em in their long day's work was a Lunch! but such a Lunch as praps was never ekwalled for both habundance, and helegance, and warm-artedness. "Ah, and at a pretty xpanse," says the grumblers aforesaid. No, my noble but stingy Swells, nothink of the sort, for it was all a free gift from one of theirselves, who lives there; and, jest to shew the sort of Gennelmen as they has among 'em, this same horspitable Werderer, and his ekally horspitable Brother and Werderer, had acshally bort and paid for out of their hone pockets, no less than twelve and an arf acres of privet land, which they has presented to the Grand Old Copperashun for them to hadd to the five or six thowsand acres of Epping Forest, as they held afore, for the helth and enjoyment of the People, with all its butiful Mountings, and all its butiful Walleys, and its thousands of Trees, and its millions of Blackberrys, and its Thicketts, and its Thinnings, and its Arnt Sallys, and its Donkeys, and its Coker Nuts, and everythink else as is necessary for their pure Publick Enjoyment, and hartistick wreckwreation!

Ah, them's the sort of rich peepel as I admires! The more's the pity as there's so preshus few on 'em will foller such grand xampels. But never mind, let the rich and liberal ones keep on pegging away, and the rich and stingy will be compelled to foller suit if ony for werry shame. I owerhead, too, what a jolly sell one of the Werderers, who is a Tea Totaller, pore fellow, played off on this same hard-working Committee a year or 2 ago. He inwited 'em all to Lunch, and a werry good Lunch it were, with, aperiently, lots of Champagne on the Table, to which, it being a jolly hot day, they in course helped theirselves plentyfully in Tumblers, and took good drafts of it, and before they cood stop theirselves found out it was that fearful mixture called Rarsberry Champagne! The effect was so awful upon their unfortnit hinsides, being, in course, not accustomed to such xtrornary producktions, that they wun and all with wun acord, when proceeding on their journey, ordered the Coachman to pull up at the fust Pub, and there they restored their usual equeilibrium with glasses of hot Brandy and Water all round! A sollem warning, I takes it, never to play not no tricks with that most himportant part of our hanatermy, the hinterier.

ROBERT.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"HISTORY MADE EASY."

IF you pay a visit to Messrs. AGNEW'S Gallery in Bond Street, you will find that history is no longer a study, but a delightful recreation. You will shake your fist at the dry historians, who



taught you in your youth with their pens, and you will hail with joy the accomplished gentlemen who instruct you with their pencils in the present day. "The pencil speaks the tongue of every land"—and there is no reason that it should not relate the history of all nations. When the pencil is wielded by two such artists as Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, history becomes very pleasant indeed, and the recital of the life of MARY Queen of Scots, most delightful to experience. The principal actors in the life of the unfortunate Queen have been admirably depicted by Sir JAMES LINTON, who has rarely done anything better than the twelve portraits and the picture of the "Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots." Among the portraits especially notable are the "Earl of Moray," "Mary Seton,"

"Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley and King of Scots," "Mary Stuart Queen of Scots," and "Mary Beton." The scenery in this eventful history has been conscientiously painted in over a hundred drawings by Mr. JAMES ORROCK; "Bolton Castle," "Falkland Palace," "Peterborough," "Linlithgow Palace," "Jedburgh Abbey," "Criffel from the Solway," "Dunblane Cathedral," are among the many bright examples that will gladden the eye of the lover of art and student of history. Altogether it is a delightful exhibition. Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, have set a good example. It is to be hoped other teachers will follow in their footsteps, for most people will prefer to learn history from a hundred good pictures than a dozen dry volumes.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XII.—THE PLAINTIVELY PATHETIC.

A MUSIC-HALL audience will always be exceedingly susceptible to Pathos—so long as they clearly understand that the song is not intended to be of a comic nature. However, there is very little danger of any misapprehension in the case of our present example, which is as natural and affecting a little song as any that have been moving the Music-Halls of late. The ultra-fastidious may possibly be repelled by what they would term the vulgarity of the title,—*"The Night-light Ever Burning by the Bed"*—but, although it is true that this humble luminary is now more generally called a *"Fairy Lamp,"* persons of true taste and refinement will prefer the homely simplicity of its earlier name. The song only contains three verses, which is the regulation allowance for Music-hall pathos, the authors probably feeling that the audience could not stand any more. It should be explained that the "tum-tum" at the end of certain lines is not intended to be sung—it is merely an indication to the orchestra to pinch their violins in a *pizzicato* manner. The Singer should either come on as a serious Black Man—for burnt cork is a marvellous provocative of Pathos—or as his ordinary self. In either case he should wear evening dress, with a large brilliant on each hand.

THE NIGHT-LIGHT EVER BURNING BY THE BED.

First Verse.

I'VE been thinking of the home where my early years were spent,
'Neath the care of a kind maiden aunt, (Tum-tum-tum!)
And to go there once again has been often my intent,
But the fare is so expensive that I can't! (Tum-tum!)
Still I never can forget that night when last we met:
"Oh, promise me—whate'er you do!" she said, (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Wear flannel next your chest, and, when you go to rest,
Keep a night-light always burning by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (pianissimo).

And my eyes are dim and wet;
For I seem to hear them yet—
Those solemn words at parting that she said: (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Now, mind you burn a night-light,
—'Twill last until it's quite light—
In a saucerful of water by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Second Verse.

I promised as she wished, and her tears I gently dried,
As she gave me all the halfpence that she had: (Tum-tum-tum!)
And through the world e'er since I have wandered far and wide,
And been gradually going to the bad! (Tum-tum!)

Many a folly and a crime I've committed in my time,
For a lawless and a chequered life I've led! (Tum-tum-tum!)
Still I've kept the promise sworn—flannel next my skin I've worn,
And I've always burnt a night-light by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain.

All unhallowed my pursuits,
(Oft to bed I've been in boots!)
Still o'er my uneasy slumber has been shed (Tum-tum-tum!)
The moderately bright light
Afforded by a night-light,
In a saucerful of water by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Third Verse. (To be sung with increasing solemnity.)

A little while ago, in a dream my aunt I saw;
In her frill-surrounded night-cap there she stood! (Tum-tum-tum!)
And I sought to hide my head 'neath the counterpane in awe,
And I trembled—for my conscience isn't good! (Tum-tum!)
But her countenance was mild—so indulgently she smiled
That I knew there was no further need for dread! (Tum-tum-tum!)
She had seen the flannel vest enveloping my chest,
And the night-light in its saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (more pianissimo still).

But ere a word she spoke,
I unhappily awoke!
And away, alas! the beauteous vision fled! (Tum-tum-tum!)
(In mournful recitation)—There was nothing but the slight light
Of the melancholy night-light
That was burning in a saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

"HAVE you ever suffered from what the Germans call *Katzenjammer*?" asked the Moon the other evening,—*"you remember how I told you long ago about the poor Ant who suffered from a hopeless passion, which I at first took for Welt-schmerz?"*



Well, *Katzenjammer* is very like *Welt-schmerz*—only worse. The sufferer creates all his unhappiness himself, and no tortures inflicted by other people could possibly be more cruelly ingenious. Not long ago I saw an unfortunate man who had *Katzenjammer* very badly. I looked through his window and saw him sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire; the room was most luxuriously furnished,

and I, who have to roll on all night in the cold blue sky with only the stupid little stars for company, quite envied him as he sat there in the warm firelight. But that was before I knew how terribly unhappy he was. He was all alone: none of his friends had come near him, he more than suspected that several of them had decided to drop his acquaintance of late; there was no one, no one in all the world to care for him, which was most distressing. Then he looked at his dog, which was lying stretched out on the hearth-rug. Even the dog didn't really love him! No, he was certain of it. By way of experiment he called to it softly—and the hardhearted animal went on basking, with no response beyond a sleepy grunt! Ah, it was selfish—like the rest of the world; he was alone,—quite—quite alone! And, as he realised this, the poor man leaned his head on his hand and gave a heart-broken sigh, that awoke even the dog. Discovering, by some mysterious instinct dogs have, that his master was in low spirits and needed consolation, he rose and stretched himself, and then came and laid his head on the man's knee, looking up into his face with eyes that spoke too plainly of honest affection to render any further doubt possible.

"You would have fancied that the poor man would have been comforted a little, would you not?—but not at all! He turned away his face with a heavy sigh—more miserable than ever. The dog loved him—that was natural enough—but a dismal conviction had just begun to oppress him, and it almost made him, strong man as he was, cry when he thought of it, and yet it became more and more clear every moment. He didn't love the dog! Ah! this *Katzenjammer* is a terrible complaint, and it is only very rude and unsympathetic persons who would mock at it," said the Moon, with real feeling in her voice, and, as she spoke, a cloud hid her face, and Mr. Punch saw no more of her that evening.



HAIRDRESSING ADONIS

WHO FINDS HIS OWN HEAD (IN THE GLASS) MORE INTERESTING TO STUDY THAN HIS PATIENT'S! THE RESULT IS DISASTER.

TOILERS OF THE SEX.

ACTING on your orders, I have just completed a round of houses in the slums of East London, in order to find out how poor work-women are housed, and what sort of life they really live.

I began with Paradise Place, Whiteditch, and regret to report that I was here assailed by cries of, "Give us a copper, Gentleman!" emanating from the juvenile population. Passing on, I entered a dilapidated dwelling where resides a band-box maker, named SUSAN M., and knocked at the door of her single apartment. At first she appeared to resent my visit, and inquired with some emphasis, "Who the dickens I was?" My impression is that she took me for the broker's man, as she began to babble of unpaid rent; but being reassured on this score, she was at length—with some difficulty—induced to give me an account of her day's work, which may be of interest to your readers.

"I start working at 3 A.M. Yes, every blessed morning of my life. When do I go to bed? When I can. You may call it eleven, or twelve, or one, if you like; it don't make no odds to me. Don't I feel sleepy in the day-time? Not with seventeen brats to look after. Is my husband in work? No, he's in gaol. How many band-boxes have I to make? I can make as many or as few as I like, but the pay is half a farthing per dozen band-boxes, and find my own card-board, gum, scissors, and thread. How much money can I make in the day? About three-halfpence, working for twenty hours. What do I live on? Weak tea, mostly. Do I give the same to my children? Yes, only weaker. No, I won't join no dratted Union—I'll keep out of the Union as long as I can. I don't care if it's a Trade's Union, or what it is."

As my interlocutress misunderstood, or was even inclined to resent my remarks, I beat a hasty retreat, avoiding as well as I could the yawning holes in the stairs, and getting off with nothing worse than a bad sprain.

The next place I visited was a room in Screw's Rents, Shorechapel. The woman I interviewed supported herself by making waistcoats for the sweaters. How she contrived to support the odours of the place, as well as herself, I cannot imagine. The rain came through the ceiling as I talked; I therefore had to carry on the conversation holding an open umbrella with one hand, and my handkerchief to my nose with the other. She said:—

"No, I am not sixty, though I look it. My age is thirty-five. Yes, it does smell rather bad sometimes. Has the Sanitary Inspector called? No, but the Rent-collector calls regularly, as so did the Parish Doctor when we were all down with typhoid. The man I work for says 'times is hard,' and he can't

afford me more than twopence a waistcoat, and find everything myself, including buttons. I am glad when I make half-a-crown a week, working sixteen hours a day. Thank you for your sympathy, but I'd rather it had been the price of a blanket. Mind you don't fall into the dust-bin at the bottom of the stairs. Who owns these houses? Mr. SCREW—he's on the Vestry. He ought to be on the Treadmill. Don't tell him I told you this, or we shall be turned out. Complain to the Inspector? If he interferes, SCREW 'll turn him out."

Mr. TURNSCREW would seem a more appropriate name. I will (if I manage to escape blood-poisoning, of which I have every symptom at present) continue my investigations in another locality.

[N.B.—This must be seen to.]

A CLOSING CHORUS AND FINALE.

(Brief Dramatic Cantata produced before an East End Audience with immense success last week.)

["Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself visited the locality, and pronouncing the 'dwellings' in their present condition, as 'totally unfit for human habitation,' then and there, had them closed."—Police Reports.]

The Scene represents the exterior of several East End "Model Dwelling Houses," somewhat out of repair. A crowd of haggard, half-starved, ill-clothed and invalided tenants discovered hanging about, who, as the Curtain rises, sing the following Chorus—

CHORUS OF SLUM LODGERS.

WE are fainting, wasting, worn and weary,
Fighting with a fate that nothing mends;
Hid away in alleys dark and dreary,
Wanting even sympathetic friends!
'Mid an atmosphere with poison reeking,
In a stifling room some eight feet square.
Roofs that let in water, gutters leaking,
Dust-bins, drainage,—all beyond repair;
Here we drag out our existence daily,
Wondering if we can bear much more;
Yet the Landlord takes his "rents" quite gaily,
And upon us seems to set some store!
Let illness come, and one be stricken,
On one alone the blow will not fall;
Pent up in here, we're bound to sicken,
Fever for one means fever for all!
Yet some perhaps for a change may crave,
And, willing enough to change their camp,
Glad to get rest in a parish grave,
That pr'aps may prove a trifle less damp.
So life grows drearier day by day,
And it sinks in squalor as 'neath a curse.
The Vestry may have its feeble say,—
Yet things merely move from bad to worse!
So we, in our chains all helpless bound,
Strain our eyes in hope to see the end,
And stretch out hands as we gaze around,
Beseeching the aid of one kind friend.
Will he come and cheer us in the fight?
Will he utter the word to set us free?
Is there none who will make what's wrong go right,
And give the Slum Lodger his liberty?

The Good Genius of the Bench appears in a blaze of light.

GOOD GENIUS.

There is! At any rate I mean to try,
My friends. The aid to help you, it is I!

[He waves a Local Act. As he does so, the dilapidated Model Dwelling Houses crumble and disappear, and a Fairy Palace of Working-Men's Improved Modern Sanitary Lodgings rises in their place. The Slum Lodgers, overcome with wonder, fall into attitudes of graceful thankfulness as Curtain slowly descends.]

Fusion.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH recommends a "fusion of parties" as the cure for current evils. Well, Sir MICHAEL, if you can secure the diffusion of common sense, an infusion of patriotic unselfishness, suffusion of the party bosom with good feeling in place of spite, and do this with less oratorical profusion, and without creating complete parliamentary confusion, then perhaps your specific may work, but, Mr. Punch greatly fears, not otherwise.



"IS IT A FAILURE?"

Mamma (their last unmarried Daughter having just accepted an offer). "WELL, GEORGE, NOW THE GIRLS ARE ALL HAPPILY SETTLED, I THINK WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE, AND THAT MARRIAGE ISN'T—"
Papa (a pessimist). "UM—'DON'T KNOW! FOUR FAMILIES TO KEEP 'STEAD OF ONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSTEAD of Messrs. BLACKIE AND SONS keeping everything dark, as, if they acted up to their name, they ought to do, they burst into



early advertisement of their Christmas books, and at this time,—it makes one change colour to think of it,—BLACKIE is Reddy, aye, Reddy! Here's *Thorn-dyke Manor*, by MARY C. ROWSELL, who has a very pleasant manner, and a BROOKE to run through this literary pasturage with his illustrations. Then BARING GOULD gives us *Grettier the Outlaw*, and I hope this will result in "bearing"

plenty of "Goold" back to author and publisher. This being a good book for boys, it will not be much of a puzzle to find the good boys for the book.

G. A. HENTY, anything but a Non-Hentity at Christmas time, tells us a capital story about a young Virginian Planter, who served *With Lee in Virginia*. BROWNE's his artist and BLACKIE's his publisher. His *Tales of Danger and Daring* are most fascinating for the youthful reader, and the *Brave Baron* also has already enjoyed it, seated in an armchair before the only fire to which he cares to expose himself, and that's his own, or a friend's, but not the enemy's.

The Loss of John Humble. By G. NORWAY. Sounds like a story by *Uriah Heep*, but quite the contrary. It is all about the Arctic regions. Ugh! So cold! pile up the logs and King Cole for Heaven!

I thank GEORGE PHILIP AND SON for C. R. MARKHAM's *Life of John Davis*, the "navigator," 1550-1605. JOHN DAVIS was an Elizabethan Gent, who discovered Davis' Straits. His descendants are still

distinguished. They have long since got out of the straits. I believe one of them, Miss DAVIS, is the chieftainess of the corps of Lady Guides.

The most useful book-present at Christmas or any other time, is ROUTLEDGE's series of pocket volumes of standard works, which, on account of their durable binding, their size and print, are simply perfect, whether taken up for a few minutes' recreation in the study-chair, or as charming travelling companions. Then there is *Cassell's National Library Series* in paper covers, highly and deservedly praised by JOHN BRIGHT; cheap portable books adapted to almost any pocket.

MACMILLAN's reprints of Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Novels would be gratefully received by any one commencing a collection, and are worth tons of ephemeral books which merely glitter for a Christmas season, and then are heard of no more. In these three series I have mentioned there is reading enough for a life-time. I should like to see a re-issue of the best French works, selected, in the original language, not translations, brought out in the style that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have published their pocket-volumes. What chances the present generation has of becoming acquainted with the pick of universal Literature, at a very small outlay, which were denied to those who can now call themselves Mediæval.

FISHER UNWIN publishes *How Men Propose*, by AGNES STEVENS. This work has evidently been a labour of love.

Rambles in Bookland (ELLIOT STOCK). Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has, if I mistake not, been our agreeable companion aforesaid in the by-ways of this pleasant country. He is a good guide, and we are glad to be once more "personally conducted" by him. He never stays in a place too long; he gives us plenty of change—no end of variety. He takes us to out-of-the-way spots; he lets us rest when "so disposed;" he gossips pleasantly as we go along, and we never feel dull in his society. We can cordially recommend intending travellers in "Bookland" to take one of these "through tickets" without delay, especially as by this system they are able to break their journey at twenty-eight different places, if they feel so inclined.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



' FEATHERS OR FUR? '

"WHAT 'VE YOU GOT?" "COCK PHEASANT!" "NONSENSE, MAN! IT'S A RABBIT."
 "WELL, P'RAPS IT IS—ANYHOW I KNOW I'D 'IT SOMETHING!"

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FIRST ENTRY.

MUCH the rummiest product of Nineteenth Century are its "Governors." Name perhaps rather a mistake, because in most cases they "reign but don't govern." Mine doesn't, anyhow. Offers a good deal of gratuitous advice, however.



Bound in Calf.

"What you ought to do," he remarks, "now that you have left College and are looking about for an opening somewhere, is to gain success in life by steady application."

My reply is, I fancy, rather able.

"Steady application!" I exclaim. "I have applied steadily twice a week for the last two months to various Govern-

ment Departments for a first-class berth, and nothing's come of it."

"Now I think of it," the Governor suddenly says, after a pause; "I know old TIM GREGORY, of the Expropriation Department; I'll give you a line to him. He's pretty high up the tree there. Perhaps he'll be able to give you a lift."

Sounds rather promising. The institution of the Governor may be worth preserving, after all! Stroll towards Whitehall.

Am pretty well-known by this time at Expropriation Office. Consequently Usher, or Door-keeper, or whoever he is, whom I tipped at Christmas, admits me into the Presence before my proper turn. Intense indignation excited thereby in breast of individual with large red muffler, who looks like a bosun's mate, or skipper of a North Sea fishing smack run up to town for a holiday.

We hear his loud expostulations (as if he were hailing a passing vessel through a speaking-trumpet) echoing down corridors till we turn a corner and lose the sound. Ask friendly Usher who the gentleman is. "That old fogey?" he replies. "Don't know, and don't care. Let 'im bellow!"

Feel, though I am glad to be admitted first, that I can understand mental attitude of people who call these Ushers jacks-in-office. But why "Jack?" Go up no end of steps. Usher used to this sort

of mountaineering. I'm not. If Governor's friend would provide me with a lift just here, it would come in useful.

"Old TIM GREGORY" turns out to be not half a bad chappy. Gives me comfortable chair to sit down in while he reads the letter. TIM is a bit of a wag, it seems. Says, at end,

"Your father writes that he hopes if I can't see you now, I'll give you an appointment for some other day? It strikes me, young man, that's just what you do want—an appointment—eh? Ha, ha!" And TIM laughs at his own joke.

I admit the accusation, readily. A wild idea crosses my brain. Is TIM GREGORY going to crown my aspirations? Picture him rising from his seat, coming towards me with benevolent aspect, placing a hand on my shoulder, and saying in a broken voice:—"For the sake of my long friendship with your esteemed father, I will give you an appointment, and at once. A valuable one, too, beginning at £700 a year, and rising to £1500; when will you be ready to take it up?" As a matter of fact, this is what Mr. TIM says:

"Appointments are rather scarce nowadays. Of course, I have no power whatever to get anybody anything. It all rests with the heads of the Department, especially Sir ALEXANDER—Sir ALEXANDER SANDISON, you know. In this Department," TIM continues pleasantly, "interest does a lot. But interest not what it was; same thing in Money Market, eh? Ha, ha! You should have influence with SANDISON—interest with our Principal, you know, ha, ha, ha!" TIM pulls himself up abruptly in his fit of merriment, and asks me—

"Are you a Scotchman?" I admit that I am not.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he ruminates. "Sir ALEXANDER's Scotch, and these Scotchmen hang together so. We," he whispers, with a hoarse chuckle, winking,— "we here often wish they would all hang together, like this,"—and he compresses his windpipe temporarily by adjusting a bit of window-cord round it, and pretends to be choking. Rather unofficial, perhaps, but amusing.

"Got any friendly M.P. who'd make things hot for our Chief in the House, and so get you a berth?"—he goes on.

"No," I reply, and reflect what a traitor in the Expropriation camp TIM is to try and "make things hot" for his own Chief!

At end of our interview he tells me he'll be sure to let me know when the next vacancy occurs, and "he'll mention my name to Sir ALEXANDER."

"A pity," are his last words, "a great pity you're not Scotch." I begin to feel that it is, although the feeling is not patriotic. Wonder, on the way downstairs, if they say—"A great pity you're not English"—when a Scotch fellow tries for an appointment of any kind at Edinburgh?

Passing a door, hear somebody inside getting what sounds like an official "wiggling." "Didn't know who the gentleman was?"—a stern voice is saying. "Did you ask?"

"No, Sir, I didn't"—is the reply, and I at once recognise the tones of the friendly Usher who let me in before the indignant sea-captain—"expectin' as 'ow the gent 'isself would have giv' me his card, if so be that"—

"Then let me tell you that the gentleman you kept waiting like that, and treated so disrespectfully, is the Earl of BACCARAT, Lord Privy Seal, and that he has been obliged to go away, not being able to wait any longer. And next time let me advise you, if you want to keep your place"—Here the door is shut from inside, and I am left to go down the stairs solus.

So the sea-captain with the muffler was the Earl of BACCARAT! Why didn't I let him go in before me? In that case he might have given me a post in the Privy Seal Office. If I'd given place to him, would he have given a place to me? How angry BACCARAT was with that Usher! Perhaps only natural for a Privy Seal to be wary! Think of going back and repeating joke to TIM, who would appreciate it, I know.

Console myself with a few weeds. Must really think of some new and practical line. Is the Army a "practical line?" But much too old for that.

ROBERT AT OLYMPIA.

My hentrance to the place was jest a leetle startling, to begin with. I arsked a reel gent at a little winder how much I was to pay, and he sed a shilling; but seeing, I suppose, as I didn't look xactly like a shilling kustomer, he, in the werry kindest manner, gave me a ticket for a reserved seat, which it was No. 54, and which I have kept as a qriosity, for it took me into one of the werry best places in the great Sho, and showed me such sites as I fears I shall never be able to properly describe, and all for a shilling!



Just to begin with, there was 3 Clowns, all in full heavening dress, the same as I wears on grate ocasions, and they tumbled over every seat as they cum near, and got rolled up in the carpets, and had to chivy their hats all over the place, till the peeple all roared again; but they never moved a mussell, but looked as grave as Churchwardens.

Then we had munkeys a riding races, jist like reel jockeys, except that not one on 'em was guilty of pulling!—suttinly not! There was helifants by the duzen a doing of their xercise like reel sojers; Kammels by the score, and thurrow bread hosses by the hunderd, and such races with 'em as makes poor Epsom and the New Market hide their deminished heds and blush! Then we had Nights in Chane Armer, and Nights in Steal Armer, and Nights in Gold Armer, almost by the thowsand! Then there was Faries a flying about the Sealing like werry full-grown Doves! and reel live Ladys a warking on the Sealing with their Heds a hanging down, without not seeming to have no hed ake!

Then, jist by way of contrast, there was most lovely Lady Dansers by the hundred, a dancing about most butiful on the ground, and in such lovely dresses, and so werry becoming, as wood have sumwhat surprized Mr. MACK DOOGALL, of the Kounty Counsel!

And then again, to show how werry shuperior the Amerrycane dancers is to ours, ewery now and then, when the butifully drest ladies was jest a leetle tired of dancing, they all struck up a jolly chorus, and didn't seem the least bit out of breth!

Going out for a few minutes jist to get a little snack for lunch, I wandered into a place I hadn't seen afore, where there was a most bootiful Lady, who looked jest as if she had been cut off at her waste! I stood and I stared at her with perfound estonishment, when presently she smiled at me, and took up her fan and fanned herself, for her breathing showed as she was rayther warm. I didn't like to speak to her, becoz I thort praps she didn't kno my tung, and praps it might have been thort rude, as we had not bin interduced. Presently sum other peeple came up, and so, as I thought it right, I left her. I quite ment to see her again, but wot I saw when I got back to my reserved seat, drove her out of my hed, so I shall have to go again, when I quite means to arsk her how she cum for to lose both her legs, and nearly all her body, poor thing!

And now how can I atempt for to discribe the most wunderfullest site that hever I seed, and, as I weryly thinks, as anyboddy else ewer seed, not ewen an hed Waiter?

Any fancy a percession as doesn't seem not to have no hend, and

consists of lots of regements of soljers, almost all on horseback, and all wearing such lovely suits of most butiful harmer that, when lited up by the Lectrick light, they flashes away like twenty thousand flashes of real lightning; and then lots of splendid gold cars, sum drawn by horses, sum by helefants, sum by Kamels, one on 'em three story high, with a wicked Hemprer at the top, and drawn by lots of horses, and a lady a holding of a large fan of feathers over his hed, a fannin him if he felt ot, and crowds of dancing Ladies, a dancing away in the middle of the road, and singing all the while, and not at all afraid of being run over, and crowds of other swells all in their best close, as tho it never rained in that lucky country, and lots of bands of music a playing away most butiful tunes, tho of course I didn't know 'em, as, unfortunately, I never learned Latin when I was at my Parish Skool, and then, all of a sudden, all the grate City of Rome is dishcovered to be on fire, and I left in such a state of bewilderment as I didn't recover from till I found I had got into a Pirate Omnibus, who charged me dubble fare, and larfed at me into the bargain.

ROBERT.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

By Archie Smiler.

'Tis noon, joyous noontide, by Isleworth clock,
As we speed with the tide up to Teddington Lock.
So fast and so full is the bountiful flood,
Forgotten and hidden are shallows and mud.



The sun flashes up from each eddying swirl,
The trees keep their tresses in crispest of curl;
Each glance is a laugh, and each word is a song,
As we strongly and steadily paddle along.
And the pains of the past and the future we mock,
As we urge our light shallop to Teddington Lock.

There's a call, like a blackbird's who sits on a branch,—
The mellow salute of an oncoming launch.
Our shallop discreetly gets out of the way,
As it drives through the water all billows and spray;
And it brays like a donkey, and crows like a cock,
As it proudly precedes us in Teddington Lock.

Ah! why does my rubicund countenance blanch,
As I scan the white gossamer gowns on the launch?
Is it love that thus claims to be honoured at sight?
Would I woo, would I win, those fair women in white?
No, gladly I'd sink through the floor of the boat,
Regardless of whether the rest of us float.
The sunlight is dulled, there's a nip in the breeze,
And the curl is gone out of the hair of the trees,
And the Lock fills as slowly as ever it can
As I gaze on a waist I no longer may span,
And the past shakes like jelly at memory's knock—
I have met my old sweetheart in Teddington Lock!

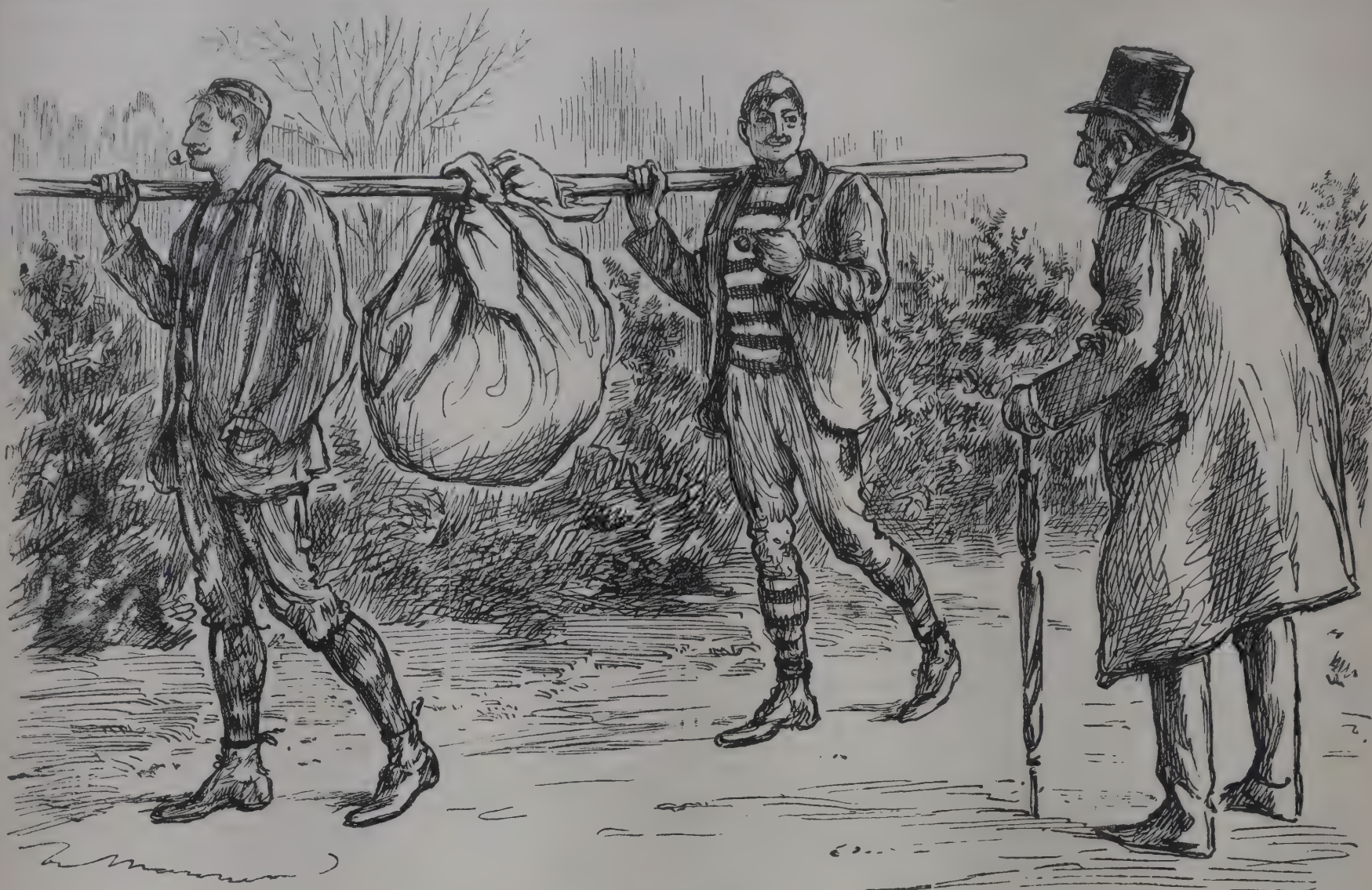
She sits so serenely unconscious and cool,
While I feel like a culprit and look like a fool:
At the blink of her een I am fain to forget
The captious caprice of the cruel coquette,
And all our fond follies come back in a flock,
As I suddenly see her in Teddington Lock.

You may row on the river, or sail on the sea,
You may sparkle at dinner or five o'clock tea,
You may revel at Ramsgate, or sulk at Southend,
You may swagger at Southsea, at Yarmouth unbend,
You may crush your fine feelings with business cares,
And blight your romance with political airs;
But the past springs to light like a jack-in-the-box,
When you meet your old sweethearts on launches in locks.

OUT WITH "THE QUEEN'S."

MY DEER FRIEND,—Do they think I like being let out of a cart and frightened to death, by being chivied for miles by mounted men, and hounds that are thirsting for my blood? If anybody is of opinion that I personally enjoy the sport for the sport's sake, or for any sake at all, he is labouring under a delusion and should be first locked up, then let out for a run and be pursued by blood-hounds over a difficult country. What I say is—let all those who take part in this cruel unsportsmanlike sport be sent to—Coventry.

Yours, broken-hartedly, A STRANGE EYE'D DEER.



NEMESIS.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

J'y suis et j'y reste—for a time. If the poet PENTAOUR could but see Modern Thebes, he would surely discover a new inspiration in Me! How I pity that epical Copt, whom old RAMESES seemed to retain As a general utility rhymester! His subjects lacked business-like brain, His rhetoric's almost Swinburnian sometimes, but wants "ideation," And what OSCAR WILDE calls "Modernity!" Now for complete incarnation [smile— Of that none need look beyond me. Yet I now find myself—with a (Like an earlier JOSEPH) set down by the side of the secular Nile. Extremes really meet in this world; fancy Brummagem, Caucus, and Screw [was a "do," Meeting Memnon,—or was it Amenophis? Humph! They say he The Vocal One was. Always spoke when the rays of the sun smote his lips; [have lent tips. But clearly those priests to our wire-pullers might, had they liked, My,—well, let us say predecessor,—possessed a sly stone in his lap, Which uttered oracular sounds in response to a well-managed tap From the hands of the priests or their myrmidons. Memnon saluted the Sun, [had fun. His father. If they'd had the Caucus in Egypt, the Copts had Yes, history truly "repeats itself." Our Grand Old Memnon at home, He of the fine "flowing tide" (don't he wish it may speedily come?) Responds, as his sycophants think, or pretend, to the "quivering touch [—"not much!" Of Titan's ray"—meaning the dawn of Success. But no, Memnon Wire-pullers, political priests, "work the oracle" even at Hawarden. [Englishman's garden, As once in old Thebes. Humph! An orchid that's cut from an Or lotus-bud culled from Lake Mœris—what much, after all, does it matter? [chatter! How little our eager "hear-hearers" can gauge the true drift of our Not Memnon, the son of Aurora, am I, nor Amenophis. No! ["JOE." I am he whom the Caucusite lovingly,—not so long since,—would call But my "brethren" just now are less sweet on me. Fancy 'twas I digged the pit [doesn't fit. Into which they have fallen. My coat, many-coloured, they think

Ah! how ancient Egyptian—and Hebrew—analogies crowd on my mind!

But Memnon or not, I am JOSEPH, as some of them some day shall [find. My dreams may come true, after all, though my enemies laugh them to scorn.

Meanwhile, I am very well here—anyhow, till the coming of morn Makes it needful again to be Vocal; for that I've the eye of a lynx; But until it is really at hand, I will try the old rôle of the Sphinx! Why, what did I say to the Bakers at Birmingham? "Bread-making now

Is very much like what it was some five thousand or more years ago At the time of the PHARAOHS!" Precisely. And bread-making's not the sole art [ing his part

That has changed very little since PHARAOH's chief baker was play— As a dreamer of dreams. 'Hawarden's Oracle flouts the Septennial But I fancy 'tis only because he perceives in that popular pact [Act, Seven years of Conservative fatness. Ah! well, they are not yet run out, [I'm about.

And what may come after who knows? But, I think I know what Like—well, like the earlier JOSEPH, the dreamer whose vision came true.

To prepare for the seven years leanness is what, after all, I must do; And Egypt is not a bad place to think over a question like that. And so on the whole I am glad to sit here—where Amenophis sat— Away from the fogs and the fumings; here, where every glance is a feast,

Like Memnon in dignified silence—but keeping my eye on the east!

Notes by The Lord Mayor's Fool.

GLAD to hear that Alderman VOCE MOORE has once more recovered his *Vox*. After that brutal assault *Voce* was nearly reduced to *Nil*,—not the Sheriff; but in future he must not walk home alone. Alderman SAVORY, as a companion, would sweeten any locality. *Voce* looks forward to the companionship. In his best French he puts it neatly, thus, "*C'est vrai et moi*,"—which is, we believe, meant, in international pronunciation, to imply SAV'RY and MOORE!! This is the effect of being a Liveryman of the City!!



JOSEPH IN EGYPT.



Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORBARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON, AND WE'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

VENEZUELA.

THE Place to spend a Happy Day!

["United States Consul PLUMACHER sends to Washington from Venezuela a very remarkable report, especially interesting to students of natural history."—*Brooklyn Eagle*, and *London Papers*.]

OF vermin, on a liberal scale,
Variety has Venezuela;
In fact that favoured land must be
A School of Natural History!
And quite a rising health-resort.
Read Consul PLUMACHER's Report!
The Student starts with being bled
By vampires as he lies in bed,
And he will be relieved to know
They'll only tackle his big toe.
At breakfast time an omelette
Of Alligator's eggs he'll get,
With (he'll grow of the dainty fond) a
Cut from the juicy Anaconda!
And when his morning walk he takes,
He'll meet some interesting snakes!
The Boa, inclined to be "constrictive,"
But seldom (till annoyed) vindictive;
The Tiger-snake from "Macarell"
'Tis easy, from their bite to tell:
The one is deadly, *savants* state all,
The other's fang is merely fatal.
The *Sobadora* should amuse him,
(Especially if it pursues him)
For when, as cads would say, it "cops" him,
That sarpiant sets to work and whops him!
Its head will superintend the whacking,
Its tail, like any horsewhip, smacking.
To cool the smart our Student soon
Will take a dip in some lagoon;
Though he his fate will surely go to seal,
Should he disturb the grim *Gymnotus* eel!
Uncomfortable too will he be,
If spotted swimming by "Caribe,"

They're tiny fish, to sharks in greed alike,
With double rows of teeth—all needle-like!
Should he contrive to gain the shore,
His mind he'll turn to insect-lore:
The capture of a Scorpion
May yield him scientific fun,
But cautious handling it will need.
(Tis likewise with the Centipede.)
A casual nip from some Tarantula—
To use a hybrid phrase—will "plant you là."
Next, if no accident he dreads,
He'll interview the quadrupeds;
The Peccary, or native hog,
When tame, is faithful as a dog;
If savage, on the contrary,
It chivies hunters up a tree!
Big apes (they term them "Araguato")
Fill forests with their loud *staccato*.
There, too, are monkeys "known to BUFFON,"
And most who furnish, at the Zoo, fun;
With ardour, too, he will be warming
To find *Carnivora* are "swarming,"
He'll soon acquire, we may assume, a
Familiar knowledge of the Puma,
Distinguishing the faithful Ounces
From Wildcats, merely by their pounces!
But, PLUMACHER, a wicked wag you are,
To tell him "not to mind the Jaguar!"
And then, it sounds so braggadocious!
To add—"These beasts are all ferocious."
In our prosaically kept isle,
We only sport one noxious reptile,
Carnivora we have to go
And study at a Wild Beast Show.
And your report is so instructive,
It paints a picture so seductive,
Our Naturalists will long to meet yours,
And see all those eccentric creatures.
So on a visit they'll determine
To Venezuela and its vermin.
(Punch doesn't know what will become of 'em,
But trusts they'll all return—or some of 'em!)

LATEST FROM THE LAW COURTS.

(A Spinster in the Box.)

Question. How old are you?

Answer. I really don't know—besides, it's rude to question a Lady.

Q. Will you swear you are under forty?

A. No—but I may be.

Q. Is it not a fact that you will never see your fiftieth birthday?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Have you ever had an offer of marriage?

A. Never—to my knowledge.

Q. Is it not true that you are one of the ugliest of your sex?

A. So it has been said by other Ladies.

Q. Ladies! That is the second time you have used that expression. Will you swear that "females" would not be the better word?

A. Well, perhaps it might.

Q. And you are the sort of woman that would stay in Court during the Besant trial, in spite of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON'S remonstrances, are you not?

A. Yes, I suppose I am.

Q. And can you imagine anyone more degraded or horrible?

A. Well, to be frank with you, I cannot! But there, pray excuse me further attendance, as I wish to see a man sentenced to be hanged!

[The Witness then hurriedly withdrew.]

MEM. ABOUT THE COLSTON BANQUETS.—I would rather dine at the "Dolphin," where one would be expected to drink like a fish—as they do, I suppose, on "The General Porpoises Committee" in the City—than be invited to the "Anchor" to dine with the Anchorites.



"EXCLUSIVE."

Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour).
'ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE.'

Unwashed Artisan. "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE
LIKES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIFF-
RAFF!!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXV. THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

As you descend from your 'bus in Piccadilly, pleased to hand the attendant conductor the penny he modestly demands, you observe on the right-hand side (going up) a high brick wall, once red in hue, but now held in the grip of the smoke of London. Passing between the jambs of a fifteenth century doorway, you find yourself in the great courtyard of Devonshire House. Although the date 1379 still lingers on the principal tower, the mansion, where the heir to the dukedom of Devonshire lives when in town, is not of great antiquity. It stands on the site of Berkeley House, built in 1658 by Sir JOHN BERKELEY, created Lord BERKELEY of Stratton (whence Stratton Street.) Here QUEEN ANNE lived before she died. In 1693, she quarrelled with WILLIAM THE THIRD, and, fearful for her young life, escaped to Berkeley House. Here she dwelt with Lady MARLBOROUGH for sole companion, and your host presently shows you a relic of the staircase, up which, at cockerow every morning, she lightly stole, and gazed across the park towards distant Westminster. Lady MARLBOROUGH, standing at the foot of the staircase, ever put the anxious question, "Sister ANNE! Sister ANNE! Do you see anyone coming?" There is a break in your host's voice as he tells how the years passed, and finally came the Duke of MARLBOROUGH with news that WILLIAM and MARY were dead, childless, and hailed this last member of the Stuart Family, daughter of JAMES THE SECOND and granddaughter of the renowned CLARENDON, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!

Berkeley House perished in the flames in 1733, and WILLIAM KENT, third Duke of Devonshire, built on it the massive but simple structure in whose low pillared entrance hall you linger. Beyond

is the winding marble staircase at the head of which, upon occasion, your host stands and heartily welcomes Mr. WIGGINS, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and other statesmen and luminaries of social life. As the ancient servitor throws open the State Drawing-Room and announces you, you observe your host standing on the costly hearth-rug in the act of yawning. The action is so perfectly coincidental with the opening of the door, that, for a moment, you suspect some cunningly devised connection between the Norman doorway and your host's facial arrangements. But before you leave you have opportunity of observing, that the gesture, so to speak, is distinct from the doorway. Your host is always ready to fill up any pauses in your conversation with a hearty yawn.

SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, leads you from the State Drawing-Room into the Saloon, calling your attention as you pass to the beautiful ceiling, earliest work of BELLINI. But, before you go, you find yourself enjoying the varied beauties of PAUL VERONESE'S "Adoration of the Magi," over the doorway; GIACOMO BASSANO'S "Moses and the Burning Bush"; IL CALABRESE'S "Musicians"; MICHAEL ANGELO CARAVAGGIO'S "Barrel-organ," the musician earnestly regarding the upper windows of a modern house; CIGNANI'S "Virgin and Child," and JORDAENS'S "Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, and his Wife." You notice the picturesque feeling, quite unusual in this Master, in the arch with the vine-tendrils climbing across, and the parrot pecking at it—both dark, against a dark sky, the better to bring out the light on the lady's forehead. You say this to your host, who yawns.

Your host, firmly poising his right hand in his trousers-pocket, his left arm swinging loosely but gracefully by his side, leads the way into the Saloon, where you pause to admire a number of family portraits, by Sir GODFREY KNELLER. Here is the first Duke of Devonshire; and in the courtly curl of the lip, the swift glancing of

A MEDICAL OWL.

[An Owl has taken up his abode in a tree at Guy's Hospital.]

AN Owl seen at Guy's! We may surely surmise,
That the bird of Minerva seeks knowledge;
And comes to the place to find favour and grace
At the hands of the men of that college.
They may say, "It's absurd to encourage this bird,"
Like the hero of *Lear's* famed *fasciculus*;
But why that should be so we really can't see,
There are many things far more ridiculous.

No man can deny that, in ages gone by,
The Owl for his wisdom was famous:
This bird may aspire, with a clinic desire,
In medical culture to shame us.
At the lectures we feel he will *certes* reveal
Strict attention, in every attitude;
With a wink in his eye (Do owls wink, by the bye?)
When Professors indulge in a platitude.

Minerva we know, in the ages ago,
Was the patron of physic concoctors;
Why should not the Owl, as the goddess's fowl,
Be enrolled on the list of our Doctors?
Let us see that he gains the result of his pains;
Make him free of each medical mystery;
Till we hail *Strix M.D.*, as he sits on the tree,
To practise,—the first time in history!

ROD AND (HARD) LINES.

MR. JUSTICE MARK (in giving judgment for himself and Mr. Justice WONTS) said: "This is a case in which we are asked to give our judicial decision as to whether caning is, or is not, a suitable punishment to inflict on boys. A school-master is charged with assault, for having caned a recalcitrant scholar on the hand; and the Learned Counsel for the Defendant naturally asks—If a boy may not be caned on the hand, where may he be caned? What, then, is the ideal punishment we should be disposed to recommend? My learned Brother and myself have come to the conclusion, that if a boy who had offended were made to read twenty pages of the 'Law Reports,' he would never commit the offence again. Flagrant cases of insubordination might involve a perusal of *Coke on Lyttleton*, or even attendance at this Court for a whole day to listen to the proceedings. We—and we think boys as well—would prefer this system to either of the two methods which the Learned Counsel has humorously described as the 'palm-oil' and the 'switch-back' plan. The Defendant is discharged."



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 8.

the eye, you fancy you discern traces of the lineaments of your genial host. In the Green Drawing-room is one of SALVATOR ROSA's primest pictures—"Jacob's Dream." You have just time to note that the angels ascending and descending are poised upon the ladder

by the power of their wings, when your host suggests an adjournment to the Dining-room. You make a feint of lingering under the Ladder, but, passing on, have time to note that, though the day is wearing towards one o'clock, there is no white cloth on the comfortable

cosy table, which stands erect on four legs, the light from a coal fire flashing here and there adown its mahogany limbs. Your host leads you round the room, pointing out on the walls the various VANDYKES. Here is MARGARET, Countess of Carlisle, and her little daughter; here EUGENIA CLARA ISABELLA, daughter of PHILIP THE FOURTH, of Spain, widow of the Archduke ALBERT; and here Lord STRAFFORD, happily taken previous to his execution, which affords you opportunity of noticing his massive jaw, his curling whiskers, and his haughty brow. Your host will presently take you across the hall into the Blue Velvet Room, where you notice MURILLO's "Infant Moses"—a chubby little boy, seated, proud delight gleaming in his eye at the discovery that he has five toes to each foot. On the opposite wall, GUIDO RENI's "Perseus and Andromeda." Standing under this, while "Joe," the long-haired Maltese terrier, and "Randy," the London waif, curl themselves up comfortably on the hearth-rug, their owner, with a ring of a Grand Master of the Drury Lane Lodge on his finger, tells you the story of his life.

The Cavendish history goes back further than the bold Baron CAVENDISH of Hardwick created in 1603. Since then, there has always been a CAVENDISH in the Commons, and a Devonshire in the Councils of the reigning sovereign. Your host points proudly to the great seal that dangles from his waist, carrying the arms of the Family. You have scarcely time to notice the three bucks'-heads cabossed, argent, when your host calls your attention to the crest, a serpent nowed, proper, supported by two bucks, proper, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, alternately, argent, and azure.

"You see, TOBY," says your host, "we were always for Union." You pleasantly suggest, that your host probably does not include matrimonial union. SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, stares blankly across your head, fixing his regard on the portrait of his ancestor, Lord RICHARD CAVENDISH, painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in the very prime of his power. You are about to explain your joke when the sight of his carriage out among the poplars in the wooded garden reminds him that he is already due at the House of Commons. "Roasted Chestnut" and "Hot Potato" are conveying the future Duke of DEVONSHIRE rapidly South-west, while you, emerging from the walled garden, stand once more on the pleasant pavement of Piccadilly, and hail the returning 'bus.

FISTS AND GLOVES; OR, THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

THE PAST.

THE battered pugilist at length became conscious. For a fortnight he had rambled in his talk in the throes of delirium. His eyes were still closed, and what remained of the bridge of his nose had been removed by a skilful surgeon. For the rest, his broken right arm was beginning at length to regain its pristine position.



Pelican Club.

"Has he come?" asked the sick-almost-unto-death bruiser, as well as he could minus three-fourths of his teeth. "Has he come?" Then entered his patron, who, placing in his hands a bank-note, exclaimed, "You have deserved it, my lad! Six hours' hard fighting with your fists is enough for any one!" "Five pounds!" murmured the nearly dying prize-fighter; and, with a sigh of intense relief, he fainted away for joy!

THE FUTURE.

The boxer was smoking a cigarette at his Club and sipping a lemon-squash. He paused for a moment to adjust a piece of sticking-plaster, about the size of a three-penny-piece, on the little finger of his left hand.

"Just my luck!" he growled; "just my luck! I always get knocked about when I put on the gloves!"

He lighted another cigarette, and, taking out the gardenia from his button-hole, inhaled its perfume.

"Will DITCHWATER never come?" he continued. "Surely an appointment with me is more important than 'a debate in the Lords.'" At this moment the Duke entered, and, bowing to the boxer, with some hesitation placed in that gentleman's hands a cheque.

"Oh, mi! What's this? Hi! here!" shouted the indignant pugilist. "I was at it with the gloves for nearly seven minutes, scratched my little finger taking 'em off, and you haven't given me more—hang me!—than a thousand pounds!" And uttering an expression of intense disgust, he absolutely swore!

FORTHCOMING WORK.—*The Larks for Lunatics.* By the Author of *The Canaries for Consumptives.*



"THE LITTLE STOWAWAY."

A (LAW) COURT LADY.

I LIKE to listen to—well all that sort Of thing one wouldn't hear except in Court. I'm of the class that's "privileged." The Judge Can't turn me out of Court, so I don't budge, But sit to hear wigg'd barristers with three tails Describe what journals call "disgusting details," At which, next day, they scarcely dare to hint. So, being deprived of reading it in print, I go to Court to hear what I can't read, And I enjoy it very much indeed. Yet there may come a day (forbid the thought!) When rudely I may be "ruled out of Court." Public opinion is a strong sledge-hammerer, I may be crushed, and cases heard *in camera*, As was a recent one we know. But then, man, The Baron, bless him! doesn't rule like DENMAN. When there's another like this last, or near it, I, as a lady, hope that I may hear it. And if the Baron's there the sex to chaff, He'll be satirical, and we shall laugh.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Financial Independent.)

GUILELESS.—The return from your New River Debenture Stock is much too low. Buy a few City of Timbuctoo Waterworks. This Company holds a monopoly from the ruler, and, as a large part of the city is situated some distance from the river, the demand for water is great. The natives certainly use wells at present, but the bad quality of water from such a source is well known, and this fact is merely another proof of the need of a better supply. The capital is only £200,000; and actuarial statements exist showing that, if only the hopes of the promoters are fulfilled, a dividend of 10 per cent. can be paid. These hopes may possibly be exceeded.

FATHER OF A FAMILY.—Sulphates have again been depressed by the bears, but we advise you to hold on. The well-known financier who rules the market has just bought a new country-house, and it is, we think, rightly pointed out that this portends something good.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—We hear well of two Mining ventures. One, the Sweet Hope Mine, has bought a farm, about eight miles west of the famed Josephsburg gold-field. Surveys have shown that the estate is in a direct line with the run of the reef at Josephsburg. The vendors have been generous enough to take £90,000 out of the £100,000 capital in cash, thus leaving the public the benefit of any increment in value. The second is a more ambitious undertaking. Mr. DOEM BROWN, the vendor, has discovered that the Nile, at a certain spot at present kept secret, contains gold in its bed. By a simple process—also a secret—the Nile Diversion Company will divert the river into a new course for a few miles, and thus obtain possession of a rich gold-field. The first issue of capital will be £1,000,000, and is sure to be largely over-subscribed.



An Inquiry for Bar Silver.

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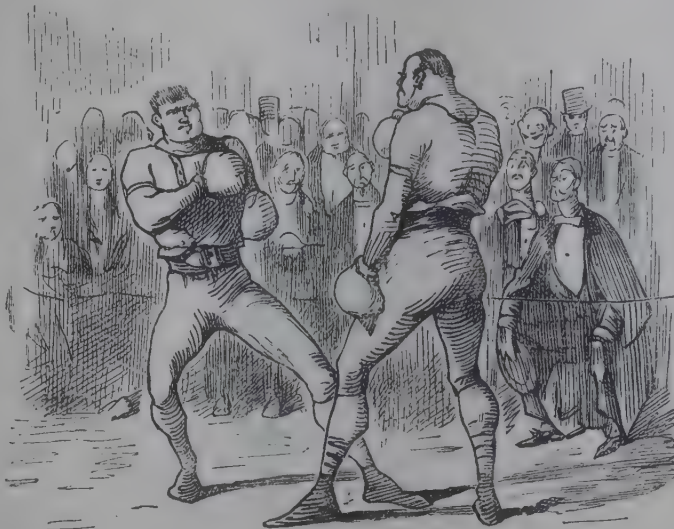
UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XII.

"MANHOOD," my guide remarked,
 "is a great dower,
 The hope of [glory, and the prop of
 power,
 In every prosperous nation.
 O'er its displays the daintiest critic
 gloats,
 And half its hours a polished world
 devotes
 Unto its cultivation.

"With what results? Our visits of
 to-night
 Upon that question, friend, should
 throw some light.
 In the great Titan tussle
 Called Civilisation, sense may not
 refuse
 To recognise the ever-growing
 use
 Of nerve and brawn and muscle."



"Incarnate sneer!" I said, "you shoot awry.
 To doubt the virtues of virility
 Were surely sheer insanity.
 Else what the meaning of the athletic rage,
 Or that peculiar portent of our age
 Called 'Muscular Christianity'?"

"The running ground and the gymnasium
 now
 Are adjuncts to the Church. Youth's noble
 brow
 Must sweat—or soul will sicken—
 If not at labour then, of course, at sport.
 The boxing-chamber and the tennis-court,
 The idler's pulses quicken."

"Most true!" rejoined the Shadow. "Come
 and see
 The majesty of muscularity
 Crowned in the modern manner;
 Not with the parsley chaplet of the Greek.
 A modest champion is as far to seek,
 Now, as a stainless banner."

A curious scene! Full midnight, and a mob
 Of moneyed ruffianism! Purse and fob
 Well filled and smartly furnished,
 Broadcloth in sable acres; faces fine
 Or brutal, flushed with furious zest and wine,
 Bronze cheeks, like copper burnished.

All eyes concentrate on two brawny churls,
 Whom diplomats and dandies, "Sports" and
 earls,
 Eagerly scan and measure.
 Two coarse athletic animals, whose might
 Nudely displayed, moves many a brilliant
 light
 Of learning or of leisure.

"This," smiled the Shadow, "is the shrine
 of Sport!
 The monarch Muscle here holds secret-court,
 In sinew like to languish.
 Whilst wealth and culture find delight acute
 In the achievements of the human brute,
 Careless of fleshly anguish?"

"It must ennoble manhood to look on
 In safety, as in days fools fancied gone,
 And watch men pound and batter
 Faces and forms out of all human shape,
 Whilst they, the well-dressed watchers, bet
 and gape,
 And curse and chaff, and chatter.

"Look at that low-browed peer; no coarser
 cub
 E'er 'spread himself' at a low sporting
 See how his fool face flushes
 As one grim gladiator makes strong play,
 And one, the gentler, vainly strives to stay
 Brute blows and fierce bull-rushes!

"He howls applause, he whom one swashing
 blow
 From a clown's fist would suddenly lay low.
 See there, hard by his shoulder,
 A vulgar, vulpine visage, smile-wreathed,
 peers,
 And whispers hideous hints into his ears—
 As base a brute, but bolder!"

"Bolder, and, so far, better than the boy
 Who finds a frantic, yet effeminate joy
 In such fierce mutual mauling
 Of venal ruffianism. There are men
 Engaged in 'manly' sport in this shy den,
 Though like mad Mænads bawling!"

"Mammon and Manhood," murmured I,
 "appear
 The twin divinities of this strange sphere."
 "It sees their mutual action,
 Replied my cold companion. "Mammon rules,
 Whilst 'Manhood' it bewitches and befools,
 To their joint satisfaction.

"Ask any keen expert at modern Sport
 What 'Champions' are. He'll answer in a
 sort,
 If frank, which may surprise you.
 That burly brute's a champion—at this game!
 Exactly how he won, or stole, that fame
 Inquire not, I'd advise you!"

"At least, not here. Sharp words, and blows,
 come quick [trick,
 From sleek supporters of the 'Champion'
 When fearing its exposure. [leech
 Ask awkward questions, and some lurking
 Of the blood-sucking brood upon your speech
 May put most summary closure.

"Sport? The true sport of all these greedy
 knaves [slaves,
 Is pigeon-plucking. They are Swelldom's
 Sycophants soft but sinister;
 They're panders and purveyors to the mob
 Of affluent noodles; but those gulls they rob
 To whose base tastes they minister.

"Mark those two shiny, silent, black-browed
 men!

They are the ruling spirits of this den.
 Should we their footsteps follow
 Into their private room, where, without fuss
 Of morals or of manners, they discuss
 Their business brutish, hollow;

"Strange side-lights on the wondrous 'World
 of Sport,'
 So popular from clerkdom to the Court,
 Our darkness might illuminate.
 Shall we? Nay, from the task I see you shrink.
 Such harpy-souls are a foul seething sink,
 O'er which 'tis ill to ruminate."

SASSIETY SMALL-TALK.

(From the "Twopenny Twaddler.")

HER MAJESTY, on her return from Scotland
 last week, travelled the greater part of the
 way in a railway carriage. The QUEEN (who
 is in excellent health) closed her eyes several
 times during the journey.

It is reported in literary circles that Mr.
 SMITH is writing a life of Mr. JONES, and that
 Mr. JONES is engaged on a biography of Mr.
 SMITH.

The new LORD MAYOR is very popular in
 the City, and has given great satisfaction to
 his guests at the Mansion House by intro-
 ducing turtle soup into the menu of his Lord-
 ship's dinners.

The rumours that QUEEN ANNE died some
 years ago has now received confirmation.
 This piece of intelligence will be welcome
 news to the Historical Research and Investi-
 gation Society, of which Mr. TOMKINS, the
 eminent antiquarian, is the respected Presi-
 dent.

Next week Monday will be followed by
 Tuesday, and Thursday be preceded by Wed-
 nesday. It has been arranged that Friday
 and Saturday shall come before Sunday.

We are authorised to state that the an-
 nouncement made in this column some time
 since, which we denied, and subsequently
 confirmed, is entirely devoid of foundation.
 We shall, no doubt, have more to say on this
 subject on some future occasion, when the
 pressure of news on our space is less than at
 present.

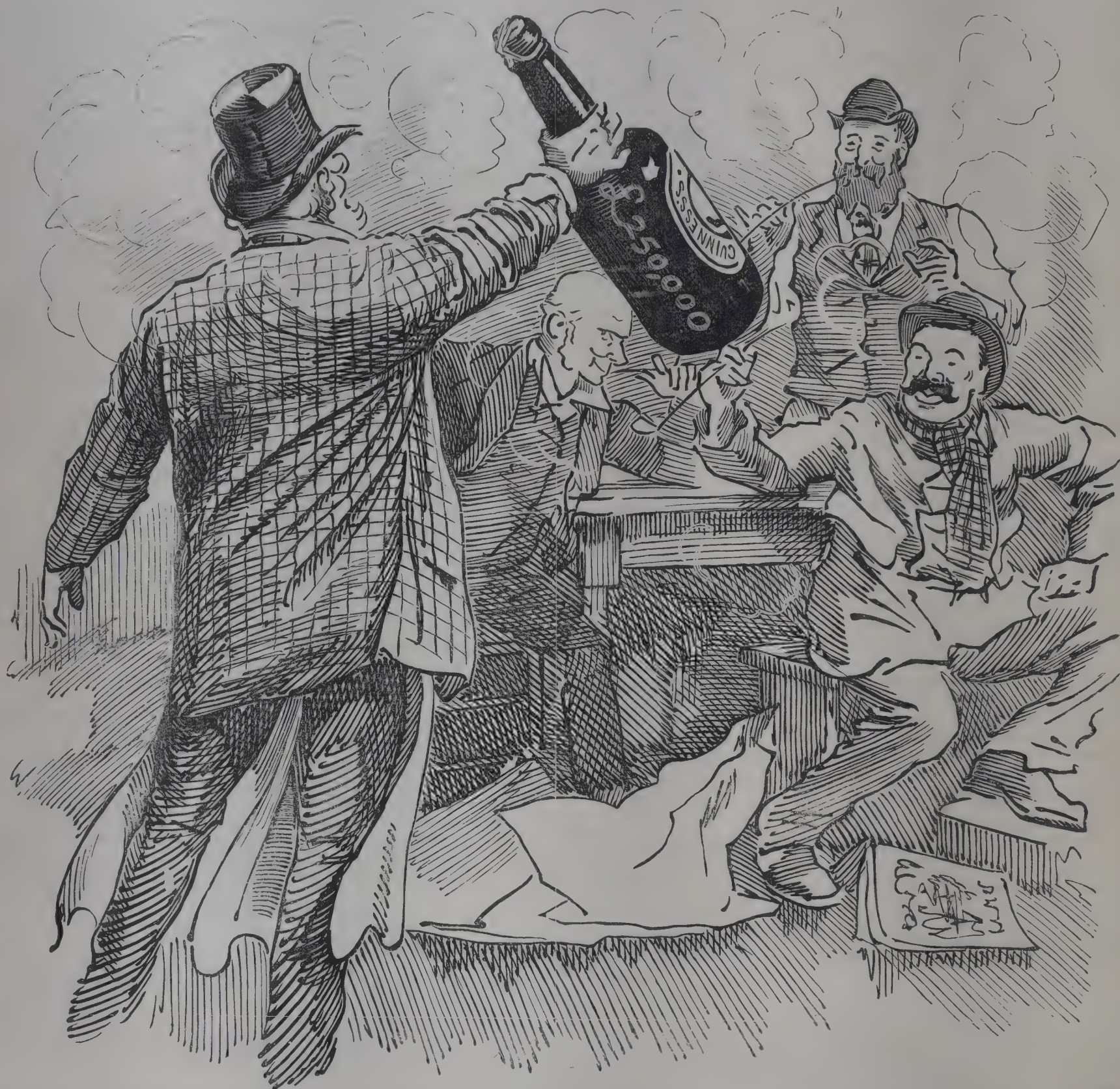
A CHEAP SCOTCH TOUR.

SEE the Tooth Drawing Exhibition at Messrs.
 TOOTH'S (why not call themselves "The
 Teeth" at once?) Gallery in the Haymarket.
 The Firm should be known as "The Wisdom
 Teeth," since they rarely if ever make a mis-
 take in their Show. This time it consists of
 over fifty pictures of the Rivers of Scotland,
 by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON. Notwith-
 standing the large number, it is astonishing
 the variety to be found in the Collection.
 No two pictures are alike; they all have
 the impress of being painted on the spot,
 and have no "studio-taint" about them,
 too often acquired by re-touching a fresh
 transcript from Nature in a murky town
 painting-room. They are broadly painted,
 but with a marvellous knowledge of effect
 and feeling for colour. There is such a
 wondrous breeziness and reality about them,
 that you begin to wish you had come as a
 Philibeggar in a kilt, ready to have your
 fling, and after "a wee drappit in the 'ee,"
 reel out again. We present this little notice
 as a contribution of "Butter Scotch," and
 advise everyone to at once take the Cheap
 Scotch Tour, personally conducted by Mr.
 DAVID FARQUHARSON.

ROBERT DE PARIS.—At the *déjeuner* given
 by Lord LYTTON to H.R.H. the PRINCE and
 PRINCESS OF WALES, the first item on the
 menu was "*Oufs à la Robert*." A certain
 City Waiter of our acquaintance not un-
 known to fame looks upon this as "a ninter-
 nashnal cumpliment." "Heggs is Heggs,
 nowadays," he writes to us; "speshully in
 Parris, where a 'Uff aller Robert,' must
 mean a neg as kostes a bob."

REVIVAL OF PUGILISM.—Great Celebration
 of Boxing Day this year at the Pelican.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?
OR, THE GENEROUS LANDLORD AND THE THREE JOLLY TRUSTEES.
A Vote of Thanks put in the form of a Ballad.



THERE was a munificent host
At the sign of "The Tankard," whose boast
Was this, that the Poor
Never turned from *his* door
Without having had sip and sup from his
store,
And feeling as warm as a toast.
And oh! what a snug, cosy world it would be
Were only all Landlords as hearty as he!

The name of mine host was NED GUINNESS;
He knew what the right use of "tin" is,
To earn, save, and spend,
Bless the poor, help a friend.
And they who dispute the more generous end,
Must be the most miserly ninnies.
But oh! what a many starved mouths might
be fed,
Were all Landlords as wise and as kind as
was NED!

And there were three jolly Trustees,
Who sat with their hands on their knees,
Like the Postboys of song,
And they thought, "It seems wrong
That the Poor should be horribly housed for
But then *we* can't do as we please. [so long,
We would give them snug homes, if we could,
without doubt;
Meanwhile, let us call for a tankard of Stout!"

They called for the stout, and they drunk it.
(There was ROWTON, and RITCHIE, and
There they sat, these Trustees [PLUNKET]
With their hands on their knees,
And they said, "To give labourers sweet
homes and ease
Is a very stiff job, and all funk it!"
"What, *all*?" cried mine host. "Well, I
trust that you won't [don't!]
Talk like that in *my* house, for *I* certainly

Then he came from behind his snug bar,
With a bottle (some say 'twas a jar)
Of a Pantomime sort.
And he said (in his sport)
"Here's a magnum, my boys, not of Cham-
pagne or Port,
No, no! something better by far.
You've heard of a big pot of money, no doubt,
Well, here's a big bottle of—let us say Stout!"

Those jolly Trustees they all stared;
To believe their own eyes hardly dared,
It was such a whopper,
Pure gold was the stopper.
Cried, PLUNKET, "Great Scott!" (The re-
mark was improper.)
Whilst RITCHIE and ROWTON looked scared.
But the Landlord laughed loud and cried,
"Test it, this minute!
The great Inexhaustible One is not in it!"

"Do I look delusive or shifty?
Well, Thousands Two-Hundred-and-Fifty
You'll find there secure,
And it's all for the poor!
I have earned a full right to give freely, I'm
sure,
By being successful and thrifty.
There 'tis, boys! You three will make good
use, no doubt
For the poor, of this bottle of—shall we say
Stout?"

Bravo! O munificent host!
Your magnum is something to boast.
Magnanimous man,
You have hit on a plan
To encourage in giving the many who can,
And shame those who shrink from the cost!
A rare pot of money, indeed; all made out
Of other big pots—of your excellent Stout!

No wonder those jolly Trustees
Sit struck, with their hands on their knees.
But each *must* be goose
If he can't find good use
For so noble a gift without waste or abuse.
Mr. Punch will just watch, if you please,
That big bottle's future. Just now he gives
honour
To good EDWARD GUINNESS, its generous
donor!

"DARNLEY v. MELNOTTE."—Striking names.
The one recalling the history of MARY Queen
of Scots, and the other the celebrated *Claude*,
likewise the *Dame Melnotte*, in Lord LYTON'S
Lady of Lyons. Therefore generally inter-
esting, but specially so to dramatic authors
and actors, as showing that for once and
away there is a Judge willing to understand
theatrical terms and customs, and not above
observing to Counsel, who was questioning
Mr. PINERO as to what he has written for the
stage so as to identify him, that "Mr. PINERO
required no introduction." This was very
nice of Mr. Justice MATHEW. A great im-
provement in courtesy since The Chief
expressed himself absolutely ignorant of
the existence of two such celebrities as
CORNEY GRAIN and CORNY,—no, CONNIE,
GILCHRIST.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c.

Doctor. "AND HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?"
Patient. "I CAN EAT VERY LITTLE, AND DRINK VERY LITTLE—ALL I CAN RELISH NOW
IS MY PHYSIC!" Doctor. "AH, THEN, FOR THE PRESENT, STICK TO THAT!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE good old ship in Suffolk Street sails on her winter voyage
with less press of canvas than sometimes, but possibly that canvas
is of a better quality than usual, and better able to withstand the
blast of rude Boreas, the critic. Gone are the startlers, with which
the Whistlerites, the Symphonists, and the Impressionists used to
deck the walls! Vanished are the Spanish pictures of HURLSTONE,
the mild landscapes of GOSLING, and the prismatic, half-dressed
young ladies of WOOLMER, which flourished in this gallery in a more
remote age. And the good ship—which has weathered many a storm
—sails pleasantly and smoothly on an even keel. Though the
number of pictures has been reduced, there are over six hundred
and fifty works of art—more or less—in the present show. Among
them may be noted two clever landscapes in Provence by Miss HILDA
MONTALBA, "*Moonlight*" and "*Planting Potatoes*." "*Unveiled*,"
by H. T. SCHÄFER, seems to demonstrate that all Mr. HORSLEY'S
expostulations are unavailing: "*The Home of the Sea Fowl*," by
HORACE CAUTY, bright, fresh and true; "*The Rehearsal*," by J.
CLARK, somewhat sombre in tone, but carefully painted; "*A Connois-
seur*," by W. D. ALMOND, full of character; "*In the Wake of*
Winter," by F. S. SPENLOVE, a very clever landscape; "*Ashore*,"
by F. BRANGWYN, a good sea-story well told. This artist also con-
tributes a powerful bit of reality, called "*Spinning Yarn*." "*Home-
wards*," by F. C. ROBINSON, is a careful transcript of Nature; "*Be-
trayed*," an excellent water-colour, by C. CATTERMOLLE; and "*An Old*
Romance," by P. H. CALDERON, R.A., is well worth attentive perusal.
There are a number of excellent sea-pieces by G. S. WALTERS; "*The*
Mill Stream," by J. H. SNELL; "*When the Sun is Low*," by L.
GRIER; "*A Misty Morning*," by R. HALFNIGHT, an appropriately-
named artist to paint such a subject; a clever picture from *Sketches*
by Boz, by W. H. PIKE (where was *Pluck*?); "*On the Loddon*," by
YEEND KING; and others that well merit the attention of the spectator.

FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

"France has been able to offer her sympathetic hospitality to millions of
foreigners."—Speech of M. Tirard.

"SYMPATHETIC hospitality" 's a very pretty word
For inadequate hotel accommodation,
O gushing Monsieur TIRARD, don't you think that it's absurd
To advance a claim like that for your French nation?
Folks visited your wondrous Exhibition, a vast crowd
Thronged fair Paris to the end from the beginning;
But, in more than one hotel, it's universally allowed,
That they underwent a process known as "skinning."
There is little doubt you welcomed every nation with good will,
And we know what great attractions Paris offers;
But it's hardly hospitality that sends us in a bill,
Nor do hosts expect their friends to fill their coffers. [Yankee,
You were welcome to our sovereigns and the dollars of the
And your Show was worth the utmost we could spend;
But LUTETIA, for our largesse, might at least, we think, say,
And not boast of hospitality, my friend! ["Thank ye,"

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Typhoid, according to the *Daily Telegraph* re-
port, seems just now to be the awful spectre appearing in many
ancient country houses. The only way of laying this Insanitary
Spectre, is by sending round the Sanitary Inspector.

"SOMETHING IN THE CITY."—It is understood that AUGUSTUS
DRURIOLANUS, in consequence of his distinguished Pantomime and
Operatic Spectacular services, and Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, for his
noble effort in the cause of artistic effect on Lord Mayor's Show day,
will be elected honorary members of The Worshipful Company of
Spectacle Makers.

ROYALTY AND REVOLT.

King Arthur and the burden of Royalty—The Coming Mimes.

THE theatrical thermometer of the Royalty has gone down to freezing-point with *The New Corsican Brothers*. Blame not alone the bard



"Actor, Manager, and Arthur too" (to himself). "My! what a frost!"

MR. CECIL RALEIGH,—whose *Great Pink Pearl* was an ornament to the stage, and who is the author of several good things,—but blame everybody, including Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who had anything to do with the production of this apparently plotless and witless extravaganza. Perhaps the author was attempting to give us something quite novel, and in this he has succeeded, for it is not within my experience to see ARTHUR ROBERTS absolutely dull, as he was, except for a few moments when he did a bit of his own peculiar comic business, and at another time when he gave imitations of the Music-hall style of vocalisation. This last the audience would have had over and over again, but ARTHUR positively declined. There is no other burlesque actor or actress of note in the piece, and so the whole weight, which SANDOW and SAMSON would stagger under, is on poor ARTHUR'S shoulders.

The Composer, too, has made a mistake, and light, sparkling catchy music is conspicuous by its absence. The compositions may be scholarly, admirable, and all that a musician could wish, but the patrons of *opéra bouffe* and extravaganza know the sort of thing they want, and it's no use giving them German Meyerbeer when they demand Parisian Offenbachian champagne. A Composer who rejoices in the name of SLAUGHTER ought to write killing melodies. The best thing is a Chorus of "Hullo There!" sung by the Members of The Carnation Club. If ARTHUR ROBERTS had, at least, three good comic songs and an eccentric duet, with—with—well, who is there there to sing it with him? And if the piece were cut down, so as to play from 9.30 to 11, it might have a chance, as, nowadays, a bad start frequently results in a long run and a brilliant finish. But ARTHUR must have two or three strong and talented assistants to pull this coach along.

"LES DEUX AJAX."—There are to be two Pantomimes this year; one of course, "The Annual," at Drury Lane, and the other at Her



RECONCILIATION.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

left in doubt is, which has "stolen a march" on the other? *Solvitur ambulando*. Perhaps, they may yet come together at the fraternal festivity of Christmas, and, embracing, may exclaim with the two characters in *The Beggar's Opera*, "Brother! Brother! we were both in the wrong!"

Majesty's. The first under AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, and the Opposition under "CHARLES"—not "his friend," and not the CHARLES who has been up a tree in the *Royal Oak* at Drury Lane,—but CHARLES his brother. The latter, says that DRURIOLANUS has taken the idea of a certain Grand Procession from him. This DRURIOLANUS denies, and, as far as we can judge, disproves.

The question if

THE HEXLEY-SPUNSER CONTROVERSY.

The Smoking-room of the Adelphaide Club. Time, Afternoon.

Old Gentleman (turning over recent numbers of "The Times"). It's the duty of every English citizen, my son tells me, to study the science of political ethics. And I believe he's right. What's the use of talking about the Land Question, or any other question, until you've got the light of clear, impartial, impersonal inquiry shed upon it. That's what he says, and there's a good deal in it. When two men like HEXLEY and SPUNSER discuss anything, they stick to the point. There are no digressions, no personal recriminations, nothing but calm sober inquiry. Now then, let's begin somewhere in the middle. Never mind the introductory letters.

[Selects any Number of "The Times," and reads.

"SIR,—As Professor HEXLEY admits that his friend A. B.'s dog is white,—as, by implication, he admits white is closely allied to grey,—as he acknowledges the possibility of a shade of grey being mistaken for black by gas-light, I do not see in what respect his views on the compensation for inconveniences caused by compulsory muzzles are other than analogous to my own opinions on the precisely similar point discussed by me in my last letter?"

I had an idea that it was all about the Land Question. Well, I suppose this is a side-issue, or an illustration, or something in that way. Perhaps I ought to have begun a few days back. No matter—I'll just skip a few lines, and go on again.

"And as I have already shown that all difficulties with regard to unearned increment, relative ethics, linoleum, hair-wash, bindles, and speculative diagnosis are fully dealt with in my little book, *The Data of Ethics*, which should be on every man's book-shelves, it only remains for me to point out, that it is the special province of the exact sciences—as Professor HEXLEY himself knows—never to have the same opinion for ten minutes together. I regret that anyone should have supposed that I intended any of my conclusions—which were all of them reasoned truth—to be ever treated as such. At the same time, I fail to see that any one of my theories is any the less practical because it was not intended to work, will not work, and would not be any good if it did. I may, therefore, leave the Land Question, and pass on to a consideration of absolute political ethics."

Land at last! But why does he leave it, especially when he has not yet got there? Of course, he may feel more at home with the—(refers to paper)—ah, yes, "absolute political ethics."

"If anyone attempted to cure me of some complaint without having previously consulted Professor HEXLEY'S *Lessons on Elementary Physiology*—a treatise which is invaluable to the medical practitioner—I should at once denounce—"

This is all very well, but it's neither Land Question, nor the—the other thing. It almost seems as if the man was—but perhaps it's an illustration. There's no saying—

"—I should at once denounce him as a charlatan. Similarly, Professor HEXLEY might just as well confess that any attempt to solve a social or political problem without reference to one or more of my published works would be madness. In fact, if he will only scratch my back, I am perfectly willing to reciprocate the attention. I have no desire to be combative, and I shall never write any more letters on this subject as long as I live. Professor HEXLEY has only to state his belief that absolute political ethics are a real exact science, and all will be forgiven and forgotten, and I shall continue to recommend his hand-book on physiology. This closes the controversy, as far as I am concerned. If my letter to-day has—as I trust it has—helped to make the great facts of absolute political ethics more clear to your readers, it will not have been written in vain.

"I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPUNSER."

More clear! Why, I know as much about it as I did when I started. Perhaps it's the other man who does the clear, impartial inquiry.

[Selects the Number containing Professor HEXLEY'S reply, and reads.

"SIR,—After a careful perusal of Mr. SPUNSER'S letter in the *Times* of to-day, I can only reiterate my declaration that I never agree with anybody, except myself. Mr. SPUNSER'S efforts to prove the contrary are founded on an ignorance of history, and his ethical system rests on pure assumption. Mr. SPUNSER said that private ownership in land was originally set up by force or fraud. He stole that out of Rousseau, and I saw him take it myself. I should be ashamed! However, as Mr. SPUNSER, leaving the main issue aside, has put me on my defence, I shall say no more about the Land Question, but simply go for Mr. SPUNSER. His suggestion that patients should be treated by deduction from physiological principles was hardly prudent—addressed, as it was, to a man of my superior attainments. No practitioner, who is sensible of the profound responsibility which attaches to his office, will dream of treating cholera or small-pox by deduction. He would use induction, and, if the patient had both cholera and small-pox, there would be a reduction. There always ought to be a reduction on taking a quantity.

"There is no analogy whatever between medical practice and Mr. SPUNSER's absolute political ethics. Yah! Gar'n! Go home to your mother!"

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, T. R. HEXLEY."

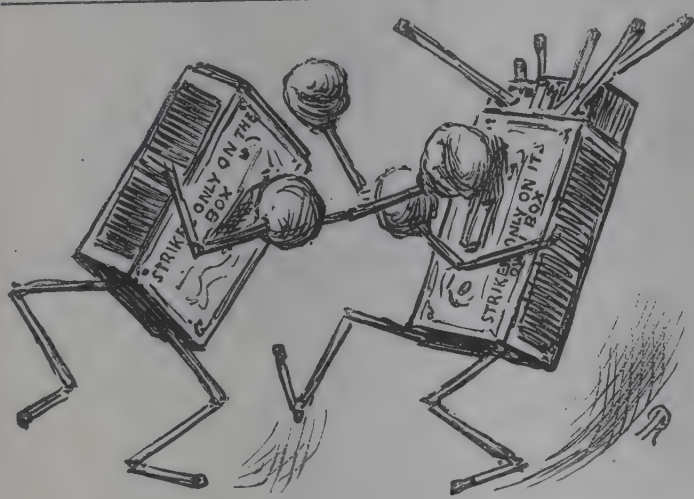
Worse and worse! I wonder if there's any more of it? Oh, yes. Here's another letter from SPUNSER—I thought "the controversy was closed, as far as he was concerned." Then there's another, from SPEXLEY or HUNSER—I mean, HUNSLEY or SPEXER. What's it matter? I'll just glance through it. (*Reads.*)

"SIR,—It seems to me to be a pity that the discussion which has been carried on in your columns should come to an end before Mr. LAIDLER's able letter has been considered on its merits."

But I never read Mr. LAIDLER's letter. Positive—ladle, comparative LAIDLER. If I'd only had the LAIDLER, of course he'd have helped me. As it is, I'll just leave out that part. Here's a postscript!

"Mr. SPUNSER, in the letter which you publish to-day, says that he learns from me 'that the principles of physiology, as at present known, can never procure for a doctor an introduction to his patient. Nothing of the kind is discoverable in what I have said. Without denying for one instant a close analogy between social and physiological laws, I never asserted that the connection was one of cause and effect. If Mr. SPUNSER were already acquainted with the present relations of physiology and therapeutics, no introduction would be required. You should bow, but not shake hands.'"

Well, I'm thankful, that's all. No more SPUNSLEY and HEXER for me. Where's this week's *Punch*? SPENSLEY and HUXER sounds something like sherry and seltzer. That reminds me—ah, Waiter!



PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.
Matches in Box, and Boxin' Matches.

"SHORT SERVICES."—The best short Sunday service with which we are acquainted, is that between Dover and Calais, in one of the L. C. & D. Company's new west boats. No Sermon. Collection on board, as usual.

very awkward. I wish I could see my way out of it. (*Aloud.*) "Provisional Government," indeed? What do I know of it?

Son of the People.—If you are still ignorant, we'll soon enough manage to enlighten you. Know, wretched Despot, that your rule is over! The Federated Republic One and Indivisible reigns supreme. You, vile traitor to your country as you are, are deposed!

The Emperor. The Emperors of Brazil have ever faced all odds, and yielded only at the last moment to overwhelming force.

[*Gets under the table.*]

Son of the People. (*pulling him out again.*)—Ha! miscreant, we had foreseen this, and had taken measures to meet it accordingly. (*He gives a signal, upon which the folding-doors of a back drawing-room are flung open, disclosing the guillotine, set up with head-basket and all ready for use.*) Now, dare to give us much trouble, and we shall make short work of you. The machine is in excellent working order, as you will soon find out.

[*The Mob shout approval.*]

The Emperor (*turning slightly pale*). Be it so! Struggle is useless. (*Aside.*) And now for some disguise in which to effect my escape. I must at any rate endeavour to manage this somehow.

Son of the People (*anticipating his intention*). And think not, myrmidon, to escape our watchful eye. A guard is set upon every exit, and the orders are to fire and spare no one! Ha! ha! Beware! Beware! You will find our bite every bit as bad as our bark.

The Emperor (*making his way hurriedly to the back*). If that is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the sooner I get out of this decidedly the better.

[*Mixes with the crowd, and eventually having shaved off his hair, his eyebrows and whiskers, and assumed a comic red shock wig and disguised himself as a cabman, and borrowed one shilling and ninepence from his Major-domo, finds himself towards the evening hanging about the docks in search of some vessel bound to set sail that same night for Europe, and at length, after hiding himself away on several and getting discovered and warned off, the "Emperor," now with only a few pence in his pocket, succeeds in secreting himself in the hold of a second-class collier, and in the midst of privation and confusion, sets sail for Europe as the Curtain falls.*]

The Emperor. Quite so. Pray proceed. (*Referring to card.*) "Provisional Government"? Then I conclude there has been some change?

Retired Solicitor. There has, your Majesty. The fact is the country is no longer an Empire, but a Republic; and you, Sire, I almost regret to have to inform you, but I was commissioned to break the truth to you as delicately as possible, are deposed.

The Emperor. Dear me! This is very interesting. Coming, however, of a long line of Royal ancestors, I feel bound, at least, to say that I can "yield only to force."

Retired Solicitor. Just so. Your Majesty, we had foreseen this display of your Imperial spirit, and had provided for it. (*He whistles. Two Newspaper Editors and another Retired Solicitor, enter, bearing garlands of flowers, which they gracefully entwine about the Emperor.*) You see, Sire, thus we hold you in chains. You must confess that you are indeed our prisoner.

The Emperor (*still smiling blandly*). I see. Struggle is useless. And now let us get a *Bradshaw*, and see what time the first boat starts for Europe.

Retired Solicitor. Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. Your passage is already booked; and, to make matters pleasant on the voyage, I have been requested to press your acceptance of this little cheque for £50,000,000.

[*Offers it.*]

The Emperor (*taking it*). Thanks, very much. (*Moved.*) I really shall often think of "poor old Brazil."

[*Wipes away a tear.*]

Retired Solicitor. Do, your Majesty! And now, is there anything else that you would like. You have only, believe me, to mention it, and your Majesty's wishes—

The Emperor. Quite so. (*Considering.*) Well, no; nothing beyond. Stay; I may as well have the Crown jewels and—the throne?

Retired Solicitor (*with alacrity*). They shall be made up into a neat brown-paper parcel for your Majesty at once.

[*And, shedding a quiet tear of joyful gratitude, with his family comfortably around him, and his pockets full of the ready money provided for him by "poor dear old Brazil," the deposed Emperor starts, amid every luxury and comfort, for Europe, as the Curtain falls.*]

ON COMMISSION.—As it has been suggested to me that some acknowledgment should be made in recognition of the graceful compliment paid by Sir JAMES HANNEN to the untiring industry and conspicuous ability shown by myself and "those others to whom thanks are due," in the management of our part of the Special Commission, I have no hesitation in stating that it is my deliberate opinion that their Lordships will show equal talent in performing what still remains to be done in bringing this historical inquest to a final and satisfactory conclusion. It gives me the greatest pleasure in trusting (with them), that they will discover the truth. When found, I have no doubt the Press will assist in publishing it. I have the honour to bid their Lordships a respectful adieu. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

ROSE-LEAVES AND REVOLUTION; OR THE LATEST DEPOSITION.

HOW (ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT) IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Reception-room in the Imperial Palace on the morning of the violent outbreak of a bloody revolution. Barricades are erected in all directions, and the air is dark with the explosion of shells and the hail of flying shot. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered, terror-stricken, and cowering in a corner, while a furious mob of desperadoes, headed by a "Son of the People," bursts into the chamber, and advances on them with threats and imprecations.

The Emperor (*facing the Mob*). Well, ruffians, do your worst! And you, who call yourself a "Son of the People," know that I defy you!

[*Attempts to get under the table.*]

Son of the People. And know, too, Imperial Wind-bag! that I am here to beard you in your den, and proclaim as the herald of the proletariat the doom of your accursed house and race!

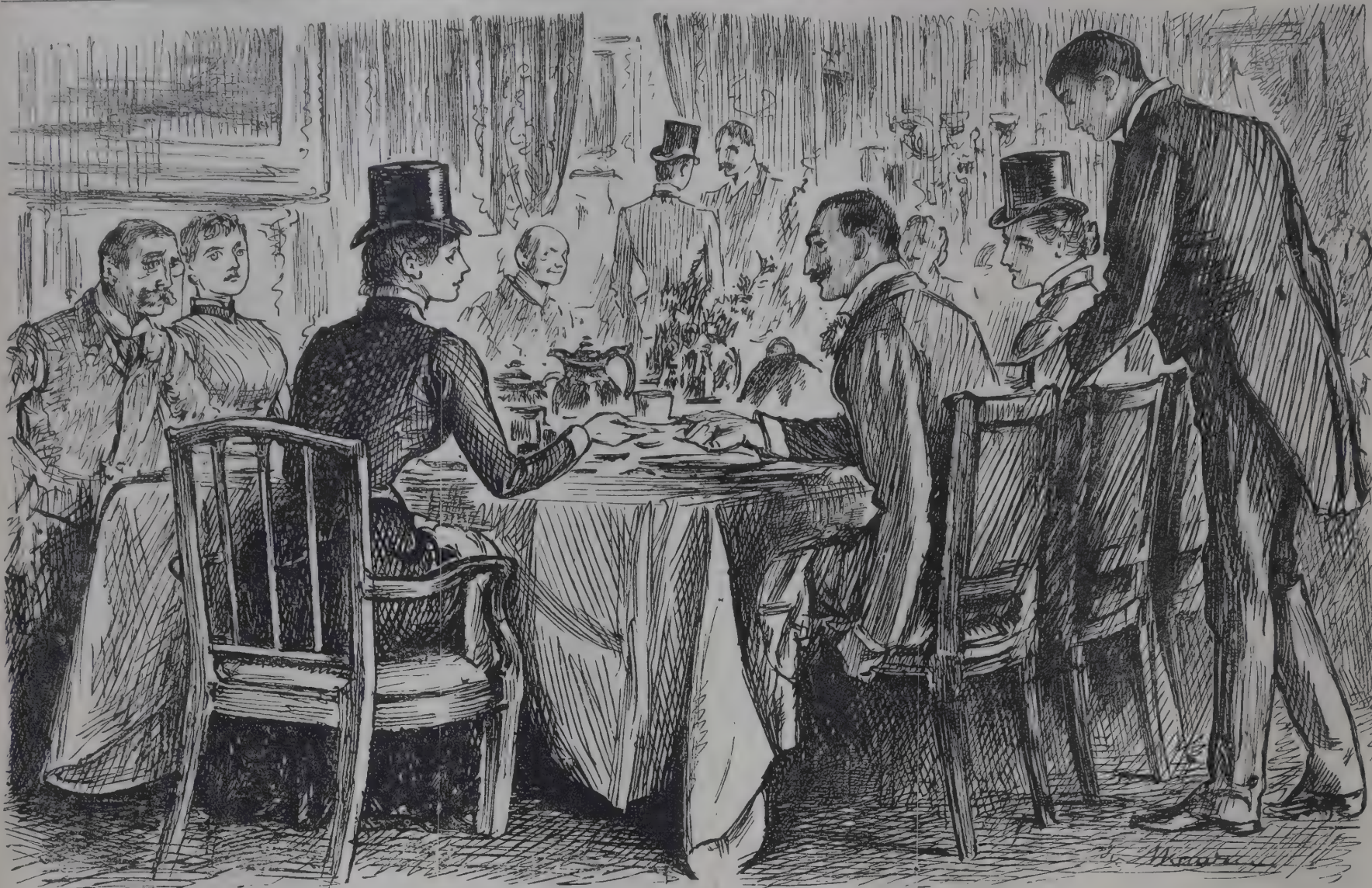
The Emperor (*aside*). This is

HOW (IN FACT) IT ACTUALLY DID.

The Scene represents the Interior of an Apartment in the Emperor's summer retreat at Petropolis, on the morning of a change of the Constitution of the Country. There is no outward and visible sign of any unusual commotion, the birds singing sweetly in the sunshine without. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered finishing their simple breakfast quietly, while a Retired Solicitor, arrayed in a red scarf of office, representing the New Government, is ushered into their presence by a Court Official, bowing respectfully.

The Emperor (*inspecting card which has been handed to him, and reading*). "Representative of the Provisional Government." (*Smiling blandly*). Excuse me, but I do not quite understand.

Retired Solicitor. No, Sire! We hardly expected you would. But we thought the best way of preserving your Majesty from any unpleasant shock, which, I fear, is inevitable under the circumstances, would be for me to call personally and explain matters.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Hostess. "YOU ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"

M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms). "YES, MADAM, I 'AD ZE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF ZIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DESCEND IN TIME!"

THE NEW CRUSADE.

At last! The anti-human Demon, long
By aid of mortal selfishness so strong,
Now stands at bay before the banded league
Of nations. Ruthless power, or sly intrigue
Will scarce avail him now to force or foil
The ranks that close around, or snatch his spoil.
Insatiate ogre, in the old safe way. [day!
CLARKSON, you should have lived to see this
WILBERFORCE, GARRISON, and all great hearts
Who played far-scattered solitary parts
Against the common enemy of all,
In days when Civilisation held the thrall,
Lucre's fair prey, and luxury's mere tool,
When even Christianity sought to school
The emancipating gospel to the need
Of haughty indolence and huckster greed,
How would you in this welcome scene rejoice!
LAVIGERIE, triumph that your rallying voice
Has urged the nations to the New Crusade,
Not against Paynim force but godless Trade!
Once more the Cross is lifted, not alone
Against the Crescent as when GODFREY shone
Amidst the ranks of Europe's Chivalry;
No gallant Saladin indeed is he.
'Gainst whom these Christian swords you fain
would urge;
The Demon of the Shackle and the Scourge,
Lowering and shrinking hideously, stands
Circled and trapped by those cross-hilted
brands. [base
Not GOETHE's mocking fiend was black and
As this vile ogre of the Afrit face,
Africa's subtle bane and potent blight,
Last, strongest champion of the powers of
night;

Still strong, for all those swords, and not yet
slain;
At bay, but till stretched stark, too sure
again
To rear his hateful crest in some foul lair,
And, like an incarnation of Despair,
Dominate riven hearth and ruined home
Of those to whom the New Crusade should
come
Like the cool water-drop of LAZARUS
To DIVES in his agony. 'Tis thus,
And thus alone, this fiend may yet be foiled.
He, quintessential devil, hath despoiled
Earth's fairest scenes for ages, taking tithe
Of the poor simple race, who might be blithe
Even in ignorance, save for that foul foe,
Whose breath lays hope's most humble blos-
soms low,
Blasts in their birth the germs of happiness,
And make of Life a synonym for Distress.
Now he's at bay, like *Mephistopheles*
Before the students' cross-hilts. And will
these,
Civilisation's gathered champions, hold
The cross, the blade at need, loyally bold,
Unitedly impregnable, until
The hideous incarnation of all ill
Fails utterly before them, fails and falls
No more to shackle or to scourge his thralls,
No more to traffic blood for gold, no more
To strew the sands from tropic belt to shore
Of the Dark Continent with his dusky
prey,
Butchered in wrath, or fallen on the way
Beneath the lash? England looks on with
hope,
She, the first Champion who dared to cope

With the great Slavery Demon. Not alone
She standeth now, for Freedom's Guard hath
grown.
Good Cardinal, and you magnanimous king,
Who brought your Belgium into the great
ring
Of exorcisers, *Punch* applauds ye both,
And hopes no hidden greed, no selfish
sloth,
Nor calculated callousness of Trade,
Will eat the heart out of your New Crusade.

"WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME NOW?"—
All the world's a playground, and everybody



in it merely
players, must
be the obser-
vation of the
Merry not the
Melancholy JAKES,
who with his Son—
the firm is JAKES
AND SON—has in-
vented the indoor
games of *Tiddledy*
Winks (he should
patent *Forty Winks*,
a companion to *Nap*), *Chopsticks*, *Hælder*,
and his latest is *The Butterfly Hunt*, which
can be made a very funny performance, only
it might have been so much better with
coloured butterflies, instead of little scraps
of paper. In indoor exercise nothing yet
invented has beaten the ancient *Battledore*
and *Shuttlecock*, which can be made nearly
as scientific as Lawn-tennis.



THE NEW CRUSADE.

"The Anti-Slavery Conference opened at Brussels on November 18. All the plenipotentiaries were present."—*Times*.



THE MODERN FOX-HUNTER EQUIPPED AGAINST THE MODERN FENCE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE industrious SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given us a delightful couple of volumes about *The Idols of the French Stage*, published by REMINGTON & Co. The chapters dealing with the life and death of the witty SOPHIE ARNAULD are as interesting as they are entertaining. Poor idols! everyone with a history, and all the histories bearing a strong resemblance to each other. In the biographies of men we say, *Cherchez la femme*; but here it is always, *Cherchez l'homme*! Poor talking dolls! worshipped as idols, then shattered or neglected, and the cult transferred to a rival. Charming cynicism is the story of the vestal RAUCOURT, whose virtue brought its own reward, and had its price in the betting-list; and curious, nowadays, when the Curé of St. Roch invites the Company of the Comédie Française to celebrate the tercentenary of CORNEILLE at his church,

to read how Christian burial was refused to so many actresses, even when they had become "reconciled" on their death-beds. BOSSUET's letter *Sur la Comédie* is evidence of the rigorous ecclesiastical rules then in force according to the *Rituel de Paris*. Mr. EDWARDS, in the course of his amusing account of the capricious Soprano, Madame DE SAINT HUBERTY (afterwards the unfortunate Countess d'ANTRAIGUES, married to a Frenchman who might well have been named Count d'Intrigues) tells us how, on one occasion, being annoyed with the conductor of the orchestra, she declared, that if he appeared in his place at night, "she would undress herself, and refuse to sing her part." Surely Mr. EDWARDS has here inverted the sequence of events. Her refusal to sing, which would be on the stage, must have preceded her act of undressing, which would have been in her *loge*. Still in those days they did odd things.

As usual, Mr. JOHN LATEY, Junior, brings out his Penny Illustrated Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* well in advance of all the others. Miscalled JOHN LATEY, evidently JOHN EARLY. The cover shows travellers be-lated in the snow. Good, this, to begin with. Plum-pudding and turkey await them. JOHN EARLY has written a story with a well worked-up sensation, and FRED BARNARD shows us a struggle between somebody and a

highwayman in the snow—most uncomfortable for both—but somebody gets decidedly the best of it, and consequently the highwayman the worst of it. The Fiery FURNISS ends the Number—which, by the way, is all snow and fire, typically Christmassy,—with hints for TOMMY's dressing-up in the holidays, TOMMY being recommended by the Fiery One to cause great sport to his friends and relatives by trying to look as much like several distinguished persons as possible. Poor TOMMY! And, if he's caught making raids on Grandpapa's linen, and requisitioning collars, in order to look like GLADSTONE, and Grandmamma's cloaks, to look like TENNYSON, and so forth, it will end in TOMMY's getting an extra dressing, which will be the reverse of what the gardeners call a "top-dressing." Poor TOMMY!

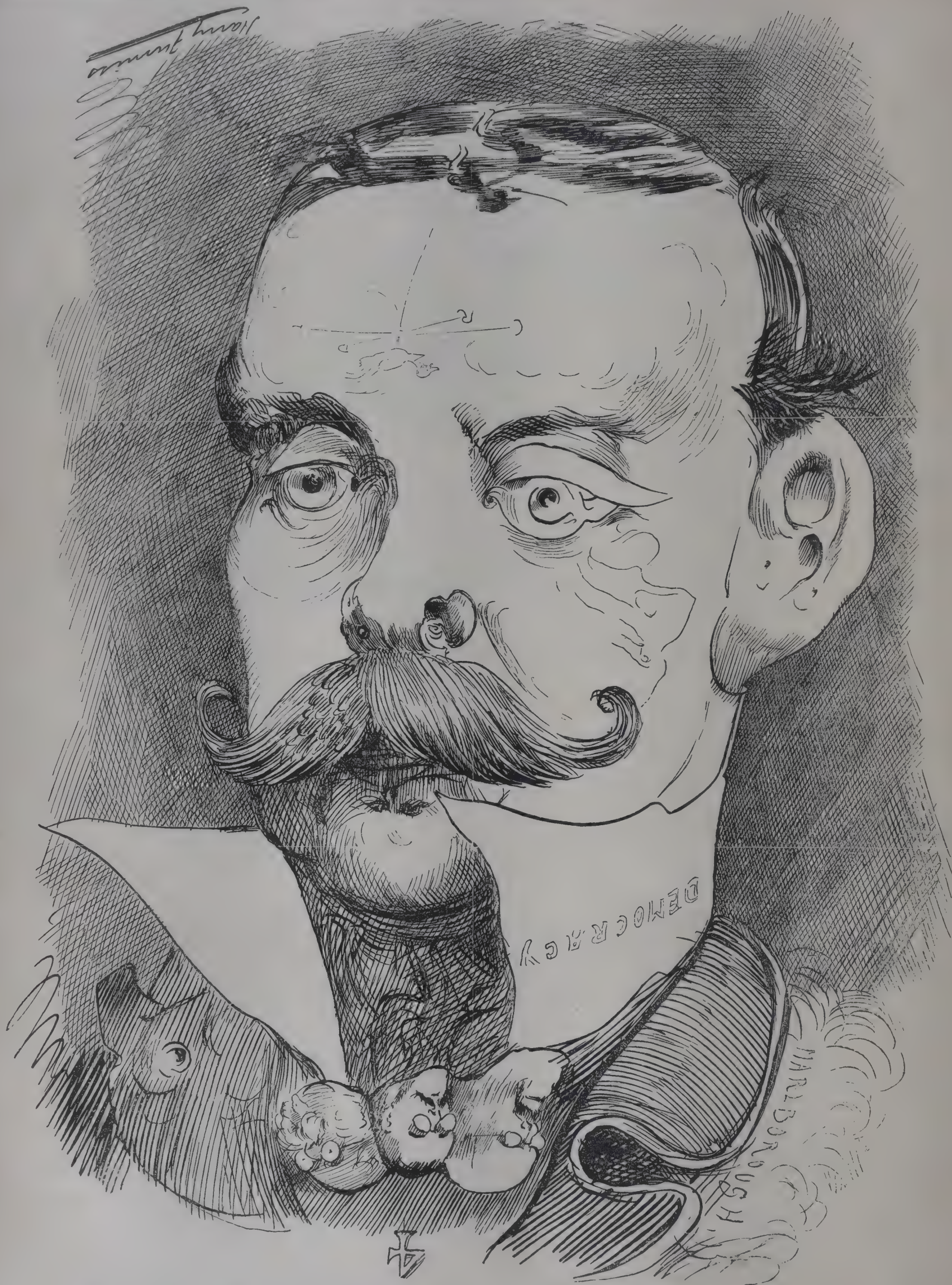
"THE HOO CASE."

To be published, in one volume, with ecclesiastical binding, that is, if anything ecclesiastical can be binding in such a matter, a short history of this important case, to be entitled, *Hoo's Hoo and What's What?* It will be illustrated with snatches of song by T. DIBDIN, a specimen of which, entitled, "*Hoo Cares?*" (*vide* DIBDIN's *Ballads*, BOHN's edition, p. 91) we place before our readers. It has quite the nautical smack of DIBDIN about it, as one might expect from one who assists in steering the ecclesiastical barque in the See of Rochester. Here it is:—

And then when ill-fortune has crowned his endeavours
'Twixt parties the peace to restore,
Well, what if so be if the public he favours
With reasons why, Hoo, and where-fore?
Now, bless the kind Bishop who treats with good-nature
Friend, enemy, false or true,
Though oppressed by Hoo cares, he will give a poor creature
His ben'son,—but what cares Hoo?

We do not know when the volume is coming out, but due notice will be given in the *Hoo and Cry*.

THE Anti-Enjoyment-on-Sunday Society might turn its attention to the Sunday 'bus traffic, as represented in a letter to the *Times* of November, 19, by a Director of the Tram Car Company.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 9.

"HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES."

(A Ballad of a Police-Court Case, set to the ancient rhyme of "Billy Taylor.")

THERE was a young and Hansom Cabby,
Which he had a sweet young wife,
Annoyed by a willin base and shabby,
Who werry nearly worried her out of her life.

He dogged her footsteps whenever he met her,
Wrote her many a billy doo;
But the sweet young wife gave every letter
To her Hansom hubby fond and true.

So the Hansom Cabby, up to him dashin',
Descends from his perch,— "Take that!" says he.
When he'd given the willin a well-deserved thrashin',
He gave hisself into custodee.

And the Magistrate says to the Hansom driver,
"I can't help applaudin' wot you've done;
But I *must* bind you over in a fiver,
To keep the peace to everyone.

"Which, talking of 'peace,' you go to the Adelphi,
Where there's a melodrama fine;
You take your wife, and you'll see yourself, I
Think, as a Hansom Cabman Shine.

"As you know the science of fisticuffin',
Which the gent can say who felt your knocks,
The GATTIS may Hansomly admit you for nuffin',
Or a friend will square up for a Private Box."

THE GOLDEN GIFT.—*Notice to Correspondents.*—As by this time at least a quarter of a million repetitions of the one joke about "pounds" and "Guinness" (guineas) have been made in various forms, of which *Mr. Punch* has received his full share, he hereby gives notice that on and after this Wednesday, Nov. 27, any perpetrator of this joke or anything like it, or anyone attempting to pass it off as original, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—The Revolution in Brazil will make no difference in the price of Nuts, nor in the cost of Crackers for Christmas.

"Quand j'étais roi de Boëtie,
J'avais des sujets et des soldats,"

is the air which the ex-Emperor, who knows his Paris uncommonly well, now contentedly hums to himself.



THEORIES OF THE TRAINING-STABLE.

"NICE-LOOKING YOUNG GENTLEMAN THAT FRIEND O' YOURS, SIR CHARLES. I SUPPOSE HE'S SOME LORD?"

"YES; HE'S MY COUSIN, LORD RIPPINGTON. HE'LL BE DUKE OF ALL-TOWERS WHEN HIS FATHER DIES."

"AH, I THOUGHT HE WAS SOMETHING OF THAT SORT. BUT IT DON'T DO TO BEGIN MYLORDIN' 'EM TOO YOUNG!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVI. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT CONNAUGHT PLACE.

THERE is a certain flavour of modernity about the name of the street where Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL resides that abruptly strikes you as you seize the knocker at No. 2. There is, or used to be, an expression common in Ireland which bracketed Connaught with an alternative place of destination. Probably Mr. W. H. SMITH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. STANHOPE, and other colleagues of your host in a recent Ministry may have thought of this saying as, upon occasion, they wended their steps towards Connaught Place. But the terrace which your host modestly shares with other eminent persons did not receive its name directly from the Irish province. It was so called after one of the Queen's sons, an accession to the Peerage which goes back but a few years, and stamps the locality with the notion of newness which struck you just now when, as mentioned, you were pulling the bell—signal of your desire to be ushered into the presence of the amiable nobleman who is impatiently awaiting you.

But, though Connaught Place is new, the locality is old, and is connected with some of the most interesting scenes in the social life of London. As you stand with your host at the window of the two-pair back, he shows you the very spot where Tyburn tree spread out its gaunt arms, and dangled its ghastly clusters of fruit. Hither came the condemned, riding in a cart from Newgate, carrying the nose-gay that had been presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and cheered with the flagon of ale he had halted at St. Giles's to drink. Here came to his death JOHN SHEPPARD, a person singularly unreliable in the presence of portable property. Here came JONATHAN WILD, who, as the Chaplain prayed with him, picked his pocket of a corkscrew. Forty years later Mrs. BROWN-RIGG, formerly resident in Fetter Lane, also rode to the corner of what is now Connaught Place, and never more returned.

"You see," says your host, tugging at the overhanging eaves of his moustache, "they used to harbour pleasant company in this neighbourhood. But our occasional visitors were not all drawn from the classes which Mr. SHEPPARD and Mrs. BROWN-RIGG adorned. We had the Rev. Dr. DODD hanged here for forgery; and there was Earl FERRERS, who murdered his steward, and was hanged over there with a silken rope. I often think," continues your host, reflectively, "that the re-introduction of the occasional use of a silken rope in the House of Lords at this day might be attended with consequences conducive to the welfare of the State."

Turning away from what you gather is a favourite place for reflection, and casting a passing glimpse on the distant glades of Hyde Park, where across the wilderness of fern and bracken you see the October sun glistening on the balustrad bridge thrown across the winding sheet of artificial water, where the golden hues of the chestnut contrast with the bright blue of the maple, the piquant pink of the wild cherry, the rare red tone of the beeches, and the blue and amber of the pitiful pine—your host, crossing the paved hall adorned with old oak, African weapons, antlers, and Indian shields, ushers you into the dimly-lighted room where he is wont to compose letters addressed to Lord SALISBURY or to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Seated at a blue-enamelled writing-table, with brass handles pendant to its many drawers, RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, third son of the seventh Duke of MALBOROUGH, tells you the story of his life.

Except for the charm of his conversation, the lambent play of his fancy, and the acrid solution of his humour, you would say that the narrative is superfluous. The framed documents close to the door commemorate all important epochs in his career. The first is a collection of his speeches delivered in the House of Commons when he still sat below the Gangway, and led to death or victory that remarkable body of statesmen known to contemporary history as the Fourth Party. The second, effectively divided into four panels, contains, in the first panel, his attacks upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with the Aston Park Riots; another panel in the same

framework shows his alliance with the Member for West Birmingham against Mr. GLADSTONE. The third embraces proofs of growing distrust in connection with the representation of Central Birmingham. You notice that the fourth is just now a blank. There is another very interesting collection, showing your host's attitude towards the Irish Members at various epochs of his interesting career. This is charmingly diversified.

Your host is delighted to find his versatility appreciated, and, as he lights another cigarette at the massive silver and ormolu electric lamp that stands upon the terra-cotta table at his side, whilst his eye rests upon a picture of Lord SALISBURY, in which the master-hand of REMBRANDT has brought out all the latent strength of character, he muses on the past: "I don't mind telling you, TOBY, old fellow," he says, "that sometimes I regret chucking things over as I did at Christmas, 1886. The fact is it was Christmas that did it all. I was thinking of a surprise present for the MARKISS; something, you know, that would make him sit up on Christmas Day in the morning. Turned over in my mind several little projects of the artificial toy order. Then it suddenly flashed upon me, 'Supposing I was to resign?' As you know it proved, nothing could have been more startling or unexpected. I had only been a month or two Chancellor of the Exchequer; I was Leader of the House of Commons; we had had our Cabinet Councils, and settled a good deal of the business of the coming Session. We had squared HARTINGTON and CHAMBER-

LAIN. GLADSTONE's people were divided and disheartened. Everything looked blooming for us, and no Ministry ever anticipated a happier or merrier Christmas.

"Only the morning before I let fly, SMITH was talking to me about a turkey he had bought—the biggest in the market—and such a plum-pudding! His honest face, beaming with delightful anticipation, was too much for me. Perhaps if I could have managed something by which, as he stuck his knife into the turkey, the bird would have stood up on its hind legs, and flapped what was left of its wings, it would have served; or if I could have conveyed into the plum-pudding a little detonating powder, that would have gone off, as dear OLD MORALITY thrust in the expectant spoon, I might have been satisfied. I thought of these things, and then came the notion of the resignation, which would spoil all their Christmas dinners. Once conceived, I could not resist the temptation, and so it came about. It was a tremendous piece of fun; fully equalled my expectations; but it proved rather expensive."

A tear slowly courses down your host's cheek, and, withdrawing from the sight of this sacred sorrow, you pass out on tip-toe, endeavouring, as you walk under the mullioned fanlight, and skirt the site of Tyburn Tree, to concentrate your thoughts upon Sixteen-stringed JACK, hanged here in 1774, for robbing the Princess AMELIA's Chaplain in Gunnersbury Lane. He suffered in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in his hand.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XIII.—THE MILITARY IMPERSONATOR.

To be a successful Military Impersonator, the principal requisite is a uniform, which may be purchased for a moderate sum, second-hand, in the neighbourhood of almost any barracks. Some slight



acquaintance with the sword exercise and elementary drill is useful, though not absolutely essential. Furnished with these, together with a few commanding attitudes, and a song possessing a spirited, martial refrain, the Military Impersonator may be certain of an instant and striking success upon the Music-hall stage,—especially if he will condescend to avail himself of the ballad provided by Mr. Punch, as a vehicle for his peculiar talent. And—though we say it ourselves—it is a very nice ballad, to which Mr. McDUGALL himself would find it difficult to take exception. It is in three verses, too—the limit understood to be formally approved by the London County Council for such productions. It may be, indeed, that (save so far as the last

verse illustrates the heroism of our troops in action—a heroism too real and too splendid to be rendered ridiculous, even by Military Impersonators), the song does not convey a particularly accurate notion of the manner and pursuits of an officer in the Guards. But then no Music-hall ditty can ever be accepted as a quite infallible authority upon any social type it may undertake to depict—with the single exception, perhaps, of the Common (or Howling) Cad. So that any lack of actuality here will be rather a merit than a blemish in the eyes of an indulgent audience. Having said so much, we will proceed to our ballad, which is called,—

IN THE GUARDS!

First Verse.

I'm a Guardsman, and my manner is perhaps a bit "haw-haw"; But when you're in the Guards you've got to show *esprit de corps*.

[Pronounce "a spreedey core,"

We look such heavy swells, you see, we're all aristo-cràts, When on parade we stand arrayed in our 'eavy bearskin 'ats.

Chorus (during which the Martial Star will march round the stage in military order).

We're all "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"

In the Guards! Doncher know?

Twisting silky long moustarches,

[Suit the action to the word here.

Bein' Guards! Doncher know?

While our band is playing Marches,

Of the Guards! Doncher know?

And the ladies stop to gaze upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

[Here a member of the orchestra will oblige with the cymbals, while the Vocalist performs a military salute, as he passes to—

Second Verse.

With duchesses I'm 'and in glove, with countesses I'm thick; From all the nobs I get invites—they say I am "so chic!"

[Pronounce "chick."

It often makes me laugh to read, when'er I go off guard, "Dear BERTIE, come to my At Home!" on a coronetted card!

Chorus.

For we're "BERTIES," "'UGHIES," "ARCHIES,"

In the Guards! Doncher know?

With our silky long moustarches,

In the Guards! Doncher know?

Where's a regiment that marches

Like the Guards? Doncher know?

All the darlings—bless 'em!—dote upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

Third Verse.

[Here comes the Singer's great chance, and by merely taking a little pains, he may make a tremendously effective thing out of it. If he can manage to slip away between the verses, and change his bearskin and scarlet coat for a solar topee and kharkee tunic at the wings, it will produce an enormous amount of enthusiasm, only he must not take more than five minutes over this alteration, or the audience—so curiously are British audiences constituted—may grow impatient for his return.

But hark! the trumpet sounds! . . . (Here a member of the orchestra will oblige upon the trumpet.) What's this? . . . (The Singer will take a folded paper from his breast and peruse it with attention.) We're ordered to the front! [This should be shouted. We'll show the foe how "Carpet-Knights" can face the battle's brunt!

They laugh at us as "Brummels"—but we'll prove ourselves "Bay-yards!"

[Now the Martial Star will draw his sword and unfasten his revolver-case, taking up the exact pose in which he is represented upon the posters outside.

As you were! . . . Form Square! . . . Mark Time! . . . Slope Arms! . . . now—"Tention! . . . (These military evolutions should all be gone through by the Artist.) Forward, Guards!

[To be yelled through music.

Chorus.

Onward every 'ero marches,

In the Guards! Doncher know?

All the "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"

Of the Guards! Doncher know?

They may twist their long moustarches,

For they're Guards! Doncher know?

Dandies? yes,—but dandy lions are the Guards!

Bing-Bang!

[Red fire and smoke at wings, as Curtain falls upon the Military Impersonator in the act of changing to a new attitude.

"In omnibus caritas"—most difficult to practise when it's "full inside" on a wet day, and you're in the company of twelve damp, stuffy, stout, irritable and unyielding persons of both sexes.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIII.

"A WORKMAN seeking work he cannot get,
Than *ŒDIPUS* or *Hamlet* is a yet
More tragic figure." Truly?
So says, at least, your soberest platform Sage,*
Who little shares the weakness of the age,
To emphasise unduly.

"*Hamlet* in fustian! Ah!" the Shadow smiled.

"Think you Society would be beguiled

To see that sordid drama,—
Society, to which the labourer lone
In dull suburban suffering is unknown,

Well-nigh, as the Grand Lama?

"Well, we at least may watch it, if you care

For witnessing unpicturesque despair,
Undecorated sorrow.

This man, no *Œdipus*, knows not to-day
How to procure his children food, or pay
The landlord's claim to-morrow."

I looked into a scantily-furnished room—
A lamp's low flame scarce glimmered through the gloom;

And yet a certain trimness
Of none too tasteful Cockney carefulness
Spake in the pictured walls, the woman's dress,

Through all its doleful dimness.

A head set smartly on, an apron clean,
A face not vixenish, though worn and lean,
Hair glossy, though dishevelled,
These mark the better sort of workman's wife,

Who in the humble joys of labouring life
For prosperous years has revelled.

Revelled in almost radiant content,
The well-stocked cupboard, and the ready rent,

Materials for gladness.

Modest, yet all-sufficing, were her own,
And not till now has the poor creature known
The sharper pangs of sadness.

Now? Well, you see her "Man" is "out of work!"— [lurk

Menacing phrase, in whose dread meaning
Ruin and helpless anguish;

To Toil it sounds the tocsin of despair,—
Once raise it, and in many a joyless lair
Labour unfed must languish.

Footsore and faint, from a long foodless tramp,
Through miles of City suburb, drear and damp,

In leafless, grey November;
Her husband has returned. Behold him there,

Cowering and shivering in the close-drawn chair,

Over the fire's last ember!

Hamlet, in fierce soliloquy near the throne,
Larger, more searching, sorrow may have known,

Not more complete prostration
Of manly energy and struggling hope.
They only know it who have had to cope

With such a situation.

Mile after mile, with ever lessening force!
Shop after shop, with voice more faint and hoarse!

Still tramping, still appealing!

* Mr. JOHN MORLEY, at the "Eighty" Club.



Picture that daily task for many a week—
Rebuffed all round, with ever-paling cheek,
And courage still congealing.

"Chance of a job?" The dismal shibboleth
Repeated with dropped eyes and bated breath

At entry after entry,
Becomes a burdening horror. Now 'tis o'er,
Hope's latest portal's shut, and at the door
Sullen despair stands sentry.

The shame of it! The once smart-vestured wife

Looking appeal that cuts more like a knife
Than any loud reproaches;

The hungry children's clamour hardly hushed,
Their tear-stained cheeks with ruddy health
once flushed,

On which the white encroaches.

The half-stripped chamber, and the vacant walls, [falls—

On which his dizzied glance, despairing,
Ay, and that open letter,

The angry landlord's last demand! His head

Drops o'er his knees. Great Heaven! were he dead,

For them were it not better?

"You read that in his eyes, and read aright,"
The Shadow said. "Come forth into the night!

Yonder rolls on the river,
Fog-hidden, silent, fascination wild
For many a soul grief-stricken, sin-defiled,
Lone girl, or evil-liver!

"The winter mists hide it, and it hides all,—
So dreams, at least, full many a hopeless thrall

Of poverty or sorrow.

The fate-scourged soul's surcharged with
woe to-night; [light

What if the body, with dawn's breaking
Drift down that flood to-morrow?

"The woe, at least, is over, and the strife
With the twin harpies of the toiler's life,
Hunger and Debt. Who knows them?

Not *Hamlet* and not *Œdipus*. They wage
Ravaging war upon a pettier stage, [them.

These scenes, good friend, disclose

"Spectres unpicturesque! Ambition, lust,
Volcanically wreck; these twain, like rust,

Silent, and slow, and stealthy,
Eat into humble souls; their utter stress
Strains not the imposing strugglers in life's

press—

The wicked and the wealthy.

"The poor to plead for, or to champion want,
Strikes your great 'Thunderer' as 'the
sorriest cant'—

And I am not a canter," [small,
Murmured the Shadow. "Nay, shopkeeper
Artisan out of work, or Sweater's thrall,
'Tis better 'form' to banter.

"They're not heroic, are they, friend?—to us
Like halting *Hamlet*, fate-scourged *Œdipus*.

And are they not protected?

'Freedom of Contract' is their guardian boon,
What more, by *doctrinaires* who dream and
(Like *MORLEY*)—is expected? [moon,

"Freedom of Contract! 'Tis delightful fun!"

"And what," I murmured, "has that blessing done

For the wrecked workman yonder?"

"Well, he contracted—freely—for his rent,
(Upon his normal wage how much per cent.

That means, let pundits ponder).

"Freedom of Contract, plus that *force majeure* [secure—

Which binds the toiling throng in toils
Stern need of shop or dwelling,

And narrow limitations of their choice—
There breed such bliss as scarce an angel's

Were adequate to telling. [voice

"For the results! Friend did you hear that splash?

Poor fool, dull, unappreciative, rash!
His idle hands deliver [heart,

One o'erstrained head, and one impatient
His 'freedom' bids him choose despair's last
part—

A plunge in the cold river!"

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

"OH, WHAT a vast and a varied variety—You see in the Royal Water-Colour Society!" Why shouldn't I sing? Why shouldn't I "drop into po'try"? It's nice rimey weather. They wouldn't allow me to do it at the Institute. It's all right here! Fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol-liety. Mr. RIDGE, the Keeper, approaches. Looks as if he were about to institute a *de lunatico inquirendo*—says it's rigidly forbidden. Ha! ha! Not bad. But let us be serious. Eh! What! "*The Fleet Saluting!*" Suggests "Kiss me quick, and go!" Nothing of the kind! Charming study of Spithead last August, by Miss CLARA MONTALBA, who has at least a dozen capital works in the Gallery. STACY MARKS has some clever pictures. Stay, see MARKS, by all means. Look especially at his "*Lloyd's News*," and his "*Sulphur-crested Cockatoo*." ALFRED D. FRIPP has only one picture. There is no frippery whatever about the "*Stair Hole, Hanbury Down*," but an excellent, an earnest study of Nature, painted at Lulworth. Sir JOHN GILBERT appears, with all his old force and splendour, in "*A Bishop*." Good to look at. Just the man for a see. HERBERT MARSHALL has marshalled his talents mostly in Holland, and only gives us one view of London, namely, "*Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth*." This is so good, that we cannot allow him to go out of London again for a long while. J. H. HENSHALL's "*In Wonderland*," is a clever picture of a pretty little damsel, with a pair of shapely, sable-hosed legs, over the arm of a chair. We cannot help wondering what the little lady's mamma will say when she sees her lolling and dreaming in this fashion. F. SMALLFIELD's pictures, especially *Sadak*, and "*When the Bloom is on the Rye*," show his versatility, and demonstrate that his field of observation is anything but small. "And there are lots more I could name with propriety. That are hung at the Royal Water-Colour Society!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

A WORD FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BOURNE.

Now that the subject of winter resorts is before the world, some account may appropriately be given of that Bournemouth to which so many visitors return. The town seems to have been built in the midst of pine-forests, through which roads have been cut in different directions; and it is significant that every thoroughfare in Bournemouth, with but one exception, is still called a "road." The whole place, as HAYDN, or his librettist, might have put it, is "with verdure clad"; the rich greens of the pine-trees and the firs being, in many places, relieved by the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or the pink flowers of the rhododendrons. Snowdrops and winter roses may here and there be seen; but the general uniform of the place is green sprinkled with red.

At Bournemouth I was, for the first time in my life—but not, I hope, the last—inveigled into taking up my abode at a temperance establishment. It was not even an hotel—not at least by name—the proprietor of the house being specially forbidden by the terms of his lease from calling it one. He was prevented, moreover, by a clause in this formidable lease from applying for a wine and spirit licence. A feeling of depression comes over the visitor, when on crossing the threshold of the "Imperial," he finds an announcement staring him in the face, to the effect that the proprietor does not possess a wine licence, and is bound not even to ask for one. "All ye who enter here, leave drink behind," the solemn inscription seems to say.

But an hotel, even though it be furnished like a well-appointed private house, and bear no special designation, is still an hotel; and though an hotel-keeper may have bound himself not to apply for a wine licence, this does not prevent him from enabling his customers to order wine from another hotel. A sort of cheque-book is brought to the visitor, who draws for whatever draughts he happens to require; whether for lunch, dinner, or the intervals between regular meals. This plan of ordering wine beforehand might advantageously be adopted at all hotels. It would save delay, and that rushing to and fro on the part of the waiters, which must necessarily take place when wine is ordered only at the moment of sitting down to table.

The rivers of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood are full of fish. The Bourne contains tittlebats; the Avon, near Christchurch, is famous for its salmon—"saumon de Christchurch," as it is called in our London menus; while the Stour, on the other side of Christchurch, is celebrated for its pike—the turnpike—that stands on the bridge by which it is crossed.

In the beautiful cathedral-like church of the village of Christchurch, fine stone architecture and droll wooden sculpture are to be seen; a remarkable example of the latter being an admirably-carved representation of a preacher in the form of a fox, holding forth to a congregation of geese; the duty of the clerk being performed by a crowing cock. In the churchyard I noticed an epigram and an enigma—both excellent. The former is as follows:—

"Live well, die never;
Die well, live for ever."

The enigma runs thus:—

"We were not slayne byt rays'd;
Rays'd not to life
Byt to be buri'd twice
By men of strife.
What rest could th living have
When dead had none?
Agree amongst yov.
Heere we ten are one."

"HEN: ROGERS Died April 17, 1641."

The ancient explanation of this epitaph in the form of a riddle was a most unsatisfactory one—"that ten men having been drowned, their bodies were recovered, and buried together in one grave." What is evidently the true solution has been found by the present Rector of Christchurch, who, starting from the fact indicated by the date, that the re-interment took place during the Civil War, came to the conclusion that Cromwellian troops, in want of bullets, must have dug up the ten bodies with a view to their leaden coffins, and then re-buried them in one common grave.

Boscombe, an interesting suburb of Bournemouth, is remarkable for the fineness of its sea-view and the humour of its inhabitants. At the entrance to its pretty little pier may be read this exhilarating announcement: "Dogs are not allowed on this pier for promenading purposes." I have made a copy of this strangely worded



CHARITY THAT BEGINNETH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD.

"AND WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR, BARBARA, ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO FIND SOME OCCUPATION?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S SO DULL AT HOME, UNCLE. I'VE NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS—AND PAPA'S PARALYSED—AND MAMMA'S GOING BLIND—SO I WANT TO BE A HOSPITAL NURSE."

regulation, and sent it as a rare curiosity to the *Académie des Inscriptions* of Paris. Close to the pier is a lofty sand-hill, absolutely destitute of vegetation; on which some facetious member of the Town Council has caused a notice to be set up, entreating the public to "protect the grass on this slope."

Ultimately, I discovered on the top of the sand-hill, widely dispersed, just thirteen blades of grass; and I have opened a subscription for the exhibition of a second notice which, I propose, shall be in these words:—

If you'd seen this grass before it grew,
You'd give the gardener all is due.

With a contented mind, a cheerful spirit, and enough experience of musical and dramatic performances, to render an occasional absence from them a pleasant change, one may pass a few days, or even weeks, agreeably enough at Bournemouth. The open sea, the jagged, many-coloured and picturesque cliffs, the golden sands, the green pine-woods, the hedges of laurel and rhododendron, are delightful to the lover of Nature. But no amusements are provided which, to a Londoner, would seem worthy of the name; and in this, above all, lies the inferiority of Bournemouth, as of all other English watering-places, to Nice, Monte Carlo, and the favourite health-resorts of the Riviera.

THE GOOD MUSICIAN.

POOR dear FREDDY CLAY! No common Clay. Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends; nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips, or from his pen; he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I knew him well. *Requiescat!*

F. C. B.

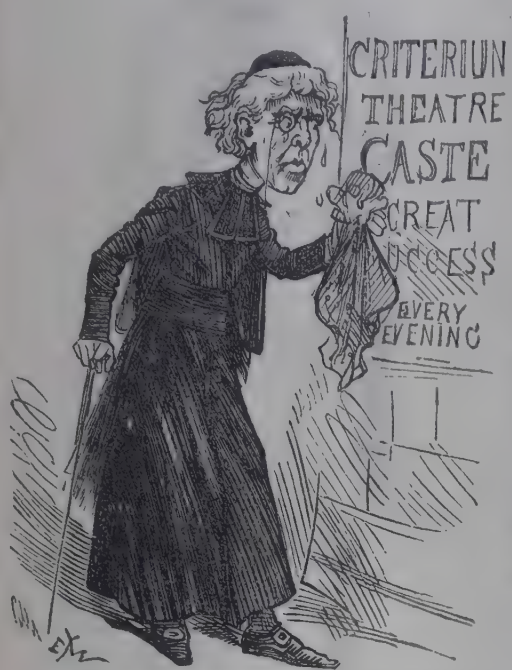
THE NEXT POPE.—There can no longer be any doubt of it, the next Pope must be Mr. STEAD, of the *P. M. G.* What title will he assume? Pope LINUS was the immediate successor of St. PETER, so Mr. STEAD, on the strength of his "Letters from the Vatican," might appropriately style himself Pope PENNY-A-LINUS.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

A Golden Piece at the Criterion—A Tempestuous Piece at the Lyric.

CASTE is a masterpiece. It is full of those touches of nature which, as affecting the use of pocket-handkerchiefs, should gladden the heart of the washerwoman. It is irresistibly comic; it is irresistibly pathetic. With two exceptions, namely, first, that speech of *Esther's* about "galloping over the upturned faces," and the other an expression of *Gerridge's* about *D'Alroy* clasping his wife in his "great, strong, loving arms"—both of which are quite out of keeping with the characters in whose mouths the words are placed—the piece is free from all tin-pot sentimentality. Part of *ROBERTSON'S* mission was to upset the conventional love-making which, till his time, had been expected from stage-lovers. In *Caste* the lovers talk as they would, and do, in real life,—stupid talk, that raises a sympathetic smile by its perfectly natural inanity.

A CASTE AT THE CRI, AND A CRY AT THE CASTE.



The Wicked Abbé leans upon his stick, and wipes away a tear.

considerably developed, when he holds the audience watching him as closely and as intently as though he were about to commit a melodramatic crime, when he is simply filling and lighting his pipe, without saying a word, is a triumph acknowledged by a round of genuine appreciative applause.

The performance of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE and Miss OLGA BRANDON, as *George D'Alroy* and *Esther Eccles*, is as near perfect as it can be: and his scene with the baby is perfect. Miss LOTTIE VENNE'S *Polly Eccles* is Ecclesent,—I should say, excellent. Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *Sam Gerridge* is a living type of the honest mechanic; careful and economical, he is bound to get on in the world; kind and generous, he will win the affection of those who come to know him; yet capable of turning so nasty if anything rubs him the wrong way, that one trembles lest after the honeymoon is over, the lively *Polly* may occasionally regret her bargain.

BROOKFIELD-*Gerridge's* genuinely hearty and awkward shake of *Hawtree's* hand is an inspiration, but *Major Hawtree*, a brave soldier who has fought for his country, is not the sort of man who at that time and place would turn round to pity his own squeezed hand, and shrug his shoulders by way of making a cynical apology, to himself and society generally, for his recent condescension in fraternally greeting a horny-handed grubby gasfitter. *The Marquise* is the one character that *ROBERTSON* couldn't write. He meant her for a Grande Dame, and he has produced a Lady Snobbess.

The Play is one which no lover of the Drama ought to miss seeing. It commences at the rational hour of 8'45. May I be permitted to suggest, for the benefit of those who hate "turning out of their homes after dinner," that from the Criterion dining-room to the Theatre is but a step, and, if you don't mind a few more steps, you could "do yourself" worse, but scarcely better, than at the Café Royal in Regent Street, superior to any similar Restaurant in Paris—certainly as to the wines,—and, ahem! not much behindhand in prices, which you will do well to study before ordering, remembering that it costs very little more for two persons to dine than for one—and then having smoked two-thirds of your cigar, and taken your coffee at the table where you dine—a great boon, smoking permitted at and after 8 o'clock—you can finish the other third as you walk quietly and digestively down to the "Full Cri."

Tempestuous Nights at the Lyric.—In *The Red Hussar*, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON has composed an Opera, and scored a success. His collaborateur, Mr. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS, has just escaped writing a good *Libretto*. It might have had a second title, *The Military Billy Taylor*, if that hadn't been done years ago at the Royalty. The piece goes smoothly enough, yet it is nearly all TEMPEST. Act I., TEMPEST as a ballad-singer, nice little hussy, in which she sings a taking waltz; Act II., TEMPEST as a dapper officer, nice little hussy becomes nice little Hussar, in uncommonly tight pants, red, aye, red—very dandy boots—and with a Song of the Regiment, which is full of "go"; Act III., TEMPEST again as an Heiress, in a sedan-chair, who marries the man she loves,

but, being still of an eccentric turn, elects to reappear on her wedding day in the costume of the *Red Hussar*.

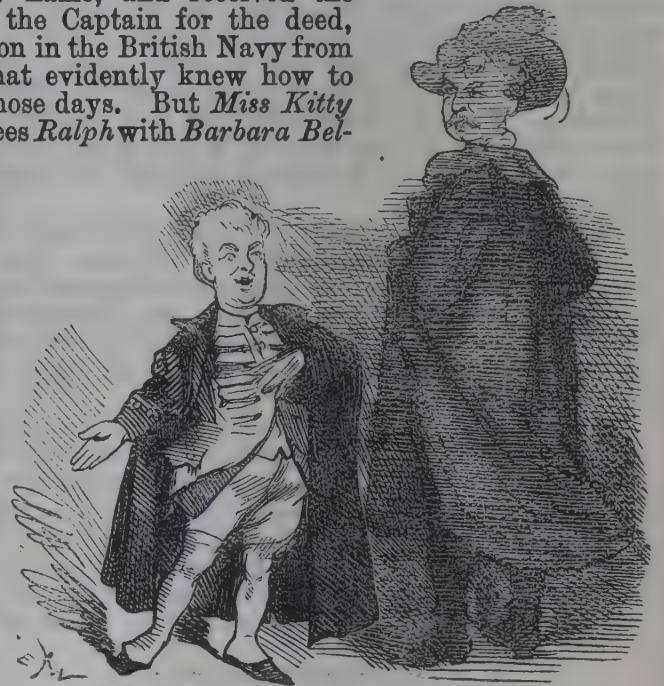
Billy Taylor was a "fine young fellow," and so is *Ralph Rodney* (Mr. BEN DAVIES). *Billy* was pressed and sent to sea: RALPH, pressed by debt, enlists and joins the army. *Billy's* young woman was a "maiden fair and free" (I forget her name, and believe she



Tria Juncta in Unâ.

never had one in the ballad), so is *Ralph Rodney's* sweetheart, who, when *Ralph* is enlisted, follows him to the wars in the disguise of a soldier—a brilliant *Red Hussar*, "unattached," except to *Ralph*—just as *Billy's* young woman follows him to sea dressed as a sailor, her hands smirched "with the nasty pitch and tar," "under the name of *Richard Karr*." *Billy's* sweetheart, finding him faithless, shot him and his new flame, and received the commendation of the Captain for the deed, as well as promotion in the British Navy from a Government, that evidently knew how to reward merit in those days. But *Miss Kitty Carrol*, when she sees *Ralph* with *Barbara Belasys* (Miss FLORENCE DYSART), doesn't do anything at all, as far as I could make out—not having a "book of the words" for reference—but, taking the situation in the friendliest possible spirit, dashes recklessly into the Song of the Regiment, by way of bringing down the Curtain on a gay finale. The Third Act seemed unnecessary, except for HAYDEN COFFIN'S song, which is not the happiest of Composer SOLOMON'S inspirations. To my mind, there's not an air in it equal to the "*Bake-a-roll*" in *Pickwick*. It was a cold night. I came into the theatre myself, and I went out Coffin, and haven't been the same man since. Perhaps I may now get engaged as a tenor, or to replace one of the supers, who shaved off his moustachios in order to do his best, as he said before the Magistrate, for the success of *The Red Hussar*. Bravo, super!

The scenery and costumes are charming. This *Red Hussar* ought to do what no soldier ever should do, and that is,—run.



"Ah si Ben Mio"; or, The Lyric edition of Henry Neville.

HOLLAND HOUSE AT MONTE CARLO.—Fogs, snow, North-east winds, sunless, joyless weather in London, and then to read the journalistic summary of the very summery state of the weather at Monaco and Monte Carlo, where the new Métropole Hôtel, under the Management of Mr. ALFRED HOLLAND, has just been opened fresh as one of the Dutch natives. Would that we could take a month's Hollanday, and be like the swallow flying South towards the South Pole, or quite far enough to the Métro-pole. No such luck, and luck's everything at Monte Carlo; so we hope there's plenty of it, with the new and superior sanitary arrangements, at "Holland House," in the Paradise of Principalities, where play is work, and demand-notes, Schoolboard-rates, and taxes, are unknown.

THE ROBIN.

(With apologies to "The Thrush" that sang in October.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming, Christmas is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it!
Goose again, gifts again, peace and good-will again."
Yes, and the bills again—blow it!

Here's the tailor's—new suit for my younger son WILL,
Reseating the same, same repeated.
"Bill, bill, bill, bill!" Be thankful *your* bill
Need not be receipted.

"Ice again, frost again, all the pipes burst again!"
I wish Christmas came in the summer.
You can't get the plumbers to work, little friend;
At Christmas you can't get a plumber.

"Beer again, beer, beer, lots of beer!"
Oh, yes, it's drink that's the reason.
Christmas is coming, is coming, my dear,
And I wish you joy of the season.

A GOLDEN BOOK.—The best of all the Christmas Books we've at present seen, the one that comes nearest the true spirit of Christian Christmas is Mrs. MEYNELL's touching story of *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth*, illustrated by GEORGE LAMBERT, and charmingly got up by Messrs. BURNS & OATES. Some years ago GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA powerfully pleaded for the funds of this noble Institution with the best results. Miss MEYNELL's delightful book must touch all hearts and open all pockets.

A Real Musical Treat.

"Six Song-Stories for Children,"

Will be to them a joy
With pictures by HELEN MACKENZIE,
And music by JIMMY MOLLOY.

You'll sing them in Christmas play-time,
The time for cakes, crackers, and apples,
Though not to be sung in Churches
You'll always get them at CHAPPELL'S.



BISMARCK COMMITS "THE HAPPY DISPATCH"—
TO THE POST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If her name is any indication of the director of her literary talents, Mrs. SALE BARKER ought always to write nautical stories. The children will be as contented with her charming annual as must be ROUTLEDGE, and the Sons of ROUTLEDGE, who put it before them.

Pepin, the Dancing Bear, by Mrs. MACQUOID, and illustrated by PERCY MACQUOID. Get it from SKEFFINGTON AND SON (if SKEFFINGTON isn't in, ask the son), and give it to your for-bears for Christmas.

The Encore Reciter sounds like a personage who asks twice for whiskey, but it isn't. It's a collection,—most of us dislike collections, but you can put in your modest coin and get something out of it. WALKER. This pedestrian publisher turns out some bright and entertaining books for children. I think if they're lured on to learn the *Reciter* by heart, they will be quite quiet till it is time to return to school, and they can give the recitations there. From JAMES CLARK & Co. comes *The Rosebud Annual*. Blooming again! Examine its leaves. I have to turn on a band of skimmers and a crew of skippers to look into these Christmas books, otherwise the Bold Baron would sink under the task. Alone, he can't do it. But he can guarantee the opinions given by the skimmers and skippers (who "know the ropes") on all they pick out for choice. So the Baron's examining chaplains pass as first-class in one line—here's the line:—Miss A. B. EDWARDES's *Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites*—not quite a book for very little children. So don't be misled—Miss (A. B. E.) led—by the sound of *Dolly Mites*. Elder children look out! So for COOPER's *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and our dear old friend, *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hang it! This must be the very last of the Mohicans! He'd been lagging behind, and has lost his way, because he got out of the company of *The Pathfinder*. That'll do for this week.

As for the Cards, they're pouring in. Old Father Christmas hasn't himself, as yet, left his card with us—at least, the Baron doesn't see anything like his old friend's face in the brilliant flowers, birds, and lovely designs worked out by Messrs. HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER, for example, with whom he will begin, and, for this week, end. Plenty more to review. The cry is still they come; but I can only notice "here a one and there a one," says, emphatically, the friend of everybody, BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

"A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PERSON."—The London citizen.

THE MYSTERY OF A CITY DINNER.

THERE is a curious paragraph amid the rare fashionable announcements of the *Daily News*. It records how a dinner was given at the Albion Tavern, to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, Mr. EDMUND YATES in the Chair.

"The guest of the evening (we read) was presented by the Chairman on behalf of the subscribers, in a feeling speech, with a handsome service of plate, artistically designed to illustrate the most celebrated characters and incidents in the works of CHARLES DICKENS. The presentation was from Mr. PARKINSON's private friends in acknowledgment of recent public services in connection with an archæological and philanthropic association, of which Mr. PARKINSON has been a leading member for a quarter of a century."

A flood of questions arises on this. What is the archæological and philanthropic association thus darkly alluded to? Mr. PARKINSON was, we fancy, once made a Bard or a Druid in connection with the Eisteddfod. Is that it? Why drag in CHARLES DICKENS? and what was EDMUND "feeling" for? His pocket-handkerchief? Not we trust for any stray item in the service of plate subscribed by these inscrutable private friends to a hitherto unsuspected Public Benefactor.

A VERY CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—"There have," the *Pall-Mall Gazette* complacently remarks, "been two rather curious instances of journalistic coincidences this week. One is the Cartoon in *Punch*, and the Cartoon in the *Pall-Mall Budget*, both representing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the Sphinx. The other, the *Daily News* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette* both adopting the parody form in reviewing Mr. MORRIS's *Roots of the Mountains*." Not the least curious feature in the coincidence is, that it was a little late. *Punch* is in the London newspaper offices on Tuesday afternoon, the *Pall-Mall Budget* coming out on the following Thursday; whilst the idea of reviewing Mr. MORRIS's book in the particular form alluded to appeared in the afternoon issue of the enterprising sheet, with much else already familiar in the morning papers.

THE Pigmies of South Africa are, it is said, in a letter to the *Times*, "gradually disappearing." A striking illustration of "small by degrees, and beautifully less."



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Young Mother (lately from Girton). "COME IN, DEAR. EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MOMENT. I'M JUST ORDERING A CRIB FOR HERODOTUS."
Fair Friend (not from Girton). "OH, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO CALL DEAR BABY, IS IT?"

FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

AIR—"Three Students were travelling over the Rhine."

THREE strangers were travelling downward one day,
 And together they paused to hobnob by the way.
 Oh, far might you wander before you would see
 A grislier group than that terrible Three!

For not the Three Ravens of legend looked foul
 As these Three with the "mortar-board," "stove-pipe," and cowl;
 And not the Three Fates, when intent on their thread,
 Had an aspect more harsh, a demeanour more dread.

There was he of the "mortar-board," pedant austere,
 With the book and the birch that the little ones fear;
 The grinder of hearts and the racker of brains.
 Moloch-service the price of his dubious gains.

The Teacher as torturer, poverty's scourge,
 Who the lesson would force, and the school-fee would urge.
 Though poor bairns to his rostrum should hunger-racked come,
 With the penny that left them all starving at home.

And who is his villanous plump *vis-à-vis*,
 Of the visage suffused with such sinister glee?
 That ruddy-faced rogue is Society's curse:
 His hands ever grope in the fat Public Purse.

Plump hands and prehensile, they grub, and they pick,
 And, oh, how the gold to those digits will stick!
 That's Jobbery, thieftom incarnate is he,
 And perhaps the worst knave of the rascally Three.

As sly Jerry-Builder he best loves to pose,
 But that cynical eye, and that fee-sniffing nose,
 Into everything peer, into everything poke,
 Where there's chance of a "job," which he hails as a joke.

And the third of the Three, the strange spectre, and thin,
 With the cowl, and the bowl, and the skeleton grin!
 Ah! Pedantry callous, and Jobbery foul,
 Find companionship fit in the Thing with the Cowl!

"Drink, Gentlemen! Fill up your cups to our Cause!"
 And they rap on the Board with effusive applause.
 For the stuff in that bowl is right stingo, you see;
 And they all love a dip, do those sinister Three.

And these be thy friends, Education! The grub
 Who would ruthlessly cram the poor famishing scrub,
 The knave, of whose life base corruption is breath,
 And—auxiliar of all things, destructive!—pale Death.

Education! O spirit benignant and kind,
 To the ghouls who dishonour thee canst thou be blind?
 Not this was the promised Utopian bliss,
 Of thy kingdom so lately established—not *this*!

Thy task is divine, but 'tis badly begun.
 Autolycus, Herod, and Moloch in one
 Appears this new idol that some would set up,
 To drink childhood's bane in a poisonous cup.

Hath Justice *no* power—hath Law not a hand,
 To sweep jocund Jobbery out of the land?
 'Tis our newest Utopia, and lo! he creeps in,
 Hob-nobbing with Death, with its menacing grin!

The fumes of those draughts are of deadliest breath,
 Pedant cruelty, knavish corruption, and Death!
 Education's a spirit benign, with fair ends,
 But Heaven deliver her from her new friends!

OLD FRENCH MOTTO FOR CREMER.—"Toy que j'aime." Ask to see the *Grenouille nageuse* at "the Cremeries." Froggee would a swimming go. The Country House of the Cremeries, where the toys go for their spring, must be at "Dollis Hill."

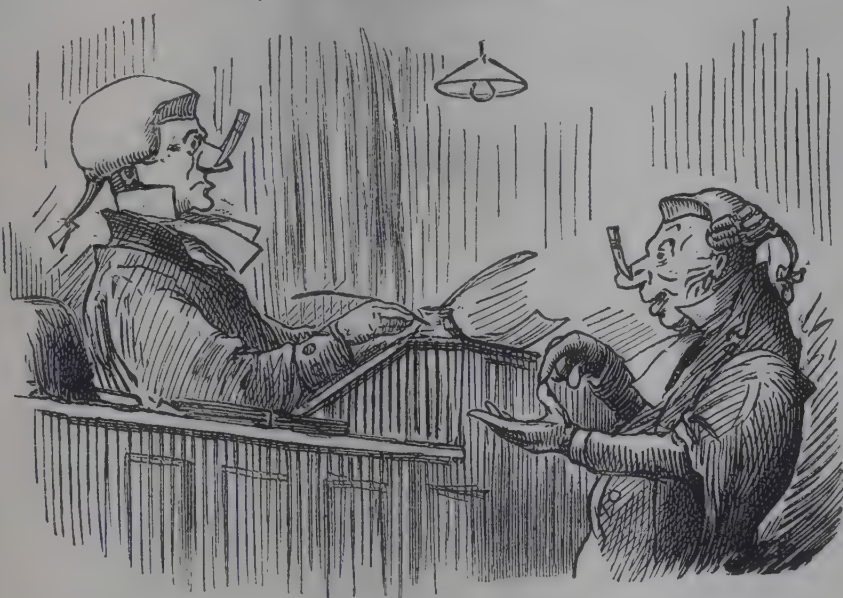


FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

OUR LAW COURTS.



Lords Justices BOWEN and FRY are prepared to break the windows of the Court, and relieve the asphyxiated Bar.



In order to deaden the sense of smell, second-hand clothes-pegs will be used by the Bench and the Bar.

THOSE DREADFUL DOCTORS!

SIR,—I am sure that the thanks, not only of rather cautious people, like myself, who take their own little measures for self-protection, but all who give a moment's consideration to the matter, are due to Miss COBBE for calling attention to this deadly scourge working in our midst, the modern disease and destruction-distributing Doctor. Some years since, it was my bitter misfortune to have introduced into my defenceless and unsuspecting household, by one of these secret pests of our existing social system, a virulent epidemic of nettle-rash, of the worst type; and it was this final outrage that roused me to think out, and carry into execution, the subjoined plan, which, I submit, is the only possible safe method, under existing circumstances, of calling in, and getting the advice of the ordinary medical practitioner. There may be a little trouble involved in carrying it out, and it may not always be easy to come across, especially in a busy neighbourhood, a medical man of a sufficiently scientific bent to induce him, for the accustomed fee, which I never exceed, of three shillings and sixpence, to fall in agreeably with the little extra trouble involved in giving effect to the few precautionary measures which my sense of obligation to myself and family obliges me, when seeking the assistance of my medical adviser, necessarily to adopt. However, such as they are, I have much pleasure in communicating them for the benefit of your numerous readers.

On a case of illness occurring in my household, and the Doctor being summoned by telegraph, a due watch is set for his approach, and, as soon as he comes in sight, he is played upon by a hand garden-engine charged with a powerful disinfectant. On entering by the hall-door, which is opened to him by a couple of servants bearing large lighted torches, giving off volumes of smoke, for the purpose of fumigation, he is enveloped in a large sheet steeped in vinegar and water, and conducted to a conservatory at the back of the house. Here he has to take off his clothes, which are taken from him and burnt, he the meanwhile being requested to step into a shower-bath of Condry's fluid, upon emerging from which he dresses himself in a

complete suit of camphorated white linen clothes that have been already prepared for him. He is now finally enveloped in a large but tight-fitting india-rubber waterproof overcoat, buttoned close up to the ears, and having a lighted strymonium cigar put in his mouth, and receiving a last sprinkling of carbolic acid from a good-sized hand-syringe, may be regarded in safe condition to see his patient, and be ushered without further ado into his presence.

Such, Sir, is the "process," by a rigid adherence to which I flatter myself I have as yet managed to preserve myself and the members of my family from the dangers of imported infection. It is true that, nicely as it reads on paper, its practical execution has certainly given rise to several misunderstandings with the various medical men whom I have from time to time called in; one, for instance, strongly protesting against the burning of his clothes, the value of which he ultimately recovered from me by means of an appeal to the County Court; while another bitterly reviled me, because the shower-bath of Condry's fluid had had the result of turning him a rich deep brown colour, that lasted quite a month. Though I tried to explain to him that so far from objecting to this, he ought, on the contrary, rather to hail it as a welcome advertisement to everybody who met him, that *he*, at least, was one of the careful set of medical men, and had been thoroughly disinfected; still, he did not seem to see the matter in this light, and threatened to put the whole affair into the hands of his solicitors. However, whatever happens, I mean to hold religiously fast to my programme, and fully hope and expect to be able conscientiously to subscribe myself as

ONE WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED THE INSIDIOUS GERM.

SIR,—I have followed the correspondence on the danger of the spread of infection by Doctors with interest, but I have not, as yet, come across any suggested specific that equals my own. Mine is simple. I never call in the Doctor at all. Not that I am without medical aid. When ailing, I turn to the advertising columns of my daily paper, and try the first patent medicine that meets my eye. As I am constantly ailing, my recourse to this form of remedial aid is tolerably frequent. Indeed, I may say, I almost live on drugs. My life is, therefore, not quite a happy one. I am often overwhelmed with melancholy; still, as long as there is a self-recommended Pill in the market, I feel I have something to fall back upon, and that, even if it does not entirely agree with me, I may still regard it as a preferable alternative to the visit of the infecting Doctor. At least, you may take this to be both the hope and consolation of one who, spite the gloomy outlook of a somewhat shattered existence, yet believes he may honestly sign himself A MATCH FOR THE DOCTOR.

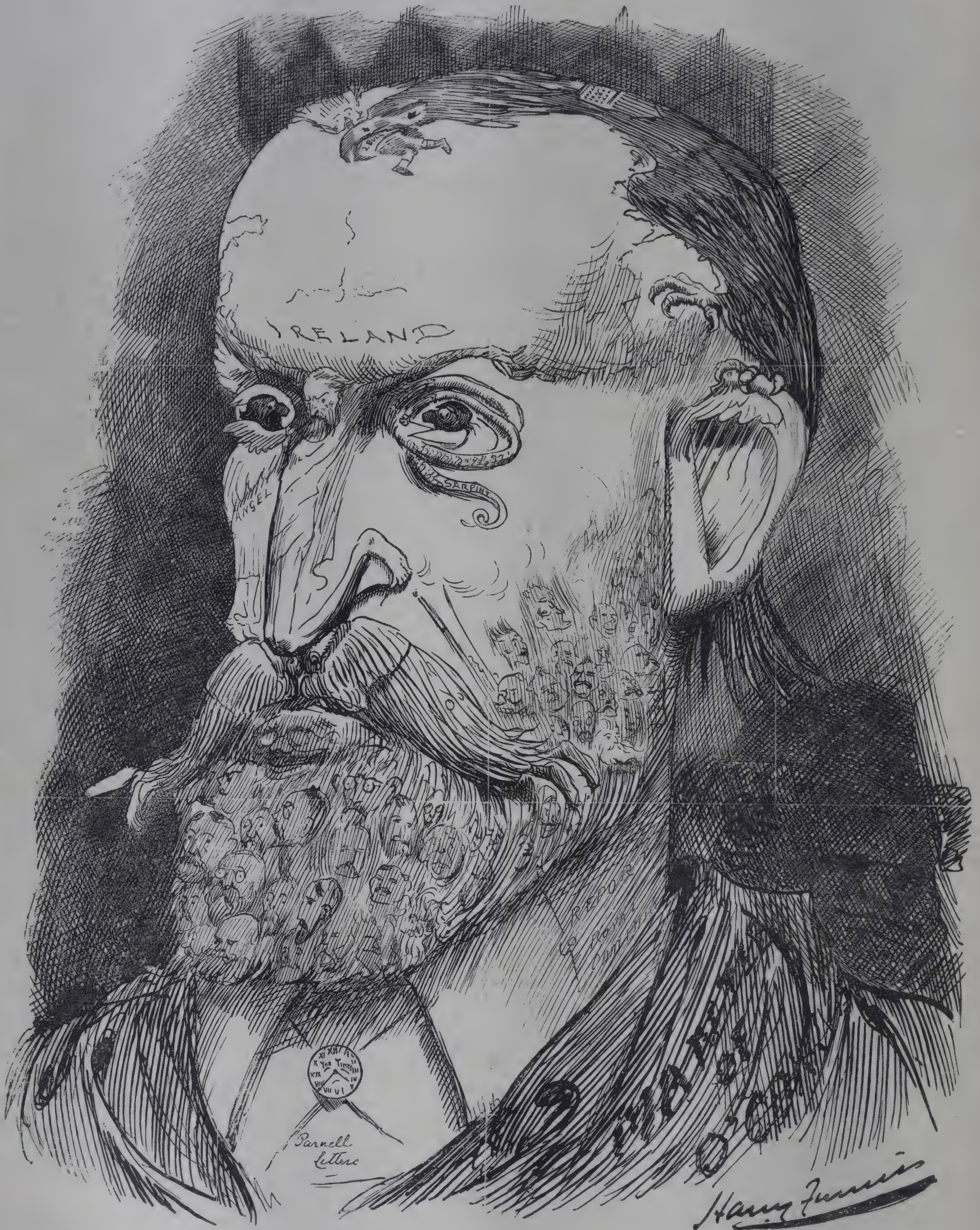
SIR,—What is all this new-fangled nonsense about the Doctors "spreading infection?" "Do they?" Why, of course they do! But it's all in the day's work. I should like to know what busy practitioner has got time to think of changing his coat, or, for the matter of that, of washing his hands because he has just come from seeing A.'s family who are down with scarlet fever, and has happened then to look in on B.'s family who have only been got hold of by the mumps. Bless my soul, Sir, what *are* we coming to next, when these sort of precautions are expected of us? Why everyone who is in the swim knows that if it wasn't for a rattling epidemic now and then, we poor, struggling, hard-working practitioners couldn't keep our heads above water. "Spread it?" Of course we "spread it." That's all fair enough, for how should we keep our business up, I should like to know, and get our accounts to look something like ship-shape, when we send them in at Christmas, if we didn't? Anyhow, those have been my sentiments for the last five-and-twenty years, and good sound sentiments too! And it will want something more than all this squeamish and rubbishy talk about "Disinfectants," and Heaven knows what other old woman's tomfooleries, to take the wind out of one who is only too proud to subscribe himself an

M.D. OF THE REGULAR GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

"KEEP UP THE CHRISTOPHER!"

WE hail with satisfaction the news, taken from that invaluable compilation of news called *London Day by Day*, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, of Brantinghamthorpe, is to be presented by the Electors for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire "with a memorial of the Parliamentary tie which has existed between them so long." The "Parliamentary tie" we've generally seen round the neck of Mr. SYKES, M.P., in the evening, has been a white one. What better memorial of a spotless record of twenty-three years spent in the service of the Buckroses, than a stock of three virgin-white ties? If the Buckroses adopt the notion, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES can retire into private life, and be known as The White Tie-Coon, X M P.

"HIS NAME HAS PASSED INTO A PROVERB."—MARTIN F. TUPPER, famed for his *Proverbial Philosophy*, has joined the majority. He was thoroughly in earnest, and said many a true thing in what popularly passed for poetry. He will be remembered as "The Great Maxim Gun" of the nineteenth century.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 10.



“EVERY EXCUSE.”

[Ups with his gun !

Brigson (excited). “HULLO !—THERE GOES A—”

His Host (clutching his arm). “GOOD HEAVENS !—YOU’RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX ?”

Brigson. “MY DEAR F’LLER ! WH’-WH’-WHY NOT ? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE !”

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVII. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL AT AVONDALE.

SPEEDING in the train to Holyhead, crossing the Channel in the well-appointed boats designed for the Mail Service, landing in Dublin, and passing through Wicklow on the way to Rathdrum, you have opportunity to reflect on the varied experiences that fall to your lot in the task which, impelled by a sense of public duty, you have undertaken. Most frequently your business calls you into communication with the great and the rich. All your men are eminent, and all their houses well furnished. You know most of the Stately homes of England—how beautiful they stand !—have made an inventory of their chairs, their carpets, their line-engravings, and their umbrella-stands. But there is another aspect of the picture, another surface of the medallion ; and, as you pick your way across the prickly potato-field that environs the mud-cabin which has descended to the Irish Leader as a feature in his paternal estates, you sternly set yourself to disregard the unusual environments of your company, always ready (as Mr. W. H. SMITH once said) to do your duty to your Queen and your country.

As you draw near to the mud edifice, you discover your host standing in what may be called the doorway, apparently surveying the beauties of the country. At home, among his own people, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL conforms to the habits of the locality. This afternoon he wears a coat in which you recognise the beginning of the dinner-dress which you are accustomed to wear in the higher circles of society in London. It is, perhaps, cut away a little more than usual at the hips, the skirts more decidedly resemble the outline of a swallow’s tail, and the collar is a trifle high. But these are details. His breeches are tied at the knee with ribbon, vividly green in hue. Stout brown worsted stockings, a little the worse for wear, cover his shapely limbs, ending in a pair of brogues that have not recently been submitted to the blacking-brush. A waistcoat, half unbuttoned, displays a blue cotton shirt ; a high collar, such as Mr. GLADSTONE wears in holiday time, is loosely tied with a kerchief,

green, but not so decidedly patriotic in tone as the ribbons that knot the breeches at the knee. A high hat, with exceedingly small brim, is rakishly set on one side of your host’s head, and you do not fail to notice the “cuddy” stuck in the rusty band that confines the base of the crown, and has braved many storms in these lovely Wicklow mountains.

Advancing with hearty *bonhomie*, you hold out your right hand to grasp that of the Irish Chief, and, waving your left comprehensively around the scenery, you remark, with the late poet MOORE :—

“Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled in peace !”

“Ah, well,” says your host, without catching your enthusiasm, “if you are tired with your walk, you had better come inside to rest. You will find it less damp.”

You follow your host’s example in stooping under the doorway, and find yourself in the outer of the two rooms that seem to compose the mansion. A creeper-clad verandah shades the French window, under which a massive pig reposes at full length, and grunts inquiringly at the entrance of the stranger. A faded Turkey carpet covers the floor. But its proportions are not so exact as to hide from your scrutiny the fact that underneath it lies the mud of virgin earth. On one of the low walls under the smoke-grimed rafters, which have, doubtless, covered many a cheery company, hangs a Bartolozzi engraving of Adam and Eve ; portraits of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR addressing the House of Commons ; TIM HEALY in wig and gown, disputing with the Town Clerk of Ephesus, and seemingly getting the better of him ; whilst a portrait of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT in his court dress, does duty for a fire-screen. This last, however, is not sufficiently massive to cover the generous space, over which hangs a bulky cauldron, from which there flutters a breath of inviting steam. As your host draws up to the fire an ormolu and gilt chair (for the day is chill), and rests his feet on the well-worn straw hassock, you adroitly affecting a slight cold, sniff, for peradventure you may make a happy guess at the contents of the

cauldron. But there is nothing recognisable in the way of odour, though you distinctly hear the bubbling sound as of succulent meats.

The Chippendale *dos-à-dos*, which you take at the invitation of your host, was, you presently learn, in the possession of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who presented it to the great grandfather of your host, Sir JOHN PARNELL, who held for many years the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, and resigned rather than vote for the Act of Union. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, lightly reaching out his hand towards the low-ridged book-case, enamelled with velvet of dead gold, draws from a receptacle a long pronged iron fork, which he plunges into the cauldron. After an active search, which you follow with keen though dissembled interest, he produces a mealy potato. Placing it, fork and all, on the carpet, at a safe distance from the other resident in the room, prone near the window, whose interest in current events has received a sudden fillip, your host proceeds to take off his coat.

"As you may have read, TOBY," he says, with a pleasant though somewhat chilly smile, "I always take off my coat before approaching a serious question, and I do not know anything that requires nicer manipulation than the peeling of a potato that has been just a little over-boiled. May I offer you some luncheon? No? Perhaps, if you do not care to eat, you would like some refreshment. I can recommend our butter-milk. The Avondale brand is known for miles round the country-side."

You lightly aver that you lunched early, and your host, skilfully holding the potato on the end of the fork, carefully peels it as he proceeds to tell you the story of his life. It is full of interest, illumined here and there, by brief characterisations of the eminent colleagues with whom he has been at work for many years.

"Yes," your host says, in reply to an observation you interpolate, "JOSEPH GILLIS is a very remarkable man. There is about him an air of repose which conceals high aspirations, and far-reaching projects. He is our Chancellor of the Exchequer, you know, and I do not recall any sight more interesting than is to be met with during the Parliamentary Session on any Saturday afternoon—JOSEPH, sitting in his office in his shirt-sleeves, with his spectacles on his nose, going through an account for travelling expenses, which one of the boys has sent in, and in which the keen eye of our Treasurer discovers a tendency to exaggerate disbursements."

You are proceeding to draw your host out with reference to other of his colleagues, when you are interrupted by a voice outside, singing,—

"And if ever a man,
Stopped the course of a can,
MARTIN HANEGAN's aunt would cry—
'Arrah, fill up your glass,
And let the jug pass;
How d'ye know but your neighbour's dhry?"

"Ah! that's MIKE," says your host, "My man-of-all-work. When I have a visitor, he always sings as he approaches, lest he should interrupt the hatching of high treason."

And MIKE entering with a large bundle of letters and telegrams, your host affectionately bids you farewell. You have scarcely quitted the cabin, when CHARLES STEWART PARNELL commences to peruse the correspondence, which bears many foreign post-marks, and contains a pleasing agglomeration of remittances.

SOMETHING LIKE A MEETING!

PLACE—*Somewhere.* TIME—*Any hour.* THE CHARACTERS—*Purely imaginary.*

His Majesty (heartily). Why, my good friend, I am glad to see you. How are you?

The Pasha. Very well indeed, Sire. And your Majesty?

H. M. Capital! But you mustn't call me that—I am simply a Dom now. I suppose you know what I have been doing?

The P. (with consideration). Well, Sire, I have been away so long, that the echoes of the outer world have scarcely reached my ears. Still, I think I can guess. No doubt your Majesty (whose reign extends to Jubilee proportions) has had a glorious time. Possibly you have led armies to victories—defeated your enemies—extended the frontiers of your Empire to twice its original proportions?

H. M. (slightly disconcerted). Well, not exactly. (*Frankly.*) Fact is, I have spent a great part of my time in dear old Europe. Try again.

The P. (after consideration). Well, then, your Majesty, you have been the cherished of your grateful people's hearts. They have fallen on their knees, and blessed your name.

H. M. (much amused). Not a bit of it—they have kicked me out!

The P. (surprised). Dear me! That's awkward!

H. M. (slightly annoyed). That's all you know about it! Never was better pleased in my life. Infinitely prefer Lisbon to Rio, and shall probably settle in the new hotel they have just opened at Monte Carlo. (*With renewed heartiness.*) But tell me, my friend, what have you been doing?

The P. Surely your Majesty has heard?

H. M. (apologetically). No, I have not had much time for reading the newspapers recently; but I can guess. (*With enthusiasm.*) A second and improved edition of GORDON, (you have administered countless provinces of the mysterious Soudan with a rule, if not of iron, of kindly tempered steel. Your followers have been devoted to you, and looked upon you as a second father!

The P. Well, not exactly. The fact is, my followers did nothing but imprison me, and then put me up again when someone was coming. (*With a tinge of sadness.*) They are most admirable persons, and I am devoted to them; but I don't think they treated me quite nicely!

H. M. (indignantly). I should say not! Well, you are back again, safe and sound?

The P. Yes, thanks to my kind friend, the Explorer. I took a year considering whether I should escape with him, or stay with my people, and then he seemed suddenly to think that we had better both be off. So here I am (*anxiously*); but would you advise me to go back again? Because if you would, I think—

H. M. (laughing). No, no! You stay where you are! But have you no news to tell me?

The P. (eagerly). I should think I have, your Majesty! Will you believe it? I have absolutely found a new sort of Cactus!

H. M. (astounded). No!!! And I am devoted to botany! Pray show it to me at once!

The P. With pleasure, your Majesty. (*In a tone of quiet triumph.*) So you find, Sire, my labours have not been quite in vain. But I see your Majesty is impatient. This way, Sire.

[*Exeunt hurriedly to look at the new sort of Cactus.*]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"Not long ago," said the Moon, "I saw a small country boy who was very miserable. He had just lost his sweetheart, and I can tell you all about it, for I was looking on the whole time. She is a

pretty child, with clear eyes and fresh round cheeks, and he is deeply attached to her, and she to him. They used always to walk home from the village school together, and they were to have been married quite soon—but that is all over now.

"The other afternoon I watched the children coming shouting and running out of school as usual, and there was the little girl waiting by the gate in her scarlet cloak until her small lover should join her, as he generally did. Presently he appeared, but he seemed changed, somehow, and did not seem to know exactly what to do. Just as he was about to join her, another boy came up.

"She's my sweetheart now," said the newcomer; 'not yours.'

"No, I'm not—am I?" said the little girl, indignantly—but her lover made no answer.

"Yes, you are," insisted the other boy. 'He went and sold you to me this afternoon for six brandy-balls—and he can't say he didn't either!'

"Did you?" asked the little girl.

"Well, he wouldn't let me have them no other way," said the boy in a muffled tone.

"There!" cried the purchaser, triumphantly; 'now you see you've got to come along with me!'

"Have I got to go along with him?" she inquired.

"I s'pose so," was the sulky reply.

"Now this little girl is a very obedient child, and always does what she is told; so, although she did not like her new sweetheart nearly so well as the old one, she trotted off with him very meekly, for she was sensible enough to see that a bargain was a bargain.

"The deserted lover stood in the lane looking after them, and I saw his eyes beginning to fill with water. 'She might ha' said she was sorry,—she might!' I heard him mutter, 'and them brandy-balls, they didn't seem to have no taste in 'em, neither!'

"This is only one of the many heart-tragedies that I see almost every night," said the Moon, "and it is not children only, but quite grown-up lovers, who have to give up their love because they are unable to resist the good things of this world, when they find themselves put to the choice. And when a lover is in this most melancholy situation, he is so sorry for himself that there is no need for other people to pity him—and they very seldom do," said the Moon.



UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV. (PART FIRST.)

"LONDON is not *all* lurid, e'en
by night;
There glow some scenes of
gladness and delight,
'Midst all its desert dimness,
And sombre suffering. Must our
steps unseen [ful mien,
Haunt only companies of mourn-
And scenes of spectral grim-
ness?"

Wearying of woeful sights my
shadowy guide
I thus addressed. Slow smiling,
he replied,
"Good friend, you sought
revealing [secrets, those
Of night-roofed London's sterner
That darkness-lovers from its
honest foes
Find interest in concealing.

"They who love darkness rather than the
light,
'Because their deeds are evil,' woo the night
In this wide-stretching city.
It is no chaste Diana gleams upon
The lifting lids of young Endymion
In London,—more's the pity!

"You weary of long-suffering loneliness
And of gregarious vice, gloomy no less,
For all its surface glitter?
Friend, this is not the Athenian wood, nor I
Its merry Puck. In mirth I cannot vie
With that nocturnal flitter.

"There are no mysteries in the truly gay,
And honest gladness, open as the day,
Needs little night-unveiling.
Nocturnal businesses are far from few,
Many may intermittent seem, but two
Are pauseless and unfailing.

Pleasure's gay flock to Feed and to Amuse
Are Night's twin-tasks. Its revelling Comus-
crews

Still swell in zeal and number.
Ever the two keen cravings are awake,
For food and fun; the slaves of pleasure break
Upon the realm of slumber.

"Look on these shifting scenes!" I looked
and saw

A chaos of mad mirth, whose sole fixed law
Seemed limitless indulgence.
Here footlights glowed, there dancing jewels
gleamed, [streamed,
Yonder o'er feeding hundreds gas-jets
A ruddy-flamed effulgence.

Venus Pandemos in her every guise,
Light-vestured, venal, flew before mine eyes,
Flaunting factitious roses.
Here vulgar-bold, there virginal of mien,
The one presiding priestess of the scene
In swift metempsychoses.

"There," said the Shade, "the Paphian
pirouettes
To please the gallery. How the goddess whets
The gods' esurient senses!
Pink-hosed, provocative; the arts employed
By this cheap siren of the stage are void
Of hypocrite pretences.

"Yonder the crafty Cyprian takes the shape
Of decent daintiness, which art can drape
To more seductive splendour [lies
Than Cnidos knew. How soft the lacework
On her chaste breast! How pure those azure
Those scarlet lips how tender! [eyes;

"Her portrait, side by side with poets, seers,
Royal princesses, local pulpiteers
And priests, you'll find adorning



The albums of suburban Philistines.
The night-star of Belgravia mildly shines
O'er Clapham in the morning.

"Bohemia now with old Boetia dwells
In mutual amity. If gossip tells
Tales of Pandemos, verily
It is *sub rosa*. How demure she looks!
Welcomed in boudoirs, eulogised in books,
The Cyprian fares on merrily.

"No mirth in this, my friend? Must all
mirth run
Like shallow streamlets sparkling in the sun?
Fribbles love not the ironic.
Would we *could* make pure comedy of Life,
But whilst its farce with tragedy is rife
Laughter will seem sardonic."

La reine s'amuse!—the Pandemonian Queen,
Whose spirit rules o'er every shifting scene
Of this gay panorama.

Dancing or dining, shrilling cynic song,
Or lounging, *très décolletée*, through the long
Wild wastes of scenic drama.

La reine s'amuse—a little; then is led—
For goddesses now hunger—to be fed.
Not on Olympian diet;
Ambrosial dishes and nectarean draughts
Might suit the deities of the bolts and shafts,
Lapped in Elysian quiet.

But these would not subserve *our* Cyprian's
need;

Nay, nor support our modern Ganymede
(A millionaire, or nearly).
Behold his clients thronging half the town!
Their cravings to allay, their thirsts to drown
In cates and *crus* costs dearly.

Whilst vulgar Venus topos the modest malt,
The polished Pandemonian makes assault,
With lips of lustrous scarlet,
On "beaded bubbles, winking at the brim."
What if Amphitryon be a "masher" slim,
Or squat shop-keeping varlet?

What if the banquet at saloon or club
Be spread, or laid at *restaurant* or "pub"?
Aristocratic ichor

And proletariat are alike in this,
They need to supplement "Amusement's"
bliss
With the delight of liquor.

"A contrast this" (the Shadow said), "and
foil
To the too sombre worlds of greed and toil,
And solitary sorrow!
Here light and laughter wait on Pleasure's
Queen. [scene,
Why look to-night behind the glittering
Or question the to-morrow?"

"The Cyprians flourish, and the Caterers
thrive,
And eager myriads, in this monster hive
Of drones and drudges, cluster
Beneath, behind, beyond this dazzling show,
Follow me, friend, if you indeed must know
The morals of the muster."

(To be continued.)

LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

"FIRST impressions" are "everything!"
would appear to be the motto of these clever
but unconventional artists. It is a good
motto, but sometimes "Second thoughts are
best" is a more useful one. Why not organise
another band of painters, and call them the
"Second-thoughtists?" If some of the gentle-
men who exhibit at the Goupil Gallery would
join such a society, they would doubtless
achieve distinguished work. "*The Marble
Arch*" and "*The City Atlas*," by SIDNEY
STARR—who by the way is a bright star in
the Impressionist firmament—are full of
truth, and have an absolute London tone
about them, but they want carrying further
—we do not mean out of the Gallery—that is,
they require more finish and development, if
they are to hang within the range of ordinary
eyesight. The same may be said of "*A
Spring Evening in the Row*," by GEORGE
THOMSON. It is excellent in intention—the
artist's intentions are strictly honourable, but
they are not sufficiently defined. "*Pretty
Rosie Pettigrew*," by P. WILSON STEER—a
pleasant steer-eotype of beauty—might be
called "Pretty Rosie Largergrew," for she
appears to be over life-size, but there is
admirable colour and masterly brushwork
about this picture. "*The Three Public Houses:
Morning Sunlight*," by P. F. MAITLAND, is
sunny—but was the subject worth painting?
The same may be asked with regard to the
various Music-hall studies—full of cleverness
as many of them are, by WALTER SICKERT.
Charming in colour and tone is "*The Cinder
Path*," by BERNHARD SICKERT—but we are
angry with him for not elaborating his sub-
ject. Indeed, most of the pictures of this
school give one the idea, that the artist has
with enthusiasm dashed off a sketch, then
become tired of the subject, and did not think
it worth while to trouble himself any farther.

If these works were hung in a gallery, with
a rail to prevent the spectator approaching
within twenty feet of the canvas, they would
be vastly effective. If they are to take the
place of ordinary pictures, it is absolutely
necessary they should conform, in a degree,
to the recognised rules of Art. There is so
much talent, so much daring unconvention-
ality, and so much thinking for themselves,
about this school, that, when they have sown
the wild oats of the palette, and abandoned
the Bohemianism of the brush, we shall doubt-
less find they will give us work that is not
only original, but great.

"THE LORD MAYOR WILL OBLIGE AGAIN,
GENTLEMEN!"—We have heard of a Dancing
Chancellor, but a lyrical Lord Mayor is un-
doubtedly a novelty. We are glad to hear that
his Lordship's brave example is likely to be
followed. It is whispered the Town Clerk is
an excellent tenor, that the Singing Sheriffs are
admirable, that several rare *alti* have been dis-
covered among the Aldermen, that the Common
Serjeant is good at a comic song, and that a large
number of carolling Common-councilmen have
tendered their services. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN
is, it is said, hard at work upon a "*Corporation
Cantata*," which will soothe the savage breasts
of Civic malcontents, and help to promote
harmony during the Musical Mayoralty.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

A NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE. AIR—"Billy and the Butterfly."



MR. JACKO, the Ape, was a troublesome chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 And would always be playing up pranks with a map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 "Odds bobs!" cried the Ape, as he jumped on a chair—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 "The African Map is again hanging there!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 So away scrambled he, till at length he did perch,
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 Near the map, and for something to spoil it did search—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

He discovered a bottle of very black ink—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 Says JACKO, "Odds bobs! this will do it, I think!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 And he snatched up a pen, did this mischievous chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 To scrawl "Annexation" all over the map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 But in writing the Ape met with little success—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 But he sputtered the ink, and he made a great mess—
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

And when Mr. BULL came along with a stick—
Hepity, lepity lee! [quick—
 Poor JACKO the Ape had to move double—
With a high dumble, dumble derree!
 Odds bobs! cried the Ape, Mr. BULL is a bore—
Hepity, lepity lee! [sore—
 And he took to his heels, feeling dreadfully
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

MORAL.

An Ape should not sprawl or spill ink on a map,
 Though that Ape be a smart Portuguese.
 Take a hint from friend *Punch*—JACKO,
 there's a good chap—
 Or look out for the stick of J. B.

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Rather pleasant day. Inspected seventeen Regiments of Nigger Infantry. Not quite up to the Tenth, but did fairly well. Coming home, the horses frightened by the massed bands. Escaped with a shaking.

Tuesday.—Very agreeable morning! Attended Durbar of Native Princes. Didn't understand speeches, but clearly complimentary. Returning to tiffin, slipped down a precipice. Fell on my feet.

Wednesday.—Quite nice! Joined a game of Polo. Lot of swarthy chieftains deeply interested in our proceedings. Illuminations. Horse shied at fireworks. Dismounted unexpectedly. Flustered, but up again.

Thursday.—A real good time. Went out tiger-shooting. Found myself under man-eater. Equerry shot him. So nothing more serious than a tumble.

Friday.—Jolly fun! Opened new bridge across river (forget name, but something ending, I think, in "pore"), and called it Albert Victor. Just before dinner, slipped into the water. Fished up all right.

Saturday.—Went to see some elephants tied up. One fierce old Jumbo charged me, and I had to jump about as if I were dancing the polka! Hot work, but all right in the end. Looking forward to next week's "novelties" with pleased curiosity. One consolation—lots of good subjects for the illustrated papers!

A FIRST LORD'S SONG.

"Lord GEORGE HAMILTON certainly knows how to blow his own trumpet."—*Pith of Admiral Hornby's Letter to the Times.*

YEHO! my boys. Avast! Yeho!

I think when all is said and done
 That I my trumpet p'raps can blow
 As forcibly as anyone.

For what is the good of a Naval Lord
 Who can't play a trump for himself and
 the Board?

So when I want to boast of our speed,
 Of what's elsewhere done I take no heed,
 But quietly quote, without a smile,
 Our sixteen knots on the measured mile.

I vaunt our ironclads ready to fight,
 And so they are, if they meet a foe,
 Of British pluck one can't make light!

No matter, my boys; far away they go!
 But show me the subject a First Lord shuns!

Why, would you believe it, my boys, avast!
 I'm ready to point with pride to our guns,
 And vow they're the best that ever were
 cast!

And if now and then they happen to burst?
 When they do, well, I look out for a squall.

I shan't be the last, I am not the first
 To hear that old story told at Whitehall!

So here while I'm in my present place,
 I pretty well know what the public heeds:

I meet every charge with confident face,
 And loyally back up the Navy's deeds!



A 'FINANCIAL CRISIS.'

Visitor (to her friend, a Transatlantic Cousin, who was trying on new Costume). 'A PERFECT FIT, DEAR!' Cousin. 'AH!—NOTHING TO THE 'FIT' MY HUSBAND WILL HAVE WHEN THE BILL COMES IN, DEAR—YOU BET!'

IN TWO PIECES.—Seldom has the Stage boasted two pieces of such equal merit as *The Gold Craze*, at the Princess's Theatre, and *Madcap Midge*, at the Opéra Comique. They have the same motive—an innocent man accepting the onus of the crime of a guilty one. The heroine at the Oxford Street house is that charming actress, Miss AMY ROSELLE; and in the Strand appears another charming actress, Miss LOUISE LITTA. Mr. J. H. BARNES, in the North, is balanced by Mr. ARTHUR WATTS (as "The Living Skeleton") in the South. Both pieces, too, on their first night, were received with the same public recognition, and they are both likely to secure an equal amount of success. Again, there is a quaint sun in the *Craze*, and a mirth-compelling moon in the *Midge*. The heroine of the first obligingly sings a song, and the heroine of the second as obligingly dances a dance, and plays upon the banjo. What further attraction can be needed? Well, on these occasions, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could have our cigars and coffee, or other beverage, Music-hall fashion? If Mr. PINERO will permit.

LETT'S Diaries of all sorts and sizes. Book-Letts for general use. Domestic Diaries, useful for cooks and housekeepers, may be remembered as the 'Ouse-and-the-'Ome-Letts.



Our Special Artist, Rip Van Drinkle, inspired by the example of another Special on the *I. L. N.*, visits Les Caves de Pomméry.



Rip Van Drinkle, O.S.A., is received by the Emperor Rheo Boam, Empress Jerri Boam, Crown Princess Quart, and H.R.H. the Imperial Pint Prince.



View of Rip Van Drinkle's Quarters (Camping out) "the morning after."

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SECOND ENTRY.

GOVERNOR still curiously anxious that I should "do something practical, at least as a stop-gap." Feel inclined to be disrespectful, and to say—but don't—that I should quite enjoy getting some kind of work "as a stop-gabble."

"Your old Cambridge friend BLOGGINS," he proceeds, "has adopted the scholastic profession—become a schoolmaster at Wantchester, he told me. *Why should not you do the same?*"

Just to pacify the Governor, who is so impervious to reason, I go and call on FLEECHEM and JINKS, the great Scholastic Agency firm, and ask if they have any good berth now vacant at a Public School.

FLEECHEM (or is it JINKS?), who has an oily manner, but a roving eye (an eye that seems to dwell on anybody he is talking to as if he, the stranger, were quite an unimportant feature in the general landscape) begins to read out from a ponderous tome some of his "places."

"Ah!" he says—"I've got something here that I think will suit you. It's a first-class place—a sort of prize of the profession—and I shouldn't mention it to everybody."

I express suitable gratitude, and he goes on—"Wanted—by the commencement of the Summer Term, in a capital school on the salubrious Lincolnshire Coast, a Master of high character and good attainments. The Master will be required to live with the Principal, to take the boys to Church on Sundays, and to play the usual games on week-days." FLEECHEM looks up, fixes his eye for a moment on the leg of an adjoining chair, and asks "what I think of it?" I don't think much of it.

"Lincolnshire?"—I ask. "I don't know of any celebrated school on that coast. Are you sure it's a *Public School*?"

"Oh, yes," replies FLEECHEM, cheerfully, "quite public. Any boy can go to it. Never knew the Principal refuse any boy yet"—and he grins.

"And such a wife!" he adds. "Between ourselves, Principal manages school, wife manages Principal. I would back that woman"—says FLEECHEM in a burst of confidence—"to sail as near to the wind in victualling her kids as anybody in England. I mean," he goes on hastily, feeling apparently that he has been a trifle over-candid—"she is economical. That's all."

Ask, chiefly as matter of form, because I feel sure that this sort of thing won't do for me—

"What is the—em—salary?"

FLEECHEM rubs his hands together greasily, and replies, "Forty pounds per annum, and all found."

"Thanks!" I say, rising.

"Not taken by the place?" asks FLEECHEM, in genuine surprise.

"Not a bit. Taken in by it, rather," I answer.

FLEECHEM seems huffed, and asks politely but firmly for the usual fee for registering my requirements—which I find is five shillings. *Query*—Didn't the poet (uncertain which) refer to FLEECHEM when he remarked that "Something accomplished, somebody done," had earned his night's repose?



"Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of almost personal affection. He stood with hands folded, head bent down, and legs quivering."—*Extract from Picturesque Report in "Daily News" of Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, December 3.*

[The italics are ours, and the attempt to illustrate the situation, our Artist's.—ED.]

LUXURY FOR PAUPERS.

"At the Chester Board of Guardians yesterday, a discussion took place as to whether, in view of the Christmas dinner, it would be advisable to allow the inmates to have knives to cut their meat. It was explained, that at present the paupers had to tear the meat to pieces with their fingers and teeth. . . . The Rev. O. RAWSON proposed, that they should buy knives and forks. . . . Mr. CHARMLEY, farmer, opposed the proposal. . . . The motion to hire knives and forks on Christmas Day only was put, and carried by thirteen votes to TEN."—*Standard, December, 5.*

Of the Chester Board of Guardians we are the Upper Ten,

The fair noblesse of Chester, and the cult of VERE DE VERE;
And we're conscious of our lavishness—we're deeply conscious—
when

The paupers get their dinner at the closing of the year.

With open hospitality we give those beggars meat—

Real meat and genuine gravy—but our noble souls are vexed
When a democratic party votes them forks with which to eat, [next!
As if the brutes were duchesses. They'll give them tooth-picks
Why can't they live like dogs? It's that which keeps the numbers
down,

Makes starving women drown themselves before they'll ask our

And serve them right for sinful pride—yes, let
the beggars drown,

Or let them take their food like dogs, and tear,
and scratch, and yelp.

In the blessed Christmas season we give them
actual meat,

What they can want with knives and forks is
more than we can see.

We are the Upper Ten, and they're the dirt
beneath our feet,

And the dirtier we make them the prouder we
shall be.

"LA TOSCA."—The Ecclesiastical Scene in the First Act ought to delight all artistic members of the Church and Stage Guild, if this confraternity still exists. It is the perfection of scenic art. Of the play and its performance I must postpone sending in my little account (such a seasonable phrase!) until I have quite recovered from the effect of supping full of dramatic horrors, and having such a lot of BEERE the last thing at night. *The Man's Shadow* is at the Haymarket, but the Man shudders at the Garrick. A weird success, and the *mise-en-scène* simply perfection. More, anon.
YOUR CRITIC ON THE EARTH.

RAPHAEL TUCK gives us a feast of Christmas Cards, a regular good Tuck-in. The newest thing in SOCKL AND NATHAN's store are the autograph cards. The autographists have not been very happy in their quotations.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, AND WELSH, form a quartet of publishers who have produced "*Sing me* (it should have been 'us') *a Song!*" Music by SCOTT GATTY. Too good for ordinary nursery use.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH need hardly remind his readers of his zealous and unremitting efforts in these pages to raise the tone of Music-hall entertainments, and render them the powerful instruments for good which they are so eminently capable of becoming. It is with some humiliation that he confesses that those efforts have up to the present produced no particular results; the ballads and ditties compiled by him for Music-hall *artistes* of every grade of talent have not hitherto been thought worthy of their consideration; no composer has set them to undying harmonies,—and, as a necessary consequence, no vocalist has tried their effect upon a public which in truth is anything but exacting.

Why this has not been done is not for Mr. Punch to say, though he may be permitted to hazard some solutions. The "lion comiques" and the "lady series" doubtless felt that the songs were too long to be committed to memory without a mental strain to which they were not justified in subjecting themselves; they may have felt, too, with much reason, that these so-called "model" ditties were not essentially superior either in literary merit or attractiveness to those by the aid of which they have conquered the popular ear. Or they may even have suspected—how unjustly those who know Mr. Punch will decide for themselves—that beneath these innocent ballads lurked some treacherous design to invest the Muse of the Music-Halls with irreverent ridicule. Lastly—though this is almost too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained—it is just possible that they may not have read Mr. Punch's poems.

Whatever the true cause of this apathy may be, Mr. Punch does not intend to abandon his efforts just yet, and he purposes still from time to time—though possibly at somewhat longer intervals—to offer his little ballads in the hope of eventually finding a sympathetic and appreciative interpreter. But a larger, a more ambitious scheme has lately been engaging Mr. Punch's energies—a scheme of which the possibilities are too immense to be gauged at present. The origin of the idea was simple, as are the origins of all great ideas. It so happened that one evening recently, Mr. Punch witnessed at a certain Music-Hall that celebrated realistic Sensation Sketch, *The Little Stowaway*. Praise of this grand regenerative production is superfluous; has it not received the sanction and warm approval of the London County Council—to say nothing of less qualified judges of Art, Literature, and Morals? Let it suffice to say that, when Mr. Punch saw the little Stowaway settling the stern Captain of the New Zealand liner comfortably in a deck-chair, fortifying him with sherry and cigarettes, and then singing for his edification a marvellous description of the various characters to be encountered in a London "doss-house"—he felt the deep impression made upon the most careless in that audience by the simple truth, the vivid realism of this single incident; he realised, as he had never realised before, that it is dramas such as these for which the democracy have so long been pining. Music-hall audiences are not really frivolous—they are fully as earnest, as fond of seeing virtue rewarded, and vice punished, as their brethren in the Pit and Gallery of the Adelphi—only they like to see it all done well under the half hour, and they prefer their drama veiled in the idealising mists of tobacco-smoke. The tyranny of the law has baffled this yearning of theirs in all but a very few Music-Halls; but these arbitrary distinctions will soon be swept away, and then upon the variety stage will dawn the sun of a new and yet more glorious Elizabethan era!

Who will be the Marlowe of the Music-Halls, the Beaumont and Fletcher of the "Vital Spark," the Shakspeare of the Sensation Sketch?

It has been borne in upon Mr. Punch that he is the person destined to accomplish this lofty mission. He is moral, instructive, and entertaining; he believes heart and soul in the Music-Hall as an instrument of social reform; he is conscious of a fund of latent dramatic talent which has hitherto been denied an outlet. And, with such endowments, he has not thought himself entitled to shrink from the task, however arduous he may find it, of providing the audiences of the Music-Halls of the near future with dramatic fare suitable to their intellectual and moral requirements.

He has accordingly great pleasure in announcing that he is already engaged in preparing a series of Moral Musical Interludes and Improving Sensation Sketches, which will shortly make their appearance in the pages of *Punch*, and which, it is fondly hoped, will find an abiding home upon the Music-hall boards.

In his first attempt he has been content to follow the lines of the brilliant original to which he has already referred, but, as constant reproductions even of the noblest model end by becoming monotonous, he will in future essay a less ambitious flight, though he ventures to assure his readers that morality and instruction will ever be found the guiding principle of all his pieces. The chief difficulties of course, are—first, that the dramatist is limited to time, and cannot, therefore, observe the unities as strictly as he would wish; next, that the male or female comedian for whom, of course, each sketch must be principally designed will insist upon having the

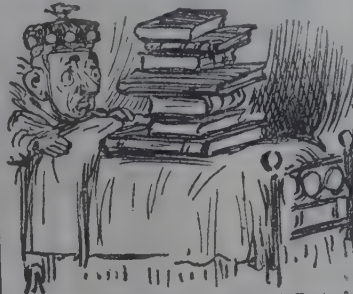
lion's share of the business, and also upon introducing a song and dance somewhere in the dialogue. This is natural enough, but it does hamper the action. However, these obstacles have all been satisfactorily met and overcome, in Mr. Punch's first Moral Sketch, the title of which will be:

THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

A GRAND SENSATIONAL MUSICAL REALISTIC SKETCH IN TWO SCENES.
Ask for it, and see that you get it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that everyone is thinking of the adventures of STANLEY, Mr. HOLT HALLETT's "*A Thousand Miles on an Elephant*," is particularly *à propos*. This feat beats the record, and both the author and



his bearer are to be congratulated on having performed a journey that has yet to be rivalled. Mr. HALLETT in a pleasant manner treats of a subject of the greatest national importance. Another work without which no gentleman's library can be considered complete (to quote a hack phrase, which, however, on this occasion, is entirely appropriate), is Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER's *Alumni Oxoniensis*, 1715–1886. In four handsome volumes

the author gives the Matriculation Register of the University, alphabetically arranged, revised, and annotated. It is worthy to rank with the other books of reference from the same pen, and this is praise indeed.

Boys and girls home for the Christmas vacation will have plenty to read. Mr. FRASER RAE has produced *Maygrove*, which as it is described as a family history, should be welcome in the home circle. Mr. FREDERICK J. CROWEY gives his *Advice to Singers*, that can but add to the harmony of the evening's entertainments. Miss ALICE WEBER tells "a Nineteenth Century story" in a book, which as it is entitled *For Auld Lang Syne*, is rather suggestive of the past than the present. That shade may be mixed with sunshine, the talented author of *Molly Bawn*, sadly recounts *A Life's Remorse* in the regulation three volumes of the circulating library. Mrs. BURNETT SMITH (née ANNIE SWAN), tells a Scotch story, which she appropriately "lays at the feet" (see Dedication), of the "Duchess-Dowager of ATHOLE." It is to be hoped that her Grace will pick it up, and use her hands to turn over the pages, which, as the authoress observes, she (the D.-D. of A.) "knows was writ amongst the silent hills." Perhaps we may have a companion novel some day, from the same pen, composed amongst the noisy valleys, consequently more valuable. Mrs. A. C. DICKER has compiled "*A Romance of the Isle of Wight*," under the title of "*A Cavalier's Ladye*," with a final "e," which carries us back to the quaint spelling of those ignorant folks the Roundheads. The heroine, *Mistress Judith Dyllington*, (with the "y") has many pleasant little chats with CHARLES THE FIRST, which will be full of interest to the general reader. Mr. HENRY FRITH (a good literary and artistic name) tells two tales of adventure called *The Opal Mountain* and *The Captain of Cadets*, which should delight, not only Master TOM, but also Messrs. JACK and HARRY. That friend of early manhood, Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN, under the modest title of *Three Boys*, immortalises those talented individuals "the Chiefs of the Clan Mackai." The illustrations to this stirring history are full of spirit, and one, representing the effect of "stepping upon a loose stone," must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Another book, that will be loved by the same class of readers, is *The Fortune of Quittentuns* (a name that is perhaps not familiar to everyone), as its author has already bestowed upon an admiring world two popular works, called respectively, *Shadowed by Guilt*, and *The Dead Alive*.

Yet another record of adventure is *The Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which conjures up a vision of a chase of the most brilliant description. *Eric; or, Little by Little*, is "a tale of Roslyn School" that suggests that "the pleasantest time of our lives" is not always entirely *coulleur de rose*. Mr. WALFORD, by calling his novel, *A Sage of Sixteen*, does not disappoint expectation. His story concerns "a little duck," and some rather vulgar seasoning. In *Her Own Way* the talented authoress of *Unclaimed* proves that she can write a worthy companion sketch to that exquisite idyl of hers, *The Red Herring*. Although there is so much of *Ryle* in Mrs. BURTON's *Annabel*, there is nothing to make one seriously angry. That the heroine, a child, does not die in the final chapter, need not cause lasting regret, if it be clearly understood that she is not to survive in the pages of another volume. Finally, there are the Christmas extra numbers of the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, *Truth*, the *World*, the *Queen*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *cum multis aliis*, which must bring delight to mankind in general, and the British Public in particular. To Mr. Punch's own popular *Almanack* it is, of course, not necessary to allude, as everyone possesses it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



HINT FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A DUTCH NURSERY-MAID.

RESCUED!

"I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening, returning home, with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."—*Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter to the Editor of "The New York Herald."*

WELL through, and welcome, old friend! Such a labourer seldom returns

To tell us the tale of his toil, and to look for his wage and his rest. But little we know of it yet, but the heart of the chilliest burns, And the pulse of sympathy beats in the timidest stay-at-home breast.

The voyage of *Maeldune*, in the Laureate's mellowest song, Is as nought to the terror and toil of the voyage that *you* have achieved.

O traveller stout and sagacious, O leader, lusty and strong, Who twice the Dark Continent's dangers have braved and its captive relieved.

When you "gathered your fellows together," like *Maeldune*, three years ago, Did you dream of the ills and the horrors that waited for you on the way?

The woes of that Congo forest, the fever that laid you low, And all those terrible throes in the wastes around Wadelai? Did you dream—but what if you did? There is nothing in dreaming to daunt

A spirit that's set upon duty, a heart that is bold to dare. Not the flight of the poison-tipped arrow, the fever's feculent haunt, Or the slow insidious taint of that dreadful Yambuyan lair.

But we who await you at home, *we* dream, with a shuddering dread, Of the clustering cannibal dwarfs, of the sufferers bloated and scarred, Of the men who as skeletons strode, of their comrades who sank down dead,

In hundreds out of the hosts who so bravely wandered and warred; Of the gallant murdered BARTTELOT, of JEPHSON menaced with death,

Of the last surviving officer of the brave Banalya band,

And the terrible story he told that could make even *you* catch your breath;

Of BONNY snatched from death, and of EMIN saved—by your hand. We dream of the waded swamps, of the sun that scorched like a flame, Of the maddening throes of fever, the palsyng pangs of thirst; And through all the perils you fought, and through all the horrors you came,

And now like the sun from shadows, again on our view you have burst

With your burden patiently borne, though it fretted a spirit like yours,

With the end of your efforts achieved, and good store of knowledge beside;

The reward of the pluck that dares, of the patience that calmly endures;

And we welcome you back with joy, and will hail you at home with pride!

Rescued! You well may be glad of the peaceful Sabbath of rest That lies before you at last, that no labourer ever yet earned More manfully, patiently, well. Brave EMIN, the goal of your quest,

Will lend his tribute, be sure, to the courage that never turned Before the trials of danger, or those of a long delay,

More wearying yet, perchance, to a resolute soul like you. But here you front us, at last, fit, gallant, and even gay,

With your head that's erect, though white, and your story so strange, but true!

You have quenched your thirst with blackberries under the burning line;

The Mountains of the Moon of the poets you've seen and know; You bring the last flower of knowledge from the region strange, yet fine,

Where Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, sits robed in eternal snow. Hail and bravo, brave STANLEY! Your *Punch*, who knows you of

Welcomes you now and thus, back from that terrible land; [old, And when your foot next touches our shores *he* will not be slow

To follow these welcoming words with the clasp of a welcoming hand!



RESCUED !

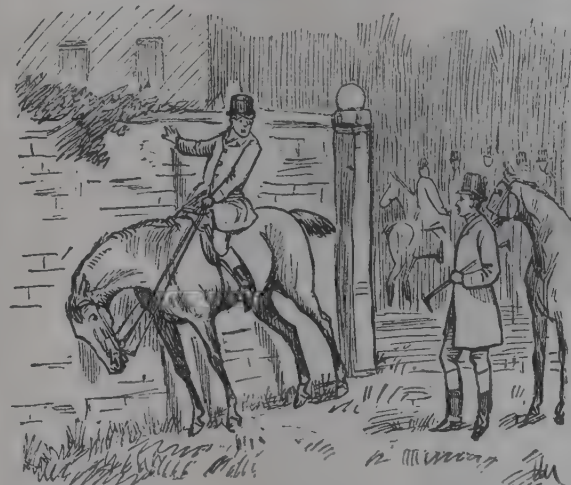
I GIVE LITTLE TITTUP A MOUNT.



"Don't mind her; it's only her play,—she's really perfectly quiet."



"Yes, she always did hate wheelbarrows."



"Ah! I expect she's got a fly on her."



"Don't pull at her,—let her make her own pace."



"She's a wonderful performer,—nothing standing can stop her."



"No,—she never did like water."

THE PLAYGROUND IN THE AVENUE.—(BY OUR LITTLE BIT OF A CRITIC.)

HOME for the Holidays? Yes! But no Pantomimes yet. So Uncle BULGER said he would take us to the "Playground in the Avenue," which turned out to be a theatre, after all. It was full of children. And there were children on the stage performing a merry piece called *The Belles of the Village*. And, strange to say, they seemed to enjoy doing it, as much as we enjoyed looking at them. How we laughed, and how they looked as if they would like to join in the laughter too. Only the Conductor tapped on his desk, and shook his white wand at them sometimes, to keep them in order. How we revelled in Mr. FITZGERALD's music to Mr. FOSTER's happy rhymes, and how we nodded our heads and tapped our feet to the rollicking old English melodies which Grandmamma is so fond of playing sometimes. Didn't FRANK METROP look just like Old Nurse's grandfather, as *Gideon*? Didn't we admire LIZZIE PRIMMER as *Phæbe Bumpus*, and BESSIE GRAVES as *Ruth Ashton*? How we delighted in FRED ALLWOOD as *William Green*, and vociferously encored his horn-pipe! Were we not charmed with LIZZIE DUNGATE, ANNIE FIEBER, and BESSIE COLMAN, who pretended to be *Squire Fairfield*, *Captain Plume*, and *Sergeant Pike*? And did we not laugh loudly at ALFRED BOVILL, who looked a real crusty old man as *Beadle Bumpus*? Something like Papa when he cannot find his gloves before he is going out in the morning. Besides all this were the Two ROSES. ROSE BEGARNIE—"a ROSE by any other name," said Uncle B., "could not dance as well, unless it were ROSE KILNER, and she was certainly marvellous in her grace, finish, and dexterity." Besides this, there were watchmen, gipsies, villagers, haymakers, fairies, bright dresses, pretty ballets, and merry choruses. We were sorry when it was over, and felt inclined to ask M. MARIUS "for more," only Uncle BULGER promised to take us somewhere to dine, and however good the Play may be, it never does to be late for dinner.

TOMMY ON MUSEUMS.

As a Mausoleum
To a palace of chasten'd fun,
Is the British Museum
To charming South Kensington.
You go to the former
With people you rather bar,
Who wax no warmer,
However agreeable you are;
Whose venom'd wonder,
If you lightly open your lips,
Like fossil thunder,
Shivers your fine-spun quips.
And even more so
If you honestly venture to say
That a batter'd torso
Would look much better away.
When you have gulp'd your
Comfortless coffee or soup,
You scan the sculpture,
Single, or posed in a group;
And dust of mummy
Has got such a hold on your brain,
That you think your tummy
Will never be cheerful again,
And you wonder however
The lauded sculptors of old,
Undoubtedly clever,
Such soulless studies could mould.
But, thank goodness,
The insects no longer recline
In their camphor'd woodness
And creepy spirits of wine.
For fusty antiquities
Are joyous as April's gales
To the crawling Iniquities,
Horrid with nippers and scales.
But at Kensington straightway
A delicate charm is spread,
From the entrance gateway
Till you dream of it all in bed.
The people you go with
Are so conducive and fair,
That you'd like to show with
Them always, and everywhere.
With their happy chatter,
Their fancies pretty and keen,
And laughs that flatter
The happy silence between;
Their sun-bright faces,
And girlhood's dignity sweet,
Like Grecian Graces
Out for a godlike treat.
The dainty grill-room
With culture and comfort shines,
And you find you've still room
For further viands and wines.
And your waist grows tighter
In a bountiful moonled way,
And eyes are brighter,
And brighter the things we say.
O musty mummies,
O classical dignity cold,
O soulless dummies
Of Orient empires old!
Here gem and statue,
Panel and carven shrine,
Are looking at you
With sympathy all divine.
No cardboard, nor camphor,
No moth-fretted ghosts of beasts,
And the long-dry amphor
Is gay with remember'd feasts.
And I give my graces
Their pick of jewel and gem,
Of priceless laces
And picture and diadem;
And their sunny faces
Are dearer than all of them.

WE can recommend KATE GREENAWAY'S
Book of Games—not yet played out.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 11.

A FORECAST—SAY, FOR THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.

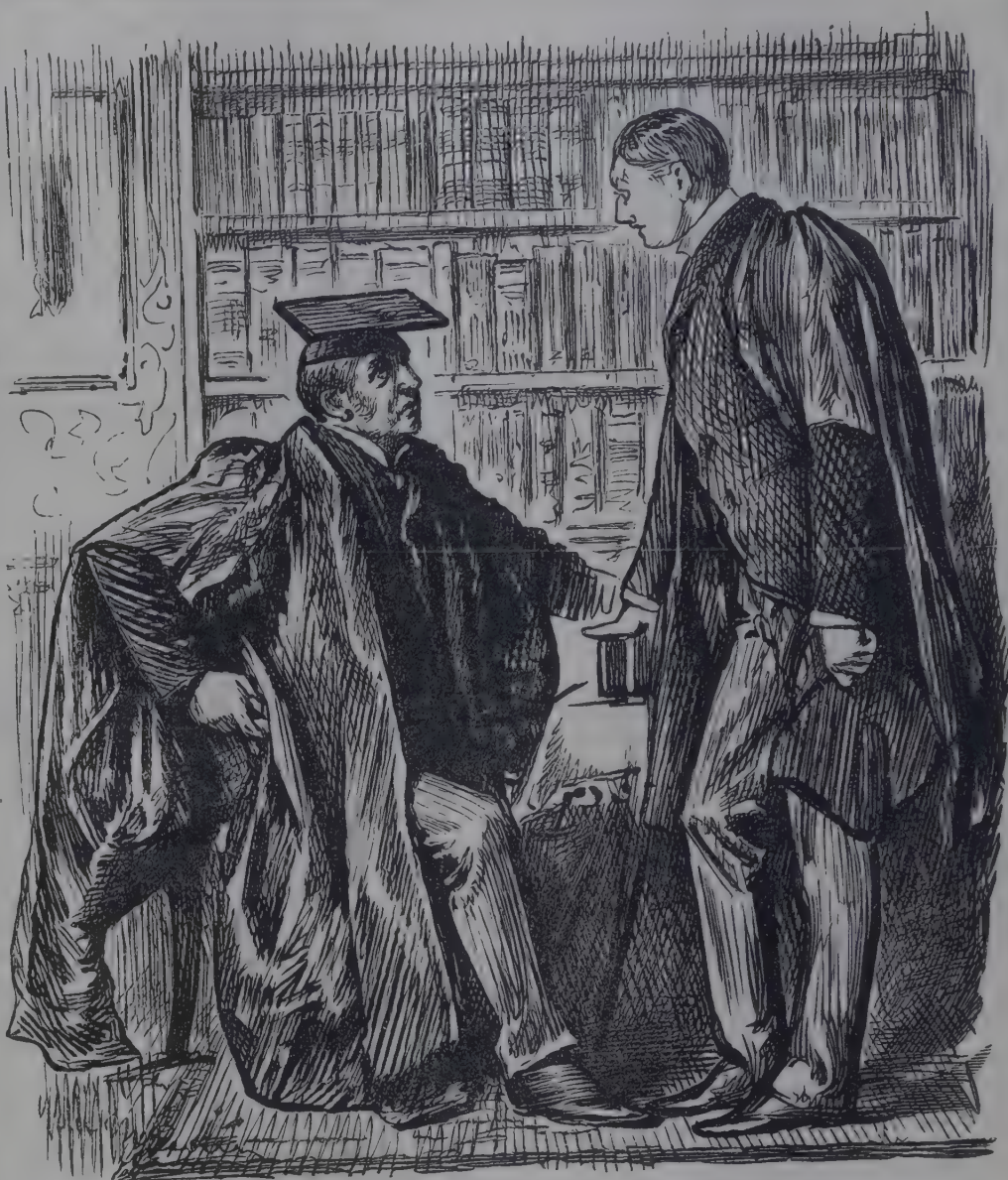
THE agitation of the Curates for an annual stipend of not less than £300, has culminated in their determination, arrived at yesterday afternoon, to abstain from visiting their respective Churches and doing duty on Sunday next. It is said that 7000 Vicars and Rectors who are in sympathy with the movement have intimated their intention of manifesting it by also joining the lock-out. There are other matters under dispute beyond the mere question of pay. "One Service a week, one Sermon a month!" has now become a party cry. It is calculated that 15,000 churches of the Establishment will therefore not open their doors to their congregations next Sunday.

The Legal Profession, following in the footsteps of the Church, has struck for higher fees; and the Judges, forced by the pressure put on them by leading Queen's Counsel, have joined the "Amalgamated Lawyers' Union." A Solicitor, who was caught yesterday seeing a client who had managed to evade the notice of the local pickets, was denounced as a black-leg, and hooted by a mob of yelling Attorneys, who followed him with threatening gestures till he eventually made his escape into Chancery Lane.

The Medical Profession has not been slow to be influenced by the general strife of the Church and Bar; and yesterday, at a mass-meeting, held outside Guy's Hospital, it was unanimously decided that the three-guinea fee should be the minimum, and that all medical men should join in a general lock-out forthwith, declining to see any patient at a lower rate. It was further agreed that these terms be presented in the form of an ultimatum to the Committee of Invalids, who have hitherto conducted negotiations on the part of the general public, and represented them in the matter.

There was some talk last night of the probability of a strike in both the Houses of Lords and Commons. This will probably startle Society into an endeavour to find some means of adjusting the disputes between Capital and Labour other than that supplied by an immediate recourse to obstructive combination.

BLACKIE AND SON give us, among other publications, *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds*. Beautiful title! Fancy a "Hermit Hunter," and fancy "the Wilds,"—OSCAR included. It is by GORDON STABLES, which sounds horsey. It is full of novel adventures, and STABLES has not been fore-stalled.

**THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.**

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE AN EXEAT FROM MONDAY TILL WEDNESDAY—TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF MY GREAT AUNT?"

"OH—A—OF COURSE YOU MUST GO; BUT, I CONFESS, I WISH IT HAD BEEN A NEARER RELATIVE!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVIII. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM.

THE limpid waters of the River Trent, finest trout-stream in the Midlands, rush impetuously through peaty meadows to fertilise the land where, twenty years ago, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN set up his ancestral home. Except, perhaps, on Sunday afternoons, when the turgid tide of Birmingham pours its thousands along the broad highway, or when crowds assemble to witness Marquises and Dukes repairing in gilt carriages to dwell for awhile with your host, there are few more tranquil spots in England than the broad expanse of low-lying pasture-land which girdles Highbury, bounded in the distant North by the Derbyshire Hills, and on the South by the thickets of the great Metropolis of the Midlands.

In the busy world, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is known as a great Parliament man, a trusted guide in political campaign, a Statesman towering among his peers. At home, in the quiet glades of Highbury, he puts aside the garb and the habits of thought of the man of the world, and lives the sweet and simple life of the English country gentleman. As he saunters down the walk, eager to meet you, you notice his stalwart form clad in a close-fitting velvet coat with a low-crowned serviceable hat, the tanned gaiters well-rubbed on the saddle-side, bearing evidence of many a well-ridden field. In his hands he carries a riding-crock, with which he lightly beats off the yearning leaves of the lingering maple, which, blushing red at the memories of wanton Autumn, still linger in the lap of Winter.

Highbury has been in the CHAMBERLAIN family for more than three centuries. The mansion bears in its many-sidedness evidence of the strong individuality of successive sires. As your host with a shrill "view Halloo!" lightly jumps across the grassy moat, he points to a beetling barbacan, on which to this day in the strong sunlight may be discerned the motto of RICHARD DE CHAMBERLAYNE, who lived in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, and oddly enough

formed a close connection with the CECIL family, renewed in these later times by a still more illustrious scion of the Warwickshire race. The noble avenue of elms that faces the back portico was planted in a single day by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who came over with WILLIAM and MARY, and who took such a bold stand against his Royal master and friend when WILLIAM of Orange hesitated to yield to the popular demand that he should disband his Dutch Guards, and disperse the regiments of French fugitives who hustled British citizens in the precincts of the Court of St. James's.

The scent of many flowers comes in from the old-time garden as your host, ascending the rustic staircase, takes you past his study-window into the parlour, separated from the dining-room only by heavy tapestry curtains, on which is inwrought by hands long chill the story of the taking of Namur. Seated in this boudoir-like room, with its walls distempered in pale fawn colour, a frieze of faded green running below the corniced ceiling, and the floor coyly covered with blue-green felt, you have time to notice the portraits which lend grace and dignity to the walls. They are all family portraits.

"The party in the parlour, I call them," says your host, pleasantly, looking round; "all silent, and all—framed."

There is Mr. KENRICK, M.P., one of JAN STEIN's finest works; POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., in VANDYCK's earlier manner. (Notice the delicacy with which the back of the hand is limned.) Perhaps the most interesting picture in the collection is the portrait of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. This is a pastoral piece, the graceful figure of the Hon. Member being discovered softened by the misty perspective of three acres. He is wrapped in purple, with a garland of mingled corn and poppy hanging pendulous from his neck. His right hand rests gently on the neck of a cow—the cow by PETER PAUL RUBENS.

"I always feel at home here," your host says, standing with his legs astride on a handsome Persian rug, by the marvellous marble mantle-piece. "There is no one to contradict me. I am a person of few prejudices and of no strong likes or dislikes; but I must admit to a desire to have things go exactly as I fix them. You can

do anything you like with me if you only let me have my own way. But if you come to set up your notions in contradiction of mine, I will not answer for the consequences. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Here," he continued, glancing round at the portraits of the party, "we are all one; and that one is Me."

Alderman JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., throws himself on to the low-seated ottoman, quaintly and conveniently fitted with three-century-old Dutch tiles, and, lighting an eighteenpenny cigar, whose blue smoke curls quaintly upwards through the chill November sunlight that falls indiscriminately on Welsh dower-chests, corner cupboard blackened with age, Persian rugs, and Lisle posset-pots, tells you the story of his life. Retiring from the sordid cares of business whilst still a comparatively young man, your host, firmly fixing his eyeglass, resolved to devote himself to public affairs. Entering the Town Council, he rapidly rose to the dizzy heights of the Aldermanic grade, and thence stepped lightly into the Mayor's chair. His boundless ambition, not satiated even with this, led him still onward, till he reached the House of Commons, and so passed by leaps and bounds into the position of a Cabinet Minister. Your host passes lightly over his triumphs in the Senate, and only modestly touches on his admission to the charmed circle of the Gentlemen of England, and to intimate acquaintance with Marquises, Dukes, &c. His heart, untravelled, fondly turns to home, and he prefers to talk of his daily life in these quiet glades. He is evidently prouder of the magnificent field of mangel-wurzels that skirts the carriage-drive than of "The Unauthorised Programme," and cares more for the flock of Hampshire sheep browsing on his green pastures than he does for all the clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill.

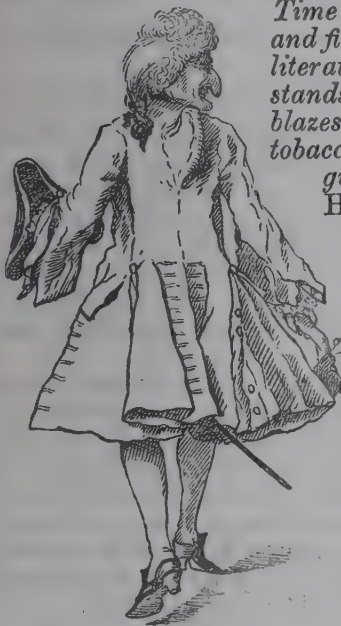
"Sometimes, TOBY," your host says, "I think of leaving London to itself, and letting the world rattle round without me. I am sick of the turmoil, and sorry to see great people going wrong because they have declined my advice. When the buzz of the applauding multitude rings loudest in my ears, I turn with fondest regard to this quiet spot. TEMPLE, still in the prime of life, retired to Sheen to cultivate roses. Why should I not withdraw to Highbury to look after my mangel-wurzels, and dwell unthwarted and uncontradicted among my own party?"

There is a far-away look in the eyes of your host, which, perhaps unconsciously, rests upon the doorway, and, taking the hint, you make your adieux, leaving the Squire of Highbury brooding over his half-formed resolutions.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. I.—ANTICIPATION.

SCENE—The Smoking-room of a Country House. Month, November.



Time of day, 11.30 P.M. The usual furniture and fittings—easy chairs, sofas, light and sporting literature. A large table, loaded with drinkables, stands in a convenient place; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the air is scented with tobacco-smoke. Round the fire are seated four guests—Lord SURBITON, the host, Captain HARDRUP, a sporting soldier, Mr. H. T. PENFOLD, a sporting literary man, Mr. DIGBY MASON, a man of the world, and BILLY WINTHROP, a newly-fledged Barrister, who finds that the cares of his profession permit him occasionally to indulge in a little shooting. In a remote corner four other guests, Amateur Actors, particular friends of Lady SURBITON's, herself a "distinguished Amateur," are discussing, with many gestures, a subject of apparently the gravest import. Two of them, The Hon. BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, and Mr. TIFFINGTON SPINKS, elderly and experienced Amateurs; the other two, CHARLIE GUSHBY, and HARRY HALL (usually known

as "Music" HALL, from his devotion to Comic Songs), are still comparatively young.

Captain H. (laying down the "Sportsman" with a yawn). I see Aristocrat's gone back to 20 to 1. Never can make out what the fellows in that stable are after. It's a poor business, backing horses. (Drinks.) Where do you shoot to-morrow, SURBITON?

Lord S. The Warren to-morrow. We may get a stray pheasant, too. You held pretty straight to-day, HARDRUP.

Captain H. Yes, pretty fair. But, dash it! you know we ought to have had two more guns to cover the ground. Why didn't GUSHBY and BOLDERO turn out? They were rigged out to the nines in patent Norfolk jackets, and boots and gaiters that would have made your keeper green with envy. What have they been up to all day?

Mr. Digby Mason. My dear HARDRUP, do you mean to say you really don't know? Why, they told us last night they hadn't got their great scene in the Second Act of *Heads or Tails* quite perfect.

As soon 'as I heard that, I knew they wouldn't come out to-day. My wife told me they were at it in the drawing-room the greater part of the morning. But just look at them now.

[At this moment SPINKS and GUSHBY, who are supposed to be rivals for fame in refined comedy, have quarrelled, and turned their backs on one another. The other two are endeavouring to make peace.

Penfold. Good heavens! did you ever see anything so ridiculous? But they're like that all day long. First, BOLDERO bores you to death with his confounded imitations of TOOLE; then that idiot HALL sings you out of your senses with ARTHUR ROBERTS and water—precious poor water, too; next, when you're trying to get off a letter or two, that confounded young GUSHBY tells you he wants to consult you about a matter of life and death, which turns out to be merely the question whether he or SPINKS ought to take the leading part in the comedy they're going to play at Windbury, and, last of all, old SPINKS, who ought to know better, comes and tells you that dramatic criticism is a lost art, and that if everybody had his deserts he would be making £100 a week at the Haymarket at this moment. You can't get away from an amateur. I've been trying to do it for ten years, and I've failed miserably. They haunt you worse than any ghost I ever read about.

Lord S. Come, come, they're not quite so bad as all that. And after all, they're very obliging.

Billy W. Oh! dashed obliging. The other day HALL wanted me to sing a comic duet with him, and it turned out that I was to be kicked twice in each verse, and in the last to be chucked off the stage. No thank you. I'd rather go before old FIELD in Chambers any day of the week. [They drink, and puff cigars. Conversation continuing in remote corner.

Tiffington Spinks. Well, I've only one thing to say. I've played that kind of part for the last twenty years. Now, honestly, BOLDERO, how is it possible that anyone can know the business better than I do? The idea's absurd. KENDAL's all very well, and perhaps WYNDHAM might manage it; but even they are both machine-made—that's what they are.

Gushby. Well, BOLDY, you heard what Mrs. DASHWOOD said last week? Why, there wasn't a dry eye in the house when I played it. The housemaid cried so much she couldn't see to dust the furniture for two days, and the butler was carried out of the room in convulsions. However, I don't mind. Do what you like. I only thought you ought to know.

Boldero (perplexed). Quite right, and I'm much obliged to you, of course. Still (with a wink to GUSHBY), I think SPINKS ought to play it. You must take *Tom Tilbury*; there are some first-class lines in that, and you'll do it better than any amateur of the day. As for the Pros, there isn't one of them could get near you.

Gushby (soothed). Very well; I'll do what I can. What's HALL to do?

Hall. Oh, I've written up that scene in the Third Act, and brought in a song, which must fetch 'em. This is how it goes:—

(Sings). "The Boy in Buttons he said to me,
'What is the meaning of O.D.V.?'
If O.D.V. isn't all my I,
Why, blow me tight, but I'd like to try,
What would happen if I was to make so free
As to ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.?"

"Says I to the Boy in Buttons, 'Lor,
Whatever on earth do you take me for?
You'd better be careful and stick to swipes,
Or you'll see some stars and suffer some stripes.
For I know it's a case of U.B.D.—
—d if you ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.'"

Boldero } (ecstatic). That's simply splendid; HALL, you're a
Spinks } genius.
Gushby }

Captain H. (with more candour than politeness). Well, I'm blessed if I can listen to all that tommy-rot any longer. I'm off. Good-night, SURBITON. [Lights candle.

Billy W. (shortly). Wait a bit, I'm with you. [Lights candle.

Penfold. } So am I. Good night, SURBITON. [Both light candles.
Mason. }

Lord S. (As the host, sotto voce). I call it mean of you chaps to desert me. However, good-night.

[Exeunt WINTHROP, PENFOLD, MASON, and HARDRUP to bed. Lord SURBITON sinks to sleep on a sofa. The Four Amateurs continue their discussion until, owing to the drowsiness of three of the party, the fourth begins to talk about himself exclusively, when they rise, 2 A.M., awake their host and retire.

THE Demon Cat, by C. W. COLE and W. RALSTON, and let out of the publishing-bag by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., is an account of the awful misdoings of a cat on board a man-of-war. Messrs. COLE and RALSTON forget that the cat has been banished from Her Majesty's Service.

UNTILED; OR. THE MODERN ASMIDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV.

(PART SECOND.)

"AMUSEMENT," said the Shadow, "is a lure
 'That subtly snares and saps the sage and pure.'
 The tag sounds Puritanic.
 The sort of saw, devoid of worldly wit,
 Shaped by morality in a cold fit,
 Or virtue in a panic.
 "Perhaps. The preacher perched above the throng,
 Like the bland singer of ideal song,
 Is vacuously moral,
 Vapidly virtuous, knowing little more
 Of facts that round him like a maelstrom roar
 Than childhood with its coral.



"But so Amusement's eager devotees
 Miss half its meaning; zealots on their knees
 Before the common Dagon,
 Have little care to glance behind the shrine.
 Who thinks to test the dregs of the bright wine
 Which flames in Pleasure's flagon?"

"But you, you wish to see beneath the mask.
 The inner world of those who seem to bask
 In sunny public favour
 Is a strange spectacle. Behold yon churl
 Scolding, yet leering, at that trembling girl,
 The scene hath an ill savour.

"Beringed, broad-neck'd like a puff-adder, he,
 A bullying satyr; scarcely nymph-like she;
 Unas are not too numerous,
 Nor lion guardians, here. Poor and yet pure?
 Lone, yet too proud to be a pander's lure?
 The notion is too humorous.

"So she would think, that other prosperous dame,
 Whom fame and wealth make callous now to shame.

Soft rugs, and the loud rattle
 Of hands applaudive make amends for much.
 It is so hard to shun the smirching touch
 In life's thick-fuming battle.

"Poverty that would keep untarnished plumes
 But cannot; swaggering wealth, drunken with fumes
 Of flattery, that cares not
 For pinions soiled, both meet us here. No more!
 This region charity loves not to explore,
 And cynic malice dares not.

"But pretty faces flushing o'er the wine
 That wanton wealth pours out at beauty's shrine,
 With readiness so sinister,
 Or wearied limbs in garrets lone dispread,
 Or wandering spectres flushed unholy red,
 These are strange things to minister

"To sleek Respectability. Youth's frank joys,
 The honest mirth of blameless girls and boys,
 The ease of cultured leisure,
 And recreation of tired sons of toil,
 All good! But must Amusement's trade make spoil
 Of souls, the wrecks of Pleasure?

"Yon smooth-faced boy is dying, drugged to death
 By dissipation's pestilential breath.
 The girl who bends above him,

Red-lipped and ashen-cheeked, to-night must fling
 Tired limbs in dances lewd, and smirk, and sing.
 Her misery is—to love him.

"And she, the siren with the face as soft
 As her heart's hard, and her eyes cold, how oft
 Her victim lying yonder [fooled!
 Blent blandishment and mockery have be-
 Poor dupe, to dream such harpies could be
 schooled
 By service to grow fonder!

"Light-footed as light-hearted steps she
 forth, [worth,
 Silk-shrouded, jewelled, wrapped in furs of
 Into a crested carriage. [taph,
 'Dead,—oh, poor donkey!' That's her epi-
 Set 'twixt a shallow sigh and crackling laugh.
 She hopes for a 'swell' marriage.

"That—or, if foiled by fate or some odd fluke,
 Ducats sometimes are better than a duke,
 'Yes, when the duke's a duffer!'
 You hear her hissing *not* to her home slave,
 The pale-faced mother who her wrath must
 brave,
 And her coarse chidings suffer!

"Amusement is—amusing, is it not?
 Its world-ward face is bright, with scarce a blot
 To prove the foul infection
 That lurks within. The world might show
 disgust,
 Were all its tyranny, its greed, its lust,
 Bared to minute inspection.

"There's a poor, mangled, maimed boy-
 acrobat.
 Little conceived the careless crowds who sat
 With half-voluptuous thrillings
 Of terror, as mid-air he twirled and tost,
 What, when the tale was summed, it really
 cost
 To gather in their shillings."

And I saw beaten boxers, bruised and sore,
 A weary waiter, bullied by a boor,
 Eyeing the clock-face eagerly;
 Trim-vestured girls, with trembling limbs,
 who stood [food
 Tending proud dames; pale lads on zestless
 Feeding at midnight meagrely.

And wan-faced waifs, ill-clad and furtive-
 eyed, [pomp and pride
 Writhing through scented throngs where
 Wait upon wealth and beauty,

Scuttling swift-footed like wild forest things,
 In search of the scant prey such prowling
 To lowly jackal-duty. [brings

I followed painted faces writhed with mirth,
 To homes compared with which the fox's earth
 Is refuge sweet and cleanly.
 I watched the way of sin, and saw the wage
 Wherewith the sordid spectre of the age
 Rewards its dupes so leanly.

Closed doors and lights extinct hid not from me
 The horrors of the garish haunts of glee,
 Where Pleasure plumes and prances
 Like a masked Mors amidst a festal throng,
 And Mammon grabs the price of Suffering's
 And Folly's frenzied dances. [song,

"Enough!" I cried. The Shadow strangely
 smiled:

"The raiser of Life's curtain is reviled
 By Pleasure; even Pity [due:
 Reproves, and doubts. Amusement is man's
 Ay,—purged from the foul taint whose
 wrecks bestrew
 The purlieus of the City!"

CHRISTMAS AS IT IS TO BE IN
CHESTER WORKHOUSE.

(Dedicated, without Respect, to the Magistrates of
 a County of Cheese-parers.)

THE hungry paupers were assembled ready
 to tear their food to pieces in the good old
 fashion sanctioned by precedent. There had
 been a rumour that a clerical innovator had
 suggested that the Guardians of the Poor
 should purchase knives and forks for the use
 of the inmates of the Union: but the story
 had been accepted as a *canard*. It was well
 known that the love of economy amongst the
 Members of the Board outweighed sentimental
 considerations. Possibly this report had been
 spread by the appearance of a paragraph in
 the *Macclesfield Courier*, headed, "A Dis-
 graceful Arrangement in Chester Work-
 house," in which a meeting of the Chester
 Board of Guardians had been chronicled. In
 the pages of the popular provincial print in
 question it had been related how the paupers
 had to tear the meat to pieces with their
 fingers and teeth; how the Clerk had said
 that, after witnessing the spectacle last year,
 he had gone away disgusted; and, lastly, how
 a farmer had declared that he often enjoyed
 his meals without any knife and fork—with
 the apparent result that a compromise was
 accepted. But that was only what a news-
 paper had printed, and who shall estimate
 the accuracy of the Press?

So the expectant paupers waited for their
 food as beasts wait for theirs at the Zoological
 Gardens! There was a pause, and then came
 the succulent fare that has made the Unions
 of Old England the admiration of the civilised
 world. The hungry inmates prepared to dig
 their fingers into the meat as per usual, when
 an authoritative voice bade them restrain
 their impatience until knives and forks had
 been passed to every inmate! Astonishment
 reigned supreme. So a distinction was at
 length to be drawn (on Christmas Day)
 between human beings and beasts of prey!
 Who would have thought it?

"No," replied an official, when the banquet
 was over, in answer to a question that had
 been put to him, "this is the exception to
 the rule. These knives and forks are *not* to
 be retained, but are to be returned immedi-
 ately. By a vote of thirteen to ten it was
 decided by the Chester Board of Guardians to
 hire them for the occasion!"

SHAKESPEARE ON GAS STRIKE.

"Put out the light—and then—" *Othello*.

EXCELSIOR — THE LATEST SCHOOL-BOARD "STANDARD."



TAXES and Rates were rising fast,
As through a burdened City passed
A man who bore, with clenched thumb,
A Standard, with the legend rum,
Excelsior!

His brows were black; his eyes beneath
Through "gig-lamps" flashed, like sword
from sheath,
And like a fearsome fog-horn rung
The sound of that too well-known tongue,
Excelsior!

(The true significance of that sound
Was simply "Ten Pence in the Pound!"
And all too well the listeners knew
It meant fresh turn of the Rate-screw:
Excelsior!)

In ill-built Schools he saw the blight
Of sewer-gas slaying left and right,
The Jerry-Builder spectral shone,
But still he yelled in strident tone—
Excelsior!

"Try not *that* path," the Old Sage said,
"Dark lowers the tempest o'er your head
Of public anger far and wide."
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the Maiden said; "*do* rest!
London is weary of your quest.
You've raised that Standard far too
high!"
He answered, with a winking eye,
Excelsior!

"Beware the Public's awful wrath,
At what lies crushed in your mad path!"
This, the Rate-payer's last appeal,
A voice replied, with brazen squeal,
Excelsior!

(His finish doth not yet appear,
But when that cry the Public hear,
Punch fancies it will soon be found,
They kick at "Ten Pence in the Pound."
Excelsior!)

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.—The approach
of "Russian Influenza" is dreaded, but Lon-
doners are still more apprehensive as to the
effects of the Gas-strike Fever.

THE DUKE'S LESSON.

Little Economic Tragi-Comedy (with a moral) now in process of active Rehearsal.

ACT I.

Interior of a Study in a West-end Ducal Mansion after breakfast during the progress of a recent noted struggle between Capital and Labour. Enter a Philanthropic Duke and his Private Secretary.

Philanthropic Duke (after giving directions for the disposal of his daily correspondence). And now there remains only this application for these labourers on strike.

Private Secretary. Your Grace would surely scarcely like to see your name figuring on a list where it might be supposed to countenance the insubordination of the masses?

Philanthropic Duke. Ah, no; there you mistake the whole subject. My exalted position does not blind me to the necessities and rights of my fellow men. Capital can be a great tyrant, and Labour can only contend against it with the weapon of combination.

Private Secretary. But is your Grace sure, in the present instance, Labour has a practical grievance to complain of?

Philanthropic Duke. No, I confess I have not gone into the rights and wrongs of this particular question; but, looking at the matter as a whole, I have a firm conviction that the movement of the masses to protect their interests by combined action merits the support, practical as well as moral, of all reasonable men. Send them a cheque for fifty pounds.

Private Secretary. With your Grace's name?

Philanthropic Duke. Certainly. They are welcome to any influence in may bring them.

Private Secretary. Very well, your Grace.

[Writes cheque, and leaves Philanthropic Duke in a state of complacent satisfaction that he at least is "marching with the times" as the Curtain falls.]

ACT II.

Interior of the Drawing-room of a West-end Ducal Mansion during the arrival of guests invited to dinner. A couple of night-lights on the mantel-piece supply the sole illumination to the room. Philanthropic Duke discovered standing on the rug with his back to a feeble fire of kitchen chairs.

Philanthropic Duke (addressing guests). I am sorry to give you such a dim and cold reception, but the last ounce of petroleum has been used, and though we have given three-and-sixpence a-piece for kerosene candles, the Duchess tells me we have had at last to fall back upon these night-lights, as you see, and I think we have arrived at our last box. When that is finished, we shall have nothing before us but impenetrable darkness.

[Falls into a gloomy reverie.]

The Duchess (brightly). I am afraid I must ask you all to put up with such a cold dinner as we have been able to secure from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner—(murmurs)—owing to our inability to secure any further fuel for the kitchen fire.

[Enter Servant, with a coal-scuttle of broken bedroom furniture, with which he replenishes the feeble flame in the grate.]

Philanthropic Duke. The kitchen fuel exhausted? Surely it cannot be! (Addressing the Servant.) Have you used up all the balusters?

Servant. We have, your Grace.

Philanthropic Duke. And pulled up, and surreptitiously purloined the wood pavement, as I directed, in front of the house, both ways, for twenty yards?

Servant. Yes, your Grace; until the police objected. We then utilised the dustbin, all the basement doors, and managed to keep in up to luncheon with the nursery toys, and a few of your Grace's old walking-sticks, but we are now breaking up the spare-guest bed-chamber furniture, and when that is done, we shall have to commence on the dining-room chairs, or the empty drawers in the private bureau in your Grace's study.

[A few revolver shots heard without.]

Philanthropic Duke. Ha! The Postman, in the unlighted streets, again set upon by gangs of marauding tramps. (Enter Secretary with a letter. Duke addressing him.) Well. Let us hear what it is?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He has kindly painted in the Sky of an Amateur Friend's Sea-piece.)

Distinguished Critic. "THE SEA'S CAPITAL, MY DEAR FELLOW; BUT THE SKY'S—WELL—AMATEURISH, YOU KNOW!"

Secretary (referring to contents). Only an application for a subscription in support of the present Strike.

Philanthropic Duke (hysterically). What? Have they had the impudence—?

Secretary. You see your Grace lent the influence of your name to support the last movement, and as your Grace also expressed your conviction that the combination of labourers to protect their interests, "merited the support, practical, as well as moral, of all reasonable men," I thought, perhaps, that another cheque—

Philanthropic Duke (seizing it, and tearing it into a thousand bits). You did? Well—that is how I subscribe to the struggle of Labour against Capital this time (scatters the fragments), at any rate. It may be that months of this are before us, and that I am, even now, entertaining my guests with the illumination of my two last night-lights. Be it so. If I have had my lesson, and it has been a sharp one, I am determined that it shall not have been entirely in vain! You will find me no more "marching with the times."

[Left facing the solution of the "economic situation," with a smile of gloomy triumph on his countenance, as Curtain descends.]

A HINT TO REEDERS.—The GERMAN REED's Entertainment is now "with Verger clad." The Verger has plenty of pretty music, and is well put on the stage, but The Verger scarcely verges on the brilliant successes associated with the Gallery of Illustration, St. George's Hall. In the principal part Mr. ALFRED REED is amusing, although the rôle is not quite in his line. Miss TULLY and Mrs. ARTHUR LAW again are pleasing. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who gives an account of how he took a house, is as genial and entertaining as ever, and takes the House every night. As his fund of humour is limitless, it is safe to predict that the new song he announces for Boxing Day will be quite as welcome as any of its predecessors, at least, so thinks
YOUR GALLERY REPORTER.

EPIGRAM ON THE EPIDEMIC.

Strictly Confidential.—To H.I.M. The Emperor of RUSSIA. "All Europe dreads your Russian Influence, CZAR." (Signed) RUSS IN URBE.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. I.—THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Little Crossing-sweeper. By the unrivalled } Miss JENNY JINKS.
Variety Artist

The Duke of Dillwater Mr. HENRY IRVING.

(Specially engaged; Mr. Punch is sure that he will cheerfully make some slight sacrifice for so good a cause, and he can easily slip out and get back again between the Acts of the "Dead Heart.")

A Policeman Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

(Engaged, at enormous expense, during the entire run of this piece.)

A Butler (his original part) Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.

Foot-passengers, Flunkeys, Burglars.—By the celebrated Knockabout Quick-change Troupe.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Duke's Mansion in Euston Square by night. On the right, a realistic Moon (by kind permission of Professor HERKOMER) is rising slowly behind a lamp-post. On left centre, a practicable pillar-box, and crossing, with real mud. Slow Music, as Miss JENNY JINKS enters, in rags, with broom. Various Characters cross the street, post letters, &c.; Miss JINKS follows them, begging piteously for a copper, which is invariably refused, whereupon she assails them with choice specimens of street sarcasm—which the Lady may be safely trusted to improvise for herself.*



Miss Jenny Jinks (leaning despondently against pillar-box, on which a ray of lime-light falls in the opposite direction to the Moon).

Ah, this cruel London, so marble-'arted and vast,
Where all who try to act honest are condemned to fast!

Enter two Burglars, cautiously.

First B. (to Miss J. J.). We can put you up to a fake as will be worth your while,

For you seem a sharp, 'andy lad, and just our style!

[They proceed to unfold a scheme to break into the Ducal abode, and offer Miss J. a share of the spoil, if she will allow herself to be put through the pantry window.]

Miss J. J. (proudly). I tell yer I won't 'ave nothink to do with it, fur I ain't been used

To sneak into the house of a Dook to whom I 'aven't been introduced!

Second Burglar (coarsely). Stow that snivel, yer young himp, we don't want none of that bosh!

Miss J. J. (with spirit). You 'old your jaw—for, when you opens yer mouth, there ain't much o' yer face left to wash!

[The Burglars retire, baffled, and muttering. Miss J. leans against pillar-box again—but more irresolutely.]

I've arf a mind to run after 'em, I 'ave, and tell 'em I'm game to stand in! . . .

But, ah—didn't my poor mother say as Burglary was a Sin!

[Duke crosses stage in a hurry; as he pulls out his latch-key, a threepenny-bit falls unregarded, except by the little Sweeper, who pounces eagerly upon it.]

What's this? A bit o' good luck at last for a starvin' orfin boy!

What shall I buy? I know—I'll have a cup of cawfy, and a prime saveloy!

Ah,—but it ain't mine—and 'ark . . . that music up in the air!

[A harp is heard in the flies.]

Can it be mother a-playin' on the 'arp, to warn her boy to beware?

(Awestruck). There's a angel voice that is sayin' plain *(solemnly)*

"Him as prigs what isn't his'n,
Is sure to be copped some day—and then—his time he will do in prison!"

[Goes resolutely to the door, and knocks—The Duke throws open the portals.]

Miss J. If yer please, Sir, was you aware as you've dropped a thruppenny-bit?

The Duke (after examining the coin). 'Tis the very piece I have searched for everywhere! You rascal, you've stolen it!

Miss J. (bitterly). And that's 'ow a Dook rewards honesty in this world! *[This line is sure of a round of applause.]*

The Duke (calling off). Policeman, I give this lad in charge for a shameless attempt to rob, *[Enter Policeman.]*

Unless he confesses instantly who put him up to the job!

Miss J. (earnestly). I've told yer the bloomin' truth, I 'ave—or send I may die!

I'm on'y a Crossing-sweeper, Sir, but I'd scorn to tell yer a lie!

Give me a quarter of a hour—no more—just time to kneel down and pray, *[me away.]*

As I used to at mother's knee long ago—then the Copper kin lead *[Kneels in lime-light. The Policeman turns away, and uses his handkerchief violently; the Duke rubs his eyes.]*

The Duke. No, blow me if I can do it, for I feel my eyes are all twitching!

(With conviction). If he's good enough to kneel by his mother's side, he's good enough to be in my kitching!

[Duke dismisses Constable, and, after disappearing into the Mansion for a moment, returns with a neat Page's livery, which he presents to the little Crossing-sweeper.]

Miss J. J. (naïvely). 'Ow much shall I ask for on this, Sir?

What! Yer don't mean to say they're for me!

Am I really to be a Page to one of England's proud aristocra-cee?

[Does some steps.]

Mechanical change to SCENE II.—State Apartment at the Duke's.

Magnificent furniture, gilding, chandeliers. Suits of genuine old armour. Statuary (lent by British and Kensington Museums).

Enter Miss J., with her face washed, and looking particularly plump in her Page's livery. She wanders about stage, making any humorous comments that may occur to her on the armour and statuary. She might also play tricks on the Butler, and kiss the maids—all of which will serve to relieve the piece by delicate touches of comedy, and delight a discriminating audience.

Enter the Duke.

I hope, my lad, that we are making you comfortable here? *[Kindly.]*

Miss J. J. Never was in such slap-up quarters in my life, Sir, I'll stick to yer, no fear!

[In the course of conversation the Duke learns with aristocratic surprise, that the Page's Mother was a Singer at the Music-Halls.]

Miss J. J. What, don't know what a Music-'all's like? and you a Dook! Well, you are a jolly old juggins! 'Ere, you sit down on this gilded cheer—that's the ticket—I'll bring you your champagne and your cigars—want a light? *(Strikes match on her pantaloons.)* Now you're all comfortable!

[The Duke sits down, smiling indulgently, out of her way, while she introduces her popular Vocal Character Sketch, of which space only permits us to give a few specimen verses.]

First the Champion Comic Steps upon the stage;

With his latest "Grand Success." Sure to be the rage!

Sixty Pounds a week he Easily can earn;

Round the Music-Halls he goes, And does at each a "turn."

Illustration.

Undah the stors in a sweet shady dairl,

I strolled with me awm round a deah little gairl,

And whethaw I kissed har yaw'd like me to tairl—

Well, I'd rawthah you didn't inquiah!
All golden her hair is, She's Queen of the Fairies, And known by
the name of the lovely MARIAH,
She's a regular Venus, But what passed between us, I'd very much
rawthah you didn't inquiah!

Next the Lady Serio, Mincing as she walks;

If a note's too high for her, She doesn't sing—she talks,

What she thinks about the men You're pretty sure to learn,
She always has a hit at them, Before she's done her "turn!"

Illustration.

You notty young men, ow! you notty young men!

You tell us you're toffs, and the real Upper Ten,

But behind all your ears is the mark of a pen!

So don't you deceive us, you notty young men!

Miss J. J. (concluding). And such, Sir, are these entertainments
In which Mirth and Refinement go 'and-in-'and!

[As the Duke is expressing his appreciation of the elevating effect of such performances, the Butler rushes in, followed by two flurried Footmen.]

Butler. Pardon this interruption, my Lord, but I come to announce
the fact

That by armed house-breakers the pantry has just been attacked!

Duke. Then we'll repel them—each to his weapons look!
I know how to defend my property, although I am a Dook!

Miss J. (snatching sword from one of the men in armour).
With such a weapon I their hash will settle!
You'll lend it, won't yer, old Britannia Metal?

[Shouts and firing without; the Footmen hide under sofa.
Let flunkies flee—though danger may encircle us,
A British Buttons ain't afeard of Burglars!

[Tremendous firing, during which the Burglars are supposed to be
repulsed with heavy loss by the Duke, Butler, and Page.

Miss J. 'Ere—I say, Dook, I saved yer life, didn't yer know?
(A parting shot, upon which she staggers back with a ringing scream.)
The Brutes! they've been and shot me! . . . Mother! . . . Oh!

[Dies in lime-light and great agony; the Footmen come out from
under sofa and regard with sorrowing admiration the lifeless
form of the Little Crossing-sweeper, which the Duke, as Curtain
falls, covers reverently with the best table-cloth.

A NIGHT AT THE GARRICK.

I've scarcely recovered from the effects. It's thrilling. I speak
of *La Tosca*. The *mise-en-scène*, as I have already said, from first



Two Sorts of Beere—Draught Porter, and a little Stout.

to last is perfect. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has never done anything
better, or half as well. Of course, he has been in training for it for
some months past, and it was quite natural that the *Profligate* should
at last develop into that awful scoundrel, *Scarpia Scarpia*. There

was once upon a time a Music-hall song,
whereof the burden was, "If ever there
was a d—d Scamp," and if ever there
was, then *Scarpia* is the man. His
manner is perhaps a little too hard;
the make-up is rather too much of the
undisguised-villain-style of melo-dra-
matic colouring, and he is not suf-
ficiently soapy and shiny. Still he is
quite bad enough, and bad is his best.

It is mighty difficult for those who
have seen SARA to forget her, and to
judge Mrs. BEERE's performance fairly
and "without prejudice." She lacks
the magnetising, purring, and feline
caressing tone and action of SARA; but,
on the other hand, Mrs. BEERE's passion
is irresistible, and her scene with *Scar-
pia* will probably draw all London.
Perhaps her height and build tell
somewhat against her in the tender
love passages, though as she is in love
with a painter in oils—or in aisles, as
he works in church—"size" would
present no difficulty. She rivets the
attention of the audience, and no one
"breathes again" until the play is
done, and Mrs. LA TOSCA BERNHARDT-
BEERE is well over the ramparts.

Mr. WALLER, as the painter *Cav-
aradossi*, is very good, but not suf-
ficiently appreciative of *La Tosca*'s spooniness. Perhaps what
appeared to me as a defect in Mrs. BEERE's performance may be
partially owing to *Cavaradossi*'s comparative frigidity.
Mr. HERBERT WARING, as the fugitive *Angelotti* (all good names),
is excellent. He has a short life and a merry one, disappearing

early in Act III. down a well; well in it, and well out of it. Miss
LECLERCQ is majestic as the Queen,—quite a Christmas number
of *The Queen*, she is so fine
and large,—and Mr. GILLIE
FARQUHAR would look the
very beau idéal of an Italian
nobleman, if he didn't hap-
pen to bear a strong resem-
blance to a state coachman.
But looks are not everything,
and, being a nobleman, he
acts as such, and his per-
formance affords the only
relief to the piece.

Miss BESSIE HATTON is a
sprightly *Gennarino*. But,
of all the minor characters,
the one that struck me most
was Mr. CHARLES HUDSON
as *Schiarrone*, the Police
Agent. He is always after
Scarpia; and after *Scarpia*
he is the most remarkable
personage in the play. He
has only about twelve
lines to say, but a lot to
think, and enough to do.
How he does it is something
to see.

To my mind, the adapters,
Messrs. GROVE and HAMILTON, have strengthened the motive and
heightened *Scarpia*'s villainy by uniting *Cavaradossi* and *La Tosca*
in the bonds of wedlock. The secret marriage may be a concession to
the English public, but the device seems to me to give a pathetic
touch to the sufferings of the unhappy pair which is absent from
SARDOU's drama. The HARE of Garrick is to be, and has been,
congratulated!

(Signed)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



A Painter in Aisles (with a little Church-
and-Stage Guilding).

Robert Browning.

BORN, MAY 7, 1812. DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

IN mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,
Your last song, all gallant glee,
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,
Singer free!

England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,
For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,
Nought of sick erotic hot hysteric drivell
Came from you.

One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,
Never doubted dawn would break,
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,
Never culled pale flowers of sin in Stygian meadows.
Sleep—to wake!

You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toil-time,
Gave us song to strengthen, cheer:
Now you sleep, but not your fame; the world you wakened
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever
Sweet and dear!

THE NEWEST GALLERY.—Sir EDWARD LEE must have the credit
of having discovered this Gallery at 207, Regent Street, and, though
the newest as a picture exhibition, it is really one of the oldest in
London. It was at one time, if we mistake not, the Cosmorama
Rooms, and diligent students of *Ackermann's Repository* may pos-
sibly find a graphic picture of its interior, with the usual number
of elegant ladies in short waists, and exquisite gentlemen in high
stocks, and deep-collared blue swallow-tailed coats. This Gallery,
which is now called the Victoria, was probably originally built by
NASH, and ought to have been known as The Nashional Gallery, if
the title had not already existed. The exhibition of humorous and
grotesque works of Art here assembled is a very good one.

Sir Frederick's Latest.

BRAVO, bravissimo! Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON,
Your speech on Spanish Art's a very great 'un.
You spoke of Moorish influence in Spain.
Well as 'twould all of us delight again
To hear a speech like this, and spoken thus,
It has a "More-ish influence" on us.



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

His Lordship (vociferously, with the rest). "BRAVA! ENCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"
(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"

A PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

"A PLAGUE o' both your Houses!" So
 The Public's tempted to exclaim,
 With victimised *Mercutio*,
 Scarce pausing to apportion blame
 Too nicely.
 When the heart's hot 'tis hard to reason
 wisely.

But Justice must, perforce, make pause,
 Not leaning to this side or that,
 But weighing with clear glance the Cause.
 Hot temper never yet begat
 Cool fairness.

Punch would adjust the public scale with
 squareness.

A plague of darkness o'er the land
 Seems hovering in these dismal days;
 Unwisdom, wrath, on either hand;
 And these who blame and those who praise
 Each party,
 Can hit on no agreement just and hearty.

Passion is purblind, power is rash,
 And "banded Unions persecute;"
 When Capital and Labour clash
 If sober equity sits mute
 'Tis pity!

Cimmerian darkness soon may shroud our
 City.

Dimness within and dark without!
 A pretty prospect for mankind!
 Must danger front us all, and doubt,
 Because the few are fierce or blind?
 Impunity

Cannot be theirs, these foes of the community.

Shrewd plans of Power 'gainst Labour's
 throng,
 Reprisals fierce of banded Toil,
 The commonweal must not so wrong,
 Or make the commonwealth their spoil.
 Here is the moral:—
 Not *thus* the squabblers must fight out their
 quarrel!

For round the lists, like birds of prey,
 Hover the gaol-birds of our streets;
 The ruffian-brood that dreads the day
 Dark's chances with effusion greets.
 Lower its curtain,
 And hap what hap, *their* gain at least is
 certain.

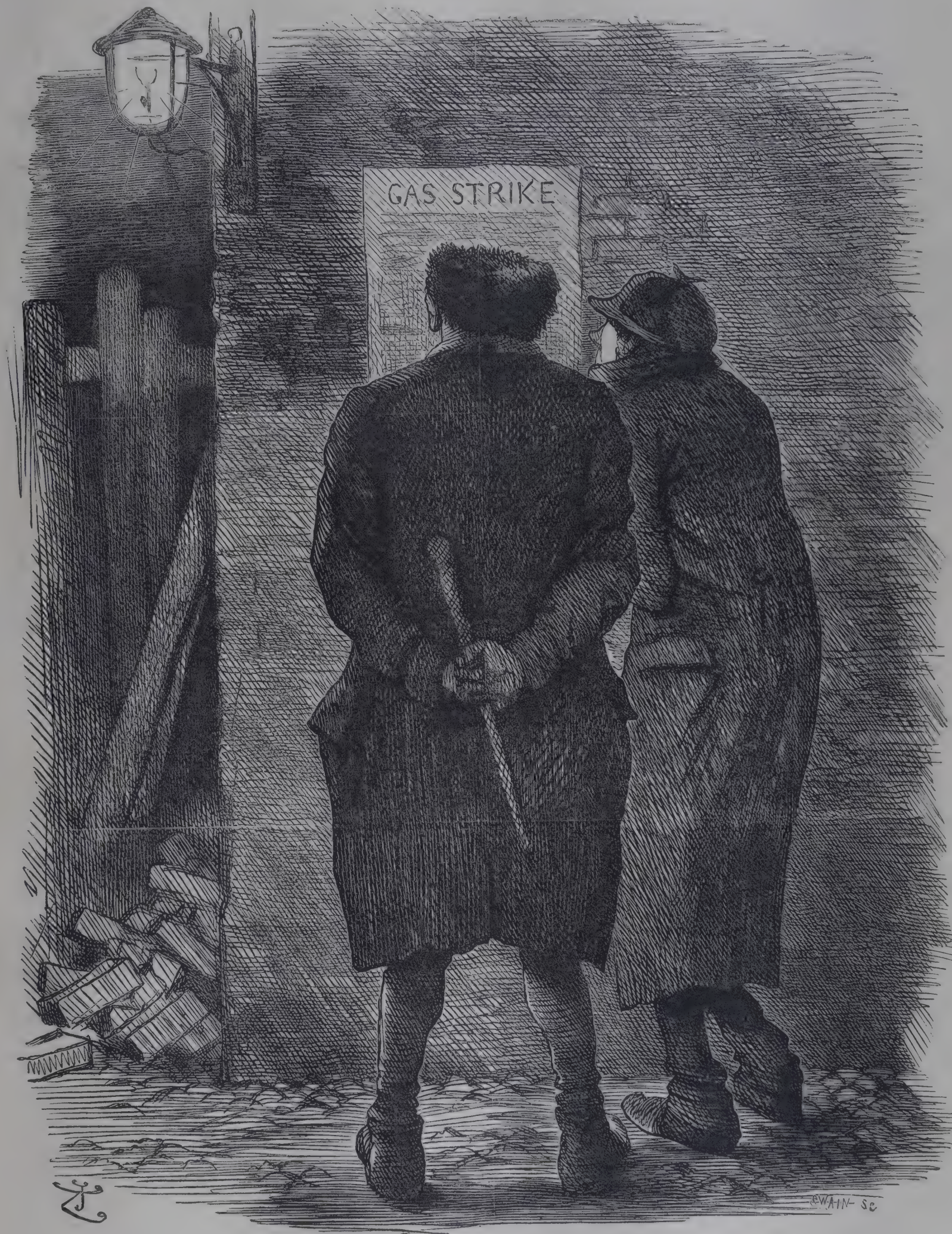
When honest men—though fools—fall out,
 The rogues—though curs—will claim their
 own.
 The Public must not dwell in doubt;
 The Plague of Dark must not be thrown
 O'er our Metropolis,
 Whilst stubborn Unions fight with shrewd
 Monopolies!

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.—At the Munster
 Winter Assizes, before Mr. Justice MURPHY,
 as reported in the *Times*, last Friday, the
 Foreman of the Jury in one case told his
 Lordship that they couldn't agree, but that
 they were eleven to one, and that "with
 that one juror they had used every possible
 argument." *Audi alteram partem*: perhaps
 the twelfth jurymen declares that "he never
 saw eleven such obstinate pig-headed men in
 all his life." But what were the arguments?—
 shillelaghs?

ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY-GROUND.

WE are glad to see that the Westminster
 Authorities have turned over a new leaf in
 their playbook, and, patronising Irish indus-
 try, have given us the *Andria* of TERENCE.
 It is a delightful work, admirable and im-
 mortal. TERENCE was a true Milesian, and
 flourished his shillelagh and pen at the time
 of the first institution of Donnybrook fair,
 where at that time shows of all sorts were
 highly popular. His *Andria*, first called
Merry Andria, was founded on his own novel
 of *Handy Andy*. TERENCE was a Nationalist
 at heart, but being a piece-loving subject, he
 never mixed himself up with any domestic
 plots, but borrowed them all from abroad.
 Under the name of MADDISONIOS MORTONOS,
 he wrote *Bógos kai Kógos*, which, strange to say,
 has never yet been produced on the classic
 boards of Westminster. Of course the *Andria*
 was played in the original Irish, and all the
 points were taken up and cheered to the echo.
 A more enjoyable evening than that spent at St.
 Peter's College, Westminster, last Thursday,
 it would be impossible to imagine. No false
 note, nothing to jar—not even the jar of whis-
 key. "Hold your jar," says I, "till I take a
 drink to the health of my ancestor, Mister
 TERENCE, and more power to his elbow!" O
 mince-pilot, 'twas a fearful night. And the
 next morning!—No matter. Both the three
 R's, give me the three L's—"L.L.L." and
 plenty of it. That was the poetess for me, who
 signed herself L. L. L.* Next year, if you
 please, Sir, I'll do the Westminster play
 again.
 TERENCE MI.

* Some mistake. Probably L. E. L.—ED.



THE THREATENED PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

BILL SIKES (to ARTFUL DODGER). "I SAY, OLD PAL,—WHEN HONEST MEN FALLS OUT, ROGUES COMES BY WHAT AIN'T THEIR OWN. BLESS'D IF THEY AIN'T BEEN AND SETTLED IT!"

ARTFUL DODGER (*disgusted*). "SETTLED BE BLOWED! I DID THINK AS WE SHOULD HA' HAD A CHANCE!"



"HI, SIR! CONFOUND YOU, MIND MY HAT!"

A SEASONABLE DITTY.

By Stepniakney.

A MONTH ago I had a cold,
And when my family I told,
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"
And all the solace that I got
Consisted in a treatment hot,
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,
And told me, void of pity,
Instead of staying warm at home,
'Twould do me far more good to roam
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—
Are radiant with the lurid light
Of the new epidemic,
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,
And proffer potions chemick.

Obedient to affection's call,
To depths of huskiness I fall,
In tremulous cadenza;
What though a native cold they jeer,
They treat with mix'd respect and fear
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,
A slighter cold would mean divorce
A toro necnon mensa;
But the whole household now hangs round,
Conciliated by the sound
Of Russian Influenza.

'T would hurt their feelings, should I say
A word of going out to-day;
So, free from business trammels,

To peaceful eve from cosy morn,
I will the study-doors adorn
With ASPINALL'S enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are,
In years to come the light catarrh
Will sigh "*Che faro senza*
Those tender cares that lent a charm
To all the sudden wild alarm
Of Russian Influenza?"

"UP TO DATE."—The title of Lord TEN-
NYSON'S new poem, *Demeter*, was, of course,
suggested by the Gas Strike.



IN THE LAW COURTS.
Draughting ought to be done in Chambers—not in
Court.

A BALLAD OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

By Hans Sachspensbanger.

Look at the braw pianny
Stannin' agains' the wa':
See till the wee bit manny
There where our shadows fa';
The wood is as bright as a tallat-glass,
The keys are ebon and ivorie,
The sconces shine like the beaten gowd;
Was never so braw a pianny.

Fifteen shullin' a month I paid,
Three times over the months cam' round;
Suns of summer have warmed ma hoosie,
Snaws of winter have hid the ground;
Leaves in the autumn-fog hang dripping,
Eaves wi' the chatter o' birds resound.
But, whether the day break late or airly,
Ilka month as the day cam' round,
The mairchant ca'd for his fifteen shullin',
Fifteen shullin'—nearly a pound!

And ilka month a sair doot vexed me,
An' rived ma heart wi' a dolefu' pain:
Would I play the worth of my fifteen shullin',
Or spare what some day would be my ain?
Weel, I compromised wi' ma braw pianny
And played it aiblins once in a moon,
An' oh, but the music was caller hearin'—
Fifteen shullin' a tune!

Now I lock it close, and polish it daily,
An' I'll hand it down to posteritie,
An' I'll tie it up wi' a strict injunction
That nobody ever shall touch a key.
For I pinchit sair, and I savit dourly
To pay the siller as months cam' round,
An' now I hae earnit the whole pianny
Never again will I waste a sound.

APPROPRIATE SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS
WAITS.—"Yule remember me!"



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 12.



"LITERA SCRIPTA."

Woer. "OH, MISS—OH, LAVINIA! MAY I NOT STILL HOPE?—OR IS YOUR CRUEL REJECTION OF MY SUIT FINAL AND IRREVOC—"

Spinster (firmly). "YES, MR. BROWN, I SERIOUSLY DESIRE YOU WILL REGARD IT SO."

Woer. "THEN, DEAREST, MAY I ASK YOU"—(producing the materials from adjacent writing-table)—"TO—AH—PUT IT ON PA-PAR! I SHALL FEEL SAFER!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIX. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, M.P., AT SPEAKER'S COURT.

AN equipage belonging to the commodious and well-appointed line of the London Road Car Co. lands you at the bottom of Parliament Street on your way to the Palace of Westminster, of which Speaker's Court occupies a favoured corner. The insular prejudice of the conductor declines to accept the French penny you casually offer him, and the little controversy that arises affords you opportunity of endeavouring to attract the attention of the courteous police stationed at this point. If the House were in Session and you looked like a Member of Parliament, they would stop the traffic, so that you might pass unhurt and unspashed across the road. In the recess you must needs make your way across as well as you can, and so pass through Palace Yard, deserted by all save a remnant of the flock of pigeons, who sadly walk round and round the stony pavement wondering where are the oats of yesteryear?

Passing under a low massive archway, you enter a quiet courtyard, at which, on this chill December day, the sun coldly stares. Facing you is the Speaker's house, the front door bearing in old English letters a mediæval legend requesting callers not to ring unless an answer is required. You boldly ring, and displaying your credentials are ushered into a long room with deeply embrasured windows looking forth on the stately Thames, with the ruddy frontage of St. Thomas's Hospital in the middle distance. The room in which you stand is comparatively modern, but a thrill passes through your slim well-proportioned figure as you reflect that it stands upon the site of the Palace inhabited by your ancient Sovereigns from early Anglo-Saxon times till HENRY THE EIGHTH moved up the street to Whitehall. Here EDWARD THE CONFESSOR entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 14th of January, 1066. WILLIAM RUFUS built the Hall, STEPHEN erected the Chapel, to which finishing touches were given by EDWARD THE THIRD. EDWARD THE FIRST was born and EDWARD THE FOURTH died almost

within arm's reach of the violet velvet mantelboard on which you lean, as these great thoughts fill your mind. In the yard fronting Westminster Hall, through which you lately passed, PERKIN WARBECK was set a whole day in the stocks. WILLIAM PRIM here stood in the pillory, branded on both cheeks, and lost his left ear. Here the Duke of HAMILTON, Lord CAPEL, and HENRY RICH, Earl of Holland, were beheaded by the Cromwellians; and not far from here stood the Painted Chamber, where the High Court of Justice sat for the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST, and where CROMWELL and HENRY MARTIN, signing the King's death-warrant, incidentally inked each other's faces.

There were several other things you were going to think of in connection with the historic pile, when the door is suddenly flung open, and an attendant, entering and standing just inside, with his back to the wall, roars at the top of his voice—

"MR. SPEAKER!"

Then you perceive your host advancing towards you in wig and gown, the train of the latter upborne by a respectable genial-faced young page, some fifty-five years of age. Before the SPEAKER marches the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace on his shoulder. You are about to advance and greet your host, when the person in the doorway, uplifting once more his strident voice, bellows forth—

"Hats off, Strangers!"

You are growing a little bewildered, when Mr. ERSKINE drops the Mace with a heavy thud on the Chippendale table by the window, with its wealth of Lowestoft China, and its choice bits of Majolica and Sèvres. The SPEAKER lightly pirouetting, withdraws his skirt from the grip of the page, and motioning you to a seat somewhat abruptly (as you think) tells you the story of his life.

The Right Hon. ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born the younger son of Sir ROBERT PEEL, second baronet, the well-known minister, and father of the all-round statesman who recently contested a southern borough. Educated at Eton and at Balliol, your host was from his birth predestined to political life. Entering the House as Member for Warwick in 1865, he was speedily promoted to the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and so passed, by easy and natural stages, to

the Chair he, in this Twelfth Parliament of QUEEN VICTORIA, fills with dignity and grace.

"And now, Mr. SPEAKER," you say, taking out your note-book—a choice volume bound in satin of dull gold, with red-edged leaves and electro-plated clasps, the gift of a gratified gentleman in the fancy stationery line whom you recently interviewed—"it is very rarely one gets the opportunity of a really quiet talk with you. If you permit it, I will utilise the present occasion, to ask you a few questions. Which Member of the House do you like most, and which is your particular abomination? Do you prefer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he is on the humorous tack, or when he addresses himself seriously to business? How do you regard the probable permanent effects upon the moral conduct of the House of the little asides of Mr. W. H. SMITH? What is your private opinion of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR? Do you think Mr. GOSCHEN a graceful speaker? Which of the Clerks at the table do you like best? Do you take fuller delight in the way Mr. ERSKINE retires from the table when he has removed the Mace from the table, or do you prefer the jauntier style of Mr. GOSSET? Do you mean to retire, and if so, when? What title will you take when you go to the House of Lords? Do you ever steal forty winks whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is expounding his policy at the Admiralty? What do you take to eat and drink when you retire for the customary ten minutes in a night's debate? Do you *really* only get a chop, or do you bring in stale buns and nibble them behind your three-cornered hat? Do you——"

"Order! order!"

Looking up, you observe that the SPEAKER is on his feet, the Sergeant-at-Arms, bowing three times, advances towards the table, removes the Mace, shoulders it, and marches forth. The SPEAKER abruptly turning from his chair stalks out at the other door, and you find yourself somewhat suddenly alone. Your reverie is broken in upon by another outburst from the strident voice, which calls at the open door,

"Who goes home?"

No names are mentioned, but you arrive at the conclusion that this remark is probably thrown at you, and accordingly you withdraw, and as you pace Palace Yard, disturbing the groups of meditative pigeons, you ponder upon the strange ways and customs in the household of the SPEAKER.

ROBERT ON PRESENT TIMES.

WE'RE a living in rayther rum times we are, wen the soles of the grinning workman is almost a kicking the eels of the Hi and Mity, as some great Philosopher once said was a coming for to pass.



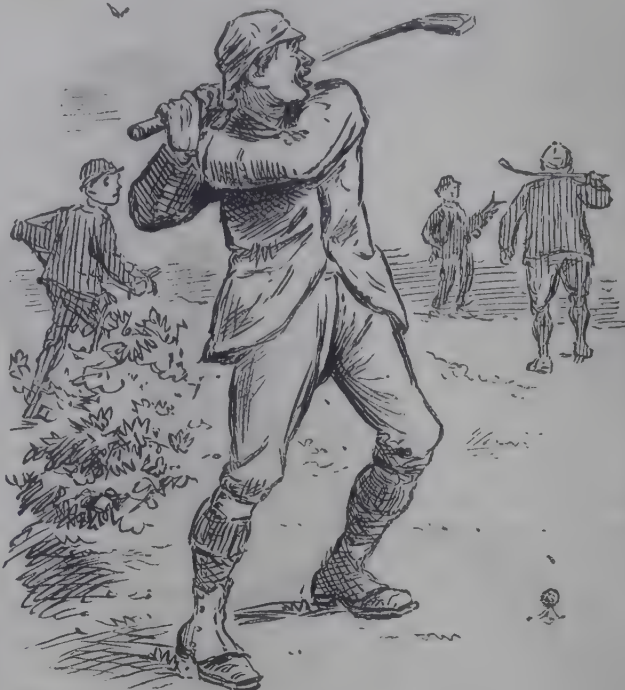
As a instance in pint: we has all the men—striking at their Masters, and a settling how long they will work, and how much they will kindly take; and now we're told as we ain't to have no coles all this winter, and no gas light at nites, unless the Stokers gits all as they wants!

Well, this is all werry startling to a respectabel and contented Hed Waiter, as hasn't no idear of striking, 'coz why? 'coz he ain't quite such a fool as to quarrel with

his bred and butter and setterer in hopes of gitting it just a little bit thicker and a little bit butteryer, but with a chance of losing the lot.

But now cums the werry rummyst part of the hole matter. Jest at the werry time as I shood think as the werry hiest of our publick gennelmen wood have been a showing by their xtra dignefide conduct how werry much they was shocked at the conduct of the lower

TWO PHASES OF GOLF.



"FORE!"



"HIND!"

horders, I finds 'em a condesending to do sitch things as was never done in the werry harrystocraticest times as ewen I remembers! The xampels is so numerus that I scarse know where to begin, but I will commense with the werry hiest as a thurrow staggerer.

Let anybuddy try his werry best to hunderstand the shock to my conservative feelins when I abslutely seed with my own astonished eyes, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE leave his chair at a public dinner, and sit hisself down to a Pianny forty and sing and play a rayther lowish song about a Miss PEGGY on a humpbacked Kar. I never seed a Kar myself, but BROWN, who is partly a Irishman, as he's been wunce to Glassko, says it's the same as a nansum cab. So I makes out wun werse of his Lordship's song to run summut as follows:

"I'd rayther be in a nansum cab
With PEGGY by my side,
Than in my hone smart coach and four
With my Lady for my Bride!!"

What my LADY MARESS thinks of them sentimens it isn't for a pore Hed Waiter to say, but nothink can prewent me a thinking, and wat I thinks I wisely keeps to myself.

Then see what follers. Why I aeshally hears a stately Alderman, who was wunce a stately Lord Mare, a starting off the wulger old chorus, "For he's a Jolly Good Feller!" and this too as the LORD MARE's reward for his singin! And so hinfekshus is bad xampel, that, at that werry same dinner, ewen a Crimminel Judge made 2 little jokes! and was werry properly well larfed at for his panes!

Time passes on for about a week, and then, at a rayther big dinner, a werry respectabel tho' jewvenile Common Councilman finishes a werry loud speech by asking all the grinning compny the follering striking question, and in poetry too:

"Where is the man with sole so dead
Who never to hisself has sed,
What a Fool I've been?"

And insted of simperthising with the poor consence stricken Gennelman, they all larfs and shouts out, Here! Here!

I passes over the sad spektakels of Aldermen in Penny Omnebusses, and Deputys in Penny Botes, and content myself with hobservin in sorrow, and in conclusion, that if our great leaders will not set the people better xampels of dignerty and self respec, we shall sum on us live to see the day when mere Strike Leaders will be figgering as Lord Mares, and Stokers as Aldermen, and praps ewen Blacklegs as Hed Waiters!

ROBERT.

A Strong Entertainment.

SAMSON and SANDOW were pretty strong men,
But at the Empire, 'twixt eight and ten,
They are burlesque'd till with laughter you'll cry,
"O Brothers GRIFFITHS, how's that for high?"

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no M in "Pasha."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

JUSTICE ABROAD AT HOME—AND AT HOME ABROAD!

AT HOME.

SCENE—Interior of a Coroner's Court. Languid audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death accommodated with a chair.



Coroner (concluding speech). I am sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the accident was purely accidental is self-evident, and if the respected Proprietor might have made regulations causing that accident to be less likely to happen (as your rider would seem to suggest) why, no doubt that fact will have in the future due weight with him. Of course, we must all feel sympathy with the widows and orphans of the deceased, and it is gratifying to think that they will rest satisfied we have done what lays in our power to assist them. I have now much pleasure in declaring this inquiry at an end.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death, lolls in his brougham comfortably home to partake of a well-cooked dinner.]

ABROAD.

SCENE—Interior of a Criminal Court. Excited Audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death standing in the Dock.

Judge (concluding speech). I am quite sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the so-called accident could have been prevented is self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the lesson you have read to the disgraced and ruined Proprietor will have its due effect. We all sympathise with the widows and orphans for their great loss, but they will be consoled by the thought that, through your action, they have been avenged. The Court stands adjourned.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death being carted off to prison, there to undergo a long spell of penal servitude.]

OLD PUNCHKIEL'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

It is with no light heart that Old PUNCHKIEL enters upon his solemn duties of enlightenment and warning. The Stellar voices are less definite this year than he could wish, and he has had the greatest difficulty in making out what the dickens it is they *do* mean. However, a Prophet that respects himself would scorn to hedge, and Old PUNCHKIEL issues his predictions as usual, merely reminding searchers after truth that stars *will* play the fool occasionally.

January.—Mars retrograding before Taurus into the 1st House of Saturn will prove a subject for profound study, for it is certain to be followed by a public inquiry into the efficiency of our Army, which will be the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. Persons engaged in philosophical research or the sale of cats' meat whose birthday anniversary falls on or near the 14th, are warned to beware of over-indulgence in pastry.

February.—The Sun is with the Infortunes, and meets with opposition from Saturn, so that little warm or cheerful weather can be expected. The sign Pisces rules Putney, Peckham, Peebles, and Little Pedlington, and social upheavals of an alarming nature may therefore be expected at all these places, with earthquakes of varying degrees of violence. On or about the 14th, there will be a notable display of Coloured Satirical Portraiture. Persons born on the 29th, in either 1785, 1802, 1841, or 1869 (especially if the Moon was in the second decanate of the sign 88 at their birth) will have no particular reason for congratulating themselves.

March.—At the vernal ingress Mercury, progressing in the sign Gemini, will bring trouble on Moscow and Margate. At Teddington, the luminaries will be in the midheaven, and the London County Council will accordingly be the scene of intense excitement, personal remarks being freely interchanged. Single ladies, whose birthday anniversary falls on or about the 4th or 5th inst., will obtain heavy damages in any action for breach of promise of marriage, unless born in any year previous to 1842.

April.—Mars entering into his own lion will create considerable surprise in those unused to such phenomena, and may affect the funds unfavourably on more than one Continental Exchange. The sign Taurus rules Ireland, and a further development in Home Rule may be looked for. In the latter part of this month, Jupiter becomes stationary in Cancer, and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known and popular Arcade, who is warned to beware of shell-fish. The 1st is fortunate for practical jokers. The 21st is an evil day for hatters

born on or about the 8th of November, whose ascendant, or Moon, held the 14th degree of *Aquarius*; they should have a care of accidents by steam-circuses and tight-ropes.

May.—Saturn progressing in the meridional degree of West Brompton will render this month memorable in English History. At the new Moon Mercury is in the ascendant, accordingly we shall soon hear of an improvement in the weather, and the outbreak of German measles amongst the Ojibbeway Indians. Saturn retrograding in ♄ brings trouble on the Emperor of CHINA, who will suffer from a cold in the head. The trade and commerce of Bognor will be considerably augmented. There will be trouble in Tooley Street.

June.—Jupiter is now in benefic aspect with the Moon, and forming the trine aspect with the Sun, thereby benefiting Brentford and the Bahamas. In either Boulogne, Westward-Ho, Oban, Tenby, or Timbuctoo, there will be serious *émeutes*, the military having to be called out. Conspirators in Cyprus and the Isle of Wight will become daring. In Kamschatka, there will be trouble with the Dervishes. Towards the close of the month Saturn re-enters the sign Aries, and proceeds to disturb and afflict Huntingdonshire, and Westbourne Grove. The Akond of Swat will be in danger.

July.—The stationary position of Venus on Scorpio is of evil omen to all who are fond of sitting out of doors, and Venus making a hasty transit to the house of Virgo, occults the Moon and brings disaster upon many popular places of entertainment. Neptune also afflicts persons at the seaside who go out in sailing vessels immediately after lunch. Saturn is in quartile with Mars, which infortune is about to transit the place of the Moon at the birth of a celebrated Low Comedian, who will do well to accept the warning. About this time a new comedy will be produced at a *Matinée* at one of the principal London theatres.

August.—Mars and Saturn are now afflicting the horoscope of a well-known umbrella-manufacturer, causing great perplexity and trouble to certain Continental Powers, and some confusion in Camberwell and the vicinity. The warrior-angel of Mars may put in an appearance. Prussia feels the effects of the presence of Uranus in her ruling sign, but gains to some extent by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mercury; the funds will droop on the London Stock Exchange, and bad eggs will be hatched in great abundance. Foreign questions will be very difficult of solution.

September.—Saturn reaches the opposition of the place of the Lunar Eclipse of last May, and brings further trouble on the Shetland Islands. The Sea-Serpent will be heard of again, and several topics of great social interest will be discussed at some length in the correspondence-columns of the daily newspapers. Beyond this the voices of the Stars are silent for this month.

October.—As the benefic Jupiter is in the 1st decanate of the 7th house, and speeding through the sign of Pisces at the New Moon, we may anticipate earthquakes in Cappadocia, Paphlagonia and Primrose Hill. Persons who go out shooting during this month without previous experience of firearms, will bring home big bags, but are warned to act prudently and use a small size of shot.

November.—The numerous configurations of Venus in her conjunctions with Mars are the chief astrological features of this month, and fan the flame of fanaticism at Faversham, Freshwater, Folkestone, and Friesland. There will be street demonstrations on or about the 5th, to express abhorrence of an abominable act of treachery by a well-known public character. The ruling powers of several London Music-Halls will find it hard to weather the storm. There will be a serious strike among London Housebreakers, who will demand shorter hours of labour, freedom from police interference, and a larger share of the profits of their industry.

December.—The passage of Uranus from the sign Aries into Capricornus will, it is to be feared, keep the School Board very busy, and the total eclipse of the Sun at the moment of ruling the 10th House in quartile aspect with Uranus, Saturn being in the ascendant, may have an injurious effect upon many eminent pawnbrokers and ventriloquists. However, Old PUNCHKIEL does not wish to take too gloomy a view of the future, and trusts that he may have invested the message of the Stars with too serious a significance. This is really all he can possibly undertake to prophesy for the money.

THE BOND STREET ART-ERY.

"CHANGE of scene is as good as change of air!" Therefore going to DOWDESWELLS' is as good as a trip to Monte Carlo—for they are always changing the scene at this Gallery. The latest change is "*Some Places of Note in England*," by BIRKET FOSTER, which includes about fifty drawings by this artist, in his best manner. If we had space we would write on this subject at length, but we have not; so, although this notice is about BIRKET FOSTER, we're forced to burke it. Ha! ha! In addition to these, you will find a series of drawings in silver-point—full of grace and delicacy, by C. SAINTON, and a collection of clever pictures, by W. A. BREAKSPEARE, illustrative of TENNYSON'S poems. He must be a clever artist who would splinter a lance with BREAKSPEARE. This artist should take for his motto, "*Breakspearentia does it.*" He! he!!!"



Leslie Sanderson drew at 8 o'clock Dec 17, 89.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

PUNCH'S PRIZES.

WHAT a Christmas Return! How the hall-lights burn upon juvenile faces expectant and jolly, Whilst Materfamilias, bland and unbilious, stands, arms akimbo, beneath the green holly. And Paterfamilias *Punch* comes crunch, crunch, up the snow-cumbered steps with his dog and his gingham; The herald of Prizes of all sorts and sizes,—it taxed a capacious four-wheeler to bring 'em.

The "Growler," you know, is out there in the snow, where the many-caped Cabby is stamping and puffing,

And trying with care to sum up his big "fare," which, with so many parcels and packages stuffing

The stuffy inside, very carefully tied up in every description of brown-paper polygon,

Claims calculation. The bairns' jubilation will last e'en when Yule-Tide is over, and holly gone,

For only consider, each valorous bidder for Christmassy purchasers' liberal patronage, Caters, in sooth, for all stages of youth, mature manhood's fancy, and likings of matron age.

Oh, the wild joys of Books, Pictures, and Toys! MARCUS WARD's many marvels, TOM SMITH's bon-bon Crackers, Dollie Dimple's fine Dresses, which every girl blesses, the parcels, so cheap, and the prizes,—“such whackers!”

Of the English Toy Manufacturing Co. That reminds one of *Truth's* mighty Toy Exhibition,

With its vocal donkeys, and climbing monkeys, and dollies of every dress and description; O happy children of the new generation, to whom Toyland's wonders are familiar matters!

What a world of pleasure when, o'er each rare treasure, the rich child triumphs or the poor child chatters!

Now, Cabby, trundle up another bundle! Here be Games galore. Messrs. A. N. MYERS

Send "Military Chess," which you lads will confess might tax Lord WOLSELEY and such high-flyers,

Were they only boys again, and turned hands to toys again.

Then WRIGHT & Company, who are far from wrong in it,

Send a game called "Rings, or Table Archery," which you'll like, no doubt, when you find you're strong in it.

But "Flitterhens" verily you will greet right merrily. It's a sort of a Drawing-Room Table Lawn Tennis,

And though for children it is probably intended, it a capital game for grown women and men is.

GOODALL's game, "Our Ship," take your *Punchy's* tip, is well worth trying, whilst their stationery

May be commended; and their "Savoy Calendar" with Gilbertian quotations is amusing, very.

As to Books, there's a lot. Mr. DAVID STOTT sends the *Essays of Elia*, in compass tiny;

But although compact, 'tis a pleasant fact that the type is clear, and the paper shiny.

The *Grey River* (from SEELEY & Co.) is really an *édition de luxe*; therein many an etching

By MORTIMER MENPES makes Old Father Thames e'en at dirty Deptford extremely "fetching."

DOUGHTY's *Friesland Meres* (SAMPSON LOW) appears an account of a Voyage in a Norfolk wherry

Through the Netherlands, and one understands from its pleasant pictures that the trip was merry.

W. W. LLOYD, who has been employed *On Active Service*, has given an account of it.

A Soldier's life suggests stir and strife, and the author seems to have seen "any amount of it."

CASSELL's *Magazine of Art* plays a leading part in artistic matters, and deserves its popularity,

And—but there, friend Cabby, 'twould be almost shabby to keep you longer at this season of Charity

Whilst I tell the tale, for which time would fail, of all the Books and the Toys of the Season.

Have a glass of toddy? Almost everybody will consider it harmless, if 'tis supped in reason.

Now, boys and girls, as the white snow whirls, let us close the doors, and discuss at leisure

Each Yule-Tide treasure that your *Punchy* brings you, with paternal pleasure it were hard to measure!

THE FICTION OF THE SEASON.

Ancient and Modern.

YESTERDAY'S GENIALITY. (1869.)

THE room was decorated with holly and mistletoe! The children danced, while their elders shouted with merriment! Neighbour greeted neighbour, and relative shook relative warmly by both hands! The spirit of the season was unlimited amiability! The portraits of the ancestors glowed in the ruddy flicker of the Yule log, and the ancient armour sparkled and shone in the soft light of scores of wax candles. Here was played a game of Blind Man's Buff, there a venerable dame told many a weird old legend to a throng of open-mouthed curly-headed listeners. Outside the Hall, the red-nosed carol-singers made night melodious with sweet songs of other days; while the bells in the church hard-by pealed out joyous strains in honour of the coming day. As midnight tolled away the last minutes of December 24, the master of the house, raising high a glass of steaming punch, drank the health of everyone, and wished them joy!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

TO-DAY'S DYSPEPSIA. (1889.)

The room was empty, save where an unpaid bill marked the season of the year. The children had gone supperless to bed, and their elders were some weeping, others

grinding their teeth with impotent rage. Neighbour cut neighbour, and relative struck relative out of their respective wills. The spirit of the season was unlimited discontent. The portraits of the ancestors long ago sent for sale to Wardour Street remained neglected under a pile of miscellaneous lumber, and the ancient armour was in their close vicinity. Here was played the game of dstraint for rent, there an unpaid and venerable laundress told many an unpleasant story to a throng of idling, open-mouthed servants. Outside the house the blue-nosed roysterer fought it out with the policeman, making night hideous with his yells and imprecations; and the bells in the church hard-by appropriately tolled out the expiring moments of a day that had begun, continued, and ended in misery!

As midnight approached, and the 25th of December took the place of the 24th, the master of the house, who had been concocting a dose of subtle poison from the red and white berries of the holly and mistletoe, raised it to his lips, drank it, and expired!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!



"SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

'Tis the voice of the Clown, who's of course HARRY PAYNE,
Who will come to the front with, "We're here once again!"



And welcome the Boxing Night crowd
in the Lane.

His services long may old Drury retain;

But, if the good old "Comic Scenes"
don't remain,

The public and PAYNE will have cause
to complain,

For Pantomime's certainly not on the
wane.

The man who asserts it we'd reckon
insane,

Much madder by far than was *Hamlet*
the Dane.

We hope that in DRURIOLANUS's reign
He'll give us much pleasure and still
much more PAYNE;

For we're not of those who think clowning inane,
Good clowning we mean, and so we would feign
See four "Comic Scenes" 'stead of two at the Lane.
To public and manager 'twould be a gain,
Tho' how, we are now at a loss to explain;
For details and facts are so dry in the main,
Like a pony that hasn't been out in the rain.
Perhaps, a sly hint from the Lord Chamberlain,
Or a wink or a nod from Sir PONSONBY-FANE,
And if the next Pantomime then should contain
The scenes of our childhood which dormant have lain,
We shall not have written this doggerel in vain.

UNLIMITED WATER-LOO.

Bogus Place, E.C.

SIR,—Having received a Circular from the Secretary of the "Waterloo Exhibition of Relics and Trophies" (a display which, taken with a Panorama, of the greatest possible interest to every True Briton, should form, as no doubt it will, a combination of unrivalled attractiveness) inviting contributions to the Collection, and with an eye to securing the Special Season Ticket promised to every Exhibitor, I have quickly rubbed up my historical associations, and have provided the Committee with the following "items," that, I think, you will admit ought to obtain ready acceptance.

1. An authentic likeness of the great Duke in the shape of a China Bed-room Candle Extinguisher, handsomely gilt, with eyebrows, whiskers, and cheeks picked out in appropriately striking and showy colouring.

2. Twenty pairs of Bluchers, in very fair condition (secured from an East-End Bootmaker), supposed, one of them, to have been worn by the great Prussian General, possibly at the battle itself, and the others during the succeeding occupation of Paris.

3. Plan Model of the disposition of the contending forces at the representation of the battle on the stage of Astley's Theatre in 1837, when the British Army (including WELLINGTON and his Staff) numbered eight and one Comic Irishwoman, and the last charge of the French Imperial Guard was conducted by seven supers, exclusive of NAPOLEON himself and a Low Comedy Drum-Major.

4. Authentic account furnished by the executors of General PICTON (*who heard it himself*), of the celebrated retort of NAPOLEON to MOLLY the Comic Irishwoman referred to above, when in reply to her styling his Imperial troops "a set of low Black-guards," he delivered himself of the memorable phrase, "Madame, the Guard never yields: it only retires."

5. Autographs and hitherto unpublished letters of both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON. N.B. As (*this, of course, in strict confidence*) I furnish these entirely myself, it will be seen at once that they must prove quite an unprecedented novelty, and, therefore, an attraction, in any collection of the kind.

6. Relics of the great battle. *Again N.B. (in confidence).* I get these manufactured on the spot at Bruxelles, and as they are supplied to me by the dozen, you will see at once, what a valuable addition I can guarantee the Exhibition from this source alone.

7. Crumbs collected from the first Waterloo Banquet, preserved by the Grandson of a Waiter present on the occasion.

The above, Sir, are all the "items" that at the present moment occur to me, but I think you will confess that, if considered suitable attractions for their "Spacious Lounge" by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and his co-directors, they will not fail to afford additional gratification to the general public, and in so doing will fittingly have earned a Special Season Ticket for the Exhibition of the Relics and Trophies of that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten victory of the British Army, Waterloo, for yours enterprisingly, ONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

THIRD ENTRY.

ON my homeward way reflect that if all trades fail, that of a Scholastic Agent might offer a modest competency. Has fate in store for me a partnership with FLEECEM—also with JINKS? Wonder vaguely if JINKS is a second FLEECEM, only more so. If FLEECEM is the show man of the establishment, what *must* JINKS be like?

As I am making an educational day of it, decide after lunch to call on one or two old College chums who, I know, have "adopted the Scholastic Profession," as the Governor says. It being their holidays, I may find them in Town—BLOGGINS among the number.

Old BLOGGINS, a thoroughly good sort, but rather an ass, I used to think, tells me he is making a clear five hundred a year at Sherborough, "without counting private pups, which is extra."

"Then you get no end of jolly rides over the downs," he goes on. Nice of BLOGGINS to say "you." Makes me feel as if I were already in the educational swim, and not a rank outsider. Better to be an out-rider (or rider out on the Sherborough Downs) than an out-sider! Fancy old BLOGGINS riding! Begin rather to wish I were in old BLOGGINS's shoes—or rather old BLOGGINS's saddle.

So far he has not mentioned the actual work of the profession.

"Do you like the business?" I ask.

"Rather! Boys jolly little cubs. Only I can't see them very well, I'm so short-sighted. Kept in the wrong boy for two hours one day—didn't find out mistake till afterwards," BLOGGINS chuckles.

"Work hard?" I inquire.

"Oh, tolerably," he replies, as if this were an unimportant consideration. "And there are such jolly long holidays!"

I leave BLOGGINS in contented (and selfish?) enjoyment of his five hundred, and go on to another friend, who has already blossomed into a keeper of a hostel (why "hostel"? *Query*—affected?), and educational swell at the ancient academy at Rugbow.

I put the usual leading questions.

"Jolly place, Rugbow," he replies. "No end of rook-shooting near. And fishing. Damp and cold? Oh no. Hard work? Well, you can make it hard, you know, if you like." Here he winks knowingly. "And the best of the trade is, *the holidays are so jolly long!*" *Mem.*—Most popular feature about work of "Scholastic Profession" (Governor again) seems to be the unrivalled opportunities given for *not* working at it.

Tell the Governor in the evening that "there seems no opening in the scholastic line." He replies that "*that* is no news to him, because," he adds, with unnecessary sarcasm, "by my account, the present is a close time in all the professions."

And this after I have tramped about all day and got nothing!

THE LASS OF FASHION.

A LADY Correspondent who wishes to write for a Society journal is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the favourite words in the Society journalist's vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks," "bravery," "bloom," and, above all, "smart." "Smart" was formerly employed only by servant-girls in reference to their finery. But now the mistress and all her surroundings are "smart"—the people she visits, the people who visit her, all that is worn at an entertainment, and the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch, dinner, ball, or general reception, our amiable interrogator may have to speak, let her always call it a "function." It must be a "smart" function, moreover, and must be attended by "smart" people. The Ladies present must not wear dresses, but "frocks," and they may be effectively described as appearing in "all the bravery" of silks and satins. If any of them carry bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say, in a direct manner, that Mrs. SMITH (for example) wore a blue gown; she must remark that Mrs. SMITH "looked well in blue." But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."



AGENDA.—The *Athenæum* says, that a novel feature in the *Windsor Peerage* will be the omission of the ladies' ages. The book ought to be called the *Windsor Non-age*. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. Why does not some enterprising publisher bring out a volume illustrated with ladies' photographs, with particulars of their marriage portion, and call it the *Dot-age*. That would certainly come "as a boon and a blessing to men."

ODE.

On the Pleasure arising from Ginger-cake.

SKYLARK, that dost the morning wake
Up in the pearly heights of dawn,
Or when its dædal splendours break
In streaks of empyrean brawn,
Be not so proud, thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O thou fleet-footed fawn,
That through the glade dost lightly take
Thy dappled way, and scarcely shake
The dewdrops from the lawn,
Be not so proud; thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O beefen herds of browsing steak,
That sweeten all the air around,
Rich milk you give, and many a pound
Of butter, fresh as primroses;
You cannot make a ginger-cake
As CHLOE can, with perfect ease.

O chanticleer, who flapp'st thy wings
Before the watchful lark upsprings
And sound'st thy clarion, ere the flakes
Of the on-rushing daylight's foam
Whiten the fields where the stars roam,
Thou ken'st of many mystic things
But not a whit of ginger-cakes,
Which golden-headed CHLOE makes.

O nightingale, that trill'st thy pearly note,
While yet the Easter breezes coldly blow,
Gargling with tender song thy strained throat
Melting the moonless night with raptured
woe,

And charming all the budded bower,
Though all around thee is in flower,
Yet cooking is, proud bird, beyond the
warbler's power;

And CHLOE makes delicious cakes,
Albeit, as yet, she hath not charmed a bower.

Not, Cake, from greedy love of thee,
The bard is fain thy praise to sing,
But that all Nature's minstrelsy,
All woodland craft of foot and wing

All magic of the budding spring,
All that most moves that inner love,
Which thrills to tokens from above,
Unite in this their praise to bring

To amber-headed CHLOE's feet—
Like her, they pretty are or sweet.

Like her, they make a world of joy
When winter stings, or wasps annoy,
In this on common ground they meet—

Yet, not transcending Nature's plan,
They cannot make a ginger-cake,
And CHLOE can.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD brings together his old puppets, *Hunter Quatermain*, *Sir Henry Curtis*, and *Captain Goode*, and the result is *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, of which the first one, which gives the title to the book, is far and away the best, being full of sensational effects and scenes of the weirdest Riderest Haggardest imagination. Capital book.

Randolph Caldecott's Sketches—Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co. Highly recommended by the faculty. Those who are interested in the black-and-white art, will find any amount of material for study in this collection, which has been carefully and lovingly made by Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, who has written a short but valuable introduction. Before CALDECOTT settled down to his own delightful style, he had imitated LEECH, DOYLE and GAVARNI. There is a scene before the Magistrate in a Police Court which might have been an early LEECH, when he was illustrating ALBERT SMITH's works; the DOYLE-like outline etchings are evident at once. The



AT SIR LOVELACE MASHINGTON'S, M.D., &c., &c.

First Patient (in the hat). "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"
Second Ditto (in the bonnet). "HE TOLD ME I REQUIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MUST SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YOU?"
First P. "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE."

Scotchman in the sketch representing the types of the three nationalities might be from the pencil of GAVARNI, and even the influence of the comicalities of SEYMOUR and HOOD are recognisable. "Banking Days in Manchester" is distinctly LEECH. "My Show Day," might be the work of a French artist, and "Races on the High Road," reminds one forcibly of RICHARD DOYLE's sketches abroad. There are very few purely and simply CALDECOTT, and among them are "The Three Huntsmen," and the poetic etching on the last page of all, placed appropriately and with a touching reverence, on the last page of all that ends this gifted artist's short-lived history. Were the book four times its price, which is the modest sum of Two-and-Six, it would be worth the money. "Buy it," says the Baron.

A London Plane Tree. There is an indescribable sadness pervading this last volume of verses by the clever young author of *The Romance of a Shop* and *Reuben Sachs*. The author was evidently a Londoner, loving London as only a true Londoner can. On every page there is evidence of what admirable work AMY LEVY would have achieved; and in connection with her early death there is a touching realism about the very last line in the volume—"On me the cloud descends."

Anxiously do we wait for the appearance of MONTAGU WILLIAMS's *Reminiscences*, which are to be ushered into the world by Messrs. MACMILLAN. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S.—The Baron, who has to do a considerable amount of scribbling while journeying by road, by river, or by rail, has hitherto used the simple pencil, or a useful and invaluable patent one with long lasting lead. But lately he has been using the Fountain Pen, and, as long as it keeps itself in good order, there is no doubt of its superiority over any pencil, and general utility from the travelling scribe's point of view. The Baron doesn't feel justified in pronouncing the Fountain Pen absolutely perfect. But it is the best of its kind within his experience. What has to be invented is a small handy writing-pad, which can be firmly grasped in the left hand, and give sufficient margin for resting the right hand while writing in train or cab. "The Author's Paper-Pad" is near it, but not the thing. Something thicker is required, an inch or so less width, and with three times the quantity of sheets in each pad. At present, of this pad it may be said, "Pad's the best," and the Baron has found it remarkably useful.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.—A holly mockery.



THE WORST OF "A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

Laura. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST, RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

"GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!"

(*At Sea in His Own Bowl.*)

Mr. Punch.

THE Wise Men of Gotham who sailed in a bowl,

Were boobies beyond all compare;
But, Good Father Christmas, you worthy old soul,

What do you, friend, *dans cette galère*?
The weather is stormy, the billows run high,
The horizon looks bodingly black;
Don't you think you had better, old bottle-nose, try

And see if you cannot put back?
That Bowl, for a jorum of Punch, is all right;
But viewed as a bark, its security's slight.

Father Christmas.

You do not suppose, my sagacious old friend,
That I'm tumbling out here from pure choice?

'Tisn't pleasant, and goodness knows how it will end,
But in it I'd hardly a voice.

What's come to humanity, hanged if I know!
They welcomed me warmly of old.

Though I came as a rule in the season of snow,
Faith, nought but the weather was cold.

The Yule log burned briskly, all doors were set wide;
Now—look at me, tossed up and down on this tide!

Mr. Punch.

Humph! Pride, Party Spirit, Political Strife,
Social Prejudice, Greed and Class Hate,

Are making a pretty nice mess of our life,
And playing the deuce with the State.
But I didn't expect to see *you* in this swim,
You popular, pleasant old boy!
The sea's precious choppy, the distance looks dim,
Your voyage you cannot enjoy.
If they treat you like this, set adrift in a squall,
It will serve them quite right if you don't come at all.

Father Christmas.

Oh, I shall be true to my task, and my time,
But the Season of Peace and Goodwill
To spoil in this way is a folly and crime.
(*Ste-a-a-dy, bowl! I begin to feel ill.*)
What with furious politics, scandals, and strikes,

There seem general ructions all round;
Whilst mortals are snarling like quarrelsome tykes,

What use for the Yule-bells to sound?
Though their meaning of course is the same now as then:

'Tis Peace upon Earth and Goodwill unto Men!

Mr. Punch.

Peace?—with all the nations and classes at war!

Goodwill?—in a world full of hate! [*car*
Old friend, if your bowl were Bellona's own
You couldn't look more out of date.

Those long-billed white storm-birds that hover above

Are as friendly to you as mankind:
The raven men seem to prefer to the dove,—
O idiots angry and blind!

In spite of my wisdom, in spite of your cheer,
Their folly and wrath cloud the close of the year.

Father Christmas.

Well, well, it is something to greet *you* again!
I shan't give up hope, nor will you.

There are one or two things to alleviate pain,
Though the general outlook seems blue.
I hear Charity's voice o'er the roar of these waves,

Like the sound of the bell-buoy at night;
The Love that inspires and the Labour that saves

Are not yet quite dead.—no, *not* quite.
They *don't* treat me well, my dear *Punchy*,
but still [*will!*]

My message to Man shall be Peace and Good-

FATHER CHRISTMAS SEEN FARTHER.

So the children of Stranraer, educated by the Local School Board, are not allowed to have a holiday on the 25th of December! At a meeting of six members of this learned body, the question was put to the test of a division, when three representatives voted one way and three the other. Then the Chairman gave his casting vote, with the result above recorded! Who would not like to know this genial person at home at this merry season of the fast expiring year? Fancy the holly and the mistletoe, and the mince-pies and the plum-pudding! Stay, though, as the social reformer is a Scotchman, he probably has an effectual substitute for the usual Yule-Tide characteristics (decorative and edible) in Thistles!



John Tenniel

“GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!”

(AT SEA IN HIS OWN BOWL.)

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXL. THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT 4, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

As you walk eastward skirting Hyde Park, and are temporarily lost in admiration of that priceless canopied monument raised to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT, you reflect upon the fitness of things that marks your mission. In undertaking the last chapter of the first series of *Statesmen At Home* (back numbers and complete volume to be had on application to the publisher), you congratulate yourself on the, you may perhaps say, skilful manner in which you have led up to the very pinnacle of human greatness. You have passed through various stages, and at length you reach the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Beyond this, save you touch the skirt of Royalty, you can no further go. Your host of to-day is the First Judicial Officer of the Crown, the first Lay Person of the State after the Blood Royal. He is created neither by writ nor patent, but by the mere delivery of the Great Seal into his custody. In like manner the act of taking away the Seal by the Sovereign determines the office.

Presently, as you sit with your host on the miniature Woolsack cosily cornered by the over-hanging eaves of the baronial fireplace in the well-proportioned dining-room, he cites a well-known case which shows how convenient this peculiarity of his high office might on occasion be. In that manner so familiar in the Law Courts and in the High Court of Parliament—a medley of grace and humour with the lightest touch as of softest zephyr—he laughingly recalls an incident which befel on the very threshold of his parliamentary career. Returned Member for Launceston, after suffering from the strokes of envy at various other constituencies unsuccessfully wooed, he at last came up to the Table of the House of Commons to take the Oath. Asked in ordinary form to produce the return to the Writ, Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD (as your host then was), dived in the breast-pocket of his coat, expecting to find the document there. But he found it not, and, the cynosure of the eyes of a crowded House, conscious of stopping its proceedings, he hunted in every pocket for the missing and necessary document. After a scene of growing hilarity on the part of a reckless Opposition, it was found under the Bench where the newly elected Solicitor-General had been seated before being called to the table. You have heard a shrewd judge of current events state his opinion that the incident, trivial as it might appear, had a marked influence upon the future career of the even then not youthful Solicitor-General. It was felt that a man with such infinite miscellaneous resources in and about his garments, such an armoury of pocket-knives, such a collection of bits of string, such numerous handkerchiefs, such an infinitude of scraps of paper, would never at any crisis be found lacking. You are glad to mention this favourable comment.

"Ah!" says your host, an ingenuous blush mantling his countenance, "you are always too good to me, TOBY, dear boy. Still I think it is just as well that neither writ nor patent is required in the matter of the creation of Lord Chancellor. It would not have done for me to come up and not be able to find my patent when demanded."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's table is littered with letters and telegrams, Flemish buffets are tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, and through the folding doors you catch a glimpse of the picture gallery with its unique collection of predecessors in office. There is a mezzotint in remarkable preservation of ARFASTUS (sometimes called HEREFAST), Chaplain to WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, and Bishop of ELMHAM, who was the first Lord Chancellor, having received, in 1067, the Seal which at this moment dangles from the watch-fob of your host. There is JOHN MORETON, Archbishop of Canterbury, temp. 1487, first of a succession of prelates, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor. The dark face of THOMAS MORE, first Lay Lord Chancellor, looks with softened expression on his illustrious successor of to-day. There, too, is FRANCIS BACON, EDWARD HYDE, Earl of CLARENDON; Sir FRANCIS NORTH, Lord GUILDFORD; Lord JEFFRIES of sanguinary memory; SIMON, Lord HARCOURT, forbear of a greater man who shines in the Victorian Age; GORDON and THURLOW, and ELDON and ERSKINE, LYNTHURST and BROUGHAM, CHELMSFORD and CAMPBELL—they all stand in line in the far-reaching gallery. As your host leads you adown the list you almost fancy that they do obeisance to a greater than any.

The *svelte* figure of your host is most familiar in the public eye in the performance of his functions as prorocutor of the House of Lords and President of the Highest Court of Appeal. No happy stranger who has witnessed from the Gallery of the House of Lords the stately tread of your host as he marches in procession to the Woolsack can ever forget it, nor does there fade the memory of his gracious presence when, the Woolsack reached, he flings himself upon its broad bosom, and looks as if he were about to tell their Lordships the story of his life. But these ceremonial duties form only a portion of the mighty power wielded by HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, first Baron HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of England. The office having, as mentioned, been in early times filled by ecclesiastics, the Lord Chancellor became keeper of his Sovereign's conscience, and, by an odd coincidence, he concurrently exercises a general superintendence as Guardian over infants, idiots, and lunatics. He has the appointment of all Justices of the Peace in the Kingdom, is Visitor in the Sovereign's right of all Royal Foundations, and is patron of all Crown livings under the value of twenty marks.

"A great responsibility for a family man, TOBY, is this unlimited patronage. One always tries to do his best, but there are bickerings within and contumely without which modify the satisfaction with which one hears that a Crown living has fallen in, or that a desirable place in connection with the Courts of Justice is vacant."

Your host is still talking of the drawbacks of his high position, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the House of Lords. You thread your way through the wealth of furniture—the Empire Candelabra

in old bronze and ormolu, the enormous Georgian dish in *repoussé* work, the row of venerable matchlocks from the Kremlin, the copies of *Songs before Sunrise* in hand-made paper, the Welsh dower-chests, the corner cupboard blackened with age, the Persian rugs now a little faded, and the Lisle posset pots—with difficulty avoiding contact.

"Very pleasantly crowded here," you say, by way of adieu.

"Yes," says your host. "I am, above all things, a family man, and whenever a place is vacant, I lose no time in filling it up to the best advantage."

[END OF SERIES I.]

"HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES!"

Notes of Exclamation by Our Mud-larky Contributor.

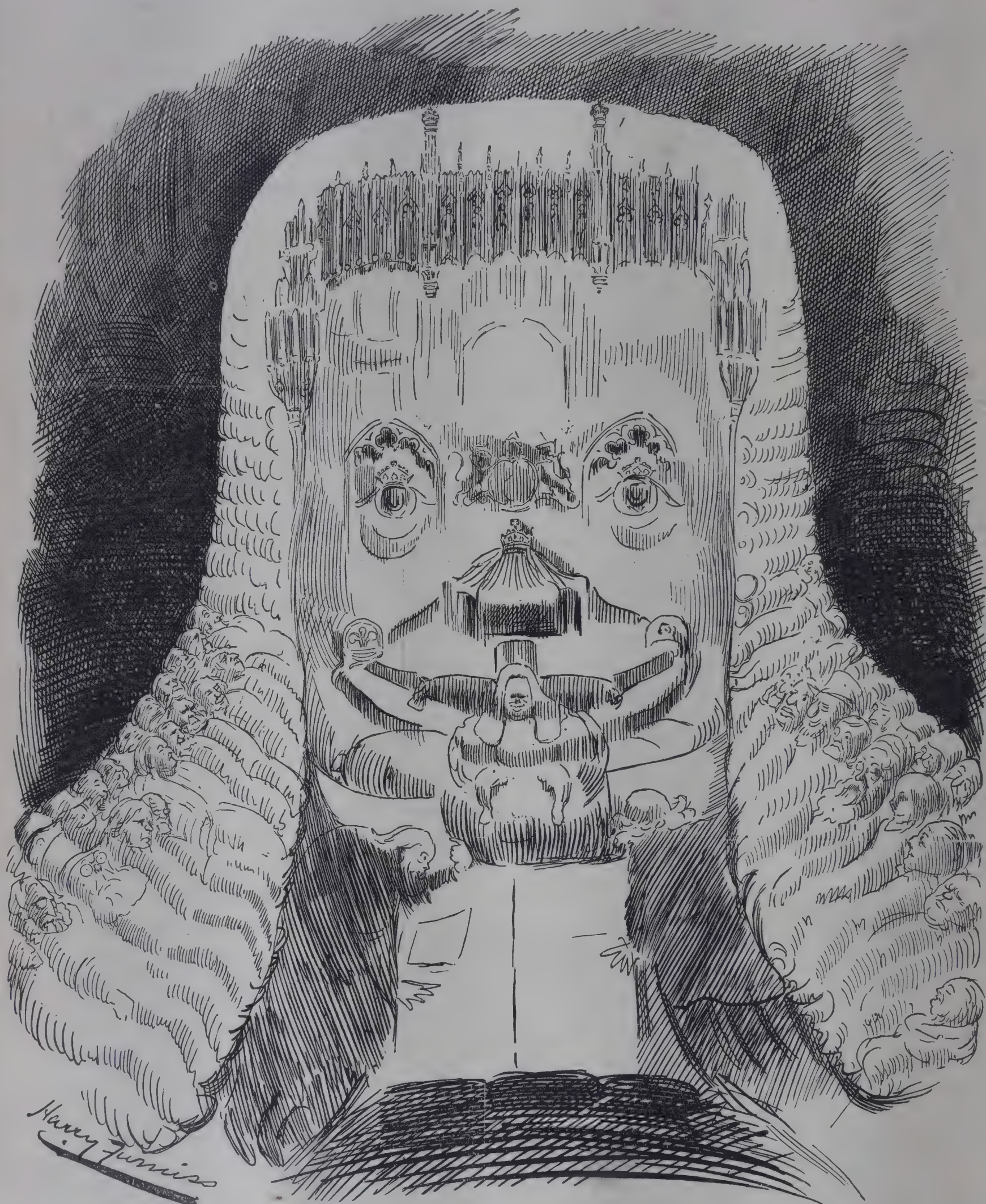


MIND HOW YOU SHOOT!

(Mr. Punch's Friendly Tip to the Strikers.)

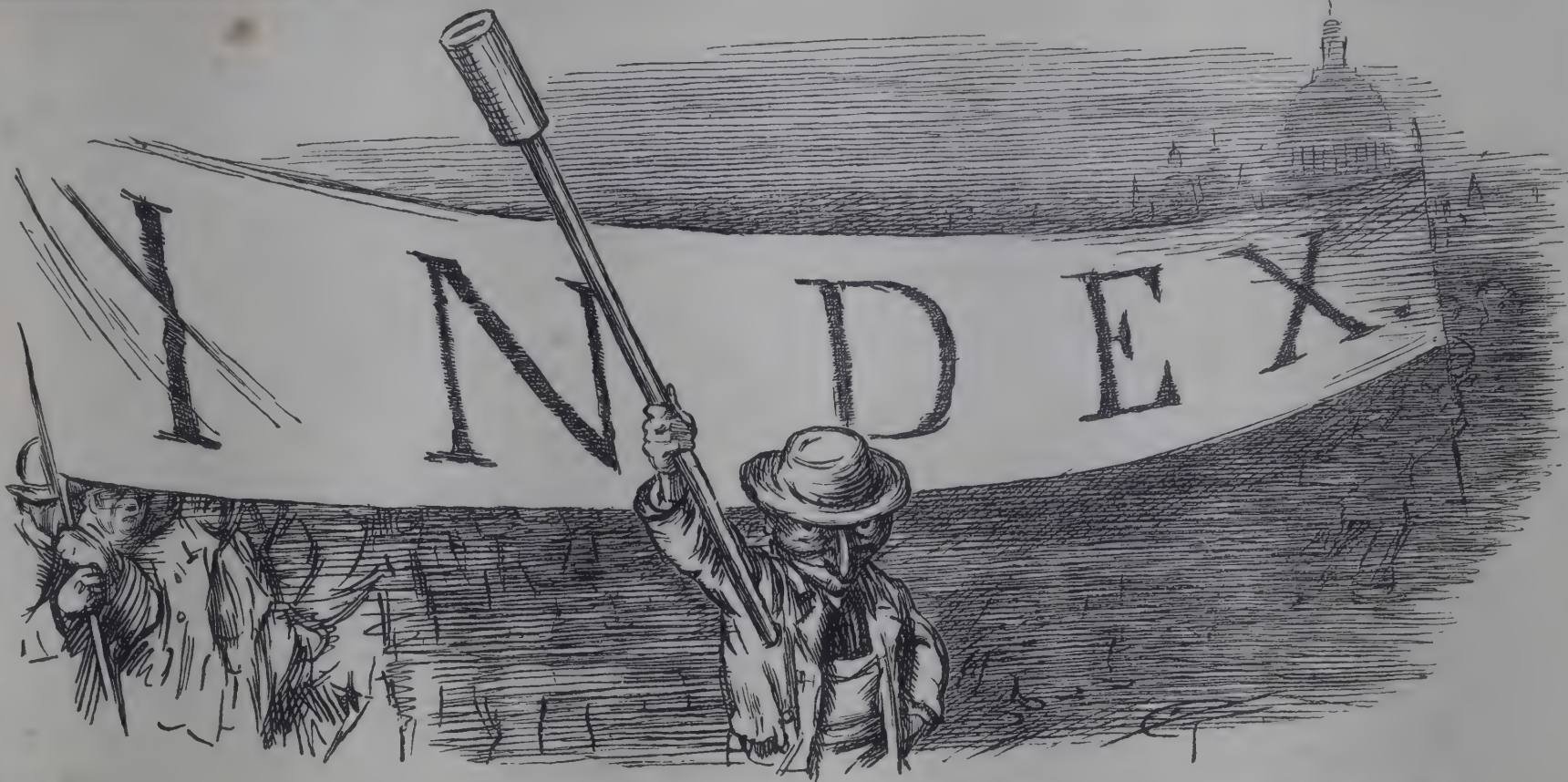
"ALL of a row, Bend the bow,
Shoot at the pigeon and kill—the crow!"
So goes the old doggerel. Labour take heed!
For a moral for you may be found in this screed.
All of a row, you may freely combine,
And bend Union's bow, and shoot all in a line.
But, bowmen, beware lest you shoot in the dark
Of impetuous passion, and hit the wrong mark.
Combination is good; and, to better your lot
A rational Strike may be called a "good shot."
But to blaze out all round, or to shoot the wrong bird
May prove to be something much worse than absurd.
Against the Monopoly pigeon arrayed,
All of a row You may bend the bow,
But mind you don't wing t'other bird.—British Trade!
If to make wages high you sound Commerce bring low,
You'll have "shot at the pigeon and killed the crow!"

ARTIN PASHA, commissioned by the Palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the Foreign Postal Department, has found the whole affair a very disarting business.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 13.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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